For Reference
Do Not Take
From the Library

Every person who maliciously cuts, defaces, breaks or injures any book, map, chart, picture, engraving, statue, coin, model, apparatus, or other work of literature, art, mechanics or object of curiosity, deposited in any public library, gallery, museum or collection is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Penal Code of California
1915, Section 623

nity Fair
07 May
d-Goliath Trial by Wil
Burlingame
042 07388952 6

VANITY FAIR

EXCLUSIVE!

SNEAK PREVIEW OF
LEONARDO
DiCAPRIO'S
NEW DOCUMENTARY FILM, *THE 11TH HOU*
P.2

- THE WHITE HOUSE'
DIRTY HAND
P. 118 BY ROBERT F. KENNEDY J
- THE GASPING AMAZO
P.272 BY ALEX SHOUMATO

R 2ND ANNUAL

GREEN ISSUE

- THE BATTLE FOR TH
WORLD'S DRINKING WATE
P. 122 BY CHARLES C. MA
- SOUPED-UP ELECTRI
SPORTS CAR
P.266 BY MICHAEL SHNAYERSO

"The conservation of natural resources is the fundamental problem. Unless we solve that problem it will avail us little to solve all others."
—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

PLUS

P. 299 UNSEEN OS
P. 108 THE PRIVATE
P. 188 THE KIS

ictures
of Knut, the
-old polar
ge to VF.com

$4.50
NITYFAIR.COM

BURLINGAME
APR - 9 2007
LIBRARY




GUESS
BY MARCIANO

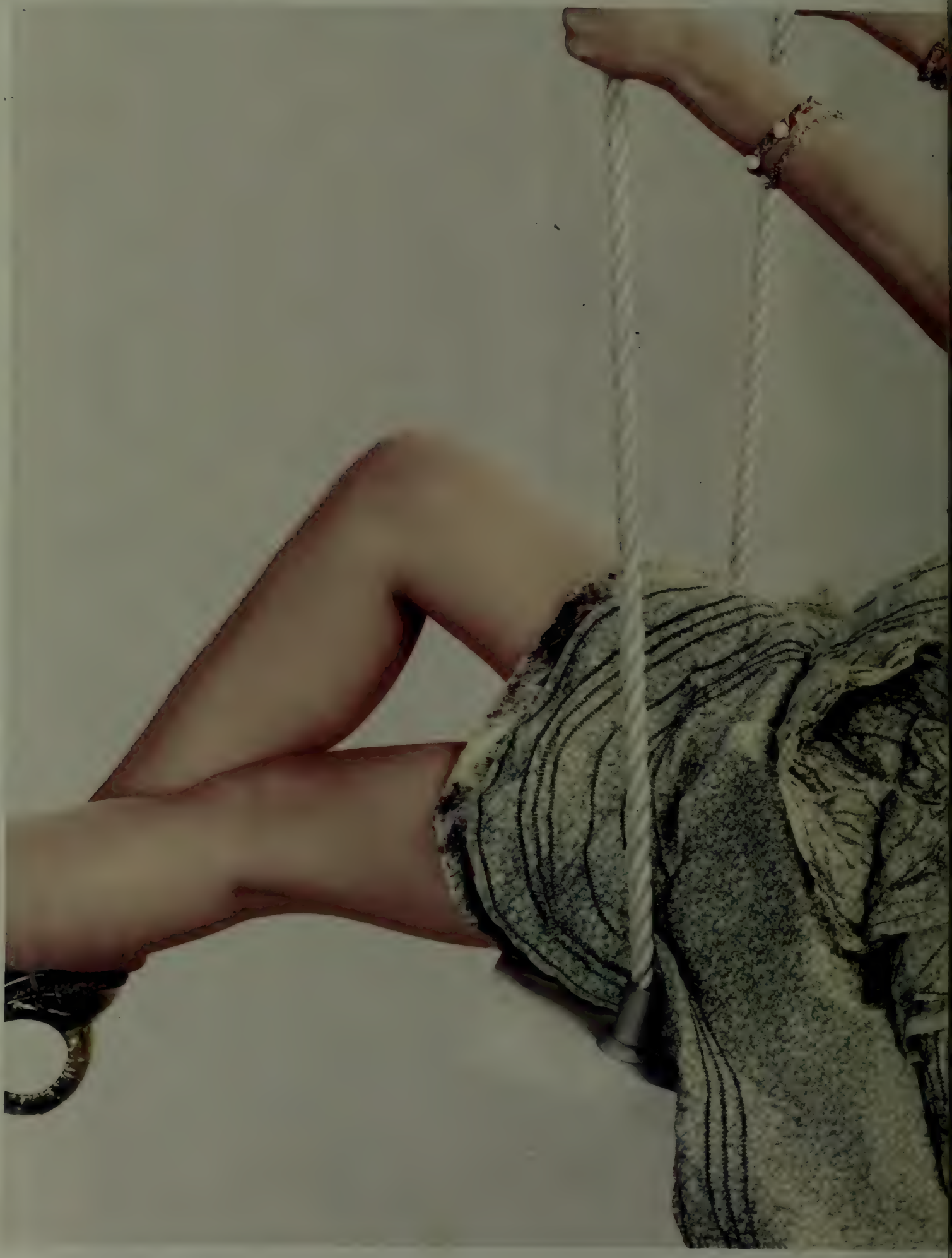





GUESS
BY MARCIANO


INTRODUCING
azurée
soleil
TOM FORD | ESTĒE LAUDER COLLECTION


THE LOOK. SUMMER 2007



Sold exclusively in Louis Vuitton stores. www.louisvuitton.com 866·VUITTON



LOUIS VUITTON

ATTITUDE GIORGIO ARMAN



The new fragrance for men


Macy's


CHANEL
Explore chanel.com
CHANEL BOUTIQUES • Please call 800.550.0005




mod. GA 479/S www.giorgioarmani.com


GIORGIO ARMANI
ATLANTA BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS BOSTON CHICAGO HOUSTON LAS VEGAS MANHASSET NEW YORK PALM BEACH SAN FRANCISCO SOUTH COAST PLAZA



Now at clinique.com © Clinique Laboratories, LLC

Fact.
Eating antioxidants may not be enough to save your skin.*

Eat smart, certainly. But know that when it comes to benefiting from all that goodness, skin is at the back of the line.

Add the stresses of dehydration, pollution, sun, and it's no wonder skin needs sustenance against the eventual damage—commonly referred to as lines, wrinkles and uneven skin tone.

So we developed a complex of eight antioxidants, both rapid and delayed-release, dedicated exclusively to skin. Helps keep it strong. Helps prevent visible signs of aging.

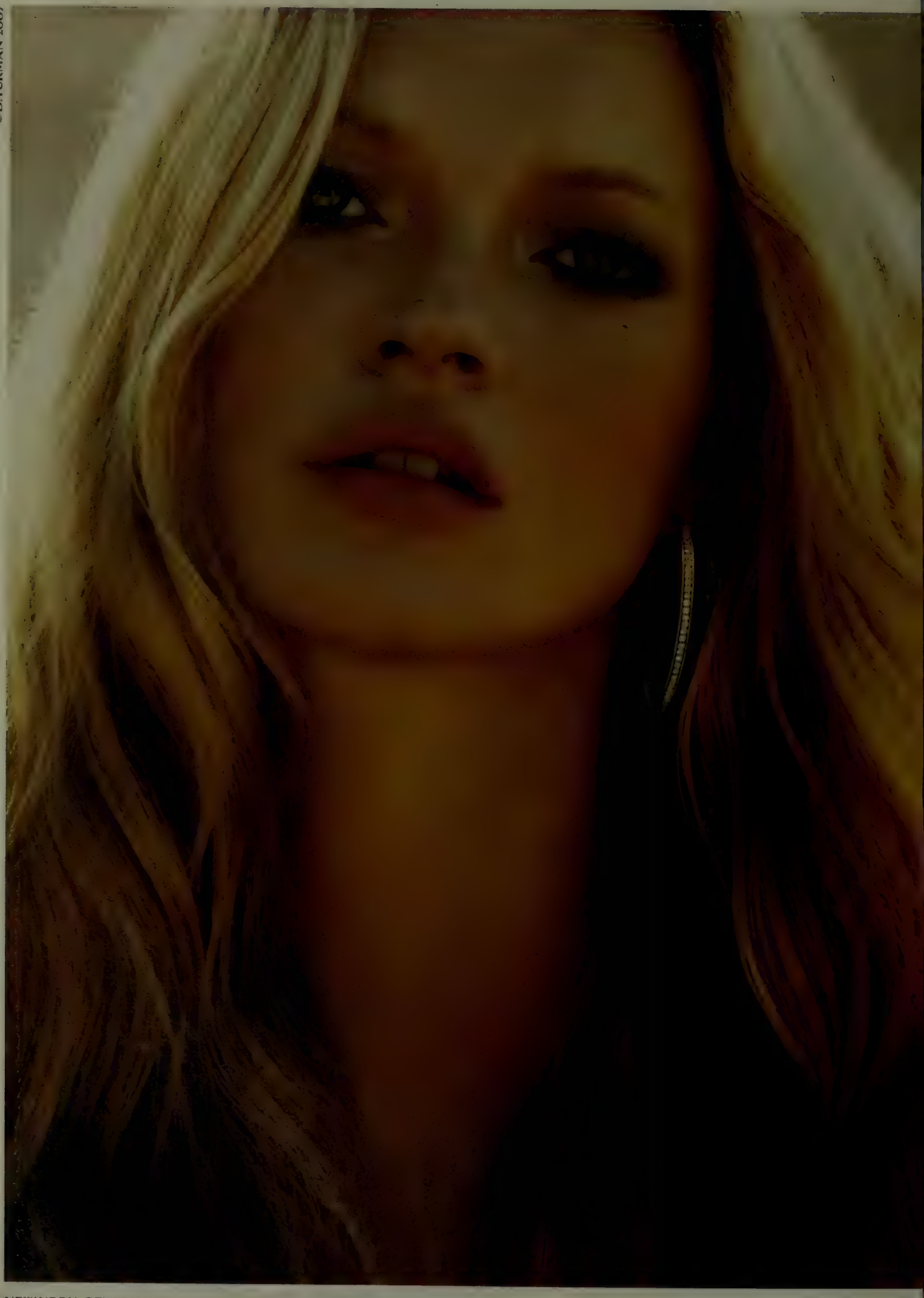
New Continuous Rescue Antioxidant Moisturizer. Great news for undernourished skins everywhere.

Clinique. Allergy Tested. 100% Fragrance Free.

CLINIQUE

*American Journal of Clinical Nutrition 2004; 80:1270-5

©D.YURMAN 2007



NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS MANHASSET BAL HARBOUR LAS VEGAS SOUTH COAST PLAZA DAVIDYURMAN.COM

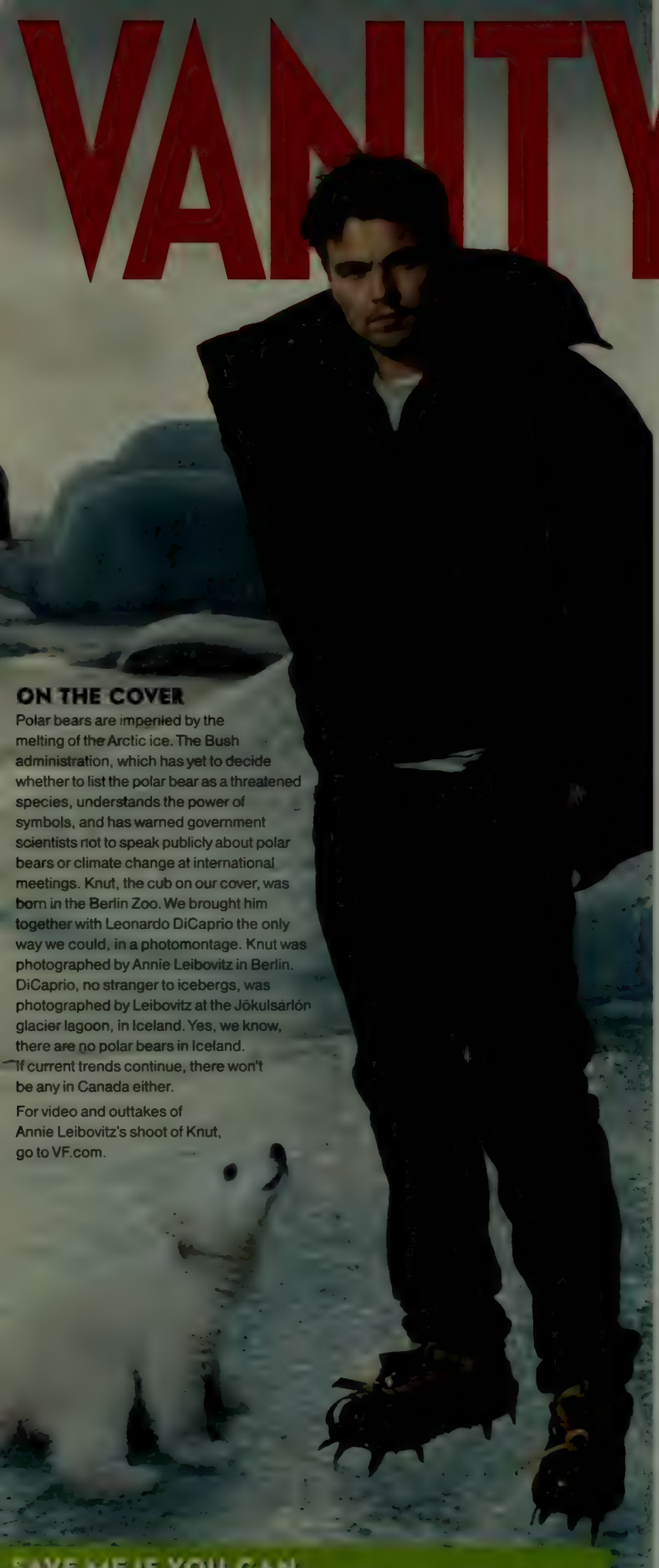

DAVID YURMAN


Rachel Weisz


from London
Joan Griffiths
The new fragrances
for women and men
Neiman Marcus Nordstrom Saks Fifth Avenue
BURBERRY
LONDON

VANITY FAIR®

May 2007 No. 561



ON THE COVER

Polar bears are imperiled by the melting of the Arctic ice. The Bush administration, which has yet to decide whether to list the polar bear as a threatened species, understands the power of symbols, and has warned government scientists not to speak publicly about polar bears or climate change at international meetings. Knut, the cub on our cover, was born in the Berlin Zoo. We brought him together with Leonardo DiCaprio the only way we could, in a photomontage. Knut was photographed by Annie Leibovitz in Berlin. DiCaprio, no stranger to icebergs, was photographed by Leibovitz at the Jökulsárlón glacier lagoon, in Iceland. Yes, we know, there are no polar bears in Iceland. If current trends continue, there won't be any in Canada either.

For video and outtakes of Annie Leibovitz's shoot of Knut, go to VF.com.

SAVE ME IF YOU CAN

LEONARDO DICAPRIO SAMPLES POLAR ENERGY 236

ON VANITYFAIR.COM THIS MONTH

- A SPECIAL GREEN SECTION, WITH LINKS, TIPS, AND WEB-ONLY FEATURES
- JIM WINDOLF ON A HIPPIE COMMUNE TURNED ECO-VILLAGE

FEATURES

226 JUNGLE LAW Decades of oil drilling in the Ecuadorean Amazon has turned hundreds of square miles of rain forest into a toxic-waste site. Meanwhile, Pablo Fajardo was growing up there, determined to seek justice for his home and his people. Just three years after getting his law degree, he's spearheading a massive suit against Chevron. William Langewiesche investigates. Photographs by Rémi Bénali.

236 GLOBAL CITIZENS The mission: save the planet. The weapons: food, movies, wine, fashion, fame, and music, as well as science, economics, and superhuman will. From Robert Redford to Sir Nicholas Stern, to a treeful of Nobelists, *V.F.* pinpoints 88 crusaders whose passions have global payoffs. Portfolio by Annie Leibovitz, Todd Eberle, Jonas Karlsson, Brigitte Lacombe, Norman Jean Roy, Mark Seliger, Snowdon, Art Streiber, and Gasper Tringale.

264 DANTE'S INFERNO: GREEN EDITION Abandon hope, all environmental sinners. George W. Bush, Michael Crichton, and Gale Norton are among those toasted as *V.F.* reimagines the nine circles of hell.

266 QUIET THUNDER The hottest new sports car on the market goes from 0 to 60 in 4 seconds, is whisper quiet, and runs without a drop of gasoline. Checking out the Tesla, Michael Shnayerson reports on Silicon Valley's re-invention of the electric wheels. Plus: Robert Levine surveys the next generation of rechargeable hot rods and green dream machines. Photograph by Jonas Karlsson.

272 THE GASPING FOREST In 2005, the Amazon sizzled from its worst drought in recorded history. Could a one-two punch of global warming and deforestation turn the rain forest to savanna by 2080? Alex Shoumatoff sets off through the world's most diverse biome in search of answers. Photographs by Jonas Karlsson.

284 THE HOUR IS NEAR With an exclusive transcript from his upcoming documentary feature, *The 11th Hour*, Leonardo DiCaprio steps forward to take the baton from Al Gore.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

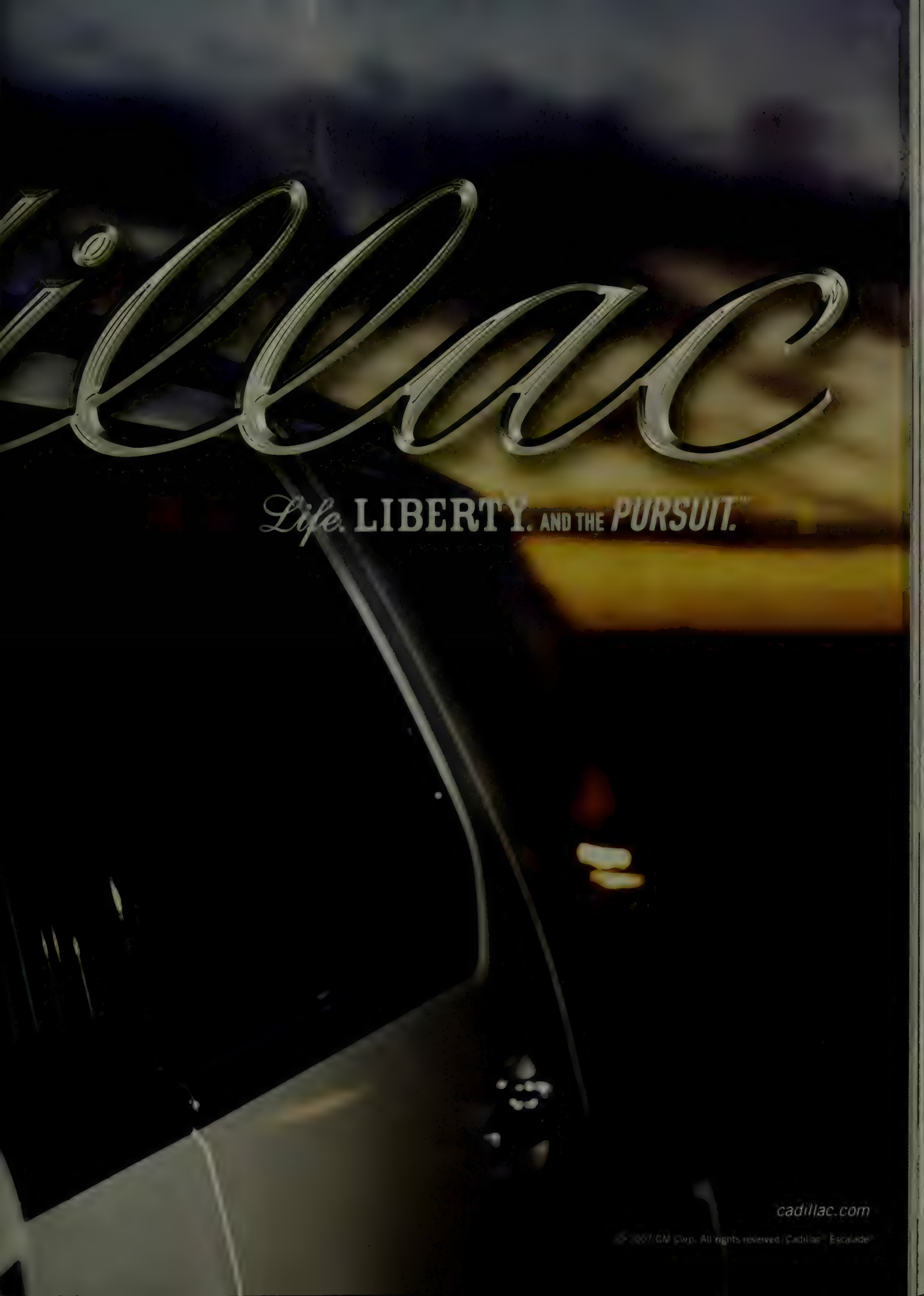

TIFFANY & CO.
EGEAN COLLECTION
TIFFANY.COM



2007 CADILLAC ESCALADE

"It's important, when going after a goal, to never lose sight of the integrity of the journey."
–Andy Garcia, Actor/Director

Hear Andy's story at mycadillacstory.com


illac
Life. LIBERTY. AND THE PURSUIT.
cadillac.com
© 2007 GM Corp. All rights reserved. Cadillac Escalade

VANITY FAIR®

May 2007 No. 561



LOSING HIS RELIGION

[illegible] . . . 272

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

FANFAIR

75 31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Life Sketches—Tony Sarg's New York illustrations. The Cultural Divide. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. My Stuff—Lauren Bush; A. M. Homes on Lilly's new men's wear. Krista Smith exposes the hotties of Robert Rodriguez and Quentin Tarantino's *Grindhouse;* Bruce Handy warms up to *Hot Fuzz.* Matt Tyrnauer has designs on Moss. Graham Fuller reviews the Edith Piaf biopic; giving back with Green Jewels. Frank DiGiacomo on the Iggulden brothers' lost childhood; Lisa Robinson meets The Actual. Leslie Bennetts on Elettra Rossellini Wiedemann's eco-education; Amy Larocca on Olivia Chantecaille's undersea odyssey; Hot Looks.

COLUMNS

100 RUSH TO JUDGMENT Lampooning environmentalists as "wackos," Rush Limbaugh lulled millions of Americans into happy complacency. As the country wakes up to the climate crisis, James Wolcott asks: Who looks wacko now?

108 SERIOUS MONEY Astronomical returns, negligible risk, gold-plated cachet—only a loser would sit out the private-equity bubble. With everyone from Edgar Bronfman Jr. to Norman Pearlstine getting in the game, Michael Wolff makes his own play.

118 TEXAS CHAINSAW MANAGEMENT The Bush administration has gutted decades of environmental protection, appointing energy-industry executives to uphold the very laws they'd worked against. Robert F. Kennedy Jr. busts the polluters' picnic.

122 THE RISE OF BIG WATER Plagued by pollution and drought, major cities are outsourcing their water management to corporate giants, such as France's Veolia, who apply Economics 101 to Earth's most precious resource. In China, Charles C. Mann discovers, some can't afford the bill. Photographs by Stephen Wilkes.

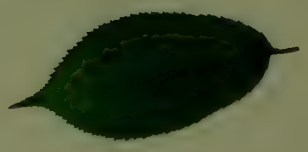
142 A CONVENIENT UNTRUTH When scientists are united, and even corporate sponsors like ExxonMobil are backing off, how does a global-warming skeptic stay busy? As long as the media calls, Myron Ebell is happy to explain why CO_2 is good. Michael Shnayerson catches him in full denial. Photographs by Jonathan Becker.

164 PROBLEMS WITHOUT BORDERS As teams from two top universities chart consumption patterns, the map of the world bulges and shrinks. Famed biologist E. O. Wilson puts the findings into perspective.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34


ETERNITY
Calvin Klein
man and women

ADVERTISEMENT



WANT TO *be* GREENER?

IT'S EASIER THAN YOU THINK AND IT BEGINS AT HOME.

YOU CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

Find out how at the

VANITY FAIR VIRTUAL GREEN APARTMENT

presented by

LEXUS

A NEW KIND OF ECO-LIVING.

VISIT VFVIRTUALGREEN.COM


Dillard's
The Style of Your Life.



Turn a few heads. Weave your own spell.

Euphoria *eau de parfum spray* Euphoria Blossom *eau de toilette spray*

1.800.345.5273 www.dillards.com



Be flirtatious. Make a statement.

Juicy Couture *eau de parfum spray*

Dillard's

The Style of Your Life.



Light, sexy, full of anticipation.

Escada Sunset Heat *eau de toilette spray*

Dillard's

The Style of Your Life.



Classic or modern. Intimate, sensual florals.

Vera Wang Sheer Veil *eau de parfum spray* Vera Wang *eau de parfum spray*

1.800.345.5273 www.dillards.com


Warm, spicy. Do you feel lucky?
Lucky number 6 *eau de parfum spray*
1.800.345.5273 www.dillards.com



Embrace the moment. Be free!

lacoste inspiration for women *eau de parfum spray* lacoste essential for men *eau de toilette spray*

Dillard's

The Style of Your Life.


Dillard's
The Style of Your Life.

available at movado boutiques
and select fine retailers nationwide.
visit movado.com for locations.



MOVADO

the art of design



nia maestro, international actress
ano — stainless steel with diamonds. swiss made. water resistant.
novado is proud of its longtime association with the arts.

explore the world of movado design at movado boutiques.



VANITY FAIR

May 2007 No. 561

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

168 THE FALCON'S CALL Robert F. Kennedy Jr. got his first red-tailed hawk from his father, at age 11, and an environmental education through the ancient art of falconry. Decades later, he meets up with a small band of falconers in Wyoming's sagebrush, a wilderness being overrun by Halliburton. Photographs by William Abranowicz.

182 A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE THRONE Public ridicule never stopped Prince Charles from championing green causes. Now that the Prince is a hero, with a grand plan for carbon-emissions labeling, Michael Shnayerson writes, he's taking a different kind of flak.

188 THE KISSINGER PRESIDENCY The Nixon White House's notoriously comprehensive—and recently declassified—archives contain a close-up of the president's struggle to control his secretary of state Henry Kissinger. In an excerpt from his new book, Robert Dallek reveals how Watergate and a Middle East crisis put Kissinger on top in 1973.

202 AN ECO-SYSTEM OF ONE'S OWN If you're like the average American, your daily routine—from brushing your teeth to hitting the gym—wreaks havoc around the globe. Alex Shoumatoff tallies the damage in the 2007 Green Guide, while Adam Spangler compiles the latest data.

VANITIES

213 TAYLOR-MADE Mark O'Donnell gives celebrity a new (numerical) meaning; the green movement then and now; Howard Schatz captures Nathan Lane in character. Bruce Feirstein's utilitarian apologia; Ben Schott measures the immeasurable. Ed Coaster is caught spoon in hand.

ET CETERA

46 EDITOR'S LETTER On Borrowed Land

52 CONTRIBUTORS

62 LETTERS An Agent of War

98 PLANETARIUM Teeth of a Taurus

299 FAIRGROUND The Oscar party

310 CREDITS

312 PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE Penny Marshall

TO FIND CONDÉ NAST MAGAZINES ONLINE, VISIT www.condenet.com;
TO FIND *VANITY FAIR*, VISIT www.vanityfair.com.

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A. MAY 2007

NATURAL LEADER ... 236

©2007 Samsung Telecommunications America, LLC. Samsung is a registered trademark of Samsung Electronics America, Inc. and its related entities. All rights reserved.
All logos, copyrights and trademarks are properties of their respective companies. Screen images simulated.





Samsung u740

imagine a phone that will transform the way you text

The new Samsung u740 pivots from a phone to a keyboard faster than you can say QWERTY. And it does so with a surprisingly slim profile. So now you can switch from talking to texting on a dedicated keyboard with one pivot. With the Samsung u740, it's not that hard to imagine. Visit www.samsungmobileusa.com/u740.

verizon wireless

SAMSUNG



DEEP CLEANS AND WHITENS GENTLY.

THERE'S A COFFEE SHOP ON EVERY CORNER.

IT'S TRUE. THEY'RE EVERYWHERE.
BUT SO MUCH COFFEE CAN ACTUALLY BE A DOWNER
WHEN IT COMES TO OUR TEETH.
IT'S THE REASON OUR SCIENTISTS AT REMBRANDT™
MADE SOMETHING CALLED ALUMISIL™
FOR OUR INTENSE STAIN™ TOOTHPASTE.
IT MAY BE HARD TO PRONOUNCE, BUT IT'S REALLY
A SIMPLE COMBINATION OF MILD POLISHERS
AND STAIN-REMOVING INGREDIENTS
THAT CLEAN DEEPLY AND WHITEN GENTLY.
AND IT'S MADE ESPECIALLY FOR SLIPPING
INTO CORNER COFFEE SHOPS JUST ABOUT EVERYDAY.

REMBRANDT®
ORAL HEALTH AND BEAUTY™

rembrandt.com


BURBERRY
ESTABLISHED 1856
BURBERRY.COM

VANITY FAIR

Editor GRAYDON CARTER

Managing Editor CHRIS GARRETT
Design Director DAVID HARRIS
Executive Literary Editor WAYNE LAWSON
Features Editor JANE SARKIN
Photography Director SUSAN WHITE
Deputy Editors DOUGLAS STUMPF, AIMÉE BELL, BRUCE HANDY
Senior Articles Editors DANA BROWN, ANNE FULENWIDER, MICHAEL HOGAN, PETER NEWCOMB
Fashion and Style Director MICHAEL ROBERTS
Associate Managing Editor ELLEN KIELL
Fanfair Editor PUNCH HUTTON Senior Editor HEATHER HALBERSTADT
National Editor TODD S. PURDUM
Legal Affairs Editor ROBERT WALSH
Director of Special Projects SARA MARKS
Copy Editor PETER DEVINE Research Director JOHN BANTA
London Editor HENRY PORTER Senior West Coast Editor KRISTA SMITH
Special Correspondents DOMINICK DUNNE, BOB COLACELLO, MAUREEN ORTH, BRYAN BURROUGH, AMY FINE COLLINS, MATT TYRNAUER

Editor-at-Large CULLEN MURPHY
Writer-at-Large MARIE BRENNER International Social Editor ELIZABETH SALTZMAN WALKER
International Correspondent WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE

Art Director JULIE WEISS Photography Research Director JEANNIE RHODES
Deputy Art Director CHRIS MUELLER Senior Photography and Beauty Editor SUNHEE C. GRINNELL
Production Directors DINA AMARITO-DESHAN, MARTHA HURLEY
Market Director MARY F. BRAEUNIG Executive Fashion Editor ALEXIS BRYAN Senior Style Editor JESSICA DIEHL
Online Editor ANDREW HEARST Deputy Director of Special Projects MATT ULLIAN
Editorial Business Director DORI AMARITO Associate Legal Affairs Editor CHRISTOPHER HICKMAN
Associate Copy Editor DAVID FENNER Research Editor MARY FLYNN Deputy Research Editors KATHRYN BELGIORNO, DAVID GENDELMAN
Reporter-Researchers BRENDAN BARR, JUSTIN BISHOP, JAMES BUSS, SUE CARSWELL, MICHELLE CIARROCCA, JUDY DEYOUNG, BEN KALIN,
KRIS MCNEIL, MICHAEL SACKS, TED TRAVELSTEAD, CALLIE WRIGHT Associate Research Editor ALISON FORBES Assistant Copy Editor ADAM NADLER
Associate Art Directors LEE RUELLE, ANGELA PANICHI Senior Designer PIPER VITALE
Senior Photography Producer KATHRYN MACLEOD Senior Photo Research Editor ANN SCHNEIDER Senior Associate Photo Editors SASHA ERWITT, SUSAN PHEAR
Photo Research Editor KATHERINE BANG Photojournalism Editor ROSANNA SGUERA Deputy Online Editor JESSICA COEN
Senior Art Production Manager CHRISTOPHER GEORGE Copy Production Manager ANDERSON TEPPER
Executive Assistants to the Editor JONATHAN KELLY, CLAIRE HOWORTH
Editorial Promotions Associate EVA MAOUT Paris Editor VÉRONIQUE PLAZOLLES U.K. Associate Editor KATIE SHARER
U.K. Production Manager CARL GERMANN Production Associates LESLIE HERTZOG, MOLLY MITCHELL
Assistant Photo Editors IAN BASCETTA, JESSICA DIMSON Assistant Editors CAROLYN BIELFELDT, EMILY POENISCH (WEST COAST)
Features Associate REBECCA SINN Art Assistant JOCELYN SELIG Editorial Associates JESSICA FLINT, KEENAN MAYO, MATTHEW PRESSMAN, JULIAN SANCTON
Editorial Assistants CHRISTOPHER BATEMAN, CASSANDRA HANDLEY, LINDSEY KEENAN, ADAM KLAPPHOLZ, LAUREN SOZIO, ADAM SPANGLER
Photo Associate JESSICA CHATFIELD Beauty and Photo Associate LAURA KATZENBERG Photo Assistant GENEVIEVE CORTINOVIS
Fashion Assistants CHASE ROBINSON, RICKIE DE SOLE
Assistant Business Manager AMANDA MEIGHER Financial Analyst SUSAN WEIN

Editor, Creative Development DAVID FRIEND

Contributing Editors
HENRY ALFORD, SUZANNA ANDREWS, ROBERT SAM ANSON, JUDY BACHRACH, DONALD L. BARLETT, LESLIE BENNETTS, CARL BERNSTEIN, PETER BISKIND, BUZZ BISSINGER,
HOWARD BLUM, PATRICIA BOSWORTH, DOUG BRINKLEY, MARINA CICOGNA, EDWIN JOHN COASTER, RICH COHEN, JOHN CONNOLLY, STEVEN DALY, BEATRICE MONTI DELLA CORTE,
FRANK DIGIACOMO, JANINE DI GIOVANNI, LISA EISNER, RUPERT EVERETT, BRUCE FEIRSTEIN, STEVE GARBARINO, A. A. GILL, LOUISE GRUNWALD,
DAVID HALBERSTAM, REINALDO HERRERA, CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS, SARAJANE HOARE, A. M. HOMES, LAURA JACOBS, SEBASTIAN JUNGER, DAVID KAMP, EDWARD KLEIN,
FRAN LEBOWITZ, ADAM LEFF, DANY LEVY, GEORGE LOIS, MICHAEL LUTIN, DAVID MARGOLICK, VICTORIA MATHER (TRAVEL), BRUCE MCCALL,
PATRICK MCMULLAN, RICHARD MERKIN, SETH MNOOKIN, FREDERIC MORTON, NINA MUNK, DEE DEE MYERS, ELISE O'SHAUGHNESSY, EVGENIA PERETZ,
WILLIAM PROCHNAU, KATE REARDON, JOHN RICHARDSON, LISA ROBINSON, DAVID ROSE, RICHARD RUSHFIELD, NANCY JO SALES, ELISSA SCHAPPELL,
MARK SEAL, GAIL SHEEHY, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON, INGRID SISCHY, SALLY BEDELL SMITH, JAMES B. STEELE, NICK TOSCHES, CRAIG UNGER, DIANE VON FURSTENBERG,
VICKY WARD, HEATHER WATTS, GEORGE WAYNE, JIM WINDOLF, JAMES WOLCOTT, MICHAEL WOLFF, NED ZEMAN

Contributing Photographers
ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
BRUCE WEBER, MARK SELIGER, PATRICK DEMARCHELIER
HARRY BENSON, LARRY FINK, TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS,
JONAS KARLSSON, DAVID LACHAPELLE, MICHAEL O'NEILL, SNOWDON, FIROOZ ZAHEDI
Photographers-at-Large JONATHAN BECKER, TODD EBERLE
Contributing Artists TIM SHEAFFER, ROBERT RISKO, HILARY KNIGHT, ROSS MACDONALD

Contributing Editor (Los Angeles) WENDY STARK MORRISSEY Contributing Stylist KIM MEEHAN Contributing Photography Producers RON BEINNER, RICHARD VILLANI
Contributing Photography Associate ALEXA HELSELL Contributing Production Associate SUSAN M. RASCO
Contributing Credits Editor LESLIE ALEXANDER Contributing Promotions Assistant ARI BERGEN Contributing Associate Fashion Editor REBECCA O'NEILL
Contributing Accessories Associate SAMANTHA MILNER Contributing Men's Wear Associate SAM BROEKEMA Contributing Editorial Researchers ELIZABETH HANKS, CAITLIN MCNARY

Executive Director of Public Relations BETH KSENIAK
Deputy Director of Public Relations SARA SWITZER
Associate ELIZABETH HURLBUT Contributing Associate DARRYL BRANTLEY

Editorial Director THOMAS J. WALLACE




RALPH LAUREN ROMANCE
THE WOMEN'S FRAGRANCE BY RALPH LAUREN

RALPH LAUREN ROMANCE



POLO.COM

THE WOMEN'S FRAGRANCE BY RALPH LAUREN



VANITY FAIR®

Vice President and Publisher EDWARD J. MENICHESCHI

Associate Publisher, Advertising AGNES B. CHAPSKI
Associate Publisher, Creative Services ANJALI LEWIS
Executive Director of Brand Development SARAH MURPHY
Advertising Director MICHAEL H. PROVUS
Director of Finance and Business Operations MARC LEYER
Executive Beauty Director LUCILLE DURAN
Executive Director, International Fashion MARIA ELIASON
Executive Fashion Director EMILY DAVIS
Executive Director, New England and Spirits KATHRYN BANINO BANO
Executive Director, Luxury Goods and Retail DANIEL T. BORCHERT
Financial, Entertainment, and Travel Director SUSAN SAGAN LEVITAN
Fashion and Beauty Director SHANNON REILLY
Account Directors MICHELE CHICOINE, KERI COSTELLO MAHE
Assistant to the Publisher SUSAN FALLETTA Assistant Business Manager MARTINA NAVRATIL Advertising Coordinator SHAKEELA SUBRAMANY

West Coast Director
RITA MORAN CHAVERS
Los Angeles Director
RUTH TOOKER
6300 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90048
323-965-3400

Detroit Manager
KELLIE A. MacALOON
2600 West Big Beaver Road
Suite 440
Troy, Michigan 48084
248-458-3100

Midwest Director
LISA GULAN BRICKSON
875 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611
312-649-3517

San Francisco Director
JESSICA JONES
50 Francisco Street
Suite 400
San Francisco, California 94133
415-955-8270

Southeast
ROBERT H. STITES
Robt. H. Stites Company Inc.
3552 Habersham at Northlake, Bldg. G
Tucker, Georgia 30084
770-491-1419

Dallas
LEWIS STAFFORD COMPANY
5000 Quorum Drive
Suite 545
Dallas, Texas 75240
972-960-2889

Hawaii
LOREN MALENCHEK
Malenchek & Associates
379 Holopuni Road
Kula, Hawaii 96790
808-283-7122

Canada
DODD MEDIA SALES
3121 Theatre Road North, RR4
Cobourg, Ontario
K9A 4J7 Canada
905-885-0664

Milan
MIRELLA DONINI
VALENTINA DONINI
Mia S.R.L.
Via Hoepli, 3
20121 Milan, Italy
3902-805-1422

Paris
ELISABETH BARBOSA
Go Media Sales Ltd.
26 Rue de l'Eglise
53200 Menil, France
33-1-243-70-45-74

London
FRAN BERRICK
Go Media Sales Ltd.
61 Grosvenor Street
London, England W1Y 9DA
44-20-7409-2616

Hong Kong
PETER JEFFERY
Asia Integrated Media Limited
Suites 2308–9, 23rd Floor
Two Chinachem Exchange Square
338 King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong
852-2850-4013

Executive Director of Creative Services BRENDA OLIVERI
Directors, Merchandising and Promotional Development JUDY MATZ, SHELBY TOMPKINS Senior Merchandising Managers ERIN BRENNAN, TERRENCE CHARLES
Associate Merchandising Managers KELLY SON, K. QUINN STUEBE
Creative Development Director JENNIFER ORR KELMAN Entertainment Marketing Consultant JENNIFER PARKER VAN ZYL
Director of Special Events JULIE MOORE Special Events Manager AUDRA ASENCIO Creative Services and Marketing Coordinator MATT McCUE
Creative Director, Advertising JAQUELINE BACICH Associate Art Director JANE O'CONNOR
Directors, Creative Projects Development ANNE DiBENEDETTO, JENNIFER PRODAN HENDERSON Associate Director, Creative Projects Development KAREN JENSEN
Marketing Director ERIC A. KARP Associate Marketing Director DAVID SORANNO Marketing Associate TONI CAVALIERE
Advertising Assistants JULIA RANSOM, DANYA HAKIMIAN, JANE LEVIN, DIANA NOBLE, TONI PAUWELS (Detroit), MATT OWENS (Chicago), STACI CAZENAVE (Los Angeles), MICHELLE SALVADOR (San Francisco)

PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS

Chairman S. I. NEWHOUSE, JR.

President and CEO CHARLES H. TOWNSEND

Chief Operating Officer JOHN W. BELLANDO
Chief Marketing Officer RICHARD D. BECKMAN
Chief Financial Officer DEBI CHIRICHELLA SABINO

Group Presidents–Publishing Directors DAVID CAREY, MITCHELL B. FOX

Executive Vice President–Human Resources JILL BRIGHT
Senior Vice President–Chief Information Officer JOHN BUESE
Senior Vice President–Operations and Strategic Sourcing DAVID ORLIN
Senior Vice President–Manufacturing and Distribution KEVIN G. HICKEY
Managing Director–Real Estate ROBERT BENNIS
Senior Vice President–Corporate Controller DAVID B. CHEMIDLIN
Senior Vice President–Chief Communications Officer MAURIE PERL
Senior Vice President–Planning and Development PRIMALIA CHANG
Senior Vice President–Market Research SCOTT McDONALD
Vice President–Editorial Assets & Rights EDWARD KLARIS
Vice President–Editorial Business Manager LINDA RICE
Vice President–Corporate Creative Director GARY VAN DIS Vice President–Editorial Operations RICK LEVINE

CONDÉ NAST MEDIA GROUP

Senior Vice President–Corporate Sales SUZANNE M. GRIMES Senior Vice President–Finance ROBERT A. SILVERSTONE
Vice President–Integrated Marketing LINDA MASON Vice President–Corporate Sales, Detroit PEGGY DAITCH Vice President–Creative Marketing CARA DEOUL PERL
Vice President–Marketing MATT ROBERTS Vice President–Interactive JASON R. KREBS Vice President–Creative Services DANA MILLER

CONSUMER MARKETING

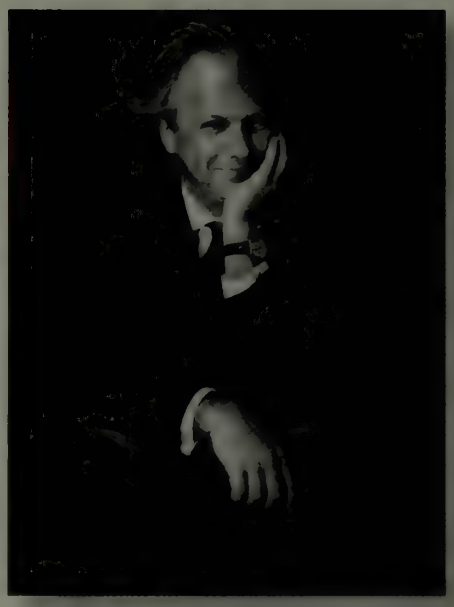
Executive Vice President ROBERT A. SAUERBERG, JR. Vice President–Retail Marketing JAMES J. MATE
Vice President–Business Development JULIE MICHALOWSKI Consumer Marketing Director TAMMY LASPALAKIS

Published at 4 Times Square, New York, New York 10036

Subscription inquiries: Please write to *Vanity Fair*, Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714, or call 800-365-0635.
For permissions and reprint requests, please call 212-286-8349 or fax requests to 212-286-8628.


TOMMY HILFIGER
NEW YORK PARIS LONDON MILAN

On Borrowed Land



It is an ongoing mystery to me why Republican administrations are such wretched protectors of our land, inasmuch as Republicans own so much of it. At present, the current administration may be the greatest impediment to correcting the world's environmental slide. From the moment he entered office, "the worst environmental president ever," in Bobby Kennedy Jr.'s estimation, began hacking away at three decades' worth of hard-fought protections for our air, water, and land. In the six subsequent years, the White House has rolled back some 400 environmental-protection laws. And in the 20 months he has left on the clock, President Bush is poised for more environmental backsliding. As Kennedy points out in "Texas Chainsaw Management," on page 118, the president has so fully greased the revolving door between Washington and the oil, gas, and logging businesses that virtually every government agency having to do with the environment is now in the hands of men and women who used to work for, defend, or lobby for the very polluting industries their departments were established to police.

Kennedy's second story in this, our second Green Issue, centers on his love of falconry, the oldest of field sports ("The Falcon's Call," page 168). Kennedy, who first took up falconry when he was 11, recently traveled to Wyoming with his 13-year-old neighbor to hunt sage grouse. As they headed to a sagebrush plain untouched since the country was born, he spotted new drilling rigs—the first in what will become the largest gas field in North America. Drivers on the job were wearing red coveralls with the Halliburton logo on them.

The world's scientific community is now in almost universal agreement that human activity is accelerating global warming. The report released this spring by the United Nations–backed Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change is the most far-reaching study on the subject to date. It states that there is now "overwhelming scientific evidence" that humans are a significant factor in global warming.

The Bush administration has all but ignored the findings. No surprise there: government scientists have been complaining for two years that the White House has been pressuring them to water down reports on climate change. One of the point men in the effort was a former oil-industry lobbyist named Philip Cooney, who was given free range to edit mentions of global warming contained in government scientific reports. When he was found out, Cooney left the administration and moved to the safe waters of ExxonMobil. The American Enterprise Institute—the ExxonMobil-backed think tank where 20 former Bush-administration officials have served as consultants—developed a unique strategy in addressing global warming. It offered economists and scientists here and in the U.K. $10,000 each to write articles undermining the I.P.C.C. report—even before it was fully released.

America under the Bush presidency has fallen so out of step with the rest of the Western world that it is nothing short of a national scandal. Even as a draft of an administration report this year estimated that the U.S. will emit 19 percent more greenhouse gases by 2020 than it did in 2000, the 27-member European Union agreed to *cut* emissions by 20 percent from 1990 levels by the year 2020. This exceeds even the reductions called for by the Kyoto Protocol—which Bush repudiated shortly after coming into office. In a not-so-cloaked challenge to the U.S., German chancellor Angela Merkel said the E.U. would commit to a 30 percent reduction by 2020 if other nations followed suit.

It could fairly be argued that Bush has been such a dreadful steward of our environment that he more than anyone has energized the green movement to the point where it is in the early stages of becoming a revolution. Environmentalists such as Al Gore and the Prince of Wales, who both withstood withering press ridicule for their early positions, are now being heralded as visionaries—see *Vanity Fair* contributing editor Michael Shnayerson's report on the Prince of Wales's redemption, "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Throne," beginning on page 182. Corporations are realizing that, when it comes to business, green is good—smart money from Silicon Valley is pouring into clean-tech start-ups. One such venture is the Tesla Roadster, the 135-m.p.h., 0-to-60-in-four-seconds, electric sports car, which Shnayerson also reports on in this issue ("Quiet Thunder," page 266). He tells the tale of the Roadster as a sort of *Seabiscuit* with wheels, in that this is a story not so much about the car itself as about the characters who built it. The $92,000 car, with a state-of-the-art lithium-ion battery, will begin hitting streets next month, and all of the 120 cars being built during the first model year have already been reserved by eco-buffs such as actor George Clooney and Google founders Larry Page and Sergey Brin. (In a rare *V.F.* hat trick, Shnayerson has a third report in the issue—"A Convenient Untruth," page 142—on the Washington-based, petroleum-industry-backed global-warming skeptic Myron Ebell, who is to oil what the lobbyist in Christopher Buckley's *Thank You for Smoking* was to tobacco. When journalists want to add "balance" to a story on climate change, Ebell is their go-to guy, much the way a reporter developing a story on the planet's inherent roundness would also contact the Flat Earth Society.)

An epic, environmental David-and-Goliath battle is forming in the Ecuadorean Amazon. International Correspondent William Langewiesche, who spends most of his life in places where society is unraveling, flew there for his dispatch "Jungle Law," beginning on page 226. The story starts in the mid-1960s, when the American oil giant Texaco began drilling in Ecuador; the company continued to exploit the region for a quarter of a century. By the end, Texaco had built 325 wells, 18 processing units, and a maze of pipelines throughout the rain forest. Four years ago, 30,000 Amazon settlers and indigenous people initiated a lawsuit against Chevron (which bought Texaco in 2001). They claim that 17 million gallons of oil have spilled from the pipelines—more than the amount released during the 1989 *Exxon Valdez* disaster—and that 18 *billion* gallons of "produced water," an often toxic by-product of oil extraction, have been released into the Amazon. Some 1,700 square miles of Amazon rain forest have been despoiled—resulting, the plaintiffs say, in the largest contaminated site on earth. Cleanup costs could reach $6 billion. Defending Chevron in the case is a legion of highly paid lawyers from Washington and Quito, Ecuador's capital. Leading the plaintiffs is Pablo Fajardo, a 34-year-old local, who labored in the oil fields as a youngster, raised his siblings, and put himself through law school at night. He can't afford a house and doesn't own a car. This case may well turn out to be the largest environmental lawsuit in history. It is also Fajardo's first trial.

Another Amazon hand, Alex Shoumatoff, took his 11-year-old to the rain forest in 2005, the year of the worst drought in its recorded history. He returned recently for his report in this issue, "The Gasping Forest," beginning on page 272. The Amazon, Shoumatoff says, is essentially the earth's lungs, producing fully 20 percent of its oxygen. The respected environmental computer model at the Hadley Centre, in Britain, calculates that at current rates of climate change the rain forest will begin evolving into a savanna by 2050, and that it will complete this transformation by 2080—well within the lifetime of today's toddlers. Shoumatoff concludes by citing a Native American proverb: "We did not inherit the land from our fathers. We are borrowing it from our children."

—GRAYDON CARTER


877 70 DGUSA
dolcegabbana.it
Intimalier
DOLCE & GABBANA

vanity fair agenda

advertising • promotion • events • opportunities









Vanity Fair Amped

On February 22, *Vanity Fair* Amped, the magazine's sixth annual Oscar Week benefit concert, brought out V.I.P.'s for a special evening hosted by will.i.am of the Black Eyed Peas and a live musical performance by Grammy® award–winning artist Macy Gray. Held at Boulevard3, Hollywood's hottest new venue, the event saluted The M. Gray Music Academy, a charity that provides music and after-school programs for children. With London-based DJ Kris Bones spinning the latest tunes, the celebration lasted long into the night. Guests included Oscar® nominees Leonardo DiCaprio and Djimon Hounsou, Bow Wow, Chris Brown, Natalie Cole, Lil Jon, Perry Farrell, Lance Bass, Bobby Brown, Kate Walsh, Olivia Wilde, and Kevin Connolly.



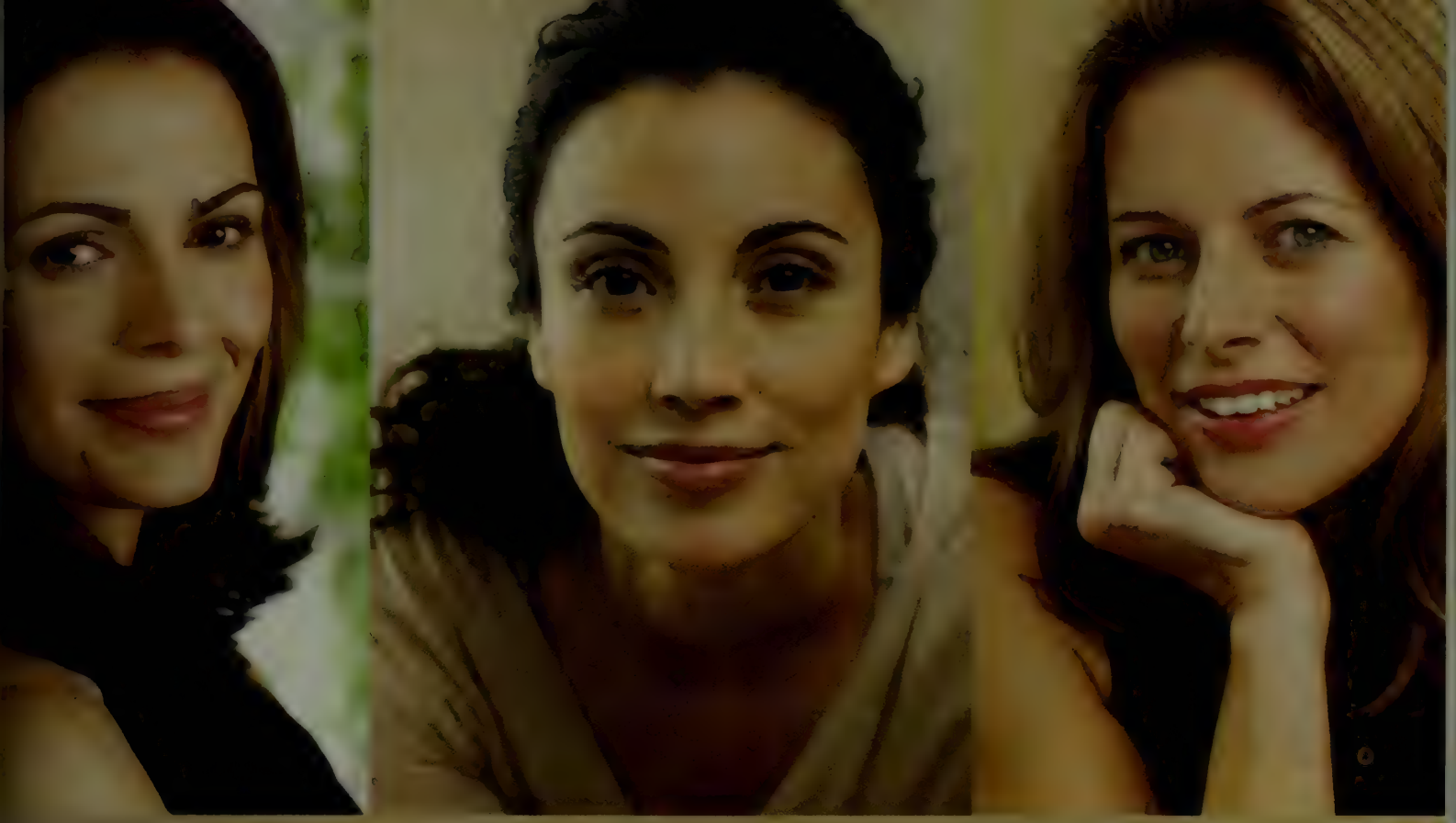




Special thanks to Cadillac, Nautica, Diet Coke, Jantzen, PAMA Pomegranate Liqueur, Pravda Vodka, PREVAGE & Elizabeth Arden, Allergan, Showtime, T-Mobile and Tourism New Zealand



Clockwise from top left: Lil Jon and Chris Brown, Pravda Vodka bottle service, Macy Gray performing, Kate Walsh, Bow Wow with a Nautica gift bag, the all-new 2008 Cadillac CTS, will.i.am and Macy Gray, and Stacey Kiebler and Djimon Hounsou



Everyone ages differently. Does your skincare know that?

Introducing the first self-adjusting serum for your unique skin.



In a consumer study, 73% of women saw reduced lines and wrinkles.

New AVEENO® POSITIVELY AGELESS™ Rejuvenating Serum has an advanced Shiitake Complex that captures the naturally active benefits of shiitake mushrooms – long believed to enhance vitality and slow aging. This exclusive formula works with your skin's unique chemistry, accelerating your cell renewal process.

Studies prove it. 73% of women saw reduced lines and wrinkles in just 4 weeks, revealing healthy, younger-looking skin. See what it can do for you.

NEW!



Aveeno®
ACTIVE NATURALS®

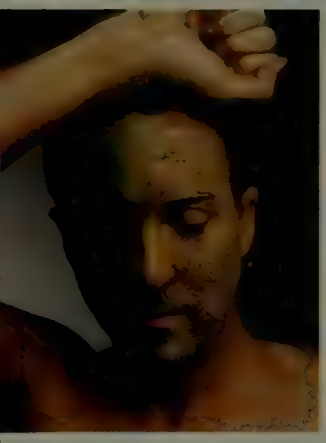
Discover nature's secret for ageless beauty.

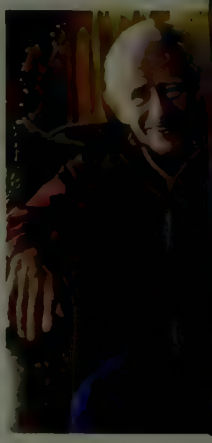
For more on the science behind ACTIVE NATURALS® visit www.aveeno.com

© Johnson & Johnson Consumer Companies, Inc. 2007

ADVERTISEMENT

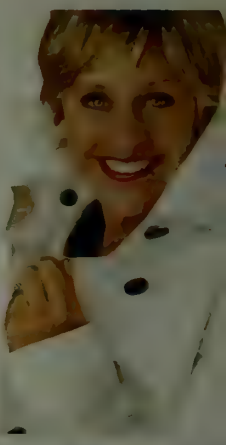


THE PARTY CONTINUES ON vanityfair.com

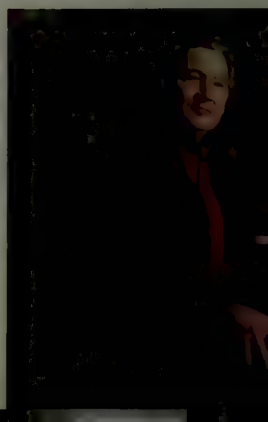





For an assortment of original stories and videos, pop-culture reviews and interviews, photo-essays, outtakes, and James Wolcott's blog, plus links to 250 great sites, go to VF.com.

It's "the best party on the Web" U.K. *Independent*.





Choose your radiance.

Now AVEENO® introduces a color-enhancing moisturizer that lets you customize your color.



New CONTINUOUS RADIANCE® Moisturizing Lotion has a patented dial technology – you choose the shade for the perfect summer radiance for you. A subtle color booster enhances your natural skin tone. And the moisture-rich soy formula is clinically shown to moisturize for a full 24 hours, for healthy radiance that lasts.





Aveeno®
ACTIVE NATURALS®

Discover nature's secret for healthy radiant skin.

For more on the science behind ACTIVE NATURALS® visit www.aveeno.com

vanity fair
agenda
special promotion



White Hot

White is the hot hue for spring, and we've seen the most amazing white accessories showing up everywhere. Whether you choose a woven tote in bone or a stark-white wedge slide, accessories are one of the easiest ways to wear this no-color color. White goes with everything from black to brights to neutrals, and is a favorite complement to the season's nautical trend. The pictured Dream Weaver tote, by Kathy Van Zeeland, and Yvette white wedge slide with chain link from Antonio Melani are available at Dillard's stores, at dillards.com, or by calling 800-345-5273.

Dillard's
The Style of Your Life.

Visit vfaccess.com each month for the inside scoop on the latest events.



WILLIAM ABRANOWICZ

Robert F. Kennedy Jr.

Environmentalist Robert F. Kennedy Jr. appeared on the cover of *V.F.*'s inaugural Green Issue, last year. In this, the second incarnation, he reaches further, contributing two stories: "Texas Chainsaw Management" (page 118) and "The Falcon's Call" (page 168), a personal account of his passion for one of mankind's oldest pastimes, falconry. "Falconers have played an important role in the conservation of raptors and their habitats, helping in the fight for a ban on the pesticide DDT and breeding endangered raptors to support declining wild stocks," Kennedy says. "It's time that America's traditionally Republican hunters, fishermen, and ranchers took stronger leadership roles in the conservation movement and recognized that the biggest threat to the wildlife, waterways, and landscapes they love is the White House policies that are transferring those assets to corporate cronies from the lumber, mining, and energy industries." Kennedy serves as president of the Waterkeeper Alliance, a non-governmental organization that promotes clean water throughout the world.

Cullen Murphy



GASPER TRINCALE

Editor-at-large Cullen Murphy played an instrumental role in marshaling this year's Green Issue, from deciding which environmental topics to cover to editing many of the articles, including those written by Robert F. Kennedy Jr. and William Langewiesche. "The environment will be to the 21st century what ideology was to the 20th," Murphy says. "And in all its variety it's a subject that seems perfectly matched to the staff and resources of *Vanity Fair*. The writers, editors, and photographers bring real passion to the subject." Murphy joined *V.F.*'s ranks last year after vacating his post as managing editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, a position he had held since 1985. His new book, *Are We Rome? The Fall of an Empire and the Fate of America* (Houghton Mifflin), will be published this spring.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54


PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE
ou don't just wear
a Patek Philippe.
You begin an
nduring love affair.
Spirited and modern. Aquanaut Luce
sparkles with 46 rare white diamonds
set in a stainless steel case. Watch
and white gold ring in matching bold
colors: their daringly understated
elegance will enchant forever. Ref. 5067A.
Tel: (1) 212 218 1240 www.patek.com

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52



Ron Beinner and Jonas Karlsson

Contributing photography producer Ron Beinner and contributing photographer Jonas Karlsson have collaborated on some of *Vanity Fair*'s most memorable portfolios, including that of post-Katrina New Orleans, and New York City during the tumultuous days following 9/11. As they traveled through the forests and tributaries of the Amazon, they were shocked by just how small the world has become. "We were three or four days into the trip, meeting the natives, seeing crocodiles and dolphins, and I thought we were really deep into the forest," Beinner recalls. "And then my cell phone rang—perfect reception. This place is changing quickly." As they trekked from the river's source at the Andean glaciers into the heart of the rain forest, the environmental dangers facing the Amazon became plain. "There are so many people living out there in remote places who need the river to live," says Karlsson. "They will be stranded if we don't look after the environment."



RON BEINNER

Shoumatoff (right) with glaciologist Cesar Portocarrero, near Peru's Qoyllur Rit'i glacier.

Alex Shoumatoff

For his story "The Gasping Forest," Alex Shoumatoff traveled throughout the Amazon rain forest. "A lot of my soul resides in the Amazon. To see what is happening now was a fantastic trip, but also a deeply disturbing one." When Shoumatoff first visited the Amazon, in 1975, he saw a cattle-ranch fire devour tens of thousands of acres of rain forest. "That was my introduction to the destruction that our appetites—in that case beef—are wreaking on the world." Since then Shoumatoff has published three books about the Amazon and launched the Web site DispatchesFromTheVanishingWorld.com, which documents the assault on the planet's biological and cultural diversity. "Most of my literary energies from here on out—I just hit the big six-oh—will be devoted to the global environmental crisis."

Heather Halberstadt

Senior editor Heather Halberstadt spent months working alongside deputy editor Aimée Bell to pull together this year's Green Portfolio. Her research took her to the University of California at Berkeley, where, along with *Vanity Fair* special correspondent Maureen Orth, she attended a lecture brimming with six Nobel laureates from the worlds of physics, chemistry, and economics, and helped assemble the subsequent photo shoot ("The Tree of Wisdom," page 254). For Halberstadt, it was a sobering experience. "To see all these brilliant minds working to solve the world's energy problems was more than a bit humbling," she admits. "I'll never again be in one room with a cast of such intellectual might."



CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

vanity fair agenda
special promotion



BRIAN PALMER/TRIBECA FILM FESTIVAL

Women in Film

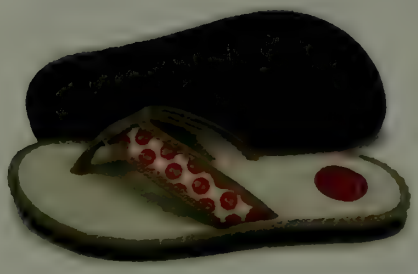
L'Oréal Paris celebrates the amazing accomplishments of women filmmakers by being a proud sponsor of the 2007 Tribeca Film Festival's Women's Filmmaker Brunch. L'Oréal Paris praises their commitment, dedication, and outstanding achievements in the independent-film industry. Their beautiful works of art are an inspiration to all women throughout the world. Because we're all worth it.

L'ORÉAL® PARIS

TRIBECA FILM FESTIVAL.

Visit vfaccess.com to enter exclusive sweepstakes and learn about special offers.


THE DE BEERS
TALISMAN COLLECTION
DE BEERS



71% of the population believe in global warming while the other 29% are still trying to resolve the "earth is flat" debate.

To reduce our environmental footprint, we're changing the way we make shoes by using sustainable materials like recycled car tires, crepe rubber, and organic cotton.

Proceeds from this special edition Toepeeka will benefit StopGlobalWarming.org

Simple®
a nice little shoe company™

shoes for a happy planet™

available at bloomingdale's and bloomingdales.com

www.simpleshoes.com/stopglobalwarming

Your friends at Simple will donate 5 bucks for each pair of Stop Global Warming Toepeeka flip-flops our retailers purchase
Stop Global Warming 15332 Antioch Street #168
Pacific Palisades Ca 90272 T 310 454 2561

This promotion is conducted by Simple Shoes a division of Deckers Outdoor Corp

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54



JOSH D'ALUISIO GUERRIERI

Charles C. Mann

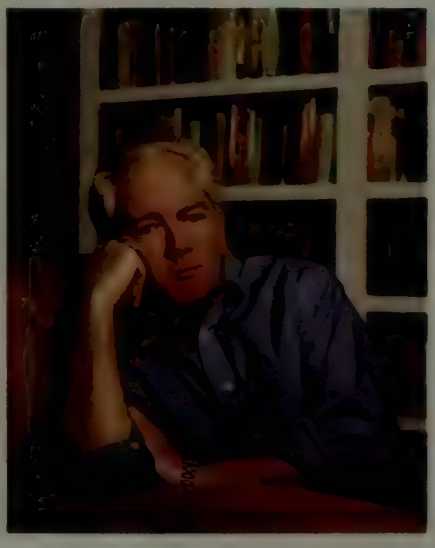
For his report "The Rise of Big Water," beginning on page 122, Charles C. Mann traveled to China, Amsterdam, and Paris. In it he reveals the enormous but little-known battle over globalization. As China outsources to foreign conglomerates the management of its disastrously polluted water supply, Mann looks at the impoverished small-town populations most affected by the changes. "We would pick a spot on the map and just go there and start talking to people," he says. He credits the opportunity to interview those in the farthest corners of the country to his extraordinary researcher-translator, Josh D'Aluisio-Guerrieri, a young American who, at 19, walked across China in sandals.

Sara Marks and Matt Ullian

Responsibility for what is arguably the biggest, most glamorous, most scrutinized annual party of the year—pictures on page 299—rests in the steady hands of director of special projects Sara Marks and deputy director of special projects Matt Ullian. Says Marks, "The team that I am lucky enough to have been able to bring together in the 14 years that we have held the Oscar party is extraordinary. They excel in their fields, are great fun to work with, and will, at the drop of a hat, step in and help in any area that is needed. What more could I ask for?" This year a *New York Times* headline read, THE BEST AFTER-PARTY? SORRY, THERE'S NO COMPETITION. That's a lot for us to live up to! The biggest dream guest for Ullian? "The brothers!" he says, meaning Princes William and Harry, of course. There's always next year.



CASPER TRINGALI



FRANCINE FLEISCHER

Michael Shnayerson

In 1996, contributing editor Michael Shnayerson published *The Car That Could: The Inside Story of GM's Electric Vehicle* (Random House)—about the E.V.— a book he says was "either ahead of its time or . . . something." Like the engineers he depicts in his book, Shnayerson "succumbed to E.V. burnout—the cynical conviction that E.V.'s would never be market-ready, or that, even if they were, Detroit and Big Oil would quash them." But in this month's issue he finds new hope in the sexy, sleek curves of the high-performance, ultra-efficient Tesla Roadster (page 266), the brainchild of a few Silicon Valley entrepreneurs. Shnayerson also reports on another innovator making environmentalism stylish—Prince Charles (page 182)—and on the intractable cynics who deny global warming's gravity (page 142).

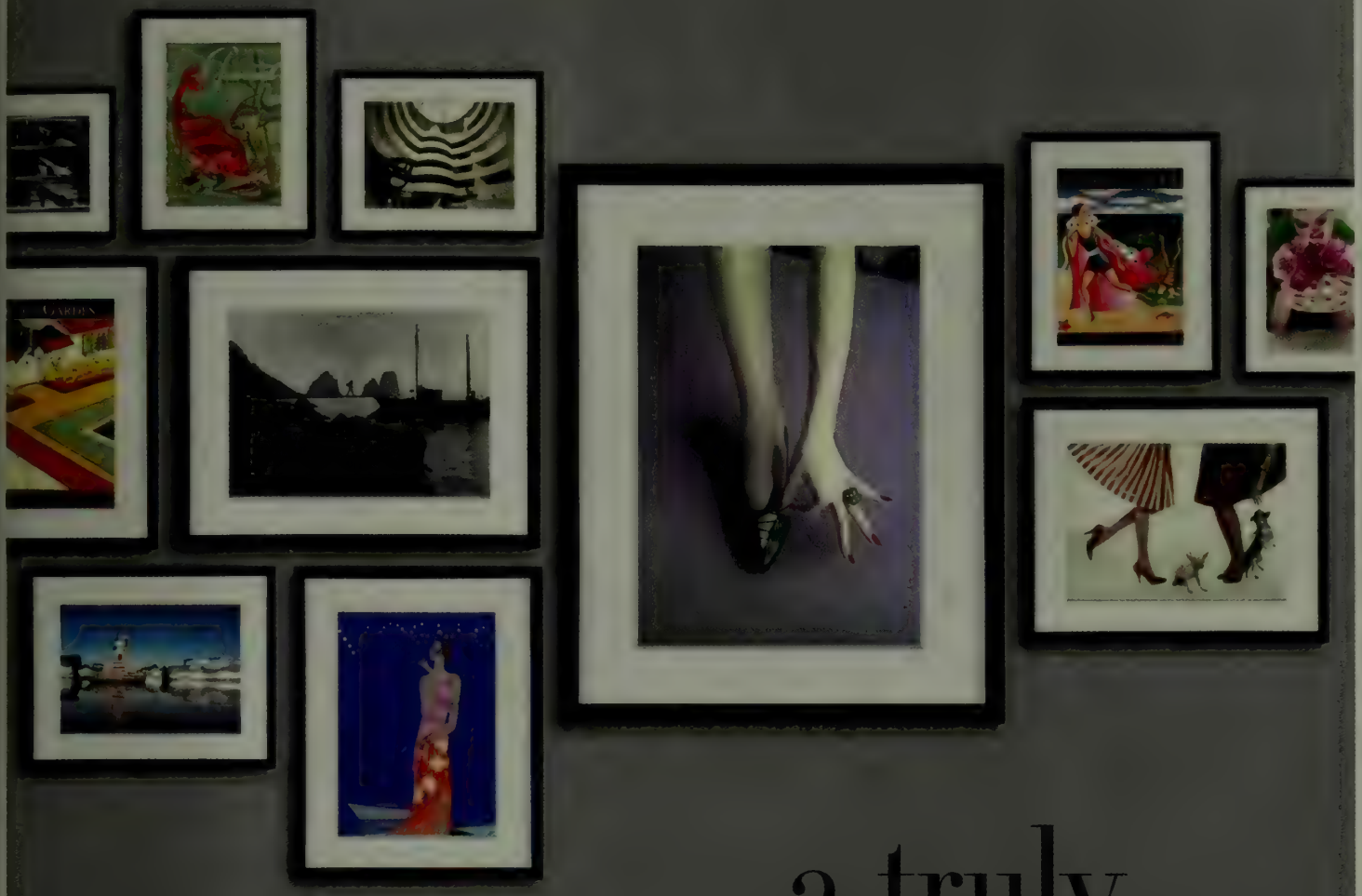
CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

EILEEN
FISHER

what if simplicity is all you need?




EILEEN
FISHER
VISIT EILEENFISHER COM FOR STORE LOCATIONS
PRINTED ON PA
MANUFACTURED W
ELECTRICITY FR
RENEWABLE ENE



a truly unique collection

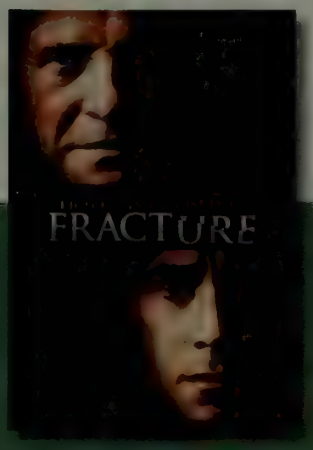
Vintage covers, photographs and illustrations reproduced from the Condé Nast Archive. Gallery quality prints available in two sizes, framed or unframed, for both your home and office. To view more of our collection, and to order, visit us at www.condenastART.com or call 1-888-728-4021

FREE SHIPPING on all products (US orders only)

CONDÉ NAST ART

© Condé Nast Archive. All Rights Reserved

vanity fair
agenda
special promotion



Coming Soon

Sign up to receive a FREE PASS to a screening in your area of the upcoming thriller *Fracture* when you log on to VFOnScreen.com/Fracture.

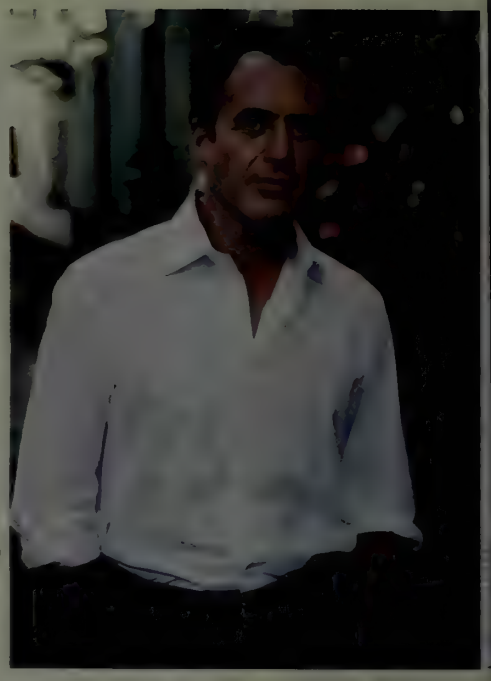
Fracture is the dramatic tale of a meticulous structural engineer who is accused of attempting to murder his wife and the young district attorney who is prosecuting him—and becomes a crusader for justice in the process. Starring Academy Award® winner Anthony Hopkins and Oscar® nominee Ryan Gosling, *Fracture* hits theaters April 20, 2007.



Presenting Tiffany Novo

Tiffany's newest diamond engagement ring is a cut above in glamour and style. Inspired by the 128.54-carat Tiffany Diamond, this 57-facet cushion-cut [illegible] remarkably brilliant. With [illegible] bead-set wedding band, Novo presents a modern look while exuding fire, grace, and pure Tiffany style. Available exclusively at Tiffany & Co. For more information, visit a Tiffany store or Tiffany.com.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56



William Langewiesche

For the Green Issue, International Correspondent William Langewiesche traveled to El Oriente, the eastern region of Ecuador, where the rain forest has been polluted over the course of more than three decades by the petroleum industry. In "Jungle Law," beginning on page 226, Langewiesche focuses on a local lawyer named Pablo Fajardo, who earned his degree only three years ago and has now assumed the lead in a lawsuit brought against Chevron by a group of rain-forest inhabitants. "I am not an environmentalist by inclination," Langewiesche says, "but I was taken aback by the extent of the contamination that surrounded me in the Amazon." Langewiesche's most recent article ("City of Fear," April) took him to the favelas of São Paulo, Brazil, where a crime gang rooted in the prison system has become the only effective form of government. Langewiesche's book *The Atomic Bazaar: The Rise of the Nuclear Poor* will be published this month by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.



GERALDINE DALLEK

Robert Dallek

Robert Dallek has written a best-selling biography of John F. Kennedy as well as widely praised studies of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Lyndon B. Johnson. His new book, *Nixon and Kissinger: Partners in Power* (HarperCollins), delves into the murky relationship between two of the most influential American officials of the 20th century. "We should never take at face value what holders of the country's highest offices state publicly," warns Dallek, who reviewed thousands of pages of telephone transcripts recently made available, and sifted through unpublished diaries and national-security records. *Nixon and Kissinger,* excerpted in this issue, is the first in-depth study of the duo's collaboration and "should give the public little confidence that we are hearing the unvarnished truth from the Bush White House." Next up for the Bancroft Prize–winning historian: a book on Harry S. Truman, part of the American Presidents Series, by Times Books.

Adam Spangler

Editorial assistant and former geologist Adam Spangler, who spent nearly three months working on this year's Green Portfolio, is no stranger to the outdoors. While growing up in Atlanta, Spangler spent much of his free time backpacking in the Appalachians. For *V.F.*'s second Green Issue, he furthered his childhood passion by exploring issues ranging from climate change to biodiversity loss. Despite such formidable challenges, Spangler remains optimistic about humankind's ability to acclimate. "The debate should not be about who is to blame for the changing climate," Spangler argues, "but how we, as a global community, are going to adapt to these ongoing changes that are altering life-sustaining relationships between living organisms and the earth."

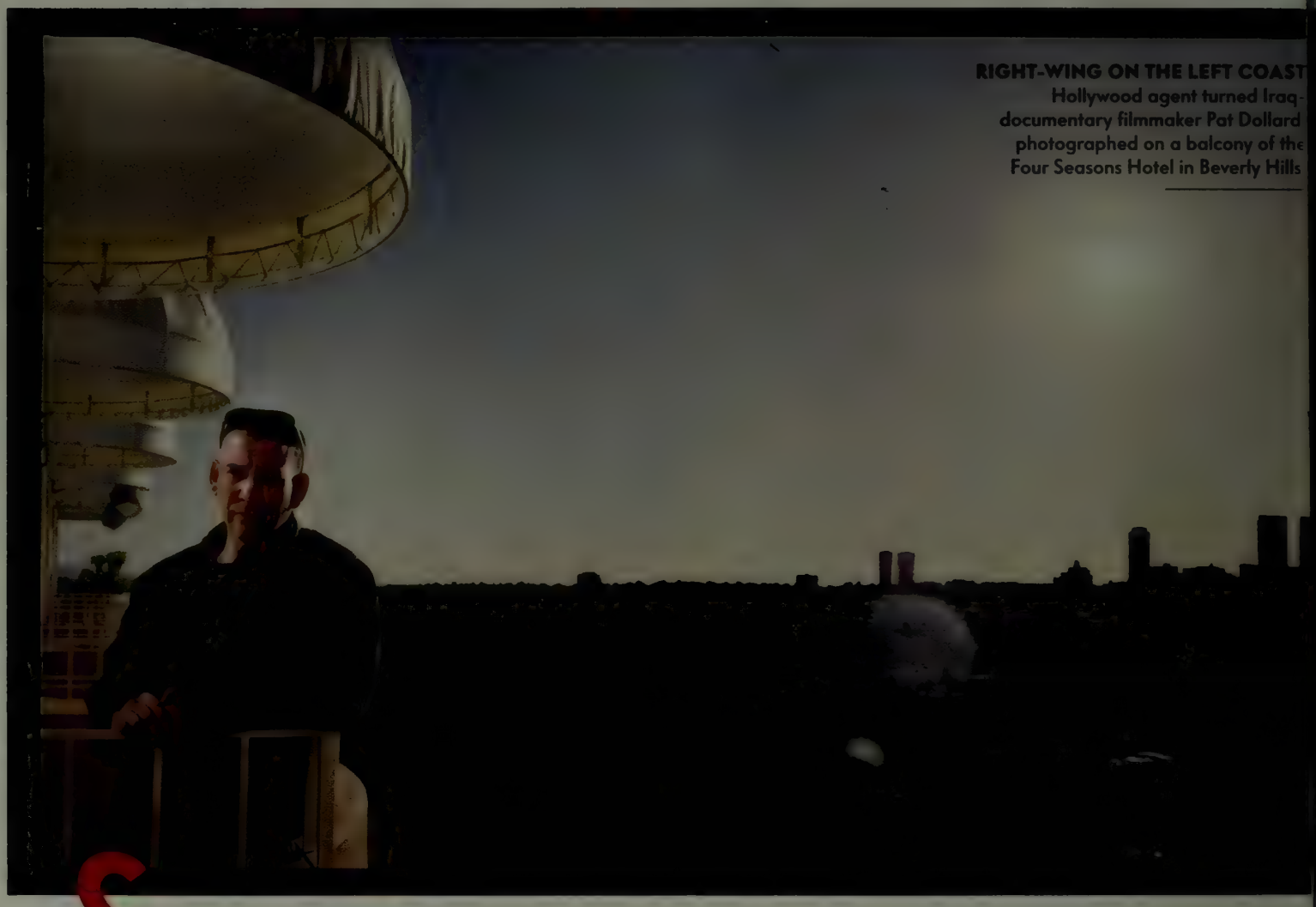


MARK SCHAFER


EVERY
CENT
of
the
selling
price
of
M·A·C
VIVA GLAM
LIPSTICK
and
lipglass
is
DONATED
to
the
M·A·C
AIDS
FUND
to
support
men,
women
and
children
living
with
hiv
and
aids
www.maccosmetics.com

AN AGENT OF WAR

Dissing Dollard; painting a one-sided picture; imagining the next war; the root of *Autumn;* a few good heroes; and more



RIGHT-WING ON THE LEFT COAST Hollywood agent turned Iraq-documentary filmmaker Pat Dollard photographed on a balcony of the Four Seasons Hotel in Beverly Hills

Stealing from Iraqis, using their stricken land as your personal playground while encouraging men barely out of their teens to get smashed and kill people, does not a "warrior" make ["Pat Dollard's War on Hollywood," by Evan Wright, March]. My Australian husband, John Martinkus, a real journalist, was kidnapped for 24 hours by Sunni insurgents from outside his hotel in Baghdad in October 2004. For him the line between life and death was very fine as he worked to convince his kidnappers he was not a C.I.A. agent. My husband is lucky to be alive, unlike the selfless translators and local journalists he knew. Pat Dollard's behavior in Iraq endangers the lives of both the innocent civilians and the young American men and women fighting a lost cause over there. Please, *Vanity Fair,* save your precious space for more worthy (and interesting) subjects than delusional, self-indulgent man-boys.

MEREDYTH TAMSYN
Singapore

I READ Evan Wright's article about Pat Dollard with disgust and cynicism. I was a part of the production community at Propaganda Films (where Dollard worked in management) in the mid-90s and now own my own production company. I am also a candidate for a master's degree in psychology, because people like Dollard inspired me to try to dissect the Hollywood culture I love and am so immersed in.

What was so disturbing about this story is the complete disregard Dollard now has for life. It is one thing to live your own life with reckless abandon, but for Dollard to act so cavalierly with other people's lives is disturbing and narcissistic. In my opinion, Dollard's recklessness is fueled by a psychological condition that is going untreated. Hollywood is a dangerous place operated by ego, power, and money. It is no less corporate than other businesses, but what makes it unique are the countless creative geniuses who make up the culture of the film business. I do not think Dollard is one of them. He is a severely disturbed man who is putting the lives of others at risk with the seductiveness of the title "film director," which he has so gracelessly bestowed upon himself.

While history sometimes refers to directors as megalomaniacal lunatics, I doubt Dollard will be revered in similar fashion. I predict he will be defined as a disturbed and lonely man who lived in a psychotic and drug-induced haze. If Dollard sought proper treatment for his addictions, perhaps he would find his true genius in the genuine solitude of life.

ERIN TAUSCHER
Executive producer, Trio Films
Los Angeles, California

EVAN WRIGHT'S article on Pat Dollard was riveting, but the best part wasn't the gratuitous sex, or the violence, or the drug use permeating Dollard's life. It was the fact

ART STREIBER


CHROME
REFLECTIONS OF MEN
CHROME
AZZARO
MACY'S
www.azzaroparis.com

that Ann Coulter actually admires him. It makes me wonder what else they have in common.

STEVE HILL
New Bern, North Carolina

IF THE CONSERVATIVES' new "great right hope" is an alcoholic, drug-abusing, misogynistic, psychotic would-be Rambo, then I'm glad I'm a liberal.

RINA NEIMAN
Muir Beach, California

EVAN WRIGHT'S story on Pat Dollard was disturbing on so many levels. Where do I begin? Military commanders allow Dollard, an out-of-shape, drug-addled misfit, to embed with troops, whom he then illuminates with a video light during night missions, essentially spotlighting them for the enemy. He defaces a holy building, incurring the wrath of local residents. He robs a pharmacy while wearing U.S. military clothing. He "supports" the troops by supplying them with booze and drugs. And despite all of these offenses, he's allowed to remain as a "reporter"? What the hell were the commanders thinking?

Now Dollard's declaring war on Hollywood liberals because he perceives their anti-war ideology as an attack on the troops, when it's really the lying, the cheating, and the illegal acts that got us into the war in the first place that the liberals are against. Former wives, girlfriends, roommates, colleagues, and landlords will testify that he's crazy, but he's touted as a mouthpiece for the conservatives? That certainly promotes the notion that neoconservatism is a mental illness. To demonstrate my support for the troops, I call for their protection from idiots such as Dollard!

ROB SPOOR
San Francisco, California

THAT'S EXACTLY what the Hollywood lefties need: a Pat Dollard kicking their sissy asses!

BRENDA CIBELLI
Brooklyn, New York

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE WAR BUSINESS

THAT WONDERFUL PIECE about Science Applications International Corporation (SAIC) confirms in prodigious detail for the civilian public what soldiers who have worked in artillery-target intelligence, radar surveillance, operations, and similar tactical-information services have known for years: SAIC makes total and useless garbage ["Washington's $8 Billion Shadow," by Donald L. Barlett and James B. Steele, March]. Ask any army or Marine Corps fire-support technician about the utility of any of the fire-control/direction computers that SAIC makes—all with senseless acronyms such as IFSAS, AFATDS, ASS-SHIT (that would at least be honest), and so on—and most will tell you that the machines are not even good paperweights. They are too big and too fragile.

JONATHAN DE WALD
Staff sergeant (retired), United States Army
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

THE ARTICLE by Barlett and Steele appears to have been a deliberate attempt to discredit SAIC rather than provide an objective report. SAIC is a valuable corporate institution, and individuals who have firsthand knowledge of the company and its contributions to our country can easily see through the nuanced venom in Barlett and Steele's presentation. Since much of our population is not aware of the nature of most of SAIC's work, these writers' propaganda is potentially damaging to the company and our country.

STANLEY ALPER
Silver Spring, Maryland

Mr. Alper is a former employee and current stockholder of SAIC.

I HAVE PRACTICED LAW for 30 years in Washington, D.C., and this article is one of the most honest and straightforward descriptions of how the system works for government contractors. I have sent it to numerous clients and colleagues of mine. Everyone in the industry knows that SAIC is more powerful than Halliburton. The writers could follow up with an investigation into the wannabes, such as CACI International, which foster a similar "Eat what you kill" environment. Then they could move on to the Washington law firms, which are really just vertically integrated influence peddlers.

J. MICHAEL SLOCUM
Springfield, Virginia

I WAS AT FIRST INTRIGUED but ultimately disturbed by your portrayal of SAIC. Living in an area close to Washington, D.C., I know of many individuals who work for big businesses that "benefit" from the war in Iraq and the threat of terrorism—this is not a unique trait for a business. I felt the story gave a skewed, one-sided view of this firm while neglecting to investigate the inner workings of similar, even bigger firms. Frankly, I was disappointed by what, in the end, read more like a propaganda leaflet than a piece of hard-hitting journalism.

VANESSA GILBERT
Waldorf, Maryland

DONALD BARLETT AND JAMES STEELE are masters of innuendo, cleverly taking a few basic facts and weaving a story so distorted and exaggerated as to result in an article with little resemblance to the truth. In addition to the false portrayal of SAIC, what the authors did to attack the character of its founder was unconscionable and so far from accurate that it may be libelous. This article has such obvious bias as to read more like a work of fiction. Perhaps they stretched too much to make SAIC resemble what they called "Omnivore Group," an imaginary conglomerate that has the ability to influence the highest levels of government with the most evil and selfish motives conceivable. It is sad that the integrity of this fine company and its founder have been so shabbily treated. I can only hope that intelligent readers will recognize this article for the seriously flawed work that it is. Perhaps an explanation for this shoddy excuse for serious journalism is that it is just a draft of a fictional screenplay the authors hope will become the next blockbuster about an evil corporation.

TOM TREVINO
Carlsbad, California

Mr. Trevino has been an employee of SAIC for more than 30 years.

IRAN IS THE NEW IRAQ

CRAIG UNGER'S ARTICLE "From the Wonderful Folks Who Brought You Iraq" [March] is one of the best of a number of recent discussions of Bush's preparations for war with Iran. Like all the others, though, it fails to address this question: If an air war on Iran doesn't work and they don't quit fighting, then what? The U.S. does not have the troops to pacify Iraq, much less invade Iran, a much larger country with less favorable terrain, a modern army, and a million-man militia, which is already preparing for a guerrilla war. President Bush has shown that he is not about to admit he's beaten and sound a retreat. It is sobering to consider what his other options might be if the attack on Iran gets bogged down.

CHRIS HORTON
Worcester, Massachusetts

I AM VERY APPRECIATIVE of Craig Unger's fascinating article on what may be the Bush administration's plans for expanding its wars in the Middle East into Iran. Still, I wish to object to one point: in the article, retired colonel W. Patrick Lang is quoted as saying that an Iranian nuclear program really is an "existential threat" to Israel. This assertion is made constantly by many commentators, yet it is not subjected to critical analysis, and, quite frankly, it's almost

La Doña de *Cartier*



Cartier

1-800-cartier - www.cartier.com



© 2007 Volkswagen of America, Inc



Experience a convertible. Experience a hardtop. Experience a sunroof.
Experience the world's first hardtop convertible with a sunroof. **The Eos.**



certainly untrue. The only way for Iran to be an "existential threat" to Israel is if the Iranians are simply suicidal. Even if Iran had a nuclear bomb, why would it drop it on Israel, a country with a massive nuclear arsenal (maybe as many as 400 bombs) and nuclear-armed submarines? The Iranians are not suicidal. Some neocons have tried to argue that President Ahmadinejad's religious affiliations make him a supporter of the apocalypse, but this is just an example of propaganda at work. However, what a nuclear Iran does do is alter the regional balance of power and challenge the American-Israeli hegemony in the region—something that, as the article points out, the U.S. is committed to maintaining. The one condition under which Iran might use a nuclear bomb is if it were attacked. A nuclear Iran, therefore, is much harder to push around and much more capable of exerting regional influence. Ultimately, if there is an American attack, it will be primarily motivated by the U.S.'s desire to maintain its military and political domination of a strategic area.

SHAUN NARINE
Fredericton, New Brunswick

CRAIG UNGER'S ARTICLE came close to making me sick. How could anybody believe the neocons after what they've gotten us into in Iraq? I hope anyone with a lick of sense will use the old saying that President Bush can't seem to get straight: "Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me." It's stunning to think they believe we will fall for the same crap twice!

RUBY SITTON
Signal Mountain, Tennessee

I AM GETTING PRETTY used to the kind of moral relativism which sees no discernible difference between Israelis who are attempting to stave off destruction at the hands of genocidal Islamists and the genocidal Islamists themselves. Still, I'd have to say that Craig Unger's article, which lumps Iran's Mahmoud Ahmadinejad in the same category as George Bush and Benjamin Netanyahu and dismisses all three as the same kind of "head cases," might be described as a new low in unequivocal moral equivalence—a jump-the-shark moment, so to speak.

Just to be clear, Ahmadinejad is a fanatical totalitarian whose time in office has been devoted to two main pursuits: denying the Holocaust so as to lay the groundwork for a second one, and ensuring that Iran's nuclear program, the one that will enable it to construct the nuclear weapons with which to perpetrate the genocide, continues unimpeded.

That Netanyahu, the leader of Israel's opposition, is disinclined to allow Ahmadinejad to press the nuclear button and incinerate Israel—because, realistically speaking, one bomb should do it—does not make him a "head case." Far from it. In fact, one would be hard-pressed to describe Netanyahu's reaction as anything other than utterly, thoroughly sane.

MINDY G. ALTER
Toronto, Ontario

AUTUMN'S DISCOVERED

MY SISTER passed on to me the article by Nick Tosches about the Windows desktop image *Autumn* ["*Autumn* and the Plot Against Me," vanityfair.com]. For years my sister has been telling me that this scene is of her driveway. I didn't believe her. It looks like it, sure, but I thought it was a family legend. Turns out she was right—it is her place, in Kilbride, Ontario, about 40 miles from Toronto. Thought Nick might be interested; if he

POSTSCRIPT

Although it was published nearly five years ago, in October 2002, "Seagal Under Siege" is the story that just won't die. This is not, to me, especially good news, owing to my strange little cameo appearance in the melodrama, which involved a bloated, C-list movie star (Seagal), his cagey former producing partner (Jules Nasso), a wiretapping private eye (Anthony Pellicano), a convicted drug dealer, a dead fish, a headless toy soldier, wanton gunplay, and a whole lot of guys with pinkie rings.

Unsurprisingly, the whole mess began in Staten Island, specifically Nasso's 8,500-square-foot pleasure dome, Villa Terranova, which featured purple furnishings and giant marble jungle cats. Nasso, a Brooklyn-born ex-pharmacist who resembled Joe Pesci, spent the afternoon explaining how hurt and misunderstood he felt. The feds had accused him of trying to extort money from Seagal, whom he had split with over business disagreements. Weeks later, after it was revealed that government wiretaps had recorded Nasso plotting same with two Gambino heavies, Nasso's memory was suddenly refreshed. He argued that he'd merely been defending himself from a squeeze play by Seagal, who denied everything.



Jules Nasso and Steven Seagal on location in Brooklyn, in 1991, for the movie *Out for Justice*.

The story line was a reporter's dream, and I thought my article had covered it all, including Seagal's history of piggish behavior (toward women, especially), serial charlatanism (he claimed to have been both a former C.I.A. operative and a Buddhist lama), and Mob friends (within the Colombo and Genovese crime families).

Boy, was I wrong. Shortly before the article went to press, as I drove home after dinner at an Italian restaurant, high beams flashed in my rearview mirror. I pulled over, thinking it was the cops. Then the car's passenger pointed a gun at me, pulled the trigger—no bullets, alas—and said "Bang" and "Stop" before his car squealed away. Or possibly it was "Bam" and "Stop it." It's hard to hear while hiding beneath the steering wheel.

For a while, the whole death-threat thing wasn't so bad, since the magazine sequestered me in a fancy hotel room, then posted a bodyguard at my house. (While on a date, it doesn't hurt to say, "Oh, don't mind my security detail.") But the ensuing months were a riot of tabloid madness, F.B.I. interviews, and unbidden phone calls from "sources" or "private detectives," most of whom seemed to be named Bobby or Danny.

Nasso's legal team wondered, quite enthusiastically, whether Seagal was behind the threat. Actually, Nasso himself had warned me about Seagal months before my incident, and had also urged me to investigate whether Seagal had engineered a much scarier event involving a *Los Angeles Times* reporter, Anita Busch, who had found on her car a dead fish, a rose, and a written threat.

Rumors and investigations swirled until 2006, by which time prosecutors had charged and then withdrawn charges against a convicted drug dealer named Alexander Proctor, who had been accused of carrying out the Busch threat. Proctor had worked for Seagal's private eye, the infamous Pellicano, who has since been charged with orchestrating a vast Hollywood wiretapping operation. My case remains open.

In the meantime, Seagal, who has not been charged with any crimes, continues to serve a life sentence in the prison of direct-to-video martial-arts movies. And Nasso's role in the Seagal case landed him a year in prison, during which he tried and failed to get his time reduced by offering information about my case to investigators. —NED ZEMAN


DID YOU RESPOND
WHEN CALLED UPON?
- KENNETH COLE
RSVP
KENNETH COLE
THE NEW MEN'S SCENT
RSVP
KENNETH COLE
NYC

OMEGA

AVAILABLE AT TOURNEAU

TOURNEAU TIMEMACHINE
NEW YORK, NY

TIME DOME
LAS VEGAS, NV

AVENTURA MALL
MIAMI, FL

SAN FRANCISCO SHOPPING CENTER
SAN FRANCISCO, CA

SOUTH COAST PLAZA
COSTA MESA, CA

THE WESTCHESTER
WHITE PLAINS, NY

WATER TOWER PLACE
CHICAGO, IL

FOR ADDITIONAL LOCATIONS, PLEASE CALL 800-348-3332



is ever nearby we can give him directions.

CHRISTINE BOURNE
Oakville, Ontario

THANK YOU for the great article by Nick Tosches. I have wondered for years where exactly the photograph *Autumn* was taken. I am planning a road trip in the fall to check out the spot myself—discreetly, of course.

JUSTIN CASE
Providence, Rhode Island

THE NAVY LAWYER AND THE LAW

JAG LAWYER Charles Swift and law professor Neal Katyal have done what many lawyers can only dream of doing—fight for justice and protect our Constitution ["Taking on Guantánamo," by Marie Brenner, March]. So often, litigation is over money, either getting it or keeping the other side from getting it. Even so, many lawyers hope for a case that justifies their career choice. Unfortunately, Swift and Katyal are battling an administration that, while proclaiming it is seeking to spread freedom, is eliminating the freedoms of individuals on an unprecedented basis. If this government were truly interested in freedom, there would be no Guantánamo Bay, and the right to a writ of habeas corpus would be preserved.

DONNA BADER
Laguna Beach, California

I WAS THRILLED to see your article detailing the efforts of military and civilian attorneys to defend the detainees being held in Guantánamo Bay. As a young defense attorney, I had the honor of serving under Navy Lieutenant Commander Philip Sundel. It was in his office, from 2001 until 2004, that I learned exactly what it means to speak for someone who has no voice, to represent those who are feared and despised, and to ultimately fight to protect the freedom that every American enjoys.

No one likes a defense attorney until he or she needs one. Their clients do not trust them, opposing counsel does not respect them, and they suffer undeserved criticism for the type of law they practice. As a defense attorney in the military, it was easy to be intimidated by the power of the government, but, with Sundel as our department head, we learned that questioning authority and holding the government to the heavy burden of "beyond a reasonable doubt" was exactly what we were supposed to be doing.

Individuals who speak the truth, especially when it is not popular, are often feared, rarely revered, and usually silenced. How we, as Americans, treat detainees is a reflection of what we value as a society. It is a universal statement to the rest of the world on exactly how much we value life and liberty—both our own and those of others.

JENNIFER FREIMUTH TOWELL
Akron, Ohio

DANGER, DIARY!

I WAS BORN five years after J.F.K.'s assassination, but even without the profound emotions that my elders associate with that day, I was deeply offended by Craig Brown's "Gore Vidal" Diary in Vanities [March]. In an issue otherwise so alive to the wickedness of the world—*vide* the stories on the Guantánamo defense attorneys, the coming war against Iran, and the involvement of contractor SAIC in the ongoing debacle in Iraq—Brown's sneering description of the assassination of an American president was a jolting reminder that wickedness can come in unexpected forms.

HEATHER ELLIOTT
Washington, D.C.

FILM NOIR FACTS

COMPLIMENTS on Ann Douglas's fine article on *noir* films—lovingly felt and delivered with panache ["Day into *Noir*," March]. I would add, though, that one of the major themes of *noir* is betrayal in all its many forms. Additionally, Cornell Woolrich, one of the novelists who inspired *noir*, as Douglas writes, also gave inspiration to director François Truffaut, whose *noir*-ish Hitchcock homage, *The Bride Wore Black*, is one of my favorites.

MICHAEL H. MARGOLIN
Detroit, Michigan

WRITING AN ARTICLE about great *noir* films and not mentioning *Touch of Evil* is the equivalent of writing an article about Mafia films and not mentioning *The Godfather*.

JON CARVER
North Potomac, Maryland

@ MARKS THE SPOT

STEVEN DALY'S comment that "some went as far as to suggest I had turned into some kind of cyber-criminal" is merely a lame attempt to rationalize that what he is doing by downloading illegal video files is not a crime ["Pirates of the Multiplex," March]. The content of music videos, films, DVDs, and CDs is the property of the creators. It is how they make their living.

If it were possible to walk into a supermarket, art gallery, or clothing store and deconstruct its contents into a digital form, send it through the airwaves, and have it reconstructed at someone's home without paying the farmer who raised the food, the artist who painted the picture, or the designer and manufacturer who produced the clothes, would Daly also consider this to be a "vic-


OMEGA
www.omegawatches.com 866-382-8214
MICHELLE WIE. MY CHOICE.
OMEGA

timless hobby"? The M.P.A.A. may indeed be the lumbering dinosaur he makes it out to be, but it has the responsibility to try to protect the product of its industry's efforts.

JON ROSBROOK
Boston, Massachusetts

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.

MORE FROM THE V.F. MAILBAG



For the fans: Patrick Wilson, dancing with Jessica Biel, without the crease.

The Mailbag has always associated the phrase "attention to detail" with agreeable things: pointillism, reasonably priced watch repair, and that frisson one sometimes gets observing legal proofreaders in action in the prime of their careers. No longer. Not after this batch of mail.

A number of our readers had problems—major problems—with sequencing and size. "When your table of contents lands on page 66 due to the ads, it's too much," notes one reader, of March's Hollywood Issue. Adds Mark Roden, of Los Angeles, "When you have articles appearing on page 401, that should be a warning sign that you have way, way too many ads." (For the record, in terms of pacing, 401 is in fact an excellent page for an article to appear on in a magazine where the contents are on page 66.) Todd Kennedy, of Columbus, Ohio, complained about "poorly bound pages drifting down onto my lap."

Ah, yes: the binding. Even more attention to detail. Apparently the binding is all a plot to obscure Patrick Wilson's face. Because regarding that *film noir* photo spread on pages 414 and 415, the mail was voluminous: "I was very upset and wanted to let you know" . . . "In the center of the binding" . . . "[The] photo was in a crease" . . . "[It was] in the crease" . . . "A crease right through Patrick!!!!" . . . "In the crease" . . . "Caught in the crease" . . . "In the CREASE" . . . "It is not right what u did." Webmistress Erin of the "official fan site" Patrick Wilson's Lair summed it up this way: "[His] fans are outraged at the lack of respect he was given and have refused to purchase the magazine." Well, actually, it appears that at least nine have gone ahead and bought one.

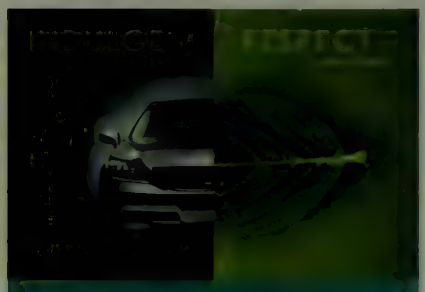
But when it comes to attention to detail, nobody has anything on Dean G. Loumbas, of San Francisco, who professes himself "taken aback by the number of problems" with the March cover photo of Jack Black, Chris Rock, Ben Stiller, and Owen Wilson. To wit: Stiller's and Wilson's vests are "ill-fitting"; ditto Wilson's and Rock's shirts, "especially the collar on Mr. Rock"; Wilson's tie is "off-center"; the actors' shirts' wing tips are "positioned incorrectly"; Wilson's tailcoat lapels are "puckered and misshapen"; Stiller's and Black's sleeves are "rumpled"; and so forth—after that, he gets specific.

Finally, an entire party of New York City diners will no longer be reading *V.F.*, at least not as long as Michael Wolff continues to contribute. Or so a letter informs us. Did they actively dislike one of his columns? Nah. They say their meal was disrupted when he was allegedly rude and obnoxious to the staff of a restaurant they were all eating in.

Too high page numbering, disrespectful gluing, columnists accused of orneriness while out on the town . . . did anyone read the issue? Patrick Shields, of Studio City, California, did: "Brett Ratner??? I guess Michael Bay was unavailable!"

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

vanity fair agenda
special promotion



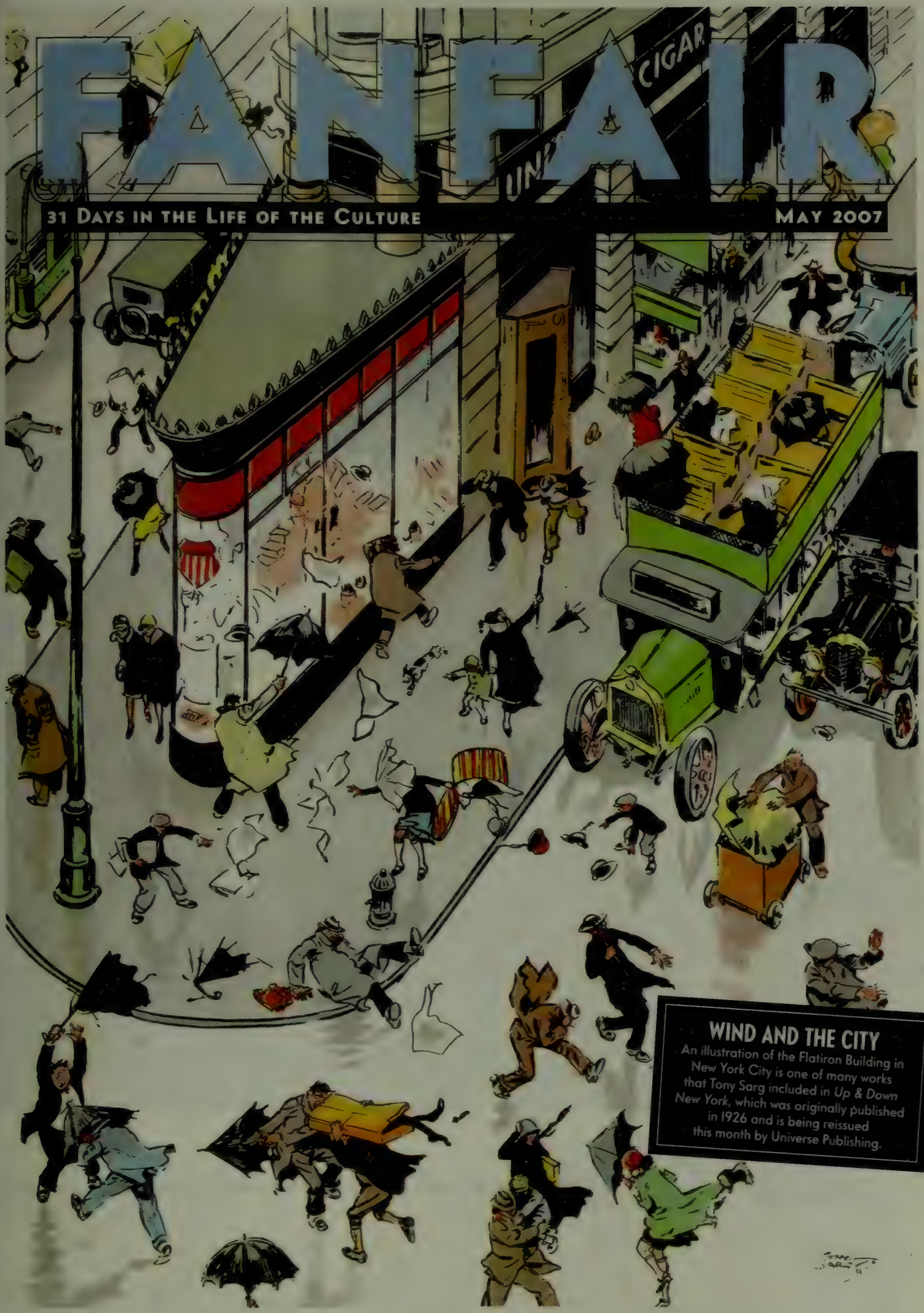
Big Ideas for a Small Planet

On April 17, Sundance Channel launched a new original series, *Big Ideas for a Small Planet*, exclusively sponsored by Lexus. This 13-part documentary series presents innovative designers, products, and processes that are on the front lines of a new green world.

Not the least of which is the Lexus LS 600h L, the world's first full-hybrid long-wheelbase sedan. With ultra-low emissions, abundant legroom, and a sumptuous leather-trimmed cabin, it's proof that we can be conscious of the Earth's needs while fulfilling our own. This groundbreaking vehicle will arrive in June. In the meantime, learn more about the Lexus hybrid vehicles at lexus.com.

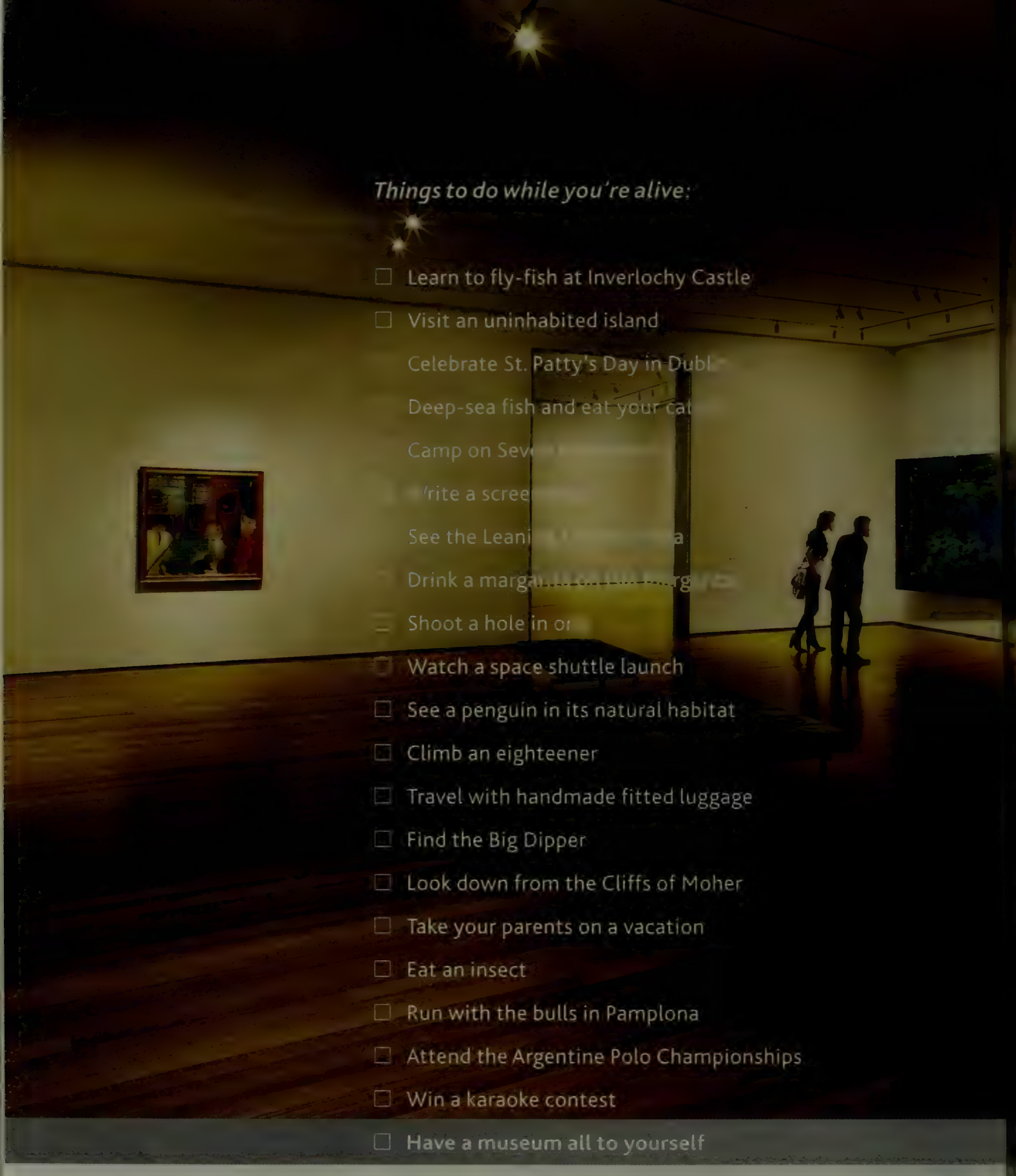
Log onto sundancechannel.com/thegreen to learn more about *Big Ideas for a Small Planet*. To learn about other ways we can reduce our impact on the Earth's resources, visit lexus.com/hybridliving.





WIND AND THE CITY

An illustration of the Flatiron Building in New York City is one of many works that Tony Sarg included in *Up & Down New York*, which was originally published in 1926 and is being reissued this month by Universe Publishing.



Whatever's on your list of things to do in life, do it better with Visa Signature. It takes you places regular rewards cards can't, like



LIFE TAKES VISA

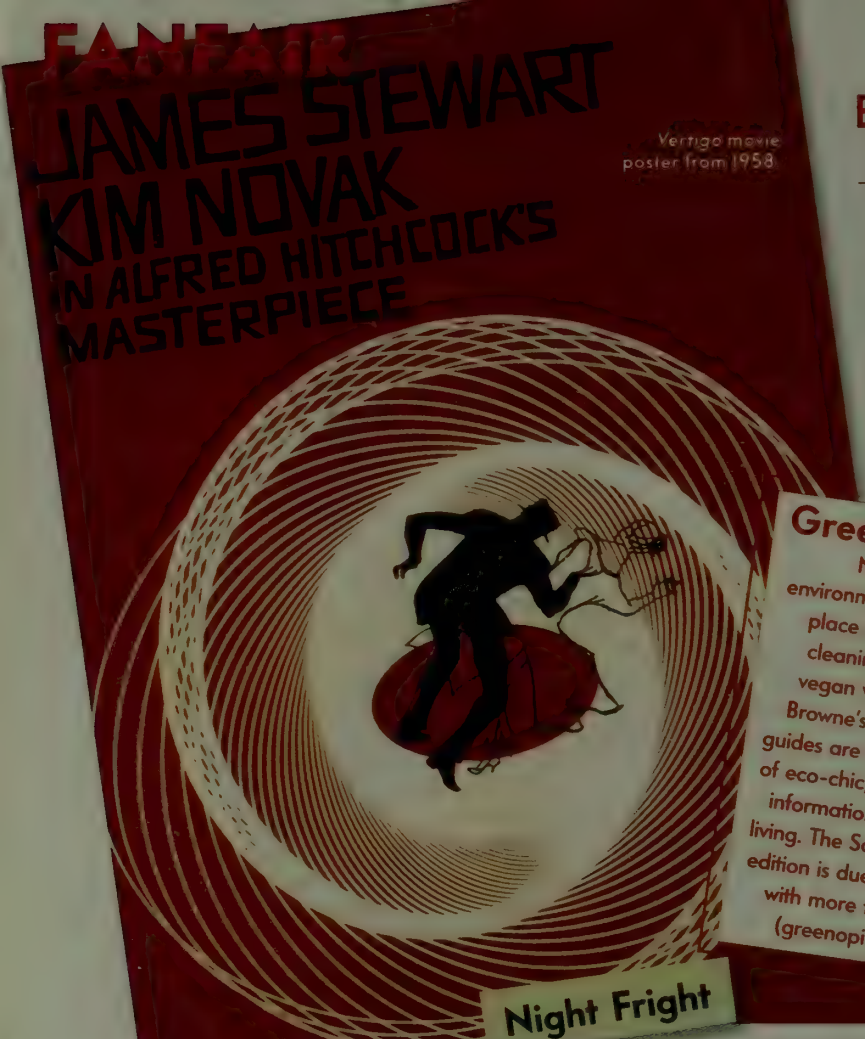
VISA SIGNATURE



vate tour of MoMA. So if you lose yourself in art, at least you'll have a guide.

Presenting Visa's line of luxury rewards cards. Benefits beyond rewards. Dozens of card choices. Visa.com/signature.

©2007 Visa U.S.A. Inc.

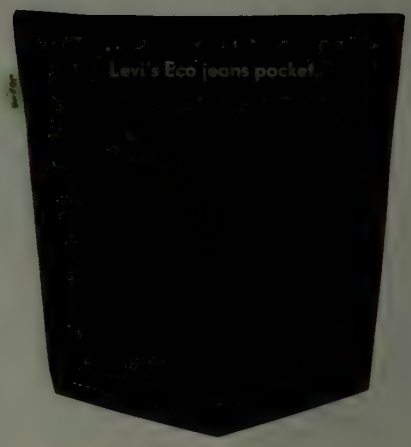


Night Fright

Cinespia captures the excitement of drive-in-movie date nights of the 1950s, but with a decidedly creepy twist. Classic films such as *Vertigo* and *Harold and Maude* are screened throughout the summer at the Hollywood Forever Cemetery. Season opens in May. (cemeteryscreenings.com)

EVERLASTING LOVE

Support organic farming by wearing Levi's Eco denim—made with all-natural processes from 100 percent organic cotton. They're identified by green stitching accents.



Green Guide

Need an environmentally friendly place to take your cleaning? Have a vegan visitor? Gay Browne's *Greenopia* guides are a cornucopia of eco-chic, city-specific information on green living. The San Francisco edition is due mid-April, with more to follow. (greenopia.com)

05

Every step counts in New York City's 10th annual **Revlon Run/Walk for Women.** Dollars raised go toward the research and treatment of women's cancers. (revlonrunwalk.com)

BEHIND THE LENS

One hundred images from photojournalist **Harry Benson's** iconic body of work are on display at the Smithsonian Institution's National Portrait Gallery, in Washington, D.C. (4/27–9/3)

THE CULTURAL DIVIDE

May



The final stop on an international tour, **Dan Flavin's** innovative, minimalist installations, which have influenced a generation of artists, are on exhibit at LACMA. (5/13–8/12)

SOUTHERN BREEZES

Philip Glass's *Book of Longing* and the *Deca Dance*, performed by Israel's **Batsheva Dance Company,** are two of more than 120 performances highlighted at the popular **Spoleto Festival USA**—which mirrors the Italian Festival dei Due Mondi—in Charleston, South Carolina. (5/25–6/10)

01

New York's inaugural **TeatroStageFest** is an audacious amalgam of theater, dance, and music from all over the Spanish-speaking world (including the U.S.). Productions include an avant-garde dance-drama from Barcelona, a dysfunctional family comedy from Argentina, and a reimagined *Hamlet* from the 1950s and 60s. (4/30–5/13; teatrostagefest.org)

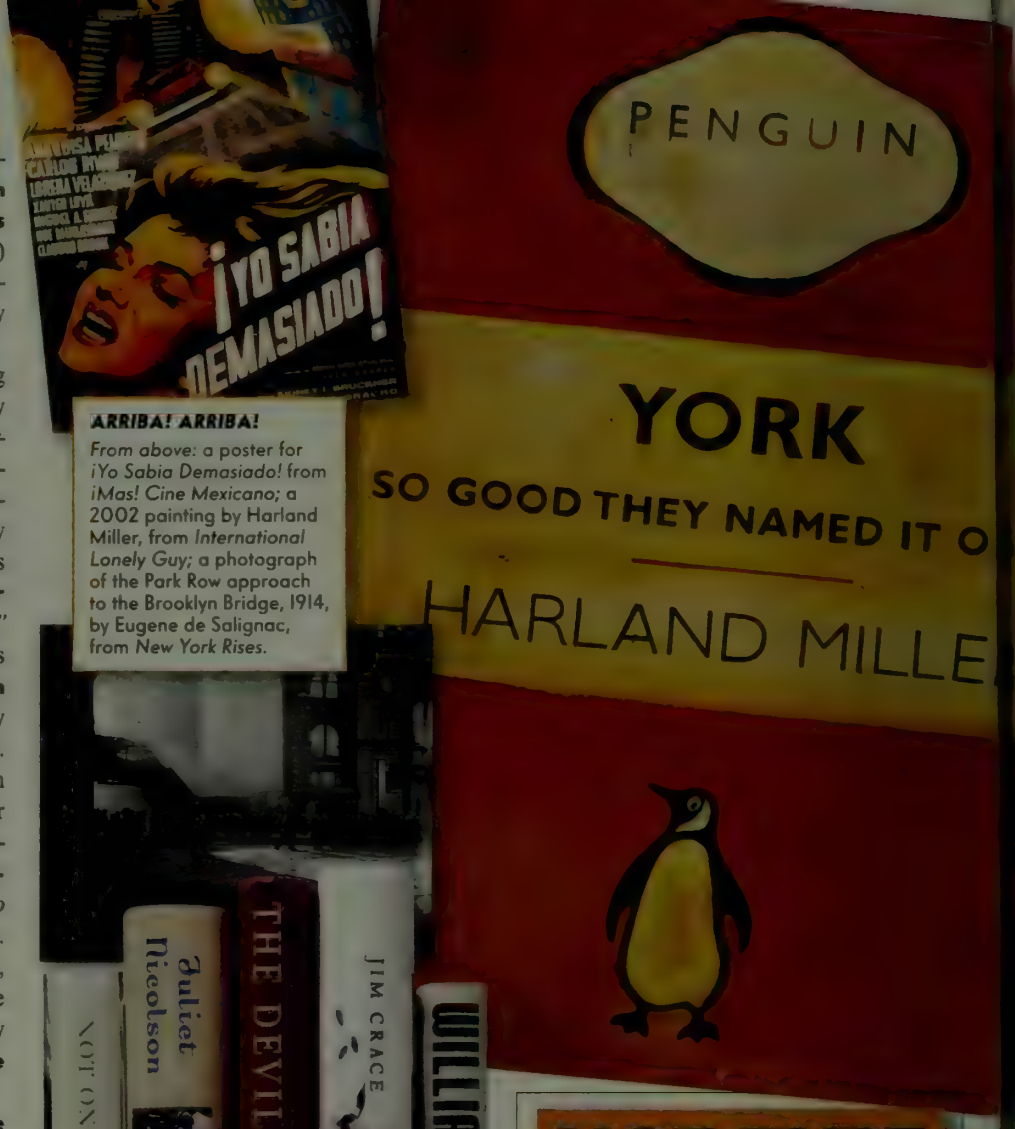


Sitting Pretty

Lyrical design combined with the free and jagged lines of the Jazz Age was the inspiration behind this vanity seat, created in 1928, one of many images included in ***Paul T. Frankl and Modern American Design*** (Yale), out this month.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF HARRIS (POCKET).


FENDI
FENDI



ARRIBA! ARRIBA! *From above: a poster for ¡Yo Sabia Demasiado! from ¡Mas! Cine Mexicano; a 2002 painting by Harland Miller, from International Lonely Guy; a photograph of the Park Row approach to the Brooklyn Bridge, 1914, by Eugene de Salignac, from New York Rises.*



On a mission to end the ever worsening genocide in Darfur, **Don Cheadle** and **John Prendergast's** *Not on Our Watch* (Hyperion) argues for stronger U.S. government action while also outlining ways ordinary citizens can help stop the suffering.

Fiction in full glorious bud: Genre-surfing novelist **Michael Chabon's** alternate-history whodunit, *The Yiddish Policemen's Union* (HarperCollins), imagines post–W.W. II Jews establishing a homeland in Alaska. Virtuoso prose stylist **Lydia Davis's** daring new stories boldly chart *Varieties of Disturbances* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). Forget one ending—**Heather McElhatton's** cleverly conceived "do-over novel," *Pretty Little Mistakes* (HarperCollins), submits 150. At the peak of her powers, **Helen Simpson** confirms in her dark and artfully funny story collection that she's *In the Driver's Seat* (Knopf). Drunk on booze and longing, the characters in **Rebecca Barry's** novel-in-vignettes believe their desires will be fulfilled *Later, at the Bar* (Scribner). Kooky filmmaker/performance artist **Miranda July's** offbeat fiction debut proves *No One Belongs Here More than You* (Scribner). With *The Ministry of Special Cases* (Knopf), **Nathan Englander** relieves his unbearable urge to publish a novel. In the flagrantly funny *I Love You, Beth Cooper* (Ecco), **Larry Doyle** gives the coming-of-age novel a swirly.

The three-star memoir of **Marco Pierre White,** the restaurant world's original *enfant terrible,* bubbles over with the pot-hurling, star-chasing antics that earned him the title *The Devil in the Kitchen* (Bloomsbury). Not content to trash Mother Teresa, now *V.F.* rabble-rouser **Christopher Hitchens** proclaims *God Is Not Great* (Twelve). Pop art and literature dance cheek to cheeky in painter **Harland Miller's** *International Lonely Guy* (Rizzoli). **Jim Crace** checks into *The Pesthouse* (Doubleday). Former J. P. Morgan man turned novelist **Dana Vachon** cashes in with *Mergers and Acquisitions* (Riverhead). Monsters and madwomen erupt from the sensational Mexican movie posters in **Rogelio Agrasánchez Jr.'s** *¡Mas! Cine Mexicano* (Chronicle). The sparkling turn-of-the-century pictures of bridge-and-tunnel-loving photographer **Eugene de Salignac** appear in *New York Rises* (Aperture). *V.F.* international correspondent **William Langewiesche** exposes how unstable nations and terrorists shop for nuclear weapons in *The Atomic Bazaar* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). On a quest for small-town charm, CBS correspondent **Bill Geist** wanders *Way off the Road* (Broadway). **Gina** and **Dann Gershon** tie young readers up in knots in *Camp Creepy Time* (Putnam). Nixon and Agnew fight over the covers in **Jules Witcover's** *Very Strange Bedfellows* (Public Affairs). Southern humorist **Roy Blount Jr.** corrals his sliest essays in *Long Time Leaving* (Knopf). The dying days of the Edwardian era are memorialized in **Juliet Nicolson's** *The Perfect Summer* (Grove). Dirt digger **Marlise Elizabeth Kast** relives her gory days as a *Tabloid Prodigy* (Running Press). In Zimbabwean **Peter Godwin's** memoir, *When a Crocodile Eats the Sun* (Little, Brown), unrest in the homeland and the family go hand in hand. The late great Joe Strummer, front man of the Clash, not only wrote politically charged punk songs but was one of rock music's first and most dedicated social activists; **Chris Salewicz's** *Redemption Song* (Faber and Faber) pays tribute to the man who sang: "Must I get a witness? for all this misery / There's no need to, brothers, everybody can see."

HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL

You don't have to be a comic-book geek to dig DC Comics' kicky new imprint, **Minx.** Which is good, because Minx's original graphic novels are targeting shoujo-loving teenage girls who may not know (or care) that Superman's father's name was Jor-El but who fancy manga and the new wave of chick-centric comics. Minx's maiden voyage begins with Cecil Castellucci's *The Plain Janes,* illustrated by Jim Rugg, of *Street Angel* fame. Future titles will showcase an awesome array of heroines such as a surfer punk, a martial-arts master, and a bigmouthed blogger. Minx's only weakness? So far the majority of titles are written by men. *Bring on the League of Extraordinary Minxwomen!* —E.S.



The Plain Janes, stars of Cecil Castellucci and Jim Rugg's new comic book.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF HARRIS (BOOKS)


PRADA
eyewear
SPR55H



Lauren Bush, photographed at the Maritime Hotel, in New York.

Model and Princeton graduate **Lauren Bush** is currently working with the U.N. World Food Program. Proceeds from her 100-percent-organic Feed Bag totes benefit the organization, which feeds more than 90 million people around the world every year. Bush is also developing an organic clothing line. Herewith, her favorite things . . .

MY STUFF
LAUREN BUSH

WHO INSPIRES YOU **The people closest to me . . . my family and my boyfriend, David.** FAVORITE DISCOVERY **Pinkberry, a healthy frozen-yogurt place—yummy!** NECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE **I am always willing to spend when it comes to traveling and experiencing something new.**

FAVORITE ART **Photography: Emmet Gowin (who was my teacher at Princeton). Painting: Cecily Brown.** SHEETS **Lauren by RL.** COFFEE-MAKER **Brookstone Coffee for One.** STATIONERY **Prentiss Douthit, or anything from Sugar Paper in L.A.** PETS **Adorable pug.** PET NAME **Syd.** WHERE DO YOU LIVE **Lower East Side, N.Y.C.** FAVORITE NEIGHBORHOOD RESTAURANT **Clinton Street Baking Co.** FAVORITE COCKTAIL **Mojito.** FAVORITE CHARITIES **U.N. World Food Program (wfp.org) and Millennium Promise, an organization which builds sustainable communities (millenniumpromise.org).**

LIPSTICK **C.O. Bigelow Mentha Lip Gloss.** MASCARA **DiorShow Mascara.** SHAMPOO **Klorane Camomile Shampoo.** MOISTURIZER **Jurlique Calendula Cream.** HAIR PRODUCT **Frédéric Fekkai Glossing Cream.** PERFUME **Une Fleur de Chanel.** TOOTHPASTE **Aquafresh Extreme Clean.** SOAP **Dove.** NAIL-POLISH COLOR **Kennebunk-port Red from OPI.** WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR HAIR CUT **Julien Farel Salon.**

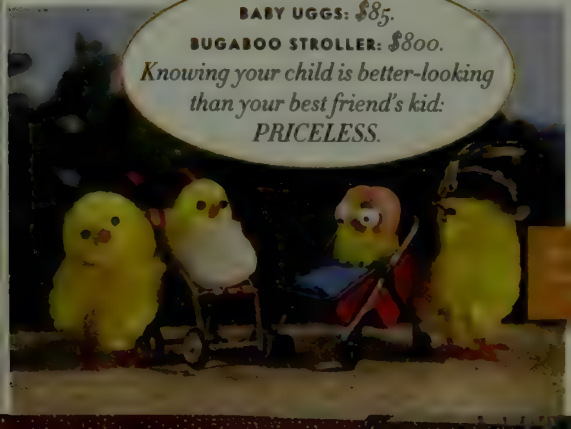
JEANS **The Stronghold or Paper Denim & Cloth.** UNDERWEAR **Hanky Panky.** SNEAKERS **Leather Converse high-tops.** WATCH **Cartier—a high-school-graduation gift from my grandparents.** T-SHIRT **Edun's One, or my cozy organic Under the Canopy t-shirts.** DAY BAG **My Feed Bag! (worldfeedbag.org).** EVENING BAG **Vintage clutches.**

GIVING MEN LILLYS

Lilly Pulitzer is an American icon, a lifestyle doyenne. Her hot pinks and greens vibrate at their own frequency—call it preppy psychedelia. Lilly's 1950s inspirations quickly became must-haves, uniforms for the wealthy at play. And now she's launching a new men's-wear line—a little bit naughty, a little bit daring. "This is serious men's wear that doesn't take itself too seriously," says **Doug Conklyn,** vice president of Lilly men's apparel. "It's a return to style—*enough* with casual Friday." The pieces are brightly colored, retro nostalgic prints with a modern cut—nautical motifs, paisley pinks, bougainvillea, orange blossoms, starfish, and sea horses. "Lilly is our muse and the spirit of the company—we ask ourselves, what would Lilly do? We're trying to live up to the fun. She is an amazing person with personality, style—and she's irreverent. It's a great American brand—50 years of heritage." But who is the Lilly man? "He's confident, of course. He's walking down the street wearing pink and green elephants," says 75-year-old Lilly Pulitzer Rousseau. "Regular old navy blue blazer? I don't think so! Look closely and you'll discover his hidden secrets—like fish swimming on the inner lining." And yes, there are classic polo shirts and swimming trunks, but the signature pieces are not for the faint of heart. "Everything has a little extra love in it," says Conklyn. "It's very personal clothing." —A. M. HOMES



A color swatch and ties from Lilly Pulitzer's new men's line.



Chick Humor

If best-selling author **Sloane Tanen's** books *Bitter with Baggage Seeks Same* and *Going for the Bronze*—both of which are illustrated with chickens—left you chuckling and buying copies for friends, just wait until you flip through *Hatched! The Big Push from Pregnancy to Motherhood* (Bloomsbury), out this month. Mothers, and those expecting, will adore Tanen's latest, wryly wicked addition to the series, which delivers the anxiety, competition, joy, and tribulations of having and raising babies. —PUNCH HUTTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY GASPER

The most fuel-efficient auto company in America*.



EnvironMentology

Honda thinking in action.

Meet Small Oil. Honda has always been committed to developing environmentally responsible technology. And with cars like the all-new Fit along with the legendary Civic, Honda will continue as the leader in fuel efficiency.† Through innovation and hard work, Small Oil can make a world of difference. That's our Environmentology.™

HONDA

The Power of Dreams

*Based on model year 2005 CAFE average fuel economy ratings and weighted sales for passenger car and light truck fleets sold in the U.S. by major manufacturers †Civic Hybrid and Fit Sport with 5MT shown. 2007 EPA mileage estimates 49 city/51 highway, 33 city/38 highway, respectively. Use for comparison purposes only. Actual mileage may vary. ©2006 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. environmentology.honda.com


NEW LEVI'S® ECO JEANS. 100% ORGANIC COTTON.
LEVI'S® STORE AND


LEVI'S



GRINDHOUSE GIRLS
From left: Sydney Tamiia Poitier, Marley Shelton, Rose McGowan, Jordan Ladd, Vanessa Ferlito, Rosario Dawson, Tracie Thoms, Mary Elizabeth Winstead, and Zoe Bell, photographed by Patrick Demarchelier at the Walt Disney Concert Hall, in Los Angeles.

Down and Dirty Double Feature

Directors **Quentin Tarantino** (*Pulp Fiction, Kill Bill*) and **Robert Rodriguez** (*Spy Kids, Sin City*), with their inspired yet twisted mix of gritty glamour complete with guns, gore, and plenty of sex, have collaborated on the double feature "Grindhouse"—a moniker for the run-down movie palaces that screened B exploitation films in America throughout the 70s. In the days before monster multiplexes and $14 tickets, these "grindhouse" pictures would traverse the country. And by the time they reached the drive-ins and dollar cinemas, the films were often badly scratched, with entire scenes missing. Sticking to the true nature of the genre, Tarantino and Rodriguez have created two separate features replete with missing scenes and scratches. In Rodriguez's *Planet Terror,* a small town gets ravaged by an unidentifiable plague. **Rose McGowan** plays Cherry, a down-on-her-luck go-go dancer who uses a machine gun as a leg because her own was bitten off by a zombie. Dr. Dakota Block (**Marley Shelton**) is the horny, doe-eyed M.D. on the graveyard shift at the hospital when the bodies begin to pile up. Tarantino's *Death Proof,* which follows an intermission of fake trailers, features Stuntman Mike (**Kurt Russell**), a serial killer whose supercharged muscle car goes on a heart-pounding, mile-a-minute rampage of death. **Rosario Dawson** co-stars as Abernathy, a makeup artist who tangles with danger-loving hotheads Zoe (**Zoe Bell**) and Kim (**Tracie Thoms**). The rest of the hottie cast includes **Mary Elizabeth Winstead** as the cheerleading starlet, **Sydney Tamiia Poitier** as Jungle Julia, and **Jordan Ladd** as gal pal Shanna, a hard-partying ex–beauty queen. **Vanessa Ferlito** is Arlene, their ex–best friend, a tough city girl who returns home to make amends. There's enough sex and violence here to make even the most hardened moviegoer blush; the prudish and the queasy should take a seat near the exit.

—KRISTA SMITH

HOT FUZZ'S ARRESTING HUMOR

Shaun of the Dead was not just a very funny zombie spoof, it was a very funny British zombie spoof. There was gore, yes, but it was temperate gore and, in a charming way, not state-of-the-art, more Monty Python than Martin Scorsese. Three years later, the film's creators—writer-director **Edgar Wright** and writer-star **Simon Pegg**—are back with *Hot Fuzz,* another very funny spoof with another awful title. The object of affection here is the loud, glossy, and incoherent cop thriller. Subspecies: buddy-cop thriller, in the vein of various *Bad Boys* and *Lethal Weapons.* Pegg plays a crew-cut London supercop whose humorless zeal gets him banished to the quaint, tidy village of Sandford. There he's partnered with the local police chief's drunken son, played by **Nick Frost,** whose looks suggest well-used Play-Doh (and who had the same second-banana slob role in *Shaun of the Dead*). Alas, there's not much for a supercop to do in Sandford, aside from tracking down a lost swan—or is there? The Bruckheimer-isms come in due course, and who wouldn't enjoy seeing a quaint, tidy village erupt in carnage and fireballs? As an American filmgoer, however, I couldn't help but wish the carnage had been even bloodier and the fireballs much bigger.



Simon Pegg and Nick Frost in *Hot Fuzz.*

—BRUCE HANDY

FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

LONGINES®

Elegance is an attitude



Longines B[illegible]Arti

Available at Tourneau

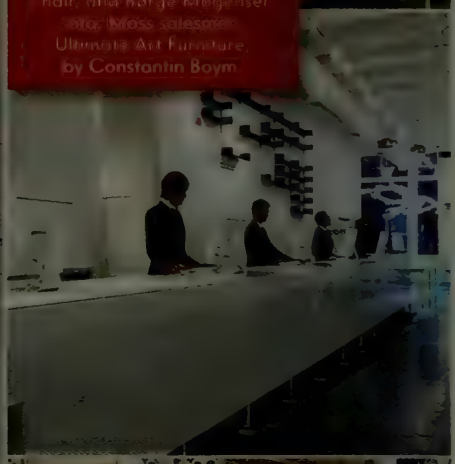
For further information visit longines.com

The Taste-Maker



Murray Moss and Franklin Getchell on a platform in their store beside a Puma Cub suspension light by Heike Buchfelder.





From top: Met chandelier, Mirjam Baars burned hair, and Korge Megenser sofa, Moss salesmen; Ultimate Art Furniture, by Constantin Boym.



"Did you hear about the chicken?" asks a frustrated Murray Moss, standing in the middle of his large shop, Moss, the industrial-design mecca located on Greene Street, in the SoHo district of Manhattan. In a matter of weeks, a second Moss is due to open on Melrose Avenue, in Los Angeles—trumpeted by its owner as "Moss goes to Hollywood." What is causing him his momentary distress in SoHo is *Paduaner Hahn*, a 22-inch-high Meissen porcelain rooster, designed circa 1734 by Johann Joachim Kändler, the father of European porcelain art. It is the current star of the gleaming, 9,000-square-foot store and the anchor of Moss's high altar: a 48-foot-long elevated platform that looks like a fashion-show runway, strewn with exquisite furniture and objects.

"You know what happened with the chicken?" says Franklin Getchell, Moss's business partner and his boyfriend of 34 years. "We *sold* it, and that *always* gets Murray bent out of shape. Personally, I *like* it when we sell $16,000 porcelain chickens."

"I *hate* it," says Moss. "I'd like to be a museum. You don't have to sell anything. No one touches anything. All you do is get grants." He turns to a team of display assistants—three young men in black T-shirts with the store motto PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH—and eventually they settle on a replacement for *Paduaner Hahn: Raven*, a $5,580 Nymphenburg porcelain piece, which Moss places atop a cast-aluminum fruit crate called *Ortofrutta*, designed by Andrea Salvetti, and beneath a sprawling vine-like copper mobile called *Flora*, the work of Dutch designer Tord Boontje. The resulting tableau of juxtaposed styles and centuries—*Flora* and *Ortofrutta* are from 2004, *Raven* from 1911—is typical Moss.

The store is set up to look and feel like a museum. Near each object is a placard giving the name of the designer, date of the design, and details about the materials, as well as the price. The most expensive item in the shop is a $190,000 Venini glass sculpture, *Cavallo di Leonardo,* designed by Ben Jakober and Yannick Vu. "Cheap is not in our business plan," says Getchell, who is the financial brains of the operation. Sales for 2007 are projected at $25 million.

Murray Moss has become one of the most influential taste-makers in the design world. For years the ultimate stamp of approval for a work of industrial design was inclusion in the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art, in New York, and when Moss started out he looked to MoMA for inspiration. Ironically, MoMA, as part of its recent $425 million makeover, patterned its design galleries after Moss. "That was flattering," says Getchell. "But what is strange is that Moss set up its store to resemble a museum, and MoMA's design department is now a museum resembling a store resembling a museum."

The market also takes signals from Moss, who was quick early on to showcase the work of Marc Newson, now the leading industrial designer of his generation. In 2006, the prototype of Newson's Lockheed Lounge chair sold for just shy of $1 million at Sotheby's. It is now for sale at the Sebastian & Barquet gallery, in Manhattan, for $2.5 million. "The Lockheed sale was a milestone," says Getchell. "It constituted a market validation of the work we've been doing for a long time."

Capitalizing on the explosion of interest in design art, Moss is starting a new company, Moss Limited Ltd., to commission limited-edition col-



GUCCI

HORSEBIT COCKTAIL COLLECTION

Rings in 18kt yellow gold with brown diamonds, purple amethyst, smoky or orange quartz, black onyx

lections. This month, at the annual Milan furniture fair, the partners are presenting limited-edition works by Studio Job, of Antwerp.

"I believe in a totally manipulated experience," says Moss. "When I collaborate with my display guys, we talk about narrative, text, and moments. It's the reason I locked things behind glass—it was to create a proscenium, to slow the experience down. If you see something you need to have, the case is unlocked. It doesn't matter if it's a unique $34,000 vase by Gaetano Pesce commissioned by me or a $3 bottle opener. The glass is there not only to protect my display, my 'text,' from people moving things around but also to make you interact with a person—a salesman—to make your experience even better.

"If people want to come to our store, they are signing up for an experience," he continues. "This is why we keep the temperature freezing cold. I don't *want* it to be comfortable. I want you to be *awake*. If you want to just find out where the candlesticks are, the store doesn't work. This is why I very purposely had the store designed so that you cannot see any of the objects from the street. All of the cases are turned *away* from the street, so you can see only the one object that I put in the window. To me the other design shops are bookshops with printed scripts of plays. My shop is like a theater with live performance."

"WHAT IS STRANGE IS THAT MOSS SET UP ITS STORE TO RESEMBLE A MUSEUM," SAYS MOSS PARTNER FRANKLIN GETCHELL. "AND MOMA'S DESIGN DEPARTMENT IS NOW A MUSEUM RESEMBLING A STORE RESEMBLING A MUSEUM."



From far left: Sheep stool by Hanns-Peter Krafft, Random suspension light by Bertjan Pot; store interior; Josef Wackerle sculpture; platter by Elisabeth Garouste and Mattia Bonetti.

Moss and Getchell both trained as actors. Getchell, 60, grew up on a potato farm in Limestone, Maine, went to Harvard, and, after quitting the stage, had a successful career as a TV producer. From 1988 to 1994 he was the senior vice president of programming for the Children's Television Workshop.

Moss, 58, was raised in Chicago. His father owned a factory that produced X-ray machines. "My parents built their dream house when I was about nine," he says. "My father had strong ideas about how it should be customized. For example, he insisted on a foot-pedal-operated drinking fountain in the dining room. He thought bringing glasses to the table and then taking them away and washing them was a waste. So you would get up from the table, go drink from the fountain—it had pedals for hot and cold—and then come back to the table. My mother and the decorator *hated* this. My parents had fights, so finally the compromise was to hide the fountain in a grove of fake kumquat trees. Every time we gave one another a gift, it had to be *approved* by the decorator, and we all went along with that. It seemed normal to us."

In 1978, Moss wound down his acting career. "I was 28, and I had come into some family money, so I stopped," he says. "I thought, I'll start a fashion company." He put his money behind a Dutch fashion designer named Ronaldus Shamask. "We rented a space on Madison and 70th, on the second floor. There were three sewing people in the back. We stole Halston's tailor. In March '79 we did a show, and *The New York Times* wrote a rave review." After a decade, however, Moss and Shamask had a falling-out.

In 1994, Moss opened a store under his own name in SoHo, which was then almost exclusively an area of art galleries. Eventually, Moss and Getchell expanded to three storefronts on Greene Street. They also own a restaurant and wine store around the corner on Houston Street, called Centovini, which they opened last year with restaurateur Nicola Marzovilla. Moss designed the interior.

Moss changes the store around daily, and he paints the walls every week. "Every day should be like opening night," he explains. We walk down one aisle and look at a display of desk implements juxtaposed with models of fighter planes. "Macho war games and desk accessories—it's not particularly interesting, but I get a kick out of it," he says. We come to a case of dozens of Alvar Aalto vases. "This I love, because the thing that people see we are all so dead to. An Alvar Aalto vase. Here are scores of curvy glass, colored Aalto vases." Moss has stacked them in a sort of geographical pattern. "When I went to Finland, I saw that it is all lakes, and the lakes bleed into one another, and they are not the same. Then I thought, The Aalto vase is not just about a fluid line in the 1930s. It is site-specific. It comes from a culture, from a locale, from a longing for something."

The new Moss in Los Angeles will continue to blur the boundaries between museum and gallery and store. "It will be a kind of *gallore*," in Getchell's words, "which is limited editions, unique pieces, *lots* of Swarovski crystal chandeliers. Because we are going into a fashion district, with Marc Jacobs and Diane von Furstenberg across the street, we thought watches and jewelry would work well there." Last year he and Moss turned down an offer to open a branch in Dubai.

It remains to be seen if an L.A. audience will embrace Moss's narrative approach to design and his interest in designers who are pushing the boundaries of furniture as art. His new star, the 29-year-old Maarten Baas, for example, sets fire to such famous designer objects as Eames, Rietveld, and Mackintosh chairs, leaving them black and scorched. For the opening of the L.A. store, Baas is burning a Steinway grand piano.

"It's very rarely," says Moss, "that I fall in love like I fell in love with Maarten Baas, whom I met at his booth at the Milan furniture fair. I saw the chair he called Smoke: a Victorian grandma armchair that he burned. Or Franz Anton Bustelli, the chief sculptor of Nymphenburg from 1754 to 1763. He was considered the master of rococo porcelain sculpture. I showed every one of his figurines. I stumbled onto him. I learned a little bit, and then I became obsessed with it. All of this is really just my education. I am not selling heart valves. I am not trying to save your life. I own chairs that you cannot sit on. Then I own chairs that you *can* sit on. People need to wake up to the fact that these objects sometimes are canvases that have meaning that snuck in underneath the manufacturer's radar. That can be very uncomfortable to people." —MATT TYRNAUER



YVES SAINT LAURENT



In Full Bloom

EDITH PIAF'S COMING-OF-AGE

Marion Cotillard's portrayal of revered French chanteuse **Edith Piaf** in *La Vie en Rose,* out next month from Picturehouse, gathers up the shards of the singer's fractured life and turns them into an emotional prism. The 31-year-old actress, who won a César for her work in *A Very Long Engagement,* is best known in the States for decorating two blithe tales of male self-actualization, *Big Fish* and *A Good Year.* But there's nothing ornamental about her Piaf. She plays her variously as a scrappy gamine, a middle-aged diva, and the withered old woman she had become by the time of her death, at only 47, in 1963.

At almost five feet seven, Cotillard is nearly a foot taller than "the Little Sparrow," but her performance is more than an act of compression. She has perfected Piaf's coat-hanger posture, shuffling gait, and toothy grin. And she elicits empathy as she makes the turbulent journey of a sickly, brothel-raised waif who by the age of 25 had been both accused of murdering her mentor, Louis Leplée (played by **Gérard Depardieu**), and consecrated as an icon on the Champs-Élysées.

Director **Olivier Dahan** channels Brassaï in his depiction of the 1930s Paris demimonde, and he juxtaposes Piaf's triumphs with her tragedies, her drolleries with her tempests, constantly probing her ability to endure abandonment by everyone she loves. She survives only as long as she can play out her psychodrama with that great throbbing voice. Cotillard lip-synchs Piaf's recordings of "Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien," "Milord," and the title song, among others, but it's her electric presence that conducts their thunder and lightning. —GRAHAM FULLER

GREEN TREASURE



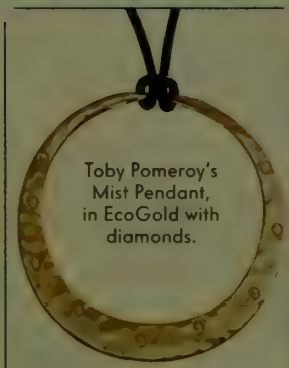
Thea Grant's Sharon Street, a vintage brass-bow bracelet.

Thea Grant's one-of-a-kind pieces hang from antique chains or bands. The wearable *objets d'art* are created from found or recycled materials culled from markets around the country (theagrant.com).



The Simmonses' malachite-bead Green Bracelet.

Russell and **Kimora Lee Simmons's** Green Bracelet holds a conflict-free diamond. Profits from sales go to DEF, which supports education in African communities (simmonsjewelryco.com).



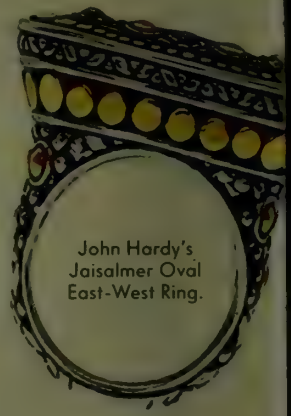
Toby Pomeroy's Mist Pendant, in EcoGold with diamonds.

Toby Pomeroy designs jewelry with EcoGold or EcoSilver, acquired from recycled metal. His signature style of forging the metals by hand ensures minimal environmental impact (tobypomeroy.com).



Alex Woo's 14-karat Vida Gold Cuff.

Costa Rica's lush rain forests have inspired **Alex Woo's** Vida Collection. Ten percent of the proceeds from each piece goes to support the N.R.D.C.'s clean-air efforts (alexwoo.com).



John Hardy's Jaisalmer Oval East-West Ring.

John Hardy's commitment to sustainable luxury is evident in both his lifestyle and his Balinese-inspired jewelry. He plants bamboo to offset the eco-impact of his ad pages (johnhardy.com).

A force of his own nature.



brando.

a tcm world premiere documentary

He embodied the soul of every character he portrayed, without ever sacrificing his own. He transformed audiences and redefined his art. Discover the life of a reluctant icon, as told by those who knew him best, including:

robert duvall jane fonda edward norton al pacino martin scorsese john travolta

part one: Tues, May 1 8PM et/pt
part two: Wed, May 2 8PM et/pt

UNCUT AND COMMERCIAL FREE
TCM
TURNER CLASSIC MOVIES

TM & © 2007 Turner Classic Movies. A Time Warner Company. All Rights Reserved. tcm.com



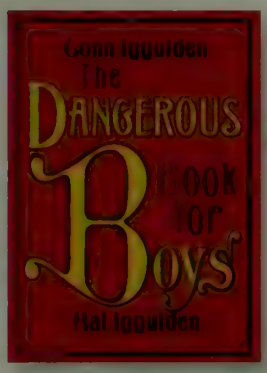
DANGEROUS AUTHOR
Conn Iggulden, at a family home in Hertfordshire, England.

Boyhood Basics

EVERYTHING I NEED TO KNOW, I LEARNED FROM CONN

Before **Conn Iggulden** and his younger brother, **Hal,** dropped a literary cherry bomb called *The Dangerous Book for Boys* on Britain's parenting class last June, Conn was known mainly as the acclaimed, best-selling author of the "Emperor" series of historical novels, about **Julius Caesar.** Hal was director of the Holdfast Theatre Company, in Leicester, England. But during the first half of 2005, the brothers got together at Conn's Hertfordshire home to relive their childhood by carving arrowheads from chunks of flint, reviving old coin tricks, and, occasionally, having it out with each other. "My brother did describe me as a 'control-freak stress monkey' at one point," Conn says.

The book that the Igguldens produced was not a memoir of their youth in the analog 70s and 80s but a testosterone-fueled throwback of a field guide, a compendium, as Conn describes it, of "everything we'd ever been interested in as kids," plus a few things the brothers thought were important now that they were adults. Along with tutorials on how to fold a paper airplane, build a go-cart, study the heavens, and construct a homemade battery, the Igguldens layered in guides to proper English usage and Shakespearean quotes, and a series of "Extraordinary Stories," such as one on the exploits of World War II R.A.F. fighter ace **Douglas Bader,** who racked up the fifth-highest number of kills in the Royal Air Force despite his flying with prosthetic legs.



None of the activities involve a computer, but because some of them require power tools, penknives, and—in the case of a procedural on rabbit-hunting—an air rifle and entrail work, Conn, 36, who has three children of his own, says he and Hal, 34, were prepared for some backlash. The outcry never came. Instead, as of March, *The Dangerous Book for Boys* had spent 38 weeks on the London *Times* best-seller list, 12 of them in the No. 1 spot, and had been short-listed for the Galaxy British Book Awards' Book of the Year. And this month will see the release of an American version. In are the Battle of Gettysburg and stickball; out, the history of the British Empire and cricket. But Thumper still gets it in the end. As Conn explains, it's really not about the penknives and air rifles, "it's to do with the way children are raised and what they consider important." Which is why he considers "Extraordinary Stories" vital to the book. "If you put in a story of incredible endurance or courage, you are saying these are impressive values," he says. "[Boys today] don't get heroic stories in the way I did. And I think they're desperately important."

—FRANK DiGIACOMO

ACTUAL REALITY

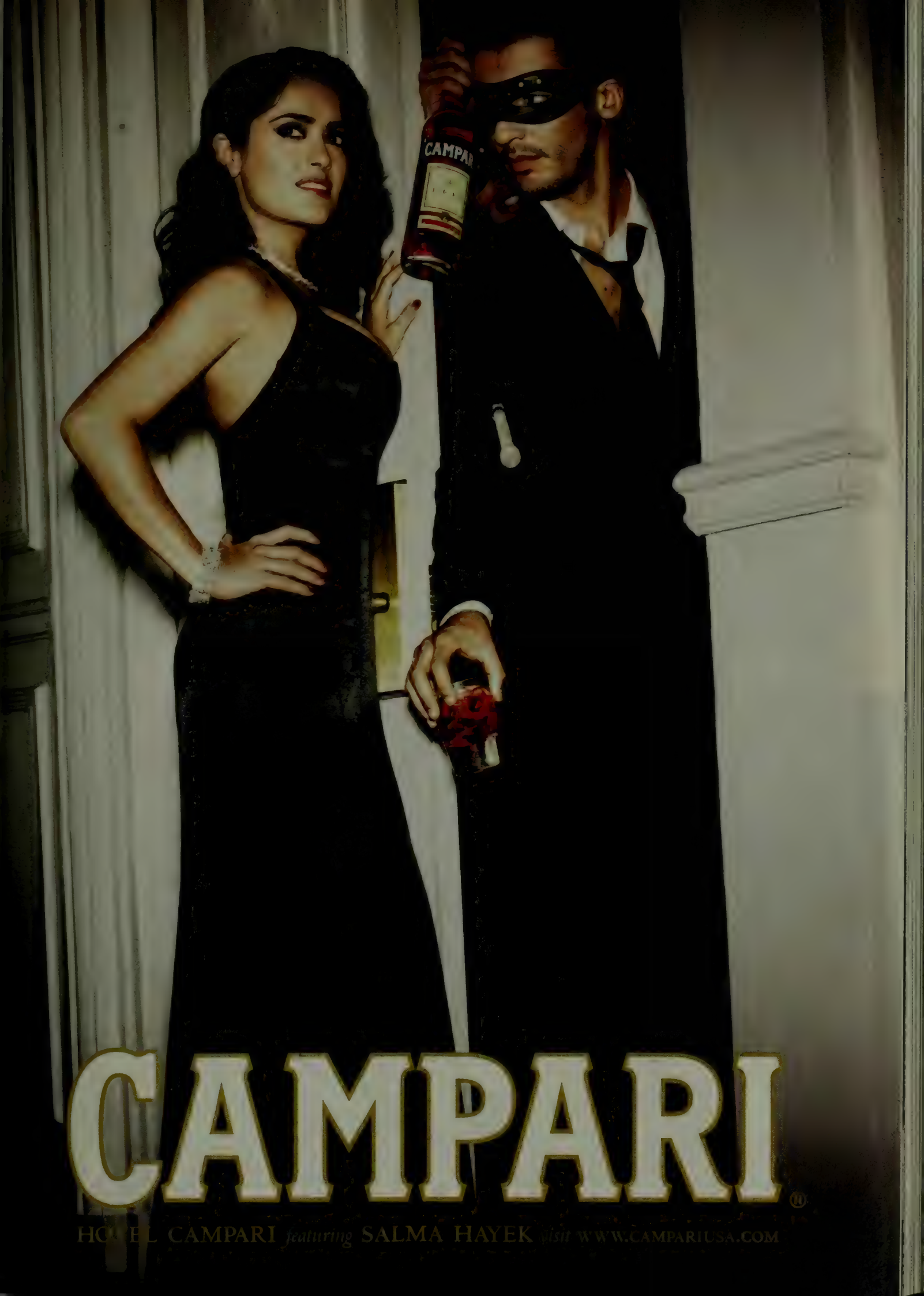
The Actual, an intelligent, no-frills pop-punk band, is the creation of **Max Bernstein,** whose background includes sneaking into CBGBs as an under-age teen, hidden in a bass-drum case, so he could watch hard-core shows. His parents are best-selling writers **Nora Ephron** and **Carl Bernstein** (who exposed the Nixon Watergate scandal), and, says Max about his father, "bringing down a president is very punk rock." But Max, who started playing guitar at age five and grew up influenced by bands such as Prong, Hüsker Dü, King's X, and Mission of Burma, is no dilettante with a childhood guitar collection—he's in this for real. With bandmates **Ben Flanagan, Jeremy Bonsall,** and **Aaron Bonsall,** Max has slogged it out for four years—booking shows himself, relentlessly touring in a van, performing in bars and basement clubs—before The Actual was discovered, in 2005, by Stone Temple Pilots/Velvet Revolver frontman **Scott Weiland,** who signed them to his Softdrive Records label. Things are about to change for The Actual with this month's release of their major-label debut, *In Stitches,* which features strong, guitar-based melodic songs, enhanced by Max's throaty vocals. "It's taken so little to keep us going," says Max. "We'd have a string of terrible shows, then we'd play somewhere where a kid would know all of our songs and tell us we were his favorite band. And we'd be like, O.K., what we're doing is viable to somebody, and sometimes, when the conditions are right, it definitely works and we can't stop. I would be overjoyed if we could make a living doing this."

—LISA ROBINSON



The Actual, from left: Aaron Bonsall, Ben Flanagan, Max Bernstein, and Jeremy Bonsall.

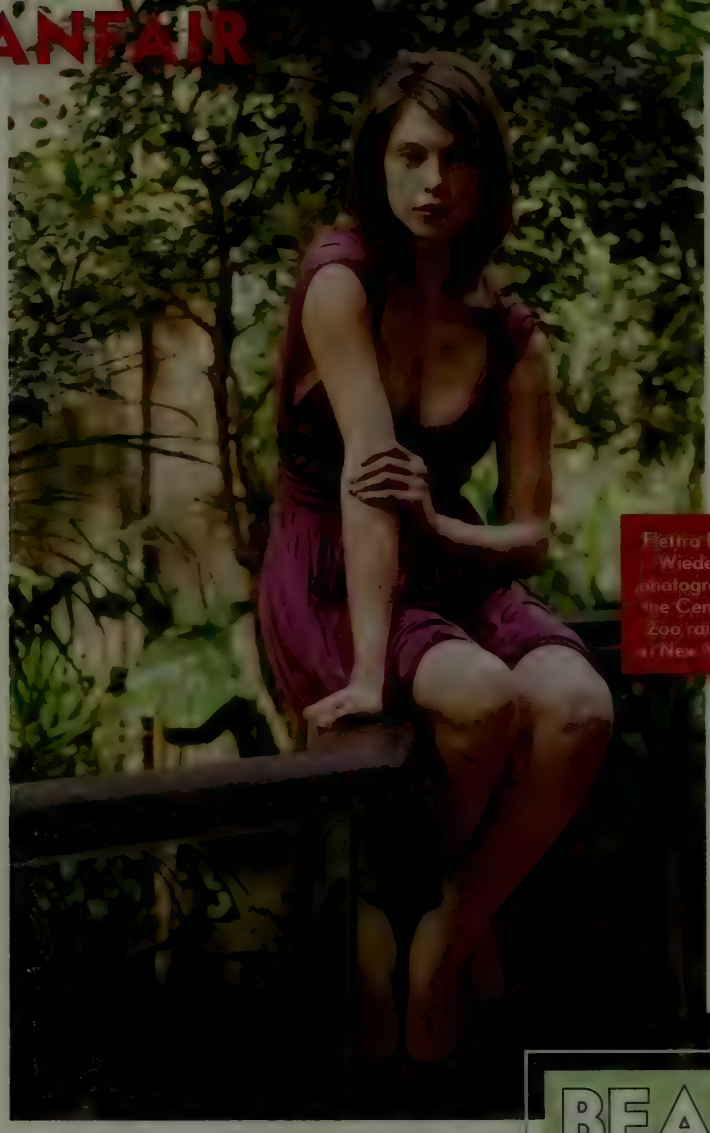
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES MERRELL (IGGULDEN); CORAL VON ZUMWALT (THE ACTUAL). FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE


CAMPARI
CAMPARI®
HOTEL CAMPARI featuring SALMA HAYEK visit WWW.CAMPARIUSA.COM

Eco-Chic Becomes Elettra

When your mother is **Isabella Rossellini** and your grandmother was **Ingrid Bergman,** felicitous opportunities come your way as naturally as enviable genes. And so **Elettra Rossellini Wiedemann**—whose parents were introduced by **Bruce Weber** at a photo shoot in the 1980s—was recruited as a model by the photographer when she was 19 years old.

But at 23, Elettra is now creating extraordinary opportunities all by herself. After reading *Vanity Fair*'s Green Issue last year, she proposed an environmentally conscious new program to Lancôme, where she is following in her mother's footsteps as a spokesmodel. Inspired by "carbon free" programs that encourage people to reduce carbon-dioxide emissions in one location to compensate for those they create elsewhere, Elettra asked Lancôme to sponsor her air travel through Carbonfund.org, an international nonprofit organization seeking to reduce the threat of climate change by supporting renewable energy and reforestation projects.



Elettra Rossellini Wiedemann, photographed at the Central Park Zoo rain forest, in New York City.

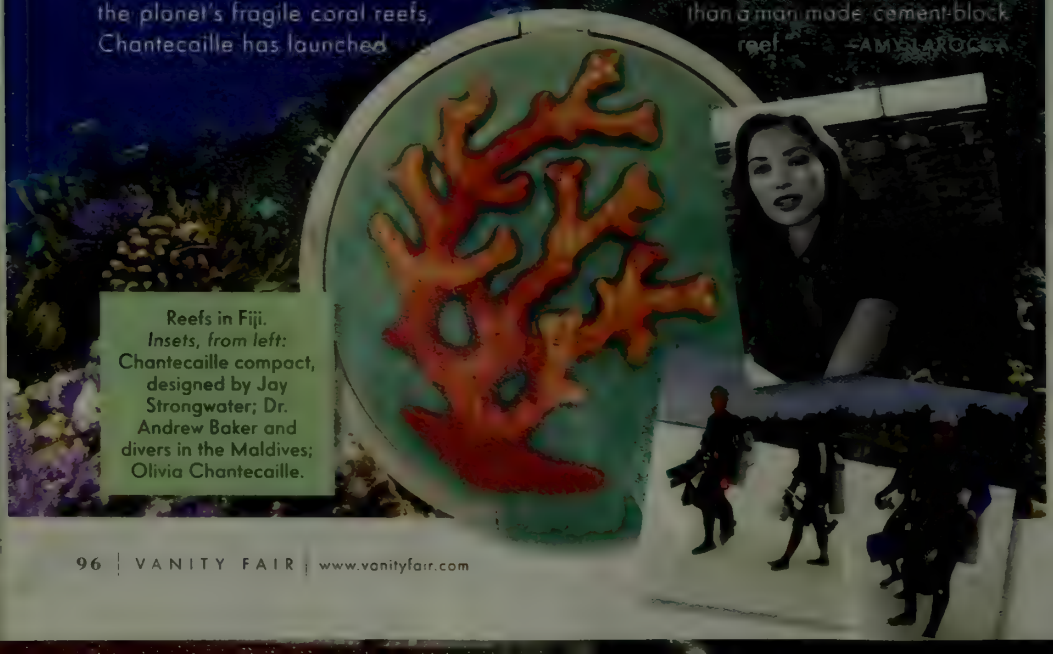
"They calculate your carbon footprint, and how many trees it would take to neutralize your carbon emissions," Elettra explains. "I was shocked when I realized how many trees it took to zero out my emissions. I hope this will encourage other people to take a look at their carbon footprints and start thinking about ways they can reduce their emissions."

Meanwhile, Lancôme is embracing a range of eco-chic initiatives that include the launch of Primordiale Cell Defense, an antioxidant serum that helps to protect the skin against damage caused by pollution, UV exposure, and high temperatures. In partnership with Carbonfund.org, Lancôme will plant one tree for each of the first 10,000 bottles of Cell Defense that are sold. —LESLIE BENNETTS

BEAUTY

REEFS OF HOPE

Years of sun-drenched holidays spent on the beaches of Fiji, the Bahamas, East Hampton, and Tulum, coupled with an environmental altruistic streak and a seaworthy zodiac sign (Pisces), have resulted in beauty entrepreneur **Olivia Chantecaille's** latest collaboration. Together with **Dr. Andrew Baker,** who was awarded a grant from the Pew Institute of Ocean Science to research the effects of global warming on the planet's fragile coral reefs, Chantecaille has launched support of the endangered sea life with a luminescent two-toned powder compact encased in nickel and embossed with a coral branch. A portion of the proceeds from this compact, which is part of Chantecaille's Coral Collection, will benefit Baker's research. "I felt it was time to bring awareness to this crucial issue," says Chantecaille. "The reefs play a vital role in our environment, and I'd rather look at natural coral off the coast than a man-made cement-block reef." —AMY LAROCCA

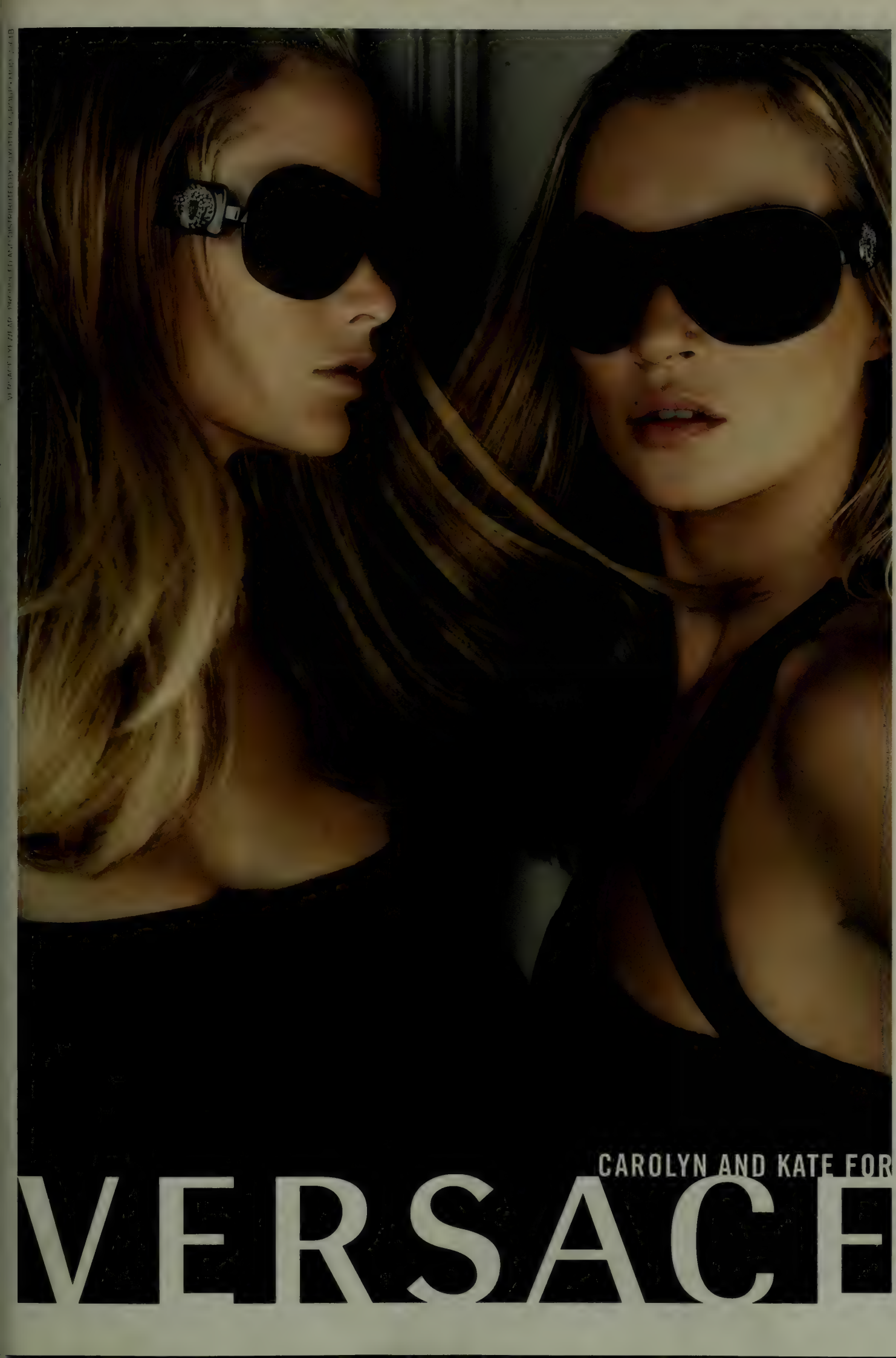


Reefs in Fiji. *Insets, from left:* Chantecaille compact, designed by Jay Strongwater; Dr. Andrew Baker and divers in the Maldives; Olivia Chantecaille.

Hot Looks



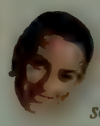
1. *Indulge in* **Earthworks'** *Almond Bath Truffles, which melt slowly in the bath....* 2. *New York City's* **John Masters Organics** *salon, one of the few green salons in the United States, just reformulated its lust-worthy Lavender Rosemary Shampoo using an award-winning, eco-certified sudsing agent....* 3. **Avalon Organics'** *Moisture Plus Bar Soaps are available in fresh scents such as Lavender, Lemon, and Rosemary Mint....* 4. *And add* **L'Artisan Parfumeur's** *organic Jatamansi Body Oil to your wish list....* 5. *Transport yourself to Corfu with fruity Fig Showergel from Greek cult brand* **Korres Natural Products**.... 6. *The almond shells and organic apple extract in* **L'Occitane's** *Almond Apple Sweet Peel help gently exfoliate skin and tighten pores....* —JESSICA FLINT


CAROLYN AND KATE FOR
VERSACE

PLANETARIUM

MICHAEL LUTIN

Penélope Cruz



TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

You've got one whopper of an appetite. Though you aren't necessarily suffering from neurotic starvation fantasies, *something* is causing you to devour everything in your path, Pac-Man-style. This month, with Jupiter retrograde and Saturn at the bottom of your chart, you need to curb a few cravings. Those same planets are to blame for sucking you back into family drama just when you thought you'd broken free. If you've been contemplating an affair, you can kiss that notion good-bye—at least for now.

Prince Philip



GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Even if you don't have a million screaming fans to carry you through the streets, an angular benefic planet in your 7th house promises that you'll have a strong support system over the next few months. But that planet's retrograde in the same house demands that you narrow your interests, reopen lines of communication, and most of all make sure that you mean everything you say, because it all may be recorded for posterity.

Muhammad Yunus



CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

As hard as you try to stay on top of every situation, you just can't seem to grind it out day after day without your occasional escapes. Who could, with planets transiting the 9th house? Career or no career, you can't just fly away without thinking about the cost of living. Anyone who tells you to shed your "poverty consciousness" and "let prosperity flow to you" doesn't get you at all. The universe may indeed be a bountiful river, but, pal, you have to keep your finances in order so you don't run aground.

Iman



LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

Many Leos have been told to buck up and be cheerful, because once Jupiter entered Sagittarius there would be no need to feel glum or anxious. Now you must be wondering when those good times are going to start. What's happening is that the ruler of your 6th house is still sitting in your sign, so even when you allow yourself to venture out to the party, the music and revelry strike you as annoying distractions from your all-consuming preoccupation with yourself. If you're going to live in your head, try at least to have some fun in there.

Claudette Colbert



VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Jupiter's accidentally exalted position is continuing to provide you with a refuge from the surrounding noise, madness, and corruption. You need a home base you can flee to whenever you get the feeling that someone, somewhere, is out to mess with your head, so thank your lucky stars for the place you live in. Once your 5th-house ruler changes direction in your 12th, however, an armed fortress won't protect you from experiencing some emotional turmoil. Keep the faith, even when you think faith is stupid.

Will Smith



LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Although it can be extremely unsettling to someone who likes to plan tomorrow's agenda this evening, and this evening's menu yesterday, there are periods in all of our lives when we must throw away the maps and the guidebooks. Eleventh-house planetary transits are teaching you to acknowledge that you are part of a greater plan you can't figure out. So even if you have to sever associations that once sustained you, be happy that you are exploring new avenues of personal discovery and fulfillment. In other words, stop trying to control everything.

Ryan Howard



SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

Let's not knock a 2nd-house Jupiter. It is providing you with a much more luxurious lifestyle this year. But while money may give you the power to buy fancy houses, cars, yachts, and flat-screen TVs, it can never earn you an excellent reputation and the esteem of your peers. For those, you must look to Saturn's dignified position in your solar midheaven. If you've been putting your heart into everything you do, you'll be rewarded for your hard work and professionalism. If not, you could be out on your ass.

Victoria Gotti



SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

As much as you'd like to be openhearted and generous, sometimes you have to pull back when it dawns on you that you're being taken advantage of. That is often the effect of a retrograde Jupiter in your solar 1st house. You can't lay all the blame on others, though. This is a perfect time to take a closer look at your own behavior. Head shrinkage is always an option. Don't feel bad. We've all got brain damage.

Sienna Miller



CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

You've been on ice for a couple of years now. On good days you've been patient, relatively free from anxiety, and full of gritty Capricornian resolve. But with your ruling planet in your solar 8th house for so long, there have been plenty of moments when it felt as if you were strapped to a slow-moving conveyor belt. Eventually, you figured you'd just drop off the end, never to be heard from again. Good news: you have nearly completed a most difficult rite of passage. Now, nose to the wind and forward march.

Nicolas Sarkozy



AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Naturally, you're a bit restless these days. You're a wild bird, not some parakeet that gets let out of its cage only to cling to somebody's arm. When Saturn transits the western horizon, however, you've got to get over your desire for complete independence and accept the fact that you want company. While you know damn well that the only person who's going to take care of you financially in your old age is *you,* the fact is that you get spooked when you're left alone. Maybe there is a touch of parakeet in you after all.

Smokey Robinson



PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Normally you'd get into a snit if somebody upstairs didn't fall over their feet to praise your efforts to the skies but instead sent you back to the drawing board and told you that more tests lie ahead. Now, however, a strange detachment has come over you. You don't care if Jupiter is retrograde or Saturn is in your 6th house. In fact, with Mars and Uranus on the moon's node in your sign, you can look at yourself in the mirror and say, "Guess what! I don't give a good goddamn!" *That* is healthy.

Victoria Beckham



ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Whatever you do, don't lose faith now. This isn't the moment to act out or flee. It's time instead to open up and express all the creativity and love that's in your heart. Aren't you sick of hearing that, because you're an Aries, you're always supposed to be bold and self-assertive? With Mars in your 12th house, you've got big doubts about making any move. For the moment, just pretend to be understanding and compassionate, even when you feel like swatting the person next to you. There will be plenty of time for that in the future.



One morning you wake up. You're 40... but you don't look it. This morning, give yourself a gift: many more years of youthfulness. Thanks to the age-control ingredients in Clarins Advanced Extra-Firming treatments, your skin maintains its firmness and radiance longer. Happy birthday. It's a fact. With Clarins, life's more beautiful.

NEW

Extra-Firming Night Cream
and NEW Advanced Day Lotion SPF 15.

Age-control plants.
Powered by innovative neuro-cosmetic technology, the Night Cream with Glistin®, Vitamin E and a vegetal extract of Alfalfa helps revitalize skin and protect fragile cells' healthy qualities while the Day Lotion with Stimulen®, Euglena, White Tea and Succory Dock-Cress boosts energy and promotes firmer, younger-looking skin.

Dermatologist tested. Advanced Extra-Firming Day Lotion SPF 15 contains Clarins Anti-Pollution Complex.





CLARINS
PARIS

Saks Fifth Avenue
www.clarins.com

JAMES WOLCOTT

Rush to Judgment

Attacking environmentalists as hippie-dip "wackos" who care more about spotted owls than people and use polar bears for propaganda, Rush Limbaugh has blinded millions of Americans to the climate crisis

Rush Limbaugh, he's got the life. His days flick through the slot like postcards from paradise. Where most gab-show hosts report for duty at radio studios where candy bars get stuck in the vending machine and the carpeting is a certain industrial shade of indifference, Limbaugh—a man, a mission, a mighty wind—has carved out his own principality in Florida's Palm Beach, a lion preserve where he can roam undisturbed. Drinking in the rays, puffing on those big-shot cigars, riding the range in a golf cart—he's got the complete Jackie Gleason how-*sweet*-it-is package deal. But just as the Great One suffered from melancholia aggravated by alcohol, Limbaugh's indulgence in his own creature comforts hasn't been able to insulate him from the demons within. An addiction to painkillers reduced this human boom box of self-sufficiency and strict enforcement—"If people are violating the law by doing drugs," he once lectured on his syndicated TV show, "they ought to be accused and they ought to be convicted and they ought to be sent up" (up the river, that is)—to the furtive, needy ploys of any other junkie who finds the medicine cabinet running dry. After he entered rehab, his third wife, Marta, reportedly vacated the luxury estate (they would later divorce), leaving Rush a Tarzan without his Jane in what the *Palm Beach Post* in 2004 called his "$24.2 million, 36,500-square-foot secluded monster at 1495 N. Ocean."

Secluded for now, but perhaps after this god of the airwaves shucks his mound of flesh so that his soul can meet Reagan's in Republican Heaven (where all the angels look like June Allyson), his compound can be converted into a tourist attraction—a combination museum, shrine, gift shop, and spiritual mecca modeled on Elvis's Graceland, Dolly Parton's Dollywood. Aging dittoheads can make pilgrimages to pay their respects, rekindle fond memories, and gape reverently at the silenced TV where Rush watched the game he loved so much and understood so little, football.

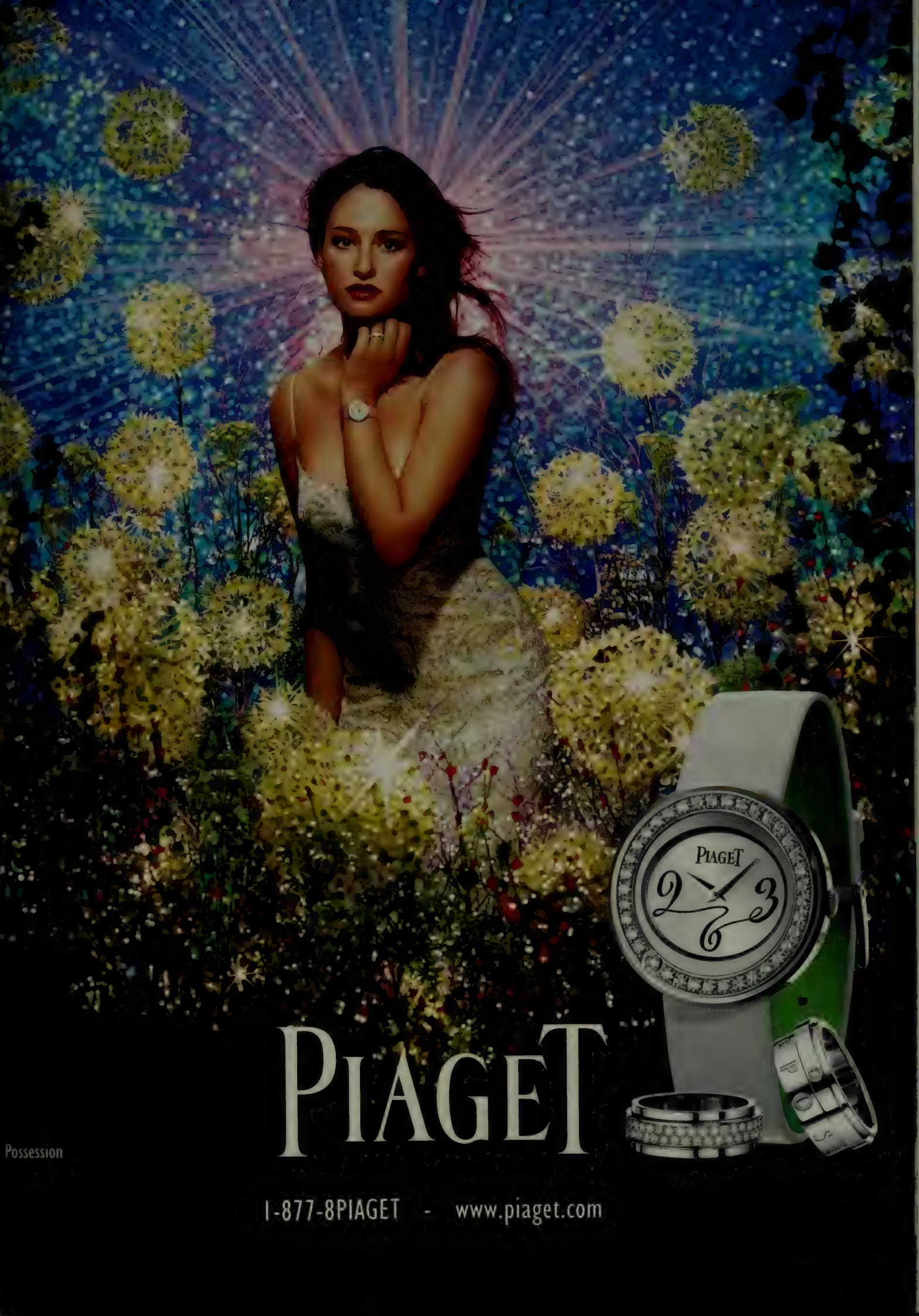
For us non-dittoheads (that is, the unconverted), a more fitting memorial to Mount Rushbo might be a diorama of the environmental destruction that he did so much to enable in his multi-decade reign of denigration. Global warming's most popular denialist, talk radio's most imitated showman, conservatism's minister of disinformation, he has injected millions of semi-vacant American skulls with a cream filling of complacency that has helped thrust this country into the forefront of backward leadership. He has given Republican lawmakers the rhetorical cover fire to do nothing but snicker as the crisis emerged and impressed itself on the rest of the world. He conscripted concern for nature as just another weapon in the Culture Wars. May the grasses of his favorite golf courses go forever yellow and dust storms whip from the sand traps.

From Teddy Roosevelt, who made wilderness protection a priority and created national parks, bird sanctuaries, big-game refuges, and national forests, to Richard Nixon, under whose bad-moon presidency the Environmental Protection Agency was formed and the Clean Air Act of 1970 was passed, the Republican Party carried a tradition of conservation that crumbled under Ronald Reagan, for whom nature was mostly a scenic backdrop whose resources could be exploited out of camera frame. Reagan's selections of James Watt for the Department of the Interior and Anne Gorsuch for the E.P.A. put bureau-



HOTHEAD Rush Limbaugh, among the world's foremost global-warming scoffers.

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP BURKE


PIAGET
PIAGET
1-877-8PIAGET - www.piaget.com



THE GRASS ISN'T ALWAYS GREENER... Part of Limbaugh's Palm Beach compound.

MAY THE GRASSES OF HIS favorite golf courses go forever yellow and dust storms whip from the sand traps.

cratic vandals in positions of stewardship, and in 1987 he vetoed re-authorization of the Clean Water Act, a veto that fortunately was overridden. It is a measure of how awful the George W. Bush administration has been on the environment that some activists miss the old, upfront hostility of the Reagan era, when at least the political and corporate machinations took place in open daylight. "Unfortunately, now," lamented Daniel Weiss, an environmental activist (quoted by Amanda Griscom in her article for online's *Grist*), "our leaders are much more savvy—and far more insidious. They undo laws in the dead of night." Under Bush II, environmentalists no longer need to be engaged, because they've been so stridently marginalized and stigmatized as a pantheistic kook cult practicing socialism under the guise of Gaia worship. This was largely Limbaugh's doing, and now every right-wing pundit from Cal Thomas to Michael Savage croaks the same tune.

It was Limbaugh who inscribed the term "environmentalist wackos" into the political lexicon and hung the "loser" tag on them. He caricatured the fight for wildlife preservation—a broad-visioned tradition that spans from Henry David Thoreau to John Muir to Rachel Carson to Edward Abbey to David Brower—into something weedily hippie-dip. In his 1992 debut, *The Way Things Ought to Be,* Limbaugh fobbed himself off with a faux barefoot humility over how far he had come in his Horatio Alger saga, the book's cover photo presenting him as a chubby-cheeked cherub with a grinning hint of mischief—a "lovable little fuzzball," to use his own pet phrase. "I am in awe of the perfection of the earth," he proclaimed inside, a perfection crafted by the Creator who made us all, draping the stars in the firmament like the ultimate interior decorator. For all his wide-eyed wonderment, Limbaugh fashioned himself as less naïve than the stereotypical "long-haired maggot-infested FM-type environmentalist wacko" whom he professes to have reasoned with over the plight of the spotted owl, Rush's ineluctable train of logic leading to the final junction: "If the owl can't adapt to the superiority of humans, screw it." It was during this early, jaunty period of Rush's fame that the theme music for his "Animal Rights Update" was the title song from Andy Williams's *Born Free* punctuated by gunfire and animal sounds—the perfect soundtrack for Dick Cheney hunting porn. Limbaugh acknowledged in *The Way Things Ought to Be* that there were "some decent environmentalists" out there, they weren't all maggot-infested mulletheads, but portrayed even the sincere ones as socioeconomic parasites. "You and I and the vast majority of other people work for a living," he wrote. "Most of the people running environmental groups don't work." They simply pass around the collection plate to support their cushy lifestyles. As demonization goes, that's pretty mild.

With the follow-up, cash-in collection, *See, I Told You So* (1993), Limbaugh put aside any puckish pretense of modesty and exulted in pure gloat. Having a mega-best-seller will do that to your glands. His environmental chapter here is largely a rehash of the environmentalist-wacko section in *The Way Things Ought to Be* (once again he highlights how wrong Dr. Paul Ehrlich got it with *The Population Bomb,* in 1968, where Ehrlich prophesied that the 70s would be a massive die-in of disaster-movie proportions—a Malthusian vision of mass starvation), one of its few original additions being the introduction of a new bête noire and butt of humor that goes by the handle of Algore. Converting the name of then vice president Al Gore, whose green tract *Earth in the Balance* was published in 1992 (retitled by Limbaugh *Earth in the Lurch*), into shorthand for the entire environmental movement was a neat rhetorical trick, pinning a note of absurdity onto every mention of his crusade. "Even though quite a few scientists are now backtracking on their once-dire predictions of melting ice caps and worldwide flooding, Algore and a few hard-line doomsayers are sticking to their thermostats." Since the publication of *See, I Told You So,* the "once-dire predictions of melting ice caps" have become more dire. Similarly, Limbaugh scoffed in *See, I Told You So,* "Despite the hysterics of a few pseudo-scientists, there is no reason to believe in global warming"—a blithe distortion then (as if Limbaugh could ID the difference between a "pseudo-scientist" and the genuine article) and a ludicrous one now, given the overwhelming consensus in the scientific community that climate change is real, unfolding, and momentous.

If Algore is sticking to his thermostat, Limbaugh is refusing to let go of his icicle. His answer to global warming is to snort,

RAY FAIRALL

WHY IS THIS TOP MODEL GIVING HER FRIEND PRAVDA VODKA?



TURN THE PAGE



The top model is giving Pravda Vodka because she is knowledgeable...
She has read the results of taste competitions.
The American Academy of Taste in 2006 and
the World Beverage Championships in 2004
both ranked Pravda as the best
superior vodka.
Better than Grey Goose,
Belvedere, Level...
The very best of all.

GO TO WWW.PRAVDAVODKA.COM FOR THE PERFECT MARTINI

How can there be global warming when it's so fricking *cold* out?—a snowflake just fell on somebody's head! On his TV show in 1994, he mocked, "Environmentalist wackos of the past three years have been talking about global warming, and they've been suggesting that the Earth is warming to the point that [mock crying] 'we're all going to die. We're all going to melt. We're going to burn,' and we just got perhaps the coldest winter on record going on in many parts of the United States." Flash forward to February 2007 and Limbaugh is still seizing upon every frigid snap as proof that global warming is liberal propaganda. "There is one [article] in the L.A. *Times* today: 'Game Over on Global Warming?' with a question mark after it. It has some interesting statistics in it, but not one story—not one story—will we see about global warming maybe not being real, in the middle of record cold." He appears to think that if there were true global warming the earth would crisp evenly like a baked apple.

Hence he is unperturbed by the plight of polar bears, because he is as certain as any self-intoxicated know-it-all can be that there is no plight, only contrived melodrama. Most of you innocents in the noncombatant world may not be aware that right-wing ideologues have drafted polar bears as political pawns; they—the ideologues, that is, not the polar bears—understand that these creatures, like penguins, have an adorable, vulnerable appeal to average people, and can arouse more sympathy and calls to action than any sheaf of scientific studies. "That's how they intend to infuse you with guilt, and to make you feel sympathetic and sorry," Limbaugh explained on his February 5, 2007, polar-bear broadcast, "so that you will sit around and the next time Hillary Clinton wants to take $40 billion of Exxon profits for global warming you'll let her do it because you'll feel guilty over having caused all this!" Therefore Rush and his confederates have been making a full-court effort to debunk photos of polar bears stranded on ice—as if the one photo they debunk invalidates all the other ones out there—and to contend that their number is thriving. This is primarily an optical delusion. A feature story on the official NASA Web site in September 2006 revealed that scientists from NASA and the Canadian Wildlife Service had reported that "the slow reduction in sea ice is forcing Arctic polar bears to fast for longer and longer periods, posing danger to their survival." Such fasting affects female polar bears' capacity to reproduce and their offspring's ability to survive. "As the bears become thinner, they will also have a greater tendency to seek alternative food villages and hunting camps, *giving the impression to some that the population is increasing* [my italics]." An impression Limbaugh would be happy to fan.

WASHINGTON—The harmful effects of global warming on daily life are already showing up, and within a couple of decades hundreds of millions of people won't have enough water, top scientists will say next month at a meeting in Belgium.

At the same time, tens of millions of others will be flooded out of their homes each year as the Earth reels from rising temperatures and sea levels, according to portions of a draft of an international scientific report obtained by the Associated Press.

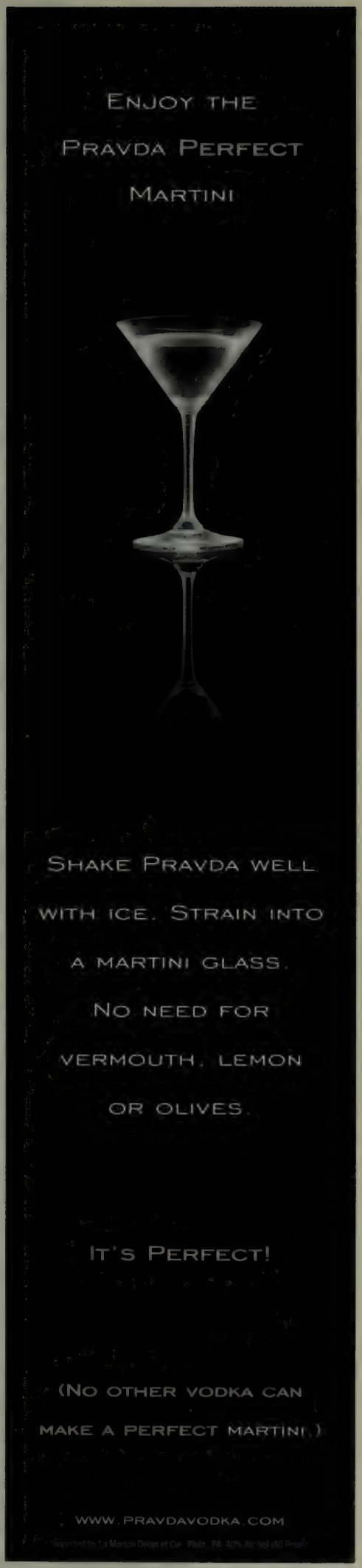
"Things are happening and happening faster than we expected," said Patricia Romero Lankao of the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, Colo., one of the many co-authors of the new report.

Tropical diseases like malaria will spread. By 2050, polar bears will mostly be found in zoos, their habitats gone.

—Seth Borenstein, Associated Press, March 10, 2007.

Limbaugh will shrug off this report as he has shrugged off the others. If he could set his shrug to music, he could become king of the mambo beat. Valiant efforts have been made to correct the mistakes, half-truths, exaggerations, and confusions that Limbaugh coughs up like furballs during his preachings. In 1994 the Environmental Defense Fund issued a rebuttal to *The Way Things Ought to Be* and *See, I Told You So* titled "The Way Things *Really* Are: Debunking Rush Limbaugh on the Environment." Where Limbaugh claimed that ozone depletion was being hyped by "prophets of doom," the E.D.F. report stated, "Substantially reduced levels of ozone have been measured over most of the globe." Where Limbaugh cited a Gallup poll finding that 53 percent of scientists engaged in global-climate research don't believe that

LIMBAUGH HAS HELPED thrust this country into the forefront of backward leadership.



global warming has occurred, the E.D.F. discovered the numbers had been garbled. E.D.F.: "Nowhere in the actual poll results are there figures that resemble those cited by ... Limbaugh. Instead, the Gallup poll found that a substantial *majority* of the scientists polled, 66 percent, believed that human-induced global warming was already occurring." In 1995, Fairness & Accuracy in Reporting—FAIR—brought out a paperback called *The Way Things Aren't: Rush Limbaugh's Reign of Error,* wrestling with such oft repeated Rushisms as his screwy notion that even if the polar ice caps *did* melt there'd be no rise in ocean levels, and his eye-opening discovery that there were more acres of forestland in America in 1993 than when Columbus discovered the New World, in 1492 (wrong). In 1996, Al Franken swung for the fences with his lyrical study *Rush Limbaugh Is a Big Fat Idiot,* having fun with Limbaugh's fictional fact-checker, Waylon, who's often baffled himself by the bizarre stuff emanating from Rush's mouth. ("Al: Okay, let's jump right in. First of all, back in 1991, Rush claimed that Styrofoam was biodegradable and paper wasn't. Waylon: Right. I remember that. That is ... uh ... that's totally wrong.") Anyone can make mistakes, and anyone doing a three-hour broadcast five times a week is likely to make lots of them, but Limbaugh's mistakes all lean in the same direction and leave the impression that they're intended to obfuscate and make fact-checking as time-consuming, painstaking, and futile as picking shrapnel out of the wall or mopping up after Ann Coulter. Goebbels propagated the theory and practice of the Big Lie, in which constant thumping reiteration wears down rational resistance and fuses heartbeat and drumbeat. Postmodern conservatives prefer to let little lies proliferate and take on a viral life of their own that becomes impossible to arrest.



BIG FAT DENIER Devout golfer Rush Limbaugh on the 18th hole of the Arnold Palmer course at PGA West during the 2006 Bob Hope Chrysler Classic in Quinta, California.

LIMBAUGH WILL GO DOWN

in history as a grand obstruction, a massive blockage endowed with the gift of gab.

It will be objected that Coulter, Limbaugh, Bill O'Reilly, Michael Savage and their ilk are just the lunatic fringe of a respectable movement. But in what passes for conservatism today, the lunatic fringe is respectable. In the surreal parade of Bush administration follies and sins, one singularly telling one has gone almost entirely unremarked: Vice President Dick Cheney has appeared several times on Rush Limbaugh's radio show. Think about this: The holder of the second-highest office in the land has repeatedly chummed it up with a factually challenged right-wing hack, a pathetic figure only marginally less creepy than Coulter.

—Gary Kamiya, *Salon,* March 13, 2007.

While Limbaugh has been able to maintain his hold on the faithful core, others, less fervent, are peeling off at the periphery, trying not to trip over their own heels as they pedal through a series of fallback positions. (1) Global warming is a hoax perpetrated by liberal social engineers scheming to hamstring growth, ban S.U.V.'s, and traduce property rights (protecting some endangered species' nesting habitats and preventing the construction of commercial eyesores). (2) O.K., it's not a hoax, but mankind isn't at fault; pollution isn't to blame—it's the natural result of solar activity or the product of a supercyclical trend (the thesis of a new book by S. Fred Singer and Dennis T. Avery, *Unstoppable Global Warming: Every 1,500 Years*). (3) Maybe global warming is partly mankind's responsibility, but the cure could be worse than the disease, requiring exorbitant regulation that would stifle, even strangle, the animal spirits of free enterprise. (4) Yes, global warming is a fateful challenge; it's here and it's real, but (cue the heroic trumpets) mankind has always met adversity with resourceful determination—innovative technologies will come along that will allow America not merely to survive but prevail, while the rest of the world fends for itself. What's missing from this sequence of fallback positions is the call for any real effort or cost or sacrifice, anything that would require even minor alteration of comfortable routines. Limbaugh will go down in history as a grand obstruction, a massive blockage endowed with the gift of gab. His March 12 Global Warming Update Stack included the news that "Gallup has a poll that says that most Americans are sort of ho-hum about global warming, and are not in any big hurry to do anything about it." Perhaps that plucky comment could be placed inside Limbaugh's future diorama near the stuffed body of a polar bear to give visitors a little jot of irony as they shuffle across the grounds. □

JOHN GRIFFIN



He's a fan.

IAM NEESON for UNICEF. To find out why he's one of our fans visit www.mandarinoriental.com BANGKOK • CHIANG MAI • GENEVA • HONG KONG • JAKARTA • KUALA LUMPUR • LONDON • MACAU
MANILA • MIAMI • MUNICH • NEW YORK • PRAGUE • SAN FRANCISCO • SINGAPORE • TOKYO • WASHINGTON D.C. • OPENING 2007: RIVIERA MAYA • SANYA

MICHAEL WOLFF



MONEY MAGIC Private-equity moguls Henry Kravis, Stephen Schwarzman, and Steve Rattner.

Serious Money

Everyone who's anyone is getting into the private-equity bubble—even journalists and rock stars. But there are signs the bubble is about to burst, and smart money may be trying to turn mania into cash

I've started thinking about private equity, not as a financing concept or a professional undertaking, but as a way of life, an organizing social principle, a behavioral standard. Private equity—owning stuff with other people's money is a fairly good working definition—has become something that, as a reasonably educated, more or less adroit and socially well-adjusted person, you ought to naturally want, even fairly deserve, to be part of. Not taking part, not having such an ownership interest, starts to suggest you're odd, guileless, without pride.

This sense of everybody doing it, at least everybody but you—and me—can, however, indicate the end of a good thing, the end, certainly, of private's being all that private. Stephen Schwarzman, who runs the Blackstone Group and is perhaps the most successful, or showoffy, of the private-equity moguls (he makes $300 million a year or so), celebrated his 60th birthday this winter with a multi-million-dollar party of the era at Manhattan's Park Avenue Armory for 1,500 friends and any celebrity who'd show up. (He'd just won the biggest deal ever, the $39 billion deal for Equity Office Properties, which was shortly eclipsed by the $45 billion acquisition of Texas utility company TXU by his arch-rival, Henry Kravis, which, subsequently, Schwarzman was threatening to trump with a higher bid.) More cautious people equated Schwarzman's birthday with the party Saul Steinberg, a financial self-promoter of the 80s, threw for himself in 1989, which marked the high point of that bubble. (Steinberg, whose business went bankrupt, now lives in relative penury on the Upper East Side of Manhattan—Schwarzman bought the former Steinberg residence for $30 million.) Even Schwarzman himself was hinting that the end might be near.

But, in my adult life, the event of the bubble bursting, taking us back, for better or worse, to the way we were, never happens. From the 80s on, when finance became the secret code of modern life, from hostile takeovers through leveraged buyouts, junk bonds, venture capital, the I.P.O. craze, and hedge funds, bubbles have only burst so the next can get even bigger. Private equity might be a dangerous rage, but what that promises, in addition to inevitable vulgarity, is that there will be more things that are private and there will be more equity. And, too, there'll be a clearer divide between people, like us, who are merely paid and those who've figured out how to talk the talk and walk the walk of owners—who have that special something, that extra sense, which is perhaps like emotional intelligence, this equity intelligence.

Will you bite? Are you curious? How exactly does one cross over from being without equity to being with (an existential question of the age)? And how is this done without capital, and, even more miraculously, without much risk?

Norm Pearlstine, the former editor of *The Wall Street Journal* and, more recently, the editor in chief of all of Time Inc., is doing

PHOTOGRAPH BY EVAN AGOSTINI (KRAVIS)



©2007 Home Box Office, Inc. All rights reserved. HBO® is a service mark of Home Box Office, Inc.

it. Pearlstine—who, however much at the top of his profession, is nevertheless a journalist and not a capitalist—has joined the Carlyle Group, the Washington-based private-equity firm, with a projected $85 billion under management by the end of this year (P.E. firms get a 2 percent annual fee on the money they manage, so as much as $1.7 bil a year for Carlyle, guaranteed), owning 185 companies, employing 200,000 people. Carlyle was once a bad word and, as featured in Michael Moore's *Fahrenheit 9/11*, considered part of a global conspiracy because of its ties to the defense establishment and officials of the first Bush administration (including the former president, who went on the Carlyle payroll when he left office, as did John Major, the former British prime minister) and to important Saudis such as the bin Laden family (all of which gives Carlyle more airs than it deserves—it was founded in 1987 by David Rubenstein, a former door-to-door magazine salesman). But that was when private equity was still climbing the greasy pole of respectability. Now, however, with private equity having become a pillar of the economy—with $2 trillion or so in play, with brand names being scooped up every day—Carlyle is proud to say that it is much more interested in high returns on its capital than it is in politicians (Bush and Major were both asked to leave the firm because they were bad for Carlyle's image). Pearlstine's being at Carlyle indicates that Carlyle and private equity are, to the liberal establishment, perfectly respectable.

At 64, Norm—who's undoubtedly done very well for himself during his career, but is not, by any advanced standards, truly wealthy—could become super-rich. He's at Carlyle—the smart money understands—to help take over his old employer, Time Inc., and its 130 magazines.

Time Inc.'s owner, Time Warner, hasn't said Time Inc. is for sale. But almost everybody assumes it will be, not least of all because there are so many firms, such as Carlyle, who'd like to buy it. Private equity, the mighty flood of it—derived from pension funds, insurance companies, wealthy individuals, funds devoted just to financing other funds, and the profits of prior private-equity deals—is changing how every corporation thinks about its fate. With so much money and so many buyers willing to bid up the value of what you own, it's more and more difficult (especially if you're a public company with a lagging share price), even foolish, often impossible, not to sell.

Time Inc. is a hot potential deal because it's a big brand name, has lots of cash flow, has tons of deadwood people who can be fired, and will cost boatloads of money—the last point being perhaps the most important. If you're a P.E. firm, especially one of the mega-funds, you want big deals because you've raised lots of money and, frankly, it's hard to spend it. And if you don't spend it, you won't get more of it. A year ago, a man-size P.E. deal would have been in the $10 to $20 billion range, but now the highest stakes are up to $40 to $50 billion, with expectations of a $100 billion deal (soon there'll be no company out of private equity's reach). But you have to stake out your multi-billion-dollar prey. So Carlyle has put Norm in place. Norm may not know much more about corporate finance and the subtleties of leverage and how to negotiate with the big banks than I do, but by having him, Carlyle puts their marker, their scent, on the property.

If Carlyle does buy Time Inc.—as many as 20 other firms could afford Time Inc., so it won't be easy—Norm will have transformed himself from a salary man to an owner of the company, to someone worth

> "Profitability is not only money but visibility and image," says a speaker at the conference.

... well ... a half-percent of $20 billion is $100 million (at these levels, the smallest slice is a Comstock Lode).

Norm isn't the only media guy for me to be envious of. There's Edgar Bronfman Jr., of the Seagram's fortune, who bought Warner Music with other people's money (Providence Capital was his big backer). Greg Dyke, the former head of the BBC—that most non-private of corporations, a public trust even—was hired by Apax Partners in London to help with its bid for Britain's ITV. Steve Rattner, the former *New York Times* reporter, who, back in the 80s, in the first flush of the new market ethos, switched from journalism to finance, and who now runs his own private-equity firm, may, as the chatter has it, help buy *The New York Times*. Jon Dolgen, former head of Paramount Pictures, now sitting at Madison Dearborn, has his eye on ... well, let me not say. Tom McGrath, Dolgen's former number two at Paramount, is buying up music-publishing companies with Spectrum Equity Investors. Strauss Zelnick, who got ousted from his job at BMG Music, on[illegible] to launch his own private-equity-backed fi[illegible] .. bought Time-Life Books and sold it re[illegible] for a $90 million profit to another P.E. firm. There's my college buddy Steve Kent, [illegible] bought up lots of magazine titles with backing from Providence, sold them, and is now buying a new set with new private-equity money. And there's Bono—he too is a partner in a private-equity firm, and has recently bought a big piece of Forbes.

So I am in London—which, even more than New York, is the glittering capital of new wealth and financial scheming—trying to get in on this good thing.

As it happens, just as I arrived, private equity became a near tabloid scandal. Several firms, including Carlyle, Blackstone, Texas Pacific Group, K.K.R., and the Goldman Sachs private-equity arm, were hinting they were about to bid for J. Sainsbury, the giant retailer and British institution. In Britain, where one in five non-governmental employees works for a company owned by a private-equity firm, this was the last straw. With a sudden, almost apocalyptic sense of waking up to the fact that capitalism is real, GMB, the 700,000-strong British trade union, announced a series of public protests, labeling private-equity barons "asset strippers." This has resonance not just because P.E. firms do tend to sell anything they can sell and fire anyone they can fire when they buy a company, but also because the most prominent of the British private-equity moguls—Damon Buffini, who runs Permira, the largest P.E. firm in Europe—hosted a well-publicized party celebrating the launch of a new charity, the Private Equity Foundation, featuring a pole-dancing stripper. (Pursuing another metaphor, protesters showed up with a camel one recent Sunday morning outside the church where Buffini was attending services—i.e., rich men will get into heaven as improbably as the camel through the eye of the needle.)

My contact in London is Jeffrey Montgomery, a six-foot-four, 53-year-old, Will Rogers–ish American with two small children and a large house in Notting Hill, who runs GMT Communications Partners. GMT is a boutique firm focusing on media and telecommunications. Its current fund is $487 million. The fund it's raising now—P.E. firms spend as much time raising money as they do spending it—will be $664 million. More my size than the $10-billion-and-up funds of the really big boys.

There are various ways to participate in private-equity wealth. The most direct is as a partner in a fund. But that's the hardest and most exclusive club to get into (most P.E. partners are from A-plus business schools, and stints at Goldman Sachs, Morgan Stanley, or A-plus consulting firms). A billion-dollar fund with 10 partners, for instance, can mean an annual take of $2 million each—before the 20 percent the partners get on any gains in the investments the firm has made. An analysis of one fund, with $8 billion under management, found partners making $50 to $100 million each after five years. The biggest funds mint billionaires.

Then there are the investors. Anybody with a pension is a P.E. investor (the protest-


Van Cleef & Arpels
MAGIC ALHAMBRA COLLECTION
www.vancleef-arpels.com ◇ 800-VCA-5797

ing U.K. union members are all P.E. beneficiaries). And anybody who's rich is a P.E. investor. This is part of the remarkable, self-perpetuating inequity of wealth—you get invited to put your money in these great, no-risk investments, which make you so much wealthier (the unrich don't get such invitations). One of Damon Buffini's funds, for instance, returned 74.6 percent.

Then there are the managers of P.E.-owned companies—you run the company for the few years the P.E. firm owns it, and then get a mother of a payday when they flip it, or take it public, or refinance it. That's how Edgar Bronfman Jr. got rich—rich again, or rich independently of his rich family—at Warner Music.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE
Edgar Bronfman Jr., Jonathon Dolgen, and Norman Pearlstine.



And there are the finders or facilitators—you find the company, or bring something (connections, expertise, personal brand) that helps make the deal happen. Norm Pearlstine falls into this group. You're reaping the rewards of who you are and whom you know, enabling some new kind of aristo-meritocracy.

Accordingly, I've targeted a media company, which I think Jeff Montgomery's fund should buy.

I've shown up at the target's door—the company hasn't been doing so well lately, but it's still a brand-name enterprise—and have been received as though, in fact, I have money. As if I were kind of the Second Coming. This is the magic of someone else's money—anybody can claim it. This may be the heart of equity intelligence—if you say you represent money, you do. Anybody who can find a seller (at a reasonable price) can become a buyer.

Except, and this is the rub, I'm interested in media—as Norm Pearlstine is probably, too—in the actual product, in doing the thing that we do, while private equity is interested solely in money. Not even money, in fact, so much as math.

Private equity isn't about the romance of entrepreneurship, or about turning lemons into lemonade, or about making any particular thing better than someone else who makes it—it's much cagier.

"It's not about profit and loss," explains Montgomery, tutorially, implying that profit and loss is flat-footed and literal. "It's about debt and equity."

Here's the math:

Take a company that makes a profit of $100 million a year and buy it for $1 billion (that's a reasonable 10 times earnings). Now, because interest rates are low, and banks have lots of money to lend, it's not difficult to find a bank to lend up to eight times what the company makes: so $800 million. Meaning you put up only $200 million to buy the company. This also means that for every $10 million in costs you can cut after you buy the company—by firing people, for example—the bank will lend you $80 million more (you pay this to yourself as a dividend). At this rate, if you save $25 million in costs, the bank will have paid for everything—you'll own 100 percent of the company but have no money at risk. (If you find more cuts and savings, the bank effectively pays you to own the company.) Plus, if you sell the company now—say for 10 times the $125 million the company now makes as a result of your cuts—you'll pocket $250 million more than you originally paid. So . . . you put up $200 million, got that back, and then got $250 million on top of that. Actually, your investors get $200 million, doubling their money—that is, a 100 percent return. And the partners, taking 20 percent of the gain, get $50 million—for, well, doing math.

And it's easy math.

Transparency should be the industry character note, says the Carlyle Group's David Rubenstein, who won't say how much he makes.

And yet such a path to no-risk ownership, such sleight-of-hand financing, is as much timing and emotional equilibrium as it is math brain.

The outsize success of private equity, the tsunami of private money, the pure giddiness, not to mention faddishness, of P.E. deals, are the result, as most success is, of a market anomaly. When the stock market crashed in 2000, it left lots of businesses stranded and undervalued—unable to go public or raise new money. What's more, with a lackluster stock market, pension funds and rich people had to find more promising places to put their dough. Hence, private equity got lots of money to buy these cheap companies. Then, with business improving, and the market rising, and valuations going up, they got to refinance these companies—taking money out and buying more companies.

Which is where we are now—with private equity remaking the world financial order. Except that the outlandish success of private equity also means that nothing is cheap anymore—everything is overvalued. So what to do?

One clever new strategy is the trend of taking huge public companies private. You buy one, cut out all the costs and inefficiencies associated with being public (not least of all the regulatory costs associated with Sarbanes-Oxley, the new federal anti-corruption regulations), and then you sell it back to the public, which then reinstates all those costs.

The problem here is not so much the zero-sum-ness of the scheme (it takes quite a while for the public to say, Hey, wait a doggone minute) but the size and vividness of it. Private equity, which has heretofore worked mostly out of view (most private-equity deals involve companies with fewer than a hundred employees), is now too fabulous to be ignored. Buying companies for $50 billion or $100 billion not only means a whole new level of scrutiny but suggests hubris too—a stumble of the emotional equilibrium.

Private equity, you see, doesn't really want to be private; it wants to be noticed. Look at me. That's what these cult-of-personality birthday parties are all about.

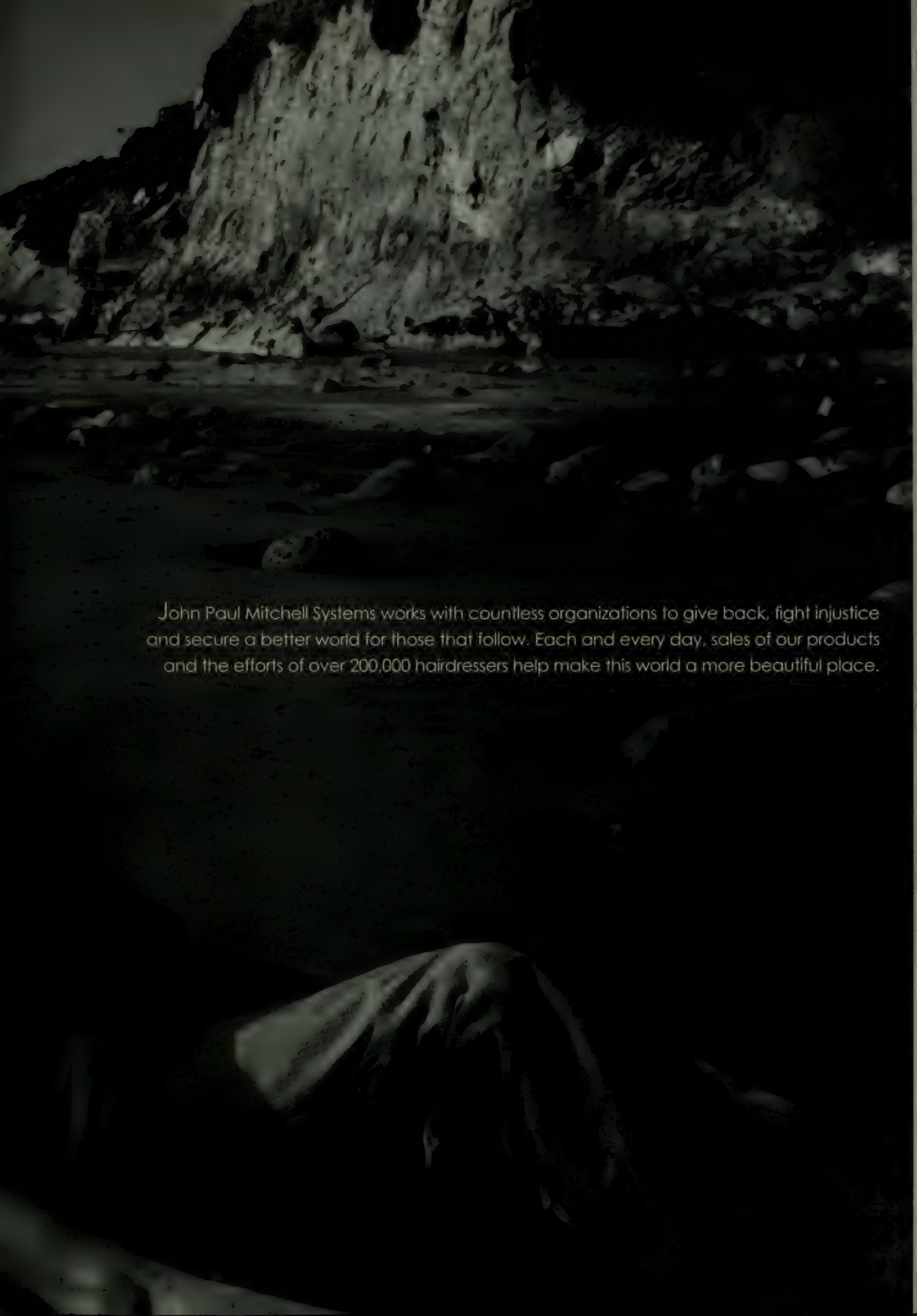
Indeed, private equity is now going public. Schwarzman's Blackstone Group—in a sign that the market was reaching a top and that the smart money might be trying to turn mania into cash—has recently said that's what it's thinking about doing. A public offering could value Blackstone, in which Schwarzman holds a 40 percent stake, at $40 billion.

And then there's the political ambition. Private-equity people, especially those worth billions or centi-millions, want to be important people as well as rich peo-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HAWTHORNE JR. | ROBIN PLATZER (FRAME)


PAUL MITCHELL
Protecting our planet for generations to come.





John Paul Mitchell Systems works with countless organizations to give back, fight injustice and secure a better world for those that follow. Each and every day, sales of our products and the efforts of over 200,000 hairdressers help make this world a more beautiful place.


Join together to preserve our natural
resources, protect our animals and
ensure the rights of all people.
PAUL MITCHELL
www.paulmitchell.com. Only in salons and Paul Mitchell schools. This insert is printed on post consumer recycled pape

ple. Steve Rattner is one of Hillary's main money guys (he's made little secret that he'd like to be secretary of the Treasury). So is Alan Patricof, one of the founders of Apax. Ronald Cohen, another founder of Apax, is Gordon Brown's main man in the race for British prime minister. Josh Steiner—a Rattner partner—is for Obama. Avenue Capital Group head Marc Lasry is on board for Hillary, and, neatly, has hired Chelsea Clinton, too. Mitt Romney himself is a private-equity star—founding Bain Capital. George W. Bush, come to think of it, with his baseball team, is really our first private-equity president.

Another sure sign of hubris, celebrity lust, and the desire to be noticed is that private equity is pouring into Hollywood films—more than half of this year's major releases will be financed by private equity (with, one might reliably predict, lots of disastrous results).

These are all obvious danger signs. On the other hand, this, in essence, is my pitch to Jeff Montgomery: now is the time to play dangerously. The company I've targeted may have lackluster cash flow, may be getting gutted by Internet competition, may have much too large a price tag, but it's got a big name. If you do a big-name deal, that makes you big . . . and big, and bigger, is, more and more, the currency of the age, as well as the goal of anyone who is anybody in the private-equity industry.

Montgomery, a cautious, disciplined, head-squarely-on-his-shoulders sort, is skeptical. And yet, I suspect, tempted. Who wouldn't be? If you can buy anything.

I'm off to Frankfurt for the Super Return conference, a gathering of the private-equity hotshots of the world. (As I depart London, the concierge at Claridge's, itself owned by private equity, is discussing the imminent arrival of Schwarzman from Blackstone—which owned Claridge's before selling it to another firm, and which will acquire the Madame Tussauds wax museums while he's in London—and, just minutes later, his arch-competitor, Henry Kravis.)

GMB, the British union, has sent protesters to wave placards outside of the Frankfurt conference center and scream at the attendees. This conference has been going on for quite a few years—but this is the first time anyone has noticed. Which lends no small measure of excitement to the proceedings. Virtually everybody at the conference is trying to weigh the meaning of P.E.'s new status.

There's a sense of the bubble's having dangerously expanded, of onerous government regulation in the offing, of, even, the natural absurdity of following private equity's success to its logical conclusion, which is that it will own everything (and therefore have no one to sell to), but, also, a sense of great satisfaction and power. Of private equity's having taken center stage.

"Profitability is not only money but visibility and image," declares one speaker proudly.

Indeed, the main topic of the conference is public relations. The private-equity business is worried about bad press, but obviously attracted to the magic of good press—i.e., making these over-40, dark-gray-suited white men, with big-knot ties and good math skills, more sympathetic than God intended them to be. That's the mantra: we have to get out our message. The message is about private equity's success. That it manages companies more efficiently and, hence, profitably, and delivers higher returns for pensioners as well as for the wealthy and, to boot, creates more jobs than the stock market. The problem is that it's precisely this success that everybody is increasingly annoyed about.

"When it ends," says Stephen Schwarzman, "it always ends badly."

"Transparency" is key, says David Rubenstein of once opaque Carlyle. Still, neither Rubenstein nor the other titans are exactly eager to come clean about what they're making. (There's a bit of jousting with reporters in the audience about *them* not disclosing *their* salaries, suggesting that the P.E. bigs are pretty far from grasping the dramatic point.)

Better public relations is every conference speaker's solution to the public's quarrelsomeness and irritation. The man next to me wonders aloud, in some seeming frustration, why the industry doesn't just buy the biggest P.R. firm.

It's a squirrelly sort of problem. The point about private equity—even though it's suddenly in the limelight, even though the leaders of the private-equity business are courting the limelight with their overblown parties—is that being private is a way to avoid the kind of regulation and scrutiny that businesspeople always think hobbles businesses.

P.E. people may be for the most part liberalish (Democrats even, in the U.S.), but what they want, like the conservatives, is a business environment free of government interference.

Indeed, in some sense—and this is more of the absurdity part—private equity, with its massive success, is building an alternative system to transparent and regulated public stock markets (what Will Hutton, in the British newspaper *The Guardian*, in an unexpected left-wing paean to capitalism, called "one of the great Enlightenment gifts to western civilization"). Privatizing the public markets, if you will. You can foresee a world in which the private markets can supply capital as copiously and even more efficiently than the public markets can, without the annoyance of S.E.C. and other regulatory oversight, without the need for short-term-earnings considerations, and with the ability to shoulder immensely more lucrative and iffy debt. What's more, given the wild growth of the secondary P.E. market (the market for selling your investments in private-equity firms), free men, or at any rate rich men, will be able to easily trade their P.E. holdings (it used to be that these investments were locked up for 10-plus years).

One impish fellow inquires if, following the logic, it isn't inevitable that, when P.E. firms themselves go public, other P.E. firms will then take them private.

Which all sounds a lot like a bubble—a sense of growing hyperbole. ("When it ends," says Blackstone's Schwarzman, he of the birthday party for 1,500 and a personal fortune of $15 billion or so, "it always ends badly. One of the signs is when the dummies can get money and that's where we are now.")

Still, bubbles can go on for rather a long time. And the biggest money is made at the crest of the bubble. True, you don't want to find yourself the only one standing when the music stops, but you don't want to get out of the game too early, either.

That's the other message at the conference: bubbles come and go, but nothing short of a cataclysm can derail the ever expanding power and reach of modern finance. And, even here, speaking of cataclysms, neither 9/11 nor the last meltdown of the stock market has much interfered with business. So, barring a collapse of the entire international monetary system, the world will continue to be remade by ever smarter financial strategies—the line between equity holder and employee ever finer and harsher, the world of owners and renters ever more binary.

I just have to convince Jeff Montgomery that he ought to fund a company for me. That we'll be able to get in and successfully get out with the right combination of timing and math talents (I'm working on mine). That whatever downside risk there might be will be more than balanced by a good shot of publicity (so many of the great P.E. titans, I remind him, are press hounds). And, if worse comes to worst, we can even go to work and make the business run properly.

Just deal me in. □

Texas Chainsaw Management

Spinning the revolving door between government and business as never before, the White House has handed more than 100 top environmental posts to representatives of polluting industries. The author provides a biographical sampler—and describes a devastating rollback of three decades of progress

By Robert F. Kennedy Jr.



ANN KLEE
(2001–6)
GENERAL COUNSEL, E.P.A.; COUNSELOR TO INTERIOR SECRETARY GALE NORTON

Prior to her government appointments, Klee was a partner at Preston Gates & Ellis, where she worked for clients from the transportation, mining, timber, and waste-management industries on cases involving the Endangered Species Act, the Clean Water Act, and Superfund.

J. STEVEN GRILES
(2001–4)
DEPUTY SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

While employed at Interior, Griles, a former lobbyist for coal, oil, and gas interests, negotiated payments of over $1 million from National Environmental Strategies, a lobbying firm in which he had had a principal interest. Griles's tenure was described by an inspector general as an "ethical quagmire."

LYNN SCARLETT
(2001–PRESENT)
ASSISTANT SECRETARY, THEN DEPUTY SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Scarlett was previously president of the Reason Foundation, a libertarian think tank. In a 1997 article she wrote, "Environmentalism is a coherent ideology that rivals Marxism in its challenge to the classical liberal view of government as protector of individual rights."

GALE NORTON
(2001–6)
SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Norton served two terms as Colorado attorney general before joining a Denver law firm, where she represented numerous developers and lobbied for NL Industries, a paint manufacturer which has been the target of a dozen lawsuits alleging lead poisoning and has been a defendant in lawsuits involving 75 toxic-waste sites.

RICHARD STICKLER
(2006–PRESENT)
ASSISTANT SECRETARY, MINE SAFETY AND HEALTH ADMINISTRATION

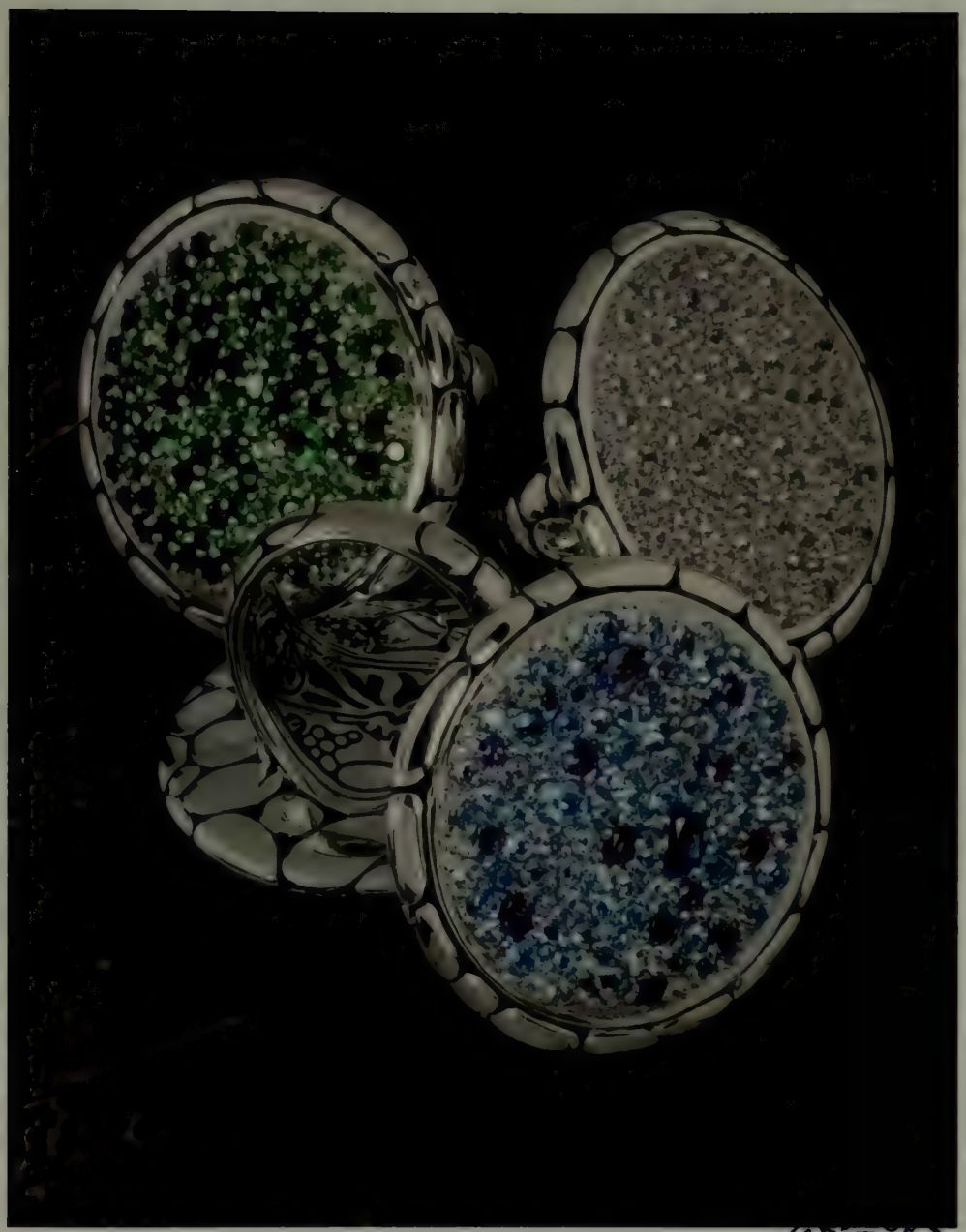
As reported by *The Charleston Gazette*, Stickler "worked for BethEnergy Mines of Pennsylvania for 30 years, worked briefly for Massey and then headed Pennsylvania's Bureau of Deep Mine Safety from 1997 to 2003, when he retired. Stickler's mines had accident rates twice the national average."

The verdict of history sometimes takes centuries. The verdict on George W. Bush as the nation's environmental steward has already been written in stone. No president has mounted a more sustained and deliberate assault on the nation's environment. No president has acted with more solicitude toward polluting industries. Assaulting the environment across a broad front, the Bush administration has promoted and implemented more than 400 measures that eviscerate 30 years of environmental policy. After years of denial, the president recently acknowledged the potentially catastrophic threat of global warming, but the words have no more meaning than the promise to rebuild New Orleans "better than ever."

Most insidiously, the president has put representatives of polluting industries or environmental skeptics in charge of virtually all the agencies responsible for protecting America from pollution. Some egregious officials are now gone, often returning to the private sector whose interests they served. But the administrators who remain in place continue to carry the torch—people such as Mark Rey, a timber-industry lobbyist appointed to oversee the U.S. Forest Service; Rejane "Johnnie" Burton, at Interior, a former oil-and-gas-company executive in Wyoming, who has failed to collect billions on leases from oil companies active in the Gulf of Mexico; and Elizabeth Stolpe, a former lobbyist for one of the nation's worst polluters, Koch Industries, who is an associate director (for toxics and environmental protection) at the White House Council on Environmental Quality.

This trend is consistent across all of the departments of government that pertain to the environment: the Department of Commerce

© 2007 JOHN HARDY LIMITED



LAVA FIRE COLLECTION

DESIGN PROPERTY OF JOHN HARDY
copyright©

NEIMAN MARCUS SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

JOHN HARDY

WWW.JOHNHARDY.COM

(which regulates fisheries); the Departments of Agriculture, Energy, and the Interior; the E.P.A.; and even the relevant divisions of the Justice Department. More than 100 representatives from polluting industries occupy key spots at the federal agencies that regulate environmental quality. The revolving door between business and government—turning the regulated into the regulators—has never before spun so fast. And as a consequence environmental protection has been advancing backward on a broad front.

Consider Jeffrey Holmstead, who for four years was a top official in the E.P.A.'s Office of Air and Radiation. Before going to the E.P.A., Holmstead had worked for the law firm Latham & Watkins and represented one of the nation's largest plywood producers, seeking to diminish pollution controls. In 2004, Holmstead ushered through new regulations exempting wood-products manufacturers from air-pollution rules governing formaldehyde. According to the *Los Angeles Times,* Holmstead's new rule "relied on a risk assessment generated by a chemical industry-funded think tank, and a novel legal approach recommended by a timber industry lawyer."

Or consider the career of Camden Toohey, who in 2001 was appointed to be the special assistant for Alaska by Gale Norton, the secretary of the interior from 2001 to 2006. Toohey, who was previously the executive director of Arctic Power, the chief lobbying group in the campaign to drill for oil in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, oversaw Interior's Alaska operations until resigning, in January of 2006, to take a job at Shell, where Norton now serves as senior legal adviser.

And then there is Charles Lambert, a former lobbyist for the beef industry, now a deputy undersecretary at the Department of Agriculture responsible for marketing and regulatory programs. In June 2004, *The Denver Post* reported on an exchange between Lambert and Representative Joe Baca, a California Democrat, at a hearing on the issue of mad-cow disease:

"Is there a possibility that [the disease] could get through?" ...
Lambert answered, "No, sir."
"None at all?," Baca asked.
"No," Lambert replied.
"You would bet your life on it—your job on it, right?"
Lambert answered, "Yes, sir."
The disease was discovered in the U.S. six months later.

Reports in *The New York Times* and on *60 Minutes* have highlighted the case of Phillip Cooney, who was the chief of staff for the White House Council on Environmental Quality. His job was to advise the president on the environmental implications of decisions that he makes. Cooney's previous job had been as the chief lobbyist for the American Petroleum Institute. His preoccupation during his four-year White House stint, according to news accounts, was combing scientific documents issued by the various federal agencies in order to remove damaging statements about the oil industry and the coal industry. He suppressed or altered several major studies on global warming in order to protect the interests of his former clients. After the *Times* revealed the alterations, in 2005, Cooney left his job and went to work for ExxonMobil.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND RELATED TOPICS, GO TO VF.COM.

It can be a fine thing to have businesspeople in government, when the objective is to recruit competence and expertise. But high-ranking officials such as the ones cited here, and scores of others, have entered government service not to serve the public interest but rather to subvert the very laws they are charged with enforcing.

Under the Bush administration, the big polluters, as the author and activist Jim Hightower has pointed out, have eliminated the middleman. "The corporations don't have to lobby the government any more. They ARE the government." □

Additional reporting by Brendan DeMelle.

WILLIAM WEHRUM
(2005–PRESENT)
ACTING ASSISTANT ADMINISTRATOR, E.P.A.
Wehrum is a former Latham & Watkins lobbyist specializing in Clean Air Act issues. He was involved in crafting lenient rules for power-plant mercury pollution in which a dozen paragraphs were taken from a Latham & Watkins memo.

JAMES CONNAUGHTON
(2001–PRESENT)
CHAIRMAN, COUNCIL ON ENVIRONMENTAL QUALITY
Previously a partner at Sidley & Austin, Connaughton represented General Electric and ARCO in their Superfund toxic-waste fights with the E.P.A.

JEFFREY D. JARRETT
(2006–7)
ASSISTANT SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF ENERGY
Prior to his work in government, Jarrett spent 13 years in the coal-mining industry. In March, he returned to the private sector when the Coal Based Generation Stakeholders Group hired him as its executive director.

FRANCIS S. BLAKE
(2001–2)
DEPUTY SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF ENERGY
Blake played a key role in formulating Bush's controversial Clear Skies legislation, meeting with dozens of energy-industry lobbyists in closed-door sessions. Blake has since been named chairman and C.E.O. of Home Depot.

WILLIAM GERRY MYERS III
(2001–3)
SOLICITOR, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Myers has compared federal land-use regulation to "the tyrannical actions of King George." After leaving Interior, Myers rejoined Holland & Hart, where he represents several extractive-industries clients.

REBECCA W. WATSON
(2001–5)
ASSISTANT SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Watson had a lengthy legal career helping mining- and timber-industry clients. She has ties to the anti-environmental groups Defenders of Property Rights and the Mountain States Legal Foundation.

THOMAS SANSONETTI
(2001–5)
ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL, DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
In previous stints at Interior, Sansonetti was involved in the *Exxon Valdez* settlement and the infamous spotted-owl litigation. He has worked as a lobbyist on behalf of mining and energy interests.




NEVER HAS THE PEAR
BEEN SO PERFECTLY CAPTURED.
Presenting
GREY GOOSE®
La Poire
GREY GOOSE
GREY GOOSE
La Poire
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED
IN
FRANCE
PEAR FLAVORED VODKA
IMPORTED



GREAT LEAP BACKWARD? A coal-fired power plant looms above a polluted waterway in Changzhou. A French company now runs the water system there and in 16 other Chinese cities.

The Rise of Big Water

The water crisis is now. As major cities battle drought and pollution, they are turning to a handful of Western companies to manage the problem. But as "Big Water" takes hold of the ultimate market—China—will those who can't pay have the spigot turned off?

By Charles C. Mann

Qin Huairen went back to Changzhou, the city of his birth, in 1977. He was 42 years old and had spent his entire adulthood working as an iron-ore prospector in southern China. He had arrived there in 1957, just before Mao Zedong's delusional Great Leap Forward, when peasants were supposed to drive China to industrial supremacy by smelting steel in their villages. Gangs of them denuded entire mountainsides—Qin saw ancient forests vanish in a day—to fuel backyard mills that couldn't make steel but could and did poison the fields. Ten years later the Cultural Revolution, Mao's attempt to drive China into permanent revolutionary ecstasy, led to deprivation so intense that villagers stripped the remaining forests for fuel and ate most of the nation's birds. Qin went back to Changzhou with a clear vision of the environmental damage that China was doing to itself. Soon after his return, the country instituted its free-market economic reforms, setting off three decades of frenzied growth. Neither Qin nor anyone else could have anticipated that the ecological devastation of the Great Leap Forward was nothing compared with what China's *real* leap forward would bring.

Changzhou, where Qin grew up, is a city of 3.4 million people, about 100 miles up the Yangtze River, China's most important waterway, from Shanghai. The Grand Canal, built more than two millennia ago to link northern and southern China, loops around the city center, eventually crossing the Yangtze. From the Grand Canal extend dozens of smaller canals, a spiderweb network once jammed with men in fishing boats and women doing laundry. Along the banks there used to be rice paddies irrigated by canal water—Changzhou is located in one of China's most prominent rice belts.

Changzhou had been a traditional silk center. As the market reforms took hold, new textile factories sprang up along the canals and on the city's periphery. Dark, brutally shabby, operating around the clock, the factories today spin the fabrics used in America's shirts and sneakers and S.U.V.'s. In the process they flush vast quantities of waste—dyes, inks, bleaches, detergents—into Changzhou's canals. The canals channel the waste into the Yangtze, where it joins sewage from the hastily erected apartment complexes that house the factory workers. First the fish died, Qin remembers. Then the water turned dark. Walk across the ancient bridges today, he says, and the smell will "make you choke."

Qin became a teacher at a middle school

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN WILKES



NSPIRATION PULLED FROM YOUR LIFE. THAT'S PROFESSIONAL GRADE

- The easiest form of turn-by-turn navigation available.*
- Better fuel efficiency than any 8-passenger SUV.**
- Unparalleled safety features.
- Dual sunroof with breathtaking sky views available.
- StabiliTrak® for multiple road surfaces.
- DVD entertainment system available.
- 12 cupholders.

GMC ACADIA

WELCOME TO ACADIA. THE CROSSOVER FROM GMC.

ne year of directions and connections standard. Visit www.onstar.com for system limitations and details. Not available in certain areas. **EPA est. 18 mpg city, 25 mpg hwy (2WD) and 17 mpg city, 24 mpg hwy (AWD). ...ures other GM vehicles. ©2007 General Motors Corp. All rights reserved. Acadia, GMC, StabiliTrak and GMC logo are registered trademarks of General Motors Corp.

and was determined to make himself a force for good. Slight and energetic, with a ready smile that fills a gaunt face, he spent the years between 1985 and 1995 helping his students draw water from the canals, perform simple tests on the samples, and send the water and the test results to the city government. Every year the results got worse.

Fearful of the water in the canals and the river, the people of Changzhou frantically began digging wells. Today, visitors to the city see advertisements spray-painted by the thousands on the walls of buildings: the Chinese characters for "well digging," followed by a cell-phone number. So many wells have been dug in Changzhou that its groundwater has been over-exploited, and the local ground level has sunk by two feet. The city has officially banned new wells and mandated the installation of pollution controls, but China's endemic corruption ensures that neither measure has much meaning. Meanwhile, farmers have stopped irrigating their paddies with canal water, because the rice is absorbing heavy metals. Cancer rates in the city are climbing, Qin says.

One person out of every three on the planet today lacks reliable access to freshwater.

To the idealistic Qin, the way ahead was obvious. If Changzhou's people could only be educated about the environment, they would demand a massive cleanup—and they would get one. Qin created the grandly titled Changzhou Environmental Education Research Society, headquartered in an unheated room in his middle school. He delivered spirited eco-homilies to local citizens, and distributed copies of his laboriously printed reports documenting the degradation of the city's water supply. He came up with ideas for environmental projects that children could pursue, and circulated them to the city's classrooms. Qin is the sort of man who keeps a steady eye on the future—"Teach the children," he says, "and they will teach their families"—and somehow maintains his faith in the power of reasonableness and goodwill. "The government," he told me without a trace of irony, "will take care of us."

In September 2005, the Changzhou city government finally took a dramatic step—but it was not a step that Qin would ever have imagined. Rather than forcing local factories to clean up after themselves, Changzhou decided to outsource the job of managing its water supply to a French company named Veolia—one of a handful of corporate giants now scrambling to take over city water systems around the planet, especially in the often polluted and water-short developing world. These water companies might be thought of collectively as Big Water. Today about 10 percent of the Earth's population is served by private water companies, according to *Pinsent Masons Water Yearbook,* an industry bible. The figure is far higher in urban areas and the proportion is growing fast.

Big Water makes an argument straight out of Economics 101. The best way to deliver water to people's homes efficiently, the water barons argue, is to put the process in the hands of the market. If water is scarce, then raise the price—let the law of supply and demand take over! If people want water that is not only plentiful but actually clean, then raise the price again. The market will find the point of balance between what consumers want and what they can afford. And if the water company does not make good on its promises, it can be ejected in favor of another firm. The threat of competition will force utilities to be accountable.

Cash-strapped cities in nations from Argentina to Albania have begun to turn over their municipal water systems to Big Water, often under lease arrangements that can continue in force for decades. Some of the poorest places in the world have been suddenly exposed to the discipline of the market. All too often, the results do not resemble the cheerful predictions of Economics 101. In the messy real world of unstable governments, corrupt bureaucrats, and volatile currencies, Big Water has often been unable—and sometimes unwilling—to deliver what it has promised. Rather than supinely allowing the market to work its magic, fearful customers have reacted to abrupt price hikes by filling the streets. Public fury has led to the cancellation of water contracts on three continents—only to have new managers discover that the former public utilities cannot easily be reconstituted, because the state no longer has the necessary engineers and administrators.

The battle over water is also being fought on U.S. soil. More than a century ago, the majority of U.S. water systems were private, according to Peter Gleick, the president of the Pacific Institute, an environmental think tank in Oakland. "Because the private systems were not serving the poor in the cities," he says, American municipalities "moved to a public water system"—they bought out most private companies and placed them under public ownership. Public water systems have supplied drinking water to 85 percent of Americans since the Second World War. But rising populations, aging infrastructure, and laws mandating increasingly pure water are pushing cities across the country to consider returning to the past. Cities that have gone private with drinking water or wastewater treatment include Atlanta, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, and Lexington, Kentucky. Some have met with fierce resistance—angry town meetings, newspaper op-eds, and, this being America, costly downpours of litigation.

At bottom, the fights are all about the same thing, says Oliver Hoedeman of Corporate Europe Observatory, an anti-big-business group in Amsterdam. "Nobody ever looked at their water bill and said, 'Oh, this is too costly—I guess I won't drink anything this month.'" Putting the control of water into private hands, Hoedeman says, "is asking for abuse."

The stakes—environmental and political—could hardly be higher. According to a report prepared by the International Water Management Institute (I.W.M.I.), a respected international research group, one person out of every three on the planet today lacks reliable access to freshwater, whether because the water is unsafe, unaffordable, or unavailable. Some 2.6 billion people, the World Health Organization estimates, have inadequate sanitation—they do not even have proper latrines that prevent wastes from spreading into the environment. "Every day more children die from dirty water than H.I.V./AIDS, malaria, war, and accidents all put together," says Maude Barlow, national chair of the Council of Canadians, a citizens' advocacy group, and the co-author of *Blue Gold: The Battle Against Corporate Theft of the World's Water.* The water crisis, she says, is not something that besets only the megalopolises of the Third World. France instituted water rationing last summer; Thames Water applied for a drought order in London; Los Angeles is in its driest rainy season in more than a hundred years. According to a 2003 survey by the European Environment Agency, nitrates, toxins, heavy metals, or harmful micro-organisms contaminate groundwater in nearly every European country and former Soviet republic. That same year, the U.S. General Accounting Office reported that "water managers in 36 states anticipate water shortages locally, regionally, or statewide within the next 10 years." By 2025, according to the I.W.M.I., all of Af-

Like a fine wine, each comes with its own set of adjectives.

2002

© 2007 The Hershey Company



floral





spicy

Like grapes from a growing region, chocolate that comes from a single origin has its own unique flavors and tasting notes.

Explore Arríba, dark milk chocolate born from a rainforest of flowers, or São Tomé, intense dark chocolate from a volcanic island.

EXPLORE
CACAO RESERVE™
A NEW WORLD



www.cacaoreserve.com

rica and the Middle East, and almost all of South and Central America and Asia, will either be running out of water or unable to afford its cost.

Water, Barlow says, "is the most important environmental and human-rights issue of them all." Global warming is a present reality, but the worst consequences of pumping carbon dioxide into the atmosphere will be felt decades from now. Meanwhile, she says, "the world is running out of fresh water *today*."

China is in particular trouble. The country's State Environmental Protection Administration grades water on a scale from one to five, with three being minimally acceptable and five a direct health hazard. According to SEPA, for much of their length, five of China's seven main river basins are rated at four or five—poisoned by rampant industrialization. Almost half of China's municipalities—and most of its rural areas—have no systems in place for treating waste at all. Between a quarter and a third of China's population still do not have piped water. So desperately short of water is northern China, home to about 500 million people, that the country is undertaking the largest water project in human history—three enormous, 700-mile channels that will send about 12 trillion gallons of water a year from the South. In order to build just one of those channels, the government will force up to 400,000 people from their homes. Prime Minister Wen Jiabao has stated flatly that China's water shortages and water pollution threaten "the survival of the Chinese nation."

To deal with their water crisis the Chinese have—astonishingly for a country with a long history of suspicion toward foreigners—opened their doors to Big Water. Scores of Chinese cities have outsourced part or all of their water treatment and distribution to private companies; at least 40 ventures are with the French alone. Veolia, probably the fastest-growing foreign operator in China, now manages water systems in 17 Chinese cities, including Changzhou and Shanghai.

The bitter global struggle over water remains almost unknown in the United States, where older toilets send more clean water down the drain in a single flush than many Africans use in an entire day. Americans can perhaps be forgiven for thinking that they live in a golden age of water. Competing brands of bottled water glisten in refrigerated displays, vying with one another in proclamations of health and purity. Meanwhile, much of the rest of the world worries about where to get the next drop, how much it will cost, and whether it will be lethal.

Bad for Humanity, Good for Business

Veolia Environnement, the $38 billion company that administers Changzhou's water supply, operates out of a neoclassical building in Paris, just a few blocks from the Arc de Triomphe. The company's water division, Veolia Water, serves 108 million people in 57 countries, has 70,000 employees, and is the world's biggest water-services provider. Connoisseurs of ironic juxtaposition would savor the contrast between Veolia's Paris headquarters and the manic, gritty clamor of Changzhou. The quiet lobby atrium is sleek and glassy, with flat-screen monitors depicting a multicultural parade of smiling, satisfied customers. Electronic gates give admittance to the offices only after the presentation of a special badge, its bulbous nubbin crammed with circuitry.

Antoine Frérot, the chief executive officer of Veolia Water, works in a large, upper-floor office. Frérot, 48, was trained as a civil engineer, and he retains an engineer's

Almost half of China's municipalities have no systems in place for treating waste at all.



TESTING THE WATER The educator Qin Huairen, who monitors Changzhou's environmental degradation.

home & life : simplified



CALIFORNIA CLOSETS®

complimentary consultation
866.663.6174

californiaclosets.com

technocratic confidence. By way of background he gives me a short lecture on the power of human ingenuity. Thirty years ago, when he began his career, he explains, the Seine was a very dirty river. "We had to stop our water-treatment plants one day out of every two because they were overwhelmed by the pollution," he recalls. Eventually the company realized that the solution was to treat the tide of pollutants not as a cost but as a potential profit center. Instead of simply absorbing the expense of cleaning the water, he says, Veolia used the techniques it had learned to create "a new industry of liquid-hazardous-waste treatment" and marketed it to the polluting factories. Now, he says, the Seine is vastly cleaner. "This is what we do," he concludes. "Water is God's gift, we always say, but He forgot to lay the pipes."

If clean water is scarce, the free-market proponents say, then just raise the price!

Veolia's assonant, content-free corporate name conceals a long history. The company was founded in 1853 by Napoleon III, France's last emperor, and was financed by Baron de Rothschild and Charles Lafitte, with figures from France's nobility among its founding members. The Compagnie Générale des Eaux, as it was then called, became an essential part of the emperor's plan to modernize his country. Signing decades-long contracts to expand, modernize, and operate the water systems in France's biggest cities, C.G.E. became integral to the national infrastructure—a private enterprise holding a public commission, and entrusted with the water supply even of the glorious capital.

In the 1980s the company suddenly woke up to the possibilities of modern financial markets, and realized that it could use the huge revenues generated by its millions of water customers to buy other companies. It eventually changed its name to Vivendi and purchased, among other foreign companies, Seagram, the liquor-and-entertainment giant, for $34 billion, and the publisher Houghton Mifflin. Vivendi's C.E.O., Jean-Marie Messier, an investment banker, celebrated his string of acquisitions by moving his family to a $17.5 million duplex apartment on Park Avenue.

At its peak the former water company had more than 2,000 subsidiaries and made no sense at all. Capping it off, Messier invested heavily in dot-coms. Vivendi's fate may have been sealed in 1999 when James K. Glassman, the co-author of the somewhat premature *Dow 36,000*, gave Vivendi his official blessing as "a great company." The inevitable, debt-fueled implosion occurred three years later. To raise desperately needed cash, the company spun off Vivendi Environnement—the original water company. In 2003, to avoid unpleasant associations with the past, it changed its name to Veolia.

Under its new chairman and C.E.O., Henri Proglio, Veolia was as ambitious as the old Vivendi had ever been, but much less noisy. Scoffing at the glittery confluence of the media and Wall Street that had so entranced Messier, Proglio avoids puffery to the extent of refusing to allow *Who's Who* to print an entry about him. (Veolia declined to let him speak with *Vanity Fair*.) He has proudly claimed that he has never owned a tuxedo. Corporations, he says, must act as positive environmental forces. Proglio is caustically dismissive of "the Messier era" of investment in the dot-com bubble. "Water, like oil, is getting scarcer," he told the French newsweekly *Le Point* in an interview in 2005. "We're living on Earth in 2005 with the same amount of water that was available in 1900, while in the meantime the global population quadrupled." What's bad for humanity can be good for business; Veolia's revenues increased 12 percent in 2006.

Veolia needed to grow quickly, because it was saddled with debt—$19.4 billion at the beginning of this year—much of it a legacy from Vivendi. Happily for the company, the European Union wanted to promote European businesses overseas, especially businesses that were already leaders in their fields. The world's top three water companies are European. In addition to Veolia, the others are:

- Suez. A descendant of the enterprise that built the Suez Canal in the 1860s, Suez became an energy holding company that is now 90th on *Forbes*'s list of the world's 2,000 largest public firms. After expanding its water operations at a dizzying rate, it acquired Lyonnaise des Eaux, one of France's biggest utilities, in 1997; it now operates in 31 countries and had 2006 revenues of $58.6 billion. Last year Enel, the Italian energy giant, publicly mulled a takeover. In an eyebrow-raising move, the French government scuppered the deal by approving a merger between Suez and state-controlled Gaz de France. The final decision on the merger will not occur before July.
- Thames Water. Called "Britain's most hated utility" last August by the left-leaning *Independent* newspaper, Thames provides water for most of London. It was created in its present form in 1989 as the Thatcher government privatized many of Britain's public functions. After Thames expanded internationally, in the 1990s, RWE, a German energy combine, acquired it in 2001. Last October RWE sold Thames for $14.9 billion to a consortium headed by Macquarie, Australia's biggest investment bank.

Compared to these European giants, American water ventures are small—even those from the Bechtel Group, which was awarded the contract to rebuild Iraq's bombed-out urban water and sewage systems. (The company says it completed most of the projects, but many were soon sabotaged.) Indeed, the No. 1 U.S. firm, American Water, doesn't quite exist—it is an RWE subsidiary that is in the process of being spun off. Understanding its advantage, the E.U. has leaned hard on other countries in trade talks to let European companies take over the management of their water supplies, and the intensive lobbying has worked.

Because urban populations are growing rapidly, city water systems everywhere are under pressure. Most of the world's hardest-pressed cities simply can't pay for the investment themselves, and thus have to borrow the money. Among the main potential sources are global bodies such as the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and the Asian Development Bank. These institutions are staffed by economists who deeply respect the power of free markets. They are predisposed to look favorably on governments that agree to outsource as many of their activities to the private sector as possible.

The intellectual argument in favor of the free market is straightforward. I heard a version of it from John Briscoe, who was for 10 years the senior adviser on water at the World Bank (he now is its director in Brazil). Briscoe keeps a doggerel poem by the late economist Kenneth Boulding on his wall that reads, in part:

> Water is politics, water's religion,
> Water is just about anyone's pigeon....
> Water is tragical, water is comical,
> Water is far from the pure economical.

Many of the world's water problems arise, he contends, because the sacred aura around water induces CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

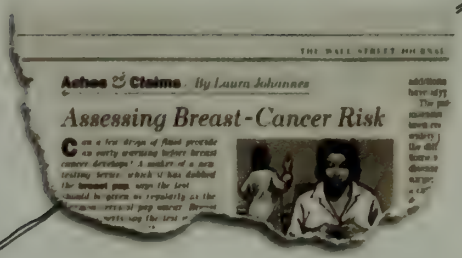
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

DOWJONES

WSJ.com

journey.wsj.com/sherylcrow

Faces Music
Beats breast cancer
thanks to early diagnosis.


Aches & Claims By Laura Johannes

Assessing Breast-Cancer Risk

es Music
to top of charts.
9 Grammys.

Teaches Music
Becomes music teacher.
Works with autistic kids.

Studies Music
Graduates with degree
in music education.

Every journey needs a Journal.

© 2007 Dow Jones & Company. All Rights Reserved.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

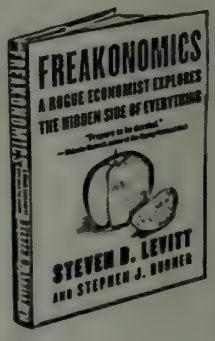
WSJ.com

start reading the Journal at age 7 $\geq$ [(curiosity) $2x^{(10)}$] =

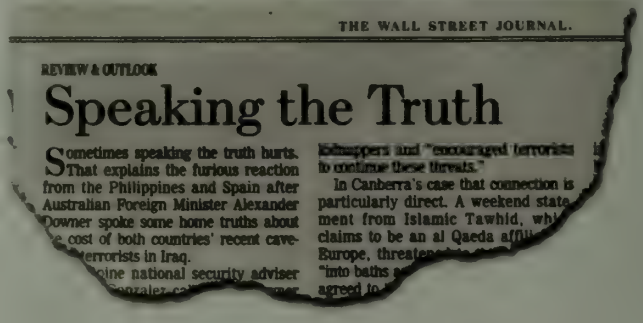
$(X)^2 \int \sqrt{\text{test theories}}$ (University of Chicago Professor) $\div$

$x+n$ (societal problems) — conventional wisdom

$+ \frac{\text{10 years of study}^{(x)}}{\text{data}} N =$



$X =$


THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

REVIEW & OUTLOOK

Speaking the Truth

Sometimes speaking the truth hurts. That explains the furious reaction from the Philippines and Spain after Australian Foreign Minister Alexander Downer spoke some home truths about the cost of both countries' recent cave-in to terrorists in Iraq.

...cine national security adviser ...

...kidnappers and "encouraged terrorists to continue these threats."

In Canberra's case that connection is particularly direct. A weekend state-ment from Islamic Tawhid, wh... claims to be an al Qaeda affili... Europe, threate... "into baths ... agreed to ...

Every journey needs a Journal.

DOWJONES

journey.wsj.com/stevenlevitt

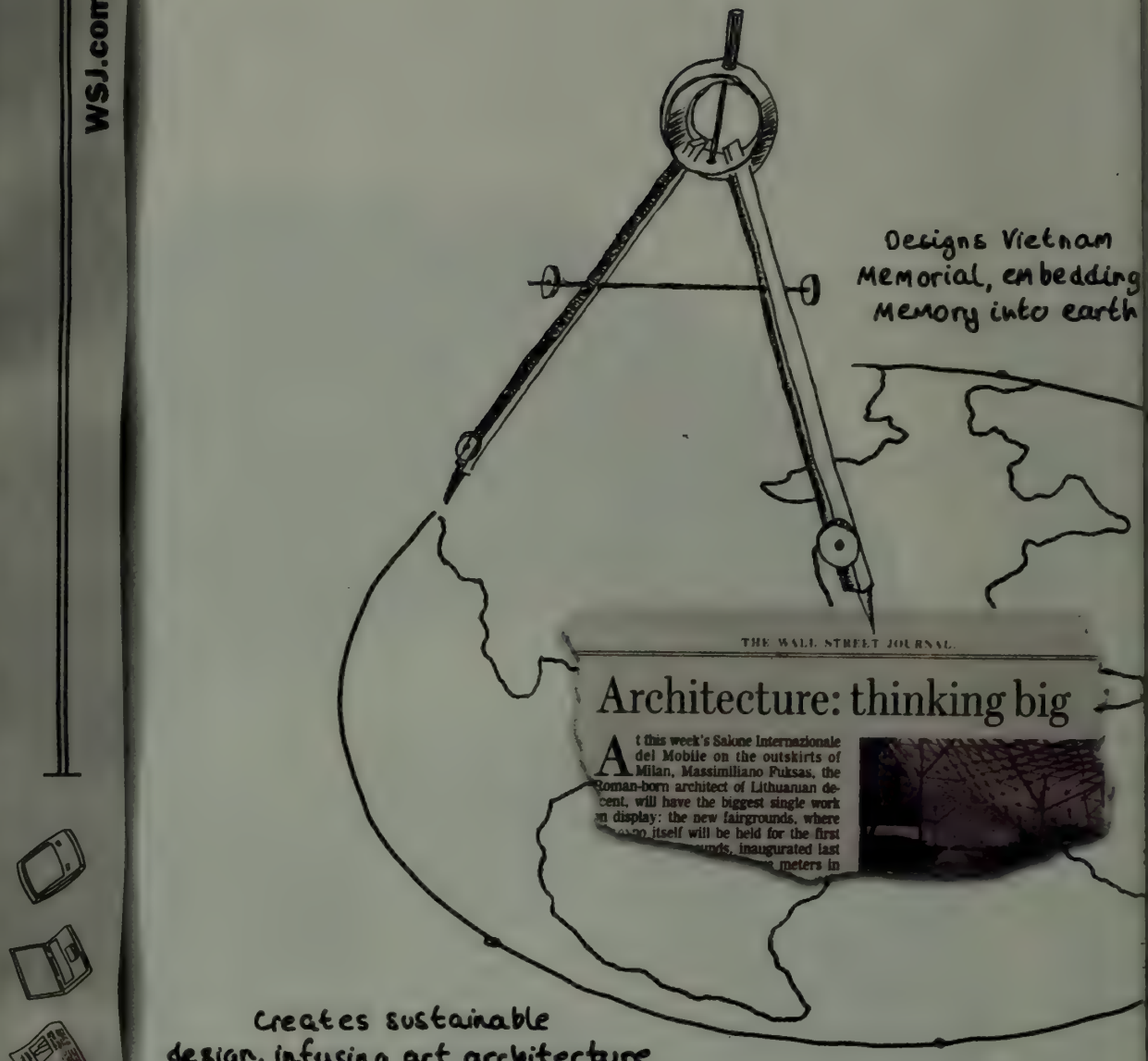


© 2007 Dow Jones & Company. All Rights Reserved.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

WSJ.com

DOWJONES



Every journey needs a Journal.

journey.wsj.com/mayalin



© 2007 Dow Jones & Company. All Rights Reserved.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

DOW JONES

WSJ.com

journey.wsj.com/kennethcole

1982
LAUNCHES KENNETH COLE
FROM THE BACK
OF A TRAILER

1985
TAKES PUBLIC STAND
IN FIGHT AGAINST AIDS

1994
SEEING A TREND,
TAKES COMPANY PUBLIC

2006
LAUNCHES "WE ALL HAVE AIDS"
CAMPAIGN FROM TOP OF GLOBAL FASHION EMPIRE


THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

Doing Well at Doing Good

There's more to giving than writing a check. How to pick your charities wisely.

Every journey needs a Journal.



FACTORY OUTLET
Dyes, inks, bleaches, detergents, and sewage flow through the ancient Grand Canal in Changzhou.

Corporate giants like Veolia are scrambling to take over water systems around the planet.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128 governments to treat it "as common property—it's free to use, no matter what you do with it and how much you use." In consequence, huge quantities are wasted. Farmers over-irrigate their fields. Landlords don't fix leaky pipes. Factory owners feel free to pollute. Governments don't extend and improve water networks, because they can't pay for it. All over the world, Briscoe says, "you have these hugely under-funded, very inefficient services producing very bad service. There's a hydraulic law of subsidies: they go to where the power is. They don't have enough to operate the system properly, so the existing system rations water, and of course it's the elite that gets to the front of the queue."

That was the situation in the United States 40 years ago, Briscoe says. "What happened is that we raised the effective price of water." Regulations forced farmers, landlords, factory owners, and ordinary Americans to pay for more-efficient water equipment—drip-irrigation systems, low-capacity toilets, water-treatment facilities, and so on. Per-capita water use in the United States fell by more than a quarter. But in the developing world, Briscoe believes, the situation is too dire for public utilities to fix themselves. In Africa, for example, "there is not one case of a utility that was horrible that has reformed itself and become well functioning. It has never happened."

The World Bank, he says, made five loans in a row to improve Manila's public water system. At the beginning, "something like 60 percent of the water was not accounted for. Half of this was leaks and half of this was stolen and diverted and not paid for." After five loans, the figure was . . . 70 percent. "Then you come to loan No. 6 and you say, what are we going to do?" The obvious answer, he says, is a private company with a clear contract that forces accountability. "If we didn't do that, we should be executed for not doing it."

Briscoe adds: "My grandmother would understand it. It's arithmetic—it's the most basic human incentive."

As one might expect, this argument seems equally clear at Veolia, which has its own success stories to tout. "When we took over Bucharest six years ago, the average [per capita water] consumption was 400 liters a day," Frérot says. "Today it is around 200 liters." Some of the conservation came from charging more, he says. "But much of it came from simply fixing leaks" in the distribution system. Incredibly, it is not uncommon for cities to lose half of their water to leaks. (Until an aggressive repair program in the 1990s, leaks cost Mexico City as much as 40 percent of its water supply; the city drained its aquifer so fast in the last century that the ground level sank 30 feet.) Combined with pressure from the European Union and the international banks, arguments like Briscoe's have led countries around the world to embrace Big Water. By 2000, according to United Nations statistics, governments in 93 nations had begun to privatize their drinking-water and wastewater services.

Buenos Aires was one of the first big cities to go private. Unable to keep up with the city's rampant growth, the Argentinean government in 1993 turned over its municipal water utility to a consortium formed by Suez, along with Vivendi, Aguas de Barcelona, and several local firms. (The choice of the politically powerful Suez was apparently aided by pressure from the Élysée Palace.) An Enron subsidiary took over the water system in the adjacent province of Buenos Aires. With the new private company operating the water supply for perhaps 10 million people, the World Bank issued excited press releases celebrating the rapid expansion into outlying neighborhoods. Hopeful governments signed similar deals in Australia, In-

donesia, the Philippines, and South Africa.

But the Buenos Aires experience turned out to be nothing to celebrate. The consortium hired friends of the Argentinean president at high salaries even as it demanded rate increases for water supplied to millions of poor and working-class people. Some recently connected neighborhoods also discovered that the company had not installed proper drainage systems. The new water, having no place to go, flooded basements and streets. Demonstrators took to the plazas, chanting slogans and waving banners. When Argentina went into an economic tailspin at the end of 1998, many people could no longer pay their bills. Suez and Aguas de Barcelona pulled out of the consortium in 2005.

To its dismay, the Argentinian government, which took over the system, then discovered that the public water utility could not readily be brought back to life—the federal government took a year to approve the enabling legislation, and the city had to re-create the system almost from scratch. "This is one of the hidden costs of privatization," says André Abreu, a water activist at France Libertés, a nonprofit organization run by Danielle Mitterrand, the widow of the French president. "It's very hard to reverse. If a poor city makes a mistake, it is worse off than when it started."

Similar protest campaigns occurred in Uruguay, Ghana, India, Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines, and South Africa. In Cochabamba, Bolivia's third-largest city, the new private water utility, controlled by a subsidiary of Bechtel, increased water bills "up to 200 percent and sometimes higher," according to Jim Schultz, executive director of the Democracy Center in Cochabamba. (A Bechtel spokesperson has said that rates were raised by an average of 35 percent.) Demonstrators fought the police in club-swinging mêlées that left dozens wounded. Activists barricaded most of the major highways, and the president declared a "state of siege." Meetings of more than four people were banned. Further violence induced Bechtel executives to flee the city, and the government rescinded the contract. Later, Bolivia's president resigned.

Reeling from the protests, the water multi-nationals lowered their profile. Big Water largely withdrew from Latin America; after piously announcing that it would not go where it was not welcome, RWE began selling off most of its water holdings. Meanwhile, smaller, regional companies grabbed market share. But Big Water was far from beaten. The European giants were in fact turning their eyes toward the biggest target of all: China.

Although long suspicious of foreigners, the Chinese have opened their doors to Big Water.

"As Black as Soy Sauce"

It would be safe to say that Long Cun (Dragon Village) lies off the beaten path. A small cluster of ramshackle farmhouses, it is just down the Liu River from Liuzhou, population 1.3 million, the furiously modernizing commercial center of the southwestern province of Guangxi. To reach the village from Liuzhou, visitors must negotiate a one-lane dirt road that winds around Guangxi's famous karst hills—the rounded, fairy-tale peaks familiar from Chinese landscape painting. The drive takes almost an hour, though the distance is scarcely 10 miles. In Liuzhou, the streets are full of chattering people on cell phones. In Long Cun, the streets are full of wagons drawn by bulls. As the geographer David Harvey once observed, modernity isn't a time. It's a place.

Like most Chinese cities these days, Liuzhou is ringed by walled-off industrial zones jammed with factories (more than 1,000 in Liuzhou) making automobile engines, processed foods, LCD screens, steel for ships, and the paper and plastic goods that fill American kitchens and living rooms. One such industrial zone lies on the river between Long Cun and Liuzhou. The centerpiece, its smokestacks easily visible from the village, is the sprawling Liu River Paper Mill. The tributary into which it dumps its wastes is, as local residents bitterly observe, "as black as soy sauce."

Before the coming of the mill, Long Cun drew its water for drinking and cleaning directly from the Liu River. After the mill, the villagers had to boil their water, a recourse that kills bacteria but does not eliminate pollutants. Then a new hydroelectric dam was built downriver. It slowed the Liu's current, concentrating the toxins powerfully. Villagers sued the factory, but got nowhere. The authorities "came and looked at the mess, but they didn't fix it," says Huang Fengju, a Long Cun farmer and mother of two. The factory owners must have known the right people in the city government, Huang assumed. There's a way things get done in China, and that's just the way it is.

Last November the city of Liuzhou handed down its solution. Rather than forcing the mill to clean up, it forced the village of Long Cun to connect to a city-run well—part of a far-flung system whose central network is operated by Veolia. A one-inch plastic pipe with a gray spigot soon appeared in front of Huang's house. The other villagers got plastic pipes, too. Although the water still needs to be boiled, it is better than what Huang had before. But it costs twice as much. When Long Cun got its water from the river, the village council charged two renminbi—about 25 cents—a month per person, no matter how much anyone used. The Huang household paid a total of about two dollars a month. Now the rate is higher, and it also fluctuates according to how much water is consumed. Today, that same Huang household pays about four dollars a month. The price by middle-class Chinese standards is extremely low. But most Chinese are not middle-class, and the villagers of Long Cun are flat-out poor. A typical village household earns $20 to $30 a month.

To economists with their spreadsheets in faraway places, the new pricing system in Long Cun represents progress. A flat fee encourages waste—there's no penalty for carelessly letting the tap dribble all day. And indeed Huang, prodded by higher prices, behaves the way those models of *Homo economicus* say she should. She carefully monitors how much water she uses. Multiply her behavior by 1.3 billion, this view suggests, and China may solve its water problems—Economics 101 to the rescue. Meanwhile, the foreign companies providing the water to those hundreds of millions of people stand to make an enormous amount of money.

Implicit in the free-market scenario, however, is the assumption that families can actually pay the higher prices—and are willing to accept them. This leads to a curious ambiguity, if not an outright clash of interests. On the one hand, Beijing has repeatedly proclaimed that it needs Western know-how, and that Western water companies must be allowed to operate freely. On the other hand, Beijing doesn't want its own Cochabamba riots. Qiu Baoxing, China's vice minister of construction, said last September that the government would limit customer water fees to at most 20 percent of the cost of supply. If Western firms such as Veolia can't charge more than



THE WORLD'S BEST RUM.

Made With

FIRST PRESS CANE JUICE

10 Cane is a smooth, light and delicious rum, made from first press cane juice. Most rums start with molasses, a by-product of sugar production.

Rest assured, we would never use molasses. It's simply not good enough for us.

THE HIGHEST RATED RUM BY THE NEW YORK TIMES TASTING PANEL.

10CANE.COM

THE BEST WAY TO DRINK IS RESPONSIBLY. 10 CANE™ IMPORTED RUM, 40% ALC./VOL. ©2007 IMPORTED BY MOËT HENNESSY U.S.A., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

20 percent of their costs, how can they possibly turn a profit? "I wanted to find out how they can make money with low, underpriced water tariffs," says Seungho Lee, a University of Nottingham researcher who recounts the recent history of Shanghai's water supply in a new book, *Water and Development in China.* Lee says he repeatedly pressed this issue with Veolia managers in Paris and Shanghai. "In a French way, I never got a direct answer," he says. When I put the same question to Rémi Paul, a vice president of Veolia's China division, he too replied in a French way. He would say only, "We have, I believe, a very good understanding with the government."

The conflict between private profit and public need will be played out in dozens of Chinese cities. The larger dynamic, though, is uncompromising. As Liuzhou and other cities surround themselves with more and more factories, poisoning the environment in the process, the cities will have to connect the polluted regions around them to city water systems. In addition, they will have to build sewage-treatment plants. But most Chinese cities can't afford to do either of these things. To help with its sewage, Liuzhou two years ago borrowed $100 million from the World Bank. Then it signed a 30-year contract with Veolia. Naturally, the company will need to recoup its investment. Local residents learned that the city planned to raise the cost of water.

The city fathers have not gone out of their way to explain to the citizenry that water prices are going up in order to pay back a company headquartered a few blocks from the Arc de Triomphe. As an experiment, I asked my translator to post a short description of the Veolia contract on one of Liuzhou's Internet bulletin boards. The reaction was immediate—surprise and apprehension. "Our water supply controlled by foreigners? Are you kidding?" wrote one person. "Who's ready to start digging wells and assembling rain collectors?" asked another, imagining a movement to evade the foreign water-bill collectors. "What do we do if the foreigners poison our water?" wondered a third. "Oh my God . . ."

The historic center of Liuzhou occupies a promontory in a big oxbow of the Liu River. Toward the northern tip is a beaten-up public square near an area that city maps label Maojin Chang—Towel Factory. The name comes from a factory nearby that went out of business before the current wave of modernization. Most of the neighborhood's inhabitants still live in the shuttered factory's dormitories. Many are pensioners; some are farmers who were thrown off their land to make way for the factories outside town, and who now live as boarders. Because ever more factories crowd the banks of the Liu, the cost of water treatment is rising to match. In just a few hours of wandering around the kiosks, benches, and doorways of Towel Factory square I found half a dozen men and women who were paying a quarter or more of their income just for water.

Economics 101 does not readily apply to neighborhoods like this one. A few blocks away, in Baisha Cun, lives an elderly man named Wei Wenfang. Until 1975, he explains, water was free: you simply dipped a bucket into the Liu. You could literally see the bottom of the river back then, he says. He proclaims this fact a second time, more loudly, for emphasis. But now Wei pays almost $10 a month—more than a quarter of his pension—for water that is nowhere near as good. He is afraid of what will happen when the price rises further. When I ask if he could save money by conserving water, Wei barks with laughter. Each water meter in Baisha Cun, he says, covers 60 to 70 apartments, many of which are sublet to more than one family. The total bill is divided equally among the residents. "There's no way to save," he says. "Your efforts are just lost in the mass. That's the way it is all over the city."

Evidently a local character, Wei has drawn a small crowd as he theatrically offers his thoughts. Now he looks about pugnaciously. But there is no disagreement.

The Judgment of Wu

Urban planning is easier in a dictatorship than in a democracy. Since its founding, in the 13th century, Shanghai has occupied the west bank of the Huangpu River. The east bank had always sustained the farms and gardens that provided food for the big city. Seventeen years

In the city of Liuzhou, I found people who were paying a quarter of their income for water.



CHINA SYNDROME
A recycling center near the Yangtze. The government says water pollution survival of

BRIGHT NOW

IMAGINE THAT

PALL MALL

INTRODUCING ORANGE BOX FOR ULTRA LIGHTS



FAMOUSLY LONGER LASTING

1-866-SLOWBURN* (756-9287) • PALLMALLUSA.COM*

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

ULTRA LIGHTS BOX: 5 mg "tar", 0.6 mg nicotine; LIGHTS MENTHOL BOX: 11 mg "tar", 1.1 mg nicotine; LIGHTS BOX: 12 mg "tar", 1.1 mg nicotine; FILTER BOX: 16 mg "tar", 1.4 mg nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual amount may vary depending on how you smoke. For T&N info, visit www.rjrttarnic.com.

©2007 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

ago the Chinese government decided that this arrangement was unsatisfactory. It bulldozed the villages and in a hot-brained hurry effectively threw up a brand-new city, called Pudong ("East of the Pu"). Pudong now has the world's fifth-tallest tower (an even taller one is under construction nearby), and about three million inhabitants, most of them middle-class, housed in faux-Mediterranean villettes as deracinated as so many Orange County strip malls. China, in short, built a city the size of Chicago in less time than it took Boston to complete the Big Dig.

In 2010, Shanghai will host a world's fair. Like the 2008 Olympics, in Beijing, it is intended to be a showcase for the New China. Three-quarters of the fairgrounds are in Pudong. Seventy million visitors, it is expected, will attend, and everything they see must be orderly, modern, and clean. To make this happen, Shanghai is kicking out some of the factories that used to line—and pollute—the Huangpu River. It also sold a 50-year, 50 percent stake in Pudong's water utility to Veolia, for $243 million.

Water services entail four basic functions: purifying the water that goes into the system, delivering it to households and businesses, cleaning up the water that leaves those homes and businesses, and extending and repairing the network of pipes, pumps, and plants. Simple to describe, these tasks are hair-pullingly complex on the ground; the technical challenge of building and operating a water system that can supply the daily onslaught of morning flushes and showers while not overwhelming users at light times is the sort of thing that keeps engineers in heavy demand.

In Pudong, Veolia has done it all. Since 2002, when the contract was signed, Veolia has laid almost 900 miles of large-diameter pipe, hooked up 300,000 new structures to the growing water system, built sewage and water-treatment plants, and hired 7,000 local workers, training them so well that Veolia now has only four non-Chinese employees in Pudong. On the ninth floor of its new office tower Veolia created a customer-service call-in center—a novelty in China—staffed round the clock by young women in powder-blue Veolia uniforms. Down the hall is a war room dominated by a 12-foot-wide LCD monitor that displays the real-time status of every water connection in Pudong.

Smooth operation is a testament to the power of private enterprise. It takes formidable organization to deliver water to so much new construction—though even here, incredible to Americans, the water must still be boiled. (Habituated to bad water, the Chinese people don't expect to be able to drink it straight from the tap.) To let Veolia recoup its costs, Shanghai is gradually raising water prices—not enough to make Pudong's nouveau riche blink, but enough to ensure that they will not leave the taps on all day. "This model is a unique combination of private efficiency within overall public ownership," argues Rémi Paul, who "hopes and believes" it can be extended throughout China. He has a hard time understanding why there have been protests against private water companies. So does his boss, Antoine Frérot, who chalks up the worldwide resistance to "a small minority of global activists," mostly from the "hard left parties," who are using water as an excuse to "contest globalization, capitalism, and all private companies." Indeed, as both men point out, public water systems have often been disasters, especially in the Third World. "Private companies can better manufacture cars" than governments, Frérot says, and water "is exactly the same."

Such views try the patience of Au Loong Yu, a Hong Kong labor and environmental activist. Water, he says, is simply not an ordinary consumer good, like lamps or shirts or smoothies. People can't put off buying water until they have a little more money in the bank. In democratic countries the citizenry has some recourse if prices on vital goods and services rise too high—they can get the government to intervene, or vote it out of power. But China isn't that kind of place. "I don't have anything against private enterprise," Au says. "But in countries with no democratic input—either because the state is too weak or, as in China, too strong—these companies can become dictators themselves." Hong Kong owns and operates its own water supply, Au notes. Because the city enjoys a measure of democratic self-rule, there is some chance that citizens can change policies they don't like. "They have to listen to us," Au says of the local authorities. "I don't want someone in charge of my water who only has to listen to the shareholders."

The rise of Big Water is due in part to politicians from wealthy nations twisting wrists in poor nations on behalf of influential corporations. More important, though, is the catastrophic failure by governments around the planet to provide services so basic to modern life that some activists regard them as human rights: affordable, potable water and safe sanitation. To make an end run around intractably venal public sectors, institutions like the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund push forward the private sector: Big Water and its regional competitors. But business cannot provide openness and accountability if the governments to which it answers are closed and unaccountable. Indeed, in such circumstances private enterprise can simply become an unwitting instrument of oppression—as in China, where provincial authorities use it to paper over the environmental havoc of unrestrained industrialization.

Water is simply not an ordinary consumer good, like lamps or shirts or smoothies.

In Barlow's view, the solution to bad government is not the market, but good government. Yet both the activists and their nemeses in the World Bank and the I.M.F., distracted by the decade-long ideological battle over Big Water, have barely begun to use their diverse sorts of leverage to push governments to safeguard their natural resources and operate utilities in ways that actually serve the public. The prospect of these bitter opponents working together in any way seems unlikely. But the crisis over water is so unprecedented in scale that anything may happen.

A few months ago in Changzhou's northern edge I came across two women trying to wash laundry in a filthy inlet of the Yangtze. One gave her name as Wu—no first name. She was desperate, she said. The government had turned over the family farm to a chemical factory, giving her husband a job in it. But her husband soon lost the job and was out of work. Meanwhile the factory had polluted the family's well water, forcing the Wus to shift to a newly installed water line from the city. Now no money was coming in, and they couldn't pay their water bill. Mrs. Wu knew that a foreign company was running the utility. She knew that prices were rising and that this was supposed to curb waste. "I've had all that explained to me," she said. "It must sound good if you're rich." □

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND RELATED TOPICS, GO TO VF.COM.

© 2007 KF Holdings



The coffee you make can make a difference.

Introducing Yuban Organic, the latest in our line of sustainable coffees. And don't forget Yuban Original and Dark Roast coffee beans are Rainforest Alliance Certified,™ which supports the people and wildlife in coffee growing regions. So no matter what Yuban you choose to enjoy, you know you're making a difference.

USDA ORGANIC

RAINFOREST ALLIANCE CERTIFIED

www.yuban.com



SKEPTIC TANK
Myron Ebell in his office at the Competitive Enterprise Institute, in Washington, D.C.

A Convenient Untruth

For the obligatory "opposing view" on climate change, the media often turn to Myron Ebell, policy analyst, sound-bite artist, and oil-industry mouthpiece. While mainstream experts see global warming as a major crisis, the hotter it gets, the better Ebell likes it

By Michael Shnayerson

Al Gore says global-warming skeptics are a group diminishing almost as rapidly as the mountain glaciers.

Myron Ebell begs to differ.

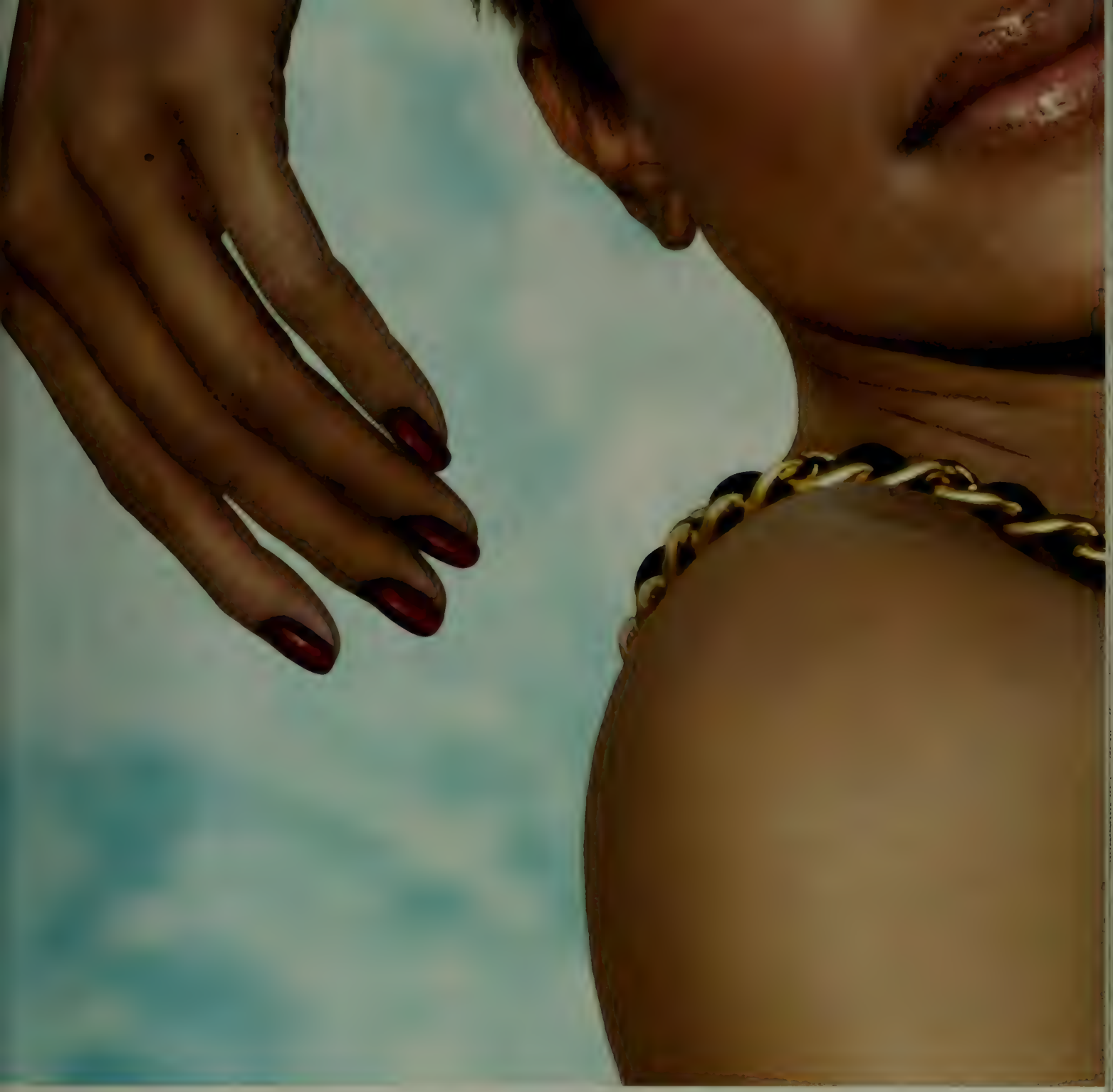
Hurricanes, heat waves, flooding, and droughts—sure, they've stirred some fears And some corporate allies that used to mock global warming—such as Detroit's Big Three automakers and oil giant Texaco—have, like the glaciers, melted away from the fight. But, for the hardest of the hard core, these are glorious days.

Like holdouts in the Alamo, the last of the skeptics plug away at the thousands of mainstream scientists now arrayed against them. They take potshots at the scores of studies that say global warming is here, aiming for small incongruities. And they bridle when asked if they take money, as nearly all do, from ExxonMobil.

Many of the skeptics are curmudgeons: old, bald, and bitter. But not Myron Ebell. Tall, slim, and youthful at 53, his blond hair swept back from a handsome face set off by serious glasses, Ebell is one of that rare breed, an elegant nerd. On television, facing

GROOMING BY NICCI, PROPS

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER



the perfect manicure slips you into party mode,
do your sunglasses?



LENSCRAFTERS®
open your eyes

rames: Dolce & Gabbana 2019 ©2007 LensCrafters, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

lenscrafters.com

interrogation by moderators who clearly feel he should be tarred and feathered for his views, he stays cool and fires back with withering zingers. In the recent surprise hit movie *Thank You for Smoking,* based on Christopher Buckley's novel, actor Aaron Eckhardt played a tobacco lobbyist who jokes about being a merchant of death and gleefully outdebates all comers. Ebell could easily star in the sequel, *Thank You for Warming.*

Ebell is a public-policy wonk—not, he hastens to clarify, a lobbyist for the energy industry, as many of his fellow skeptics are, or a scientist whose research is underwritten by the energy industry, or a politician who takes contributions from the energy industry. He lives in a suburb of Washington, D.C., where he and his wife are raising four children, ranging in age from an 11-year-old son to a 21-year-old daughter, all of whom, Ebell says proudly, take a skeptical view of global warming. He goes to work at a think tank on Connecticut Avenue called the Competitive Enterprise Institute (C.E.I.), where his office is modest, but not his influence.

Every day, journalists around the world call C.E.I. for its take on the latest global-warming studies, and Ebell, or one of his colleagues who also deal with the press—Marlo Lewis, Iain Murray, and Christopher Horner—happily obliges. The journalists like to air all views—"on the one hand, on the other"—so they plug in Ebell's latest retorts, giving them equal weight with new scientific findings. Gore is right in one sense: almost no scientist doubts that global warming is here, that man-made greenhouse gases are to blame, or that if we don't cut back on those gases fairly soon we'll be in a heap of trouble. But as the "other hand" in all those news stories, Ebell and his quotable cohorts sustain the impression that a scientific debate is still raging. The more studies that confirm global warming, the more ink Ebell gets. Journalist Ross Gelbspan, a longtime skeptic-tracker, says that's how the skeptics operate. With those doubts neatly planted in the press, the public shrugs, politicians push the problem off to another day, and ExxonMobil parries new fossil-fuel regulations, earning more windfall profits in exchange for a pittance to the skeptics and their work.

Like its ideological soulmates, C.E.I. has taken money—a considerable amount—from ExxonMobil. Ebell says that's irrelevant. "We're not beholden to our donors, because we don't say, 'If you give us this money, we'll do this project,'" he explains, tilting back nonchalantly in a C.E.I. conference-room chair. "I can't even quite tell you who supports us on global warming." In fact, Ebell could go to the ExxonMobil Web site and see that in 2005 the oil giant gave C.E.I. $270,000, a not inconsiderable portion of the institute's $3.7 million budget, and that between 1998 and 2005 ExxonMobil gave it more than $2 million. He could also ask one of his colleagues and learn that C.E.I. gets money from the American Petroleum Institute, various pharmaceutical companies (Dow Chemical, Eli Lilly), and William A. Dunn of Dunn Capital Management. But he says he's never done that. Since its founding, 23 years ago, by free marketer Fred Smith as an all-purpose bullhorn against government regulations, C.E.I. has simply tinkered with issues it chooses—from higher mileage standards in cars (bad) to the Endangered Species Act (worse)—trying to affect public policy and hoping donors come along for the ride.

That may be how C.E.I. sees it. To ExxonMobil, though, C.E.I. has been one of the brightest stars in its constellation of climate skeptics. Other oil companies fund global-warming-skeptic think tanks through the American Petroleum Institute, and various coal interests weigh in, too. But, for the skeptics, ExxonMobil is Big Daddy.

From 1998 to 2005, ExxonMobil spent a reported $16 million funding climate studies at some three dozen institutes. The recipients range from the well-known right-wing clearinghouse American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research ($240,000 from ExxonMobil in 2005) to the obscure Committee for a Constructive Tomorrow ($90,000 in 2005), bookends to a Who's Who of skeptics. None of these groups has any standing in mainstream climate science. Their fellows and scholars crank out policy papers that purport to disprove the latest findings about global warming and only rarely publish studies in peer-reviewed technical scientific journals. Instead, the institutes publish the papers themselves or get sympathetic newspapers such as *The Wall Street Journal* and *The Washington Times* to run them as op-ed pieces. From there, the papers are taken up by a handful of lawmakers—such as Oklahoma Republican senator James Inhofe and Texas Republican congressman Joe Barton, who deride global warming as an alarmist hoax—and get disseminated on the Internet like viral advertising. It's an all too effective approach.

The stars, as in any constellation, are an eclectic bunch. They include fringe scientists such as David Legates and Patrick Michaels, of the George C. Marshall Institute ($115,000 from ExxonMobil in 2005), a Washington-based public-policy think tank; economists like Kyoto Protocol–basher Margo Thorning, of the American Council for Capital Formation ($360,000 from Exxon-Mobil in 2005); and historical-climate theorists such as the Battling Idsos—father Sherwood, sons Craig and Keith—of the Center for the Study of Carbon Dioxide and Global Change ($25,000 from ExxonMobil in 2005), who say high levels of CO_2 in the prehistoric era led to lush plant life and better times for all. The skeptics appear on one another's panels, defend one another's work, and give the public the sense that mainstream scientists are nothing more than so many Chicken Littles. The case for global warming has grown all but irrefutable, yet the skeptics have enjoyed enormous influence, for the audience that matters most to them occupies the White House. Eagerly, their papers have been snatched up by the Bush administration as rationales for all manner of public policy, from striking down the Kyoto Protocol to blocking any cap on carbon dioxide emissions.

C.E.I. has become the best known of these global-warming skeptics not just because Ebell is as quotable as he is. Like the hero of *Thank You for Smoking,* he courts notoriety. He first made the news a few years ago when a Bush White House senior official named Phil Cooney was caught watering down language on global warm-

"Everybody knows [CO_2 has] been higher" in the past, says Ebell, "just more than 650,000 years ago."*

* "Yeah, CO_2 was higher in the early Cretaceous period," says climatologist Michael Mann. "But nature produced these changes . . . on timescales of tens of millions of years!"

Dear Ketel One Drinker
You could add tonic or soda
or lemonade or lime.
Then again, you could do
a lot of things.

ing in a U.S. government report issued by the Environmental Protection Agency. Ebell, as an e-mail later showed, advised the once and future oil-industry flack on how to spin the embarrassment. Not long after, Ebell stirred the wrath of the British Parliament by declaring in a BBC radio interview that the U.K.'s chief scientific adviser, Sir David King, had made a "ridiculous claim" on global warming despite knowing "nothing about climate science." The House of Commons proposed a motion to censure Ebell. (The motion never passed, Ebell says wistfully.) Last year, C.E.I. ran a public-service commercial on television about carbon dioxide so cheeky it verged on parody. "They call it pollution," ran the tagline about CO_2. "We call it life." Ebell was delighted at the howls it provoked.

There is, however, one key difference between Ebell and his doppelgänger in Chris Buckley's novel. The tobacco lobbyist of the novel and upcoming TV series is a cynic: he knows he's blowing smoke. Ebell actually seems to believe what he's saying. Which is remarkable, really, because every one of his arguments, put to scrutiny by a murderer's row of the country's top climate scientists, seems to fall apart.

Like any effective debater, Ebell tends to start by ceding a point or two. It disarms the opposition. "Everyone knows CO_2 is a greenhouse gas," he says blithely. "All things being equal, if you add CO_2 to the atmosphere, you'll get a little warming."

Actually, that's a revision of what Ebell's fellow contrarians believed in the early 1990s. They used to say that all the CO_2 and other greenhouse gases put into the air by man since the start of the industrial age had caused no warming at all. They said this because that was what satellite readings suggested if you read them a certain way and if you decided the satellites were right and all temperature readings taken on the surface of the earth were wrong. Unfortunately for the skeptics, it was the satellite readings that turned out to be wrong. So the skeptics retreated to a view that Ebell still holds. "There has been a little bit of warming," as he puts it, "but it's been very modest and well within the range for natural variability, and whether it's caused by human beings or not, it's nothing to worry about."

This view, too, needs revision, though Ebell isn't surrendering that ground quite yet. Precisely to test the "range for natural variability," climatologist Michael Mann and colleagues charted temperatures going back 1,000 years. They did this by studying the natural records of climate in tree rings, ice cores from glaciers, and coral reefs. The temperature, they found, made modest zigs and zags until the late 19th century—a range of natural variability just as the skeptics claimed. But once the industrial age got under way there was a dramatic rise in global temperatures not seen in the past 1,000 years, concurrent with CO_2 concentrations rising from their pre-industrial level of 280 parts per million to their current level of 380 parts per million. Now the climbing lines of the graph shot up like a hockey stick laid on its side. Hence the hockey-stick debate.

Ebell and his fellow skeptics have poured no end of bile on Mann and his hockey stick—because if Mann's findings are true, the skeptics have no case. The graph is global warming proved. The skeptics say the evidence is shaky for the earliest centuries of Mann's 1,000-year period. So the hockey stick, they declare, is wrong.

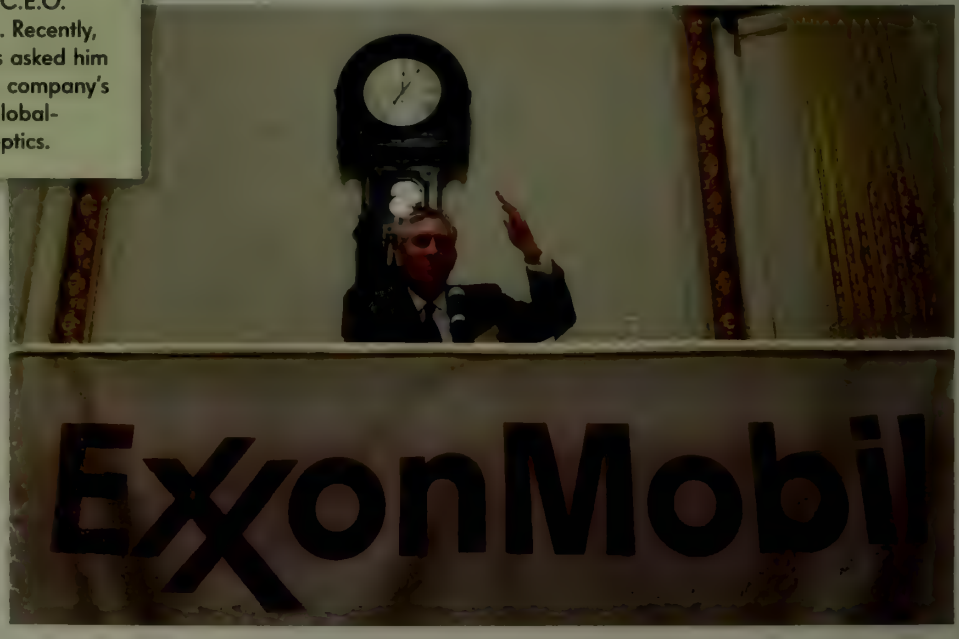
To settle the debate, the National Academy of Sciences reviewed Mann's hockey-stick data and methodology last year, along with similar studies. The N.A.S. concluded that Mann's evidence for the years from 1600 to the present was very solid indeed. It said the evidence for the years from 1000 to 1600 was necessarily less solid—fewer tree rings and ice cores to go by—but, overall, Mann's evidence did suggest that the 20th century was warmer than any of those six centuries, too.

"Which is exactly what we said in our original report," observes Mann, now a professor at Pennsylvania State University. The headline in Mann's report had noted the "limitations and caveats" of the evidence, given how far back it went. "The principle of caution is what scientists go by," Mann says. Ebell and the skeptics had pounced on those caveats to conclude that Mann didn't know what he was talking about. "It's not surprising coming from C.E.I.," Mann adds. "I've never seen any evidence that they have any interest in being intellectually honest."

"The complaint about the hockey stick has been that the people who did the research didn't know what they were doing," Ebell maintains. "The methodology they used was not adequate to properly evaluate

"We're not beholden to our donors," says Ebell. "I can't even quite tell you who supports us on global warming."*

* In fact, Ebell could go to the ExxonMobil Web site and see that between 1998 and 2005 Exxon gave C.E.I. more than $2 million.



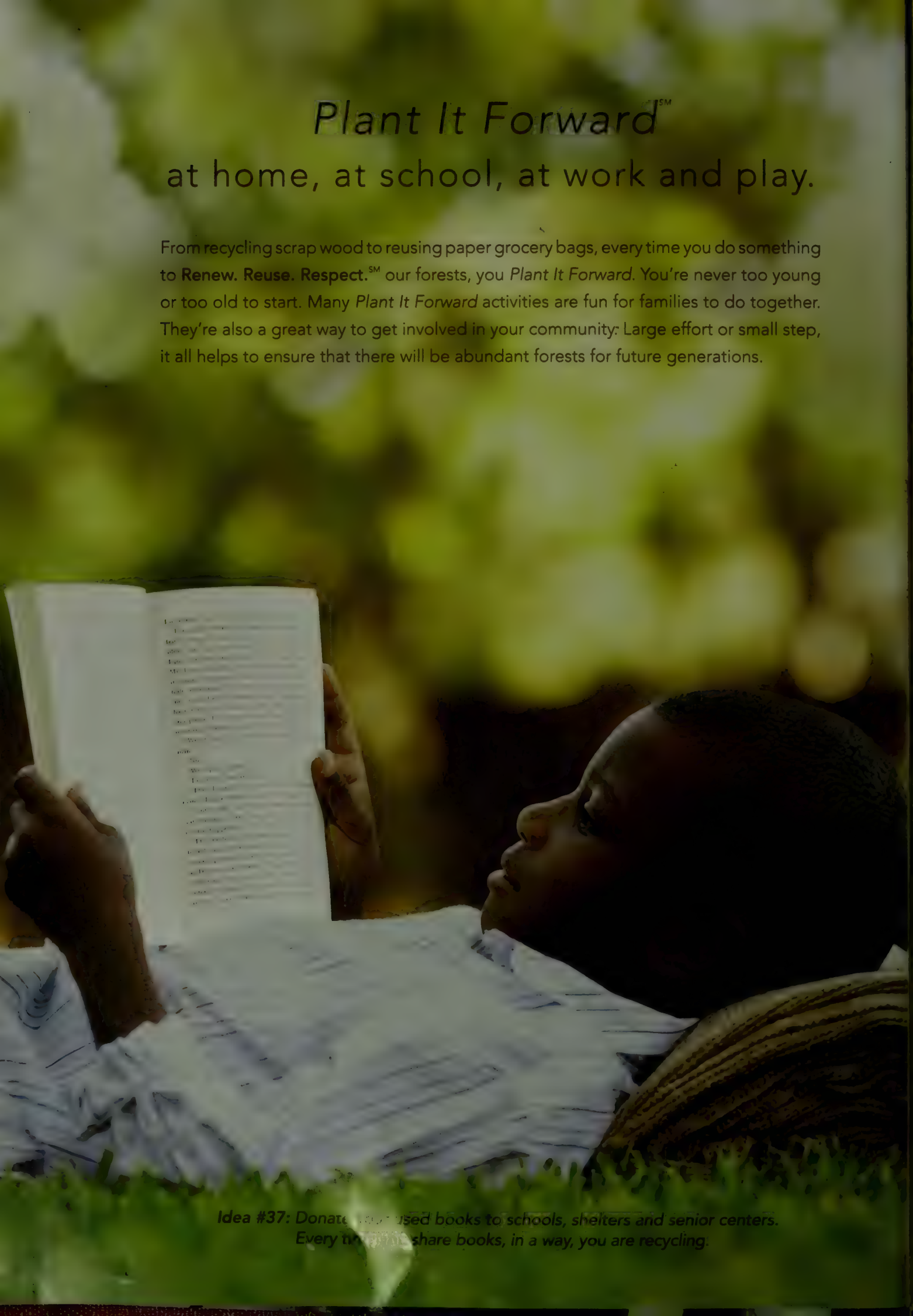
WELL-OILED MACHINE ExxonMobil C.E.O. Rex Tillerson. Recently, two senators asked him to cease the company's support of global-warming skeptics.

DANIEL ACKER


Considering all that
forests give us,
now there's a way
to give something back.
Plant it Forward℠
at abundantforests.org
It's free. It's easy.
It will make a difference.
Idea #10: Take your family for a hike in the forest.

Plant It Forward℠
at home, at school, at work and play.

From recycling scrap wood to reusing paper grocery bags, every time you do something to **Renew. Reuse. Respect.**℠ our forests, you *Plant It Forward*. You're never too young or too old to start. Many *Plant It Forward* activities are fun for families to do together. They're also a great way to get involved in your community: Large effort or small step, it all helps to ensure that there will be abundant forests for future generations.



***Idea #37:** Donate [illegible] used books to schools, shelters and senior centers. Every time you share books, in a way, you are recycling.*

abundantforests.org

Home base for the *Plant It Forward*℠ movement.



Pick 3 activities. *From gifts you can make out of wood and paper to e-conscious ways to shop, choose your favorite* Plant It Forward *activities on this site.*



Tell 3 friends. *Let others know about* Plant It Forward, *ask them to visit the site and choose 3 activities. Then they'll tell 3 friends, and so on. The more who get involved, the better for our forests.*

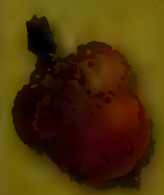
Did you know that there are about the same number of forest acres in the U.S. today as 100 years ago, even though our population has tripled? Our forests are amazing. As a renewable resource, they can continually regrow themselves, especially when we give them proper management and care. And the wood and paper products that forests give us can be reused, renewed and recycled. They're biodegradable, too.

For decades, the men and women of the wood and paper products industry have been carefully managing our forests to keep them abundant, while also meeting America's growing need for wood and paper. We plant 1.7 million new trees every day, which more than makes up for what is harvested. But if we all *Plant It Forward*, we can do even more to ensure abundant forests and forest products for future generations.

Visit **abundantforests.org** today and get started on the future of our forests.



See what others are doing. *Businesses, Scout troops, school sports teams—everyone is getting involved in* Plant It Forward. *See what individuals and groups are doing in your area and nationwide.*

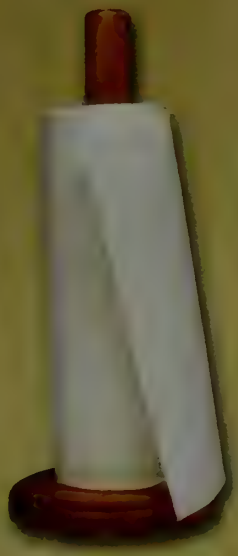


Share your ideas. *Send in your* Plant It Forward *ideas, pictures and videos to info@abundantforests.org*

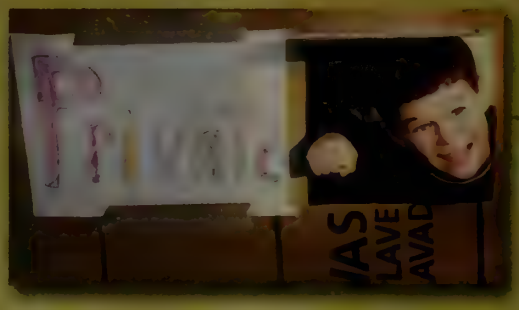
Abundant Forests Alliance

Renew. Reuse. Respect.℠

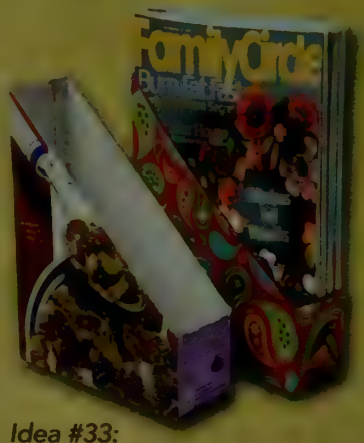
How do you *Plant It Forward*℠? There are hundreds of ways.



Idea #48:
Disposable paper products are often a better choice because they help to prevent the spread of germs, save water and energy.



Idea #20: *Cardboard boxes make great forts, castles and race cars.*



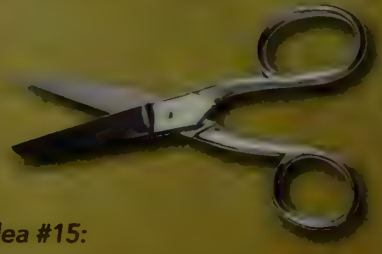
Idea #33:
Turn empty cereal boxes into shelf organizers by cutting them on the diagonal. Then decorate with gift wrap or other paper you have around the house.



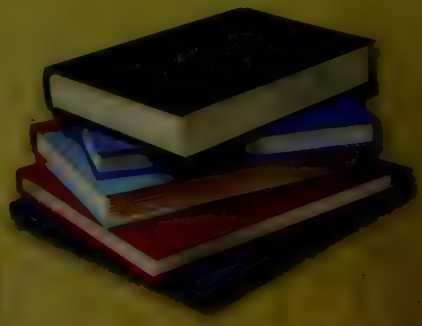
Idea #135:
Use paper coffee cups to grow seedlings on your windowsill at work.



Idea #204:
Recycle more kinds of paper, including magazines, clean food packaging, direct mail, cardboard and envelopes.



Idea #15:
Cut out this page and put on your fridge or bulletin board to remind yourself to Plant It Forward every way you can.



Idea #103:
Today's paper bag is tomorrow's bookcover. Cut off the handles and bottom; slit up one side and fold in the ends.

Find them all at **abundantforests.org**

Abundant Forests Alliance

Renew. Reuse. Respect™

©2007 Abundant Forests Alliance

the data that they had." (The N.A.S. specifically rejected that charge in their report.)

In the documentary-film version of *An Inconvenient Truth,* Al Gore stands beside an elongated hockey stick—a graph that goes back not just 1,000 years but 650,000 years. The story it tells is the same. Ebell says the Gore chart is not just inaccurate but misleading in a profound way because it implies that CO_2 levels have never been higher than they are now. "Everybody knows it's been higher than that," Ebell says of CO_2 in the past, "just more than 650,000 years ago, which is when Gore started counting."

It's a canny point. If earth survived prehistoric periods of higher CO_2, when man and industry had nothing to do with it, why are we worrying about CO_2 now?

"Yeah, CO_2 was higher in the early Cretaceous period," Mann explains. "It probably exceeded 1,000 parts per million. And, yes, temperatures were almost certainly higher then, too. But nature produced these changes in greenhouse-gas concentrations—from volcanic activity and plate tectonics that released gases trapped in the solid earth—on timescales of tens of millions of years! Eco-systems and species were thus able to adapt," Mann says. "Now we're talking about dramatic changes in the period of a century or so. There's no evidence that nature knows how to adapt so quickly."

Ebell is unfazed by such seemingly authoritative talk. O.K., he says: if CO_2 levels have indeed gone up a third in the last hundred years, as Gore's hockey-stick chart indicates, and global temperature is supposed to follow, why haven't we seen a commensurate rise in temperature?

"That's pure nonsense," Mann says. "As we increase CO_2 levels, we are changing the boundary conditions, if you will, too rapidly for the climate to be in equilibrium while we do this. So the climate is always trying to catch up to what we've done." The correlation between CO_2 and temperature, he says, has been studied very well in physics and chemistry. "Our best estimates indicate that the increase in CO_2 from pre-industrial levels to the present has already produced roughly 1.5 degrees Fahrenheit of warming in global temperatures."

Ebell is ready for that. What if the earth has actually embarked on a natural cooling phase—a new Little Ice Age—and the CO_2 we're putting out there is *offsetting* it? After all, says Ebell, "we just came out of a Little Ice Age in the middle of the 19th century. And the Little Ice Age was a time of great trial for human civilization."

"Another specious argument," Mann says. First, he says, the so-called Little Ice Age wasn't a major event in terms of impact on global temperature: "While Europe cooled, the tropical Pacific was in an unusually warm state. So you can't just broad-brush the global temperature changes in this way. Models and paleoclimate data both suggest that the global cooling during the Little Ice Age was modest, much smaller than the global warming of the past century." The skeptics say that natural changes, such as a slight reduction in solar intensity, made the Little Ice Age happen. Ebell's suggestion is that that could be happening again. Mann observes that there's no evidence of this. Even if solar variations have had some modest effect on climate today, he adds, they would be more than offset by greenhouse-gas warming. Given the huge and growing volume of gases mankind is generating, says Mann, such natural factors would be dwarfed.

As indeed they are. Every year now, with no discernible slowing from "natural variations" such as solar intensity and volcanic activity, global mean temperatures rise. Twenty-one of the 22 hottest years on record have occurred in the last 25 years. The only reason temperatures rise, agrees virtually every climate scientist not funded by ExxonMobil, is the increasing prevalence of man-made greenhouse gases.

As these hot years accumulate, a skeptic of less determination might throw in the towel—after mopping his brow with it—but not Ebell. He says that one of the three official records of those surface temperatures—the one kept by NASA—is "cooked," because the agency's weather stations are often set too close to "urban heat islands," which read disproportionately high, and that other stations fail to cover large rural areas. The other two records show that 2005 wasn't as warm as 1998. That, Ebell says, is more evidence we're at the start of a cooling period.

Unfortunately for this novel theory, 2006 has just been declared the hottest year on record in the United States. "The United States is not the world," Ebell says. "It's a very small part of the world."

A lot of very strange weather appears to be occurring as a result of those rising temperatures. Global warming, scientists say, evaporates moisture from wet land, leading to more precipitation. It sucks up what little moisture resides in dry land, producing more droughts. As global warming accelerates, they say, the climates of both kinds of terrain will grow more extreme.

Ebell says no. "This is crazy," he declares. "Who could possibly believe that? You can't predict regional climate change." He claims that the federally funded U.S. National Assessment of Climate Change proved this. "They had two climate models for the precipitation impact of global warming in the Midwest. One showed the Midwest becoming a desert and the other one showed Kansas becoming as lush as Indiana."

"Those studies are dated and irrelevant," says Kevin Trenberth, one of the country's foremost climate experts. Trenberth heads the Climate Analysis Section of the National Center for Atmospheric Research (NCAR), in Boulder, Colorado. "They were done in about 1995," he says of the studies. "The state of climate modeling was immature.... As many as 23 models since then have superseded them. These models can now simulate the last hundred years quite well, and thus are useful for broadscale predictions of the future."

Those models, says Trenberth, prove that the global mean temperature has gone up about 1.5 degrees Fahrenheit in that time, most of that since the 1970s. "Warmer air holds more water," Trenberth explains. "So in the U.S. the overall precipitation since 1900 has gone up, mostly in the last 35 years, by 7 percent. Heavy rainfall has gone up 14 percent, and the heaviest

"It was warmer in the Arctic in the 30s and 40s than it is today," says Ebell. "This is how you cook the data, and this is what these people are all about."*

* "We have historical records that go back 400,000 years," says the American Meteorological Society's Dr. Robert Corell. "The whole Arctic is warmer today than it's been in the last thousand years."



An encouraged child can do amazing things.



foto / Anne Hecht: Brian Bowen Smith

Festival of Children Foundation

rainfall—the top 1 percent—has gone up by 20 percent. It rains more, and when it rains, it rains harder than it used to, and that certainly applies to the Midwest." Dry areas of the U.S., mainly the Southwest, do become drier as warm air pulls up what little moisture there is in the soil, Trenberth says, and so one sees more droughts. "There's simply no rational reason to doubt that those trends will not continue if global temperatures rise, as they seem set to do."

Mainstream scientists say that, along with a warming atmosphere, our oceans are heating up, too. "I think that's made up," Ebell says. "I understand that the oceans are primarily heated by direct solar radiation. I do not understand how—beyond just the surface—they are heated by the warming up of the atmosphere. It seems to me that the atmosphere would have to warm up significantly above the previous level before that radiation could actually heat up the ocean."

"That's the most preposterous bullshit I've ever heard," exclaims Tom Wigley, another senior scientist at NCAR and coauthor of a new study on ocean warming. "Perhaps that would be the case if the oceans didn't move. But the ocean is continually moving, horizontally and vertically, and continually mixing heat down to the depths. The top 100 meters has warmed about the same amount as the atmosphere—about one and a half degrees Fahrenheit. The deeper ocean warms much more slowly, but each degree increase in atmospheric temperature does propagate down.... In fact, the amount of warming agrees exceptionally well with what computer models say should have happened." Wigley says the models suggest that the rate of ocean warming in the 21st century will probably be four times greater than in the 20th century.

Ebell has a phrase for such predictions. Computer models for predicting climate, he says, "don't even pass the laugh test."

Wigley is astonished: "Does he think modeling is a hoax? Has he ever tried to talk to people about this?, I wonder. Or is he just having a guess?" Wigley observes that scientists have charted actual weather data from the 20th century, then programmed computer models to see how well the models predict the weather that actually occurred. "There are hundreds of papers," says Wigley, "showing that models do a fantastically good job."*

Warming oceans already appear to have stirred tropical hurricanes of greater intensity and duration than in the past, though scientists are wary of suggesting that any particular storm—Katrina, for example—is the direct result of warming. What they do say, Wigley observes, is that, if warming trends continue, ocean storms will definitely grow stronger.

Ebell has a cheerier forecast. "Everybody involved in this debate who knows anything about storms knows that a warmer world will be a more stable planet with less big storms," he says. "There may be more hurricanes... but most of the big storms that kill a lot of people are in the winter, right? Cold kills a lot more people than warmth."

Scientists who do believe the ocean is warming—which is to say, nearly all of them—can already measure the cost to sea life. Researchers at the Sir Alistair Hardy Foundation for Ocean Science, in Plymouth, England, have found that, as a result of warming, the entire eco-system of the North Sea is in a state of "ecological meltdown."

Ebell disputes that. "If the oceans are warming, or the acidity is changing, that will benefit some species more than others," he says. "Some will take over, others will die out or move on somewhere else. The oceans are changing all the time."

For oceanographers, one worrisome sign lies right offshore: in tropical oceans all over the world, coral reefs are bleaching and dying as the acidity caused by warming, apparently, kills the plankton that sustain them.

Ebell is unconcerned. "My impression of corals," he says, "is that they have successfully adapted in the past to warmer temperatures and to cooler temperatures, and there is a good deal of evidence that they can adapt—that they actually changed their composition based on the temperature and the chemistry of the waters surrounding them over time."

"He is, of course, right and, of course, wrong," replies Dr. Elliott Norse, president of the Marine Conservation Biology Institute. "Corals and their relatives have lived on earth for hundreds of millions of years. They've been more and less abundant, if you take the long view. On the other hand, there have been cataclysmic changes that have happened five previous times in the earth's history. The last was 65 million years ago when a celestial body the size of Mt. Everest hit the earth and caused the extinction of dinosaurs and many other species. It was not a nice time to be around, as I'm sure Mr. Ebell would have found in the minutes before he died."

Actually, warming has already affected countless species on land—or so say experts such as James Hansen, the NASA scientist who first sounded the alarm about global warming, two decades ago. Warming temperatures, he says, are forcing animals to migrate north out of their habitats. As they do, they disrupt the chain of life in their eco-systems, putting themselves and other species at risk. They may also run into man-made barriers that kill them, leading ultimately to their extinction.

"I've never seen a good study on that," Ebell counters. "What you see are studies that show that animals are living at higher elevations than they used to, or higher latitudes. Like you find robins now all over Canada."

Most immediately threatened, says Hansen, are animals of the polar climates: they have nowhere colder to go. As their world warms, the icebergs on which many of them live are melting, dooming them to drown. "Polar bears, in effect, will be pushed off the planet," Hansen has written.

"James Hansen was not trained as a climate scientist," Ebell says. "He was trained as an astronomer. He's a physicist. His dissertation was on the atmosphere of Venus, and he has applied what he's learned in physics and in astronomy to become a climate scientist, but you know from him talking about species' going north, he knows nothing about biology. Have you seen Legates's study?"

David Legates is another hard-core skeptic, director of the University of Delaware's Center for Climatic Research, who recently issued a paper declaring that only 2 of the world's 20 polar-bear populations are decreasing. Most of the others are stable; two are growing. What Ebell neglects to mention is that Legates's paper was published by another think tank, the National

Computer models for predicting climate "don't even pass the laugh test," Ebell says.*

* "There are hundreds of papers showing that models do a fantastically good job," says the National Center for Atmospheric Research's Tom Wigley.



Jess Jackson, Taylor Peak Estate, Bennett Valley

KENDALL-JACKSON

Understanding the *grand cru* concept allows us to make our wine taste even better. Simply stated, *grand cru* is the French concept of designating a specific single vineyard, estate or château as showing the highest potential for greatness. Factors that determine this distinction are the superior balance of well-drained soils, preponderance of thin soil, the micro-weather of that special place such as angle of light to the sun, and the level of exposure to warm temperatures and cooling moisture from coastal fog or mist.

The *grand cru* concept is the approach my family and I have adopted when selecting the land that will produce our grapes.

We have found that the mountains, ridges, hillsides and benchlands along California's cool coastal region possess the ideal terroir to deliver world-class grapes with rich, intense and complex flavors. This is where you will find our Jackson Estates Grown Vineyards. We select the finest grapes from our best estate vineyards and blend them to make our highly celebrated Vintner's Reserve. In other words, the ultimate blending of *grand cru*. Because we believe you can taste the difference.

It is my understanding that many of you enjoy the taste of our wines but aren't sure why. Hopefully, I can help with the facts and **A Taste of the Truth.**

Jess S. Jackson

kj.com/truth

© 2007 Kendall-Jackson Wine Estates

Center for Policy Analysis—whose global-warming-denial research was partially funded in 2005 with a $75,000 contribution from ExxonMobil—not in a peer-reviewed scientific journal.

The polar-bear study that *was* peer-reviewed—predicting that polar bears are moving toward extinction—was the work of more than 300 scientists and experts around the world in a consortium called the Arctic Climate Impact Assessment. Even the U.S. Department of the Interior has now proposed that polar bears be listed as threatened under the Endangered Species Act because polar sea ice is melting—an extraordinary admission for an administration philosophically aligned with the skeptics. But Ebell is unwilling to concede that polar bears are in any trouble at all.

The assessment team also concluded that the Arctic is warming twice as fast as the rest of the world—with some parts of Alaska warming as much as 10 times as fast. As a consequence, over the past 30 years, areas of ocean that are at least 15 percent ice have decreased annually by nearly 390,000 square miles, an area larger than Norway, Sweden, and Denmark combined. "We're facing unprecedented changes," says Dr. Robert Corell, senior policy fellow at the American Meteorological Society, who chaired the study.

"Corell is not a climate scientist," Ebell says. "He's not an Arctic expert. He's not a glaciologist. He's not any of those things. He is an oceanographer and an engineer."

The whole Arctic assessment, he declares, is cooked data. "If you look at the temperature graph ... they show a strong warming trend in the last 34 years.... They cut the data off at 1950. There's a well-known Arctic temperature record that goes back to the early years of the 20th century. The reason they cut it off at 1950 is it was warmer in the Arctic in the 30s and 40s than it is today." The truth, Ebell says, is that "the Arctic warms and cools according to a period of natural cycles of several decades. And we're now in the warm phase; in the 50s and 60s and 70s we were in the cool phase. This is how you cook the data, and this is what these people are all about."

"That's baloney," Corell says. "We did go back further; we have historical records that go back 400,000 years. Parts of the Arctic were probably a little warmer in the 1930s than they are today, but the whole Arctic is warmer today certainly than it's been in the last thousand years—and probably a lot longer than that."

As for his background, Corell notes that, after studying engineering and oceanography, he made his first trip to the Arctic in 1968 and has been in and out of it ever since, taking sediment cores and writing papers, all while heading up the National Science Foundation's climate-study program. "I have never met Ebell," he adds. "He's never contacted me or sent anyone in the assessment any questions."

Corell's team feels that if warming continues at current rates the Arctic polar ice cap will soon start melting completely every summer. Ebell says so what. "The period in which the ice might disappear is a fairly limited one," he says. Besides, he points out, the Arctic polar cap is ice that's floating on water. "So that doesn't have any effect on sea levels at all—just like the ice cubes in your drink, when they melt, they don't change the level."

The same can't be said for the ice sheets over much of Greenland and all of Antarctica: they sit on land. In *An Inconvenient Truth,* Al Gore explains how the melting of either the Greenland ice sheet or the western arm of the Antarctica ice sheet would increase the level of the world's oceans by as much as 20 feet, inundating low-lying coastal areas from the Maldives to Manhattan. Ebell says that all this is exaggerated or plain wrong. The new alarm about Greenland, he points out, was based on a study of three years of melting. "It's melting slightly faster than it was four years ago, and we get worldwide consternation."

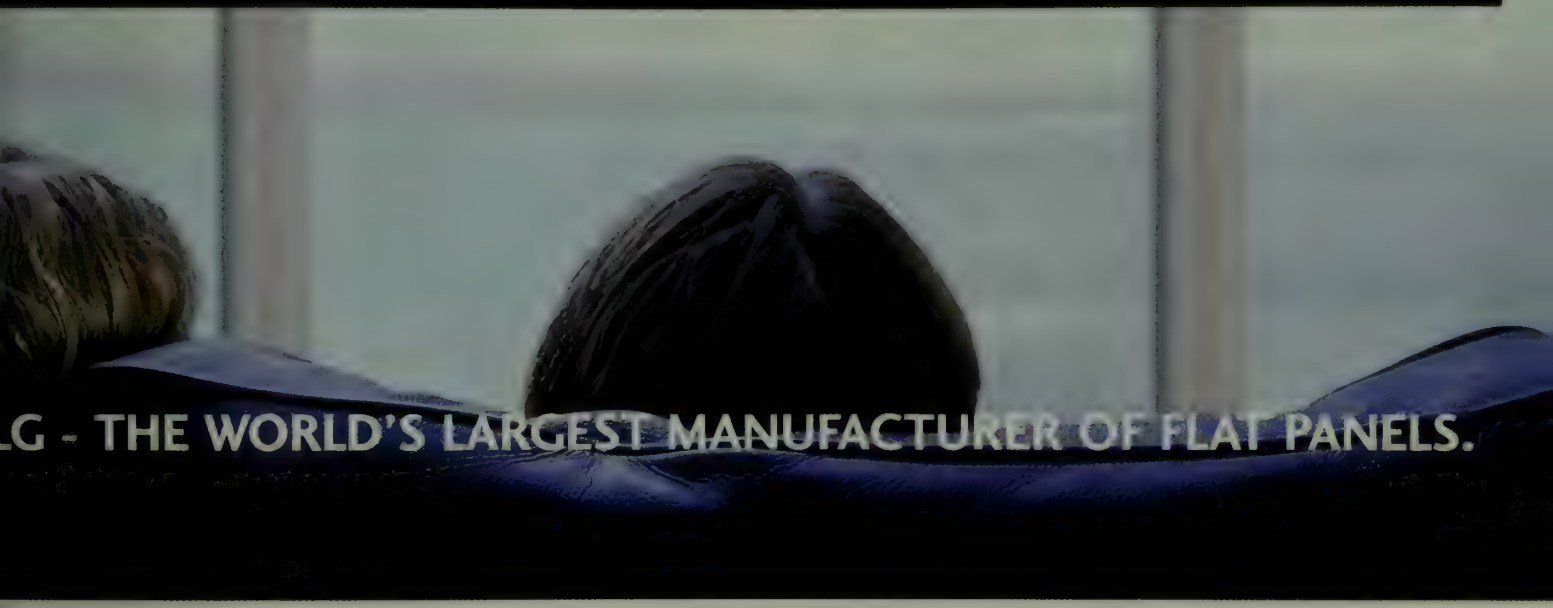


SOME LIKE IT HOT
"A warmer world will be a more stable planet," says Ebell. "Cold kills a lot more people than warmth."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER

Though he likes to bash scientists for working outside their degreed fields, Ebell, it turns out, isn't a scientist at all. He majored in philosophy at the University of California in San Diego, then studied political theory at the London School of Economics and history at Cambridge. He was, he readily admits, a misfit growing up in rural Oregon on his father's 2,000-acre cattle ranch: a "pointy-headed intellectual" who "loathed the counterculture." He was a misfit in England, too, he discovered: not smart enough to get a fellowship at Cambridge, as Ebell modestly puts it, and not English enough to make do with the modest pay of an English academic. So he returned—with his Albuquerque-born wife, whom he'd







As the world's largest manufacturer of flat panels*, more people feel, see and experience more in front of an LG Plasma or LCD flat panel than any other. LG's award-winning flat panels come in lots of different sizes and styles. Many equipped with innovations like built-in DVR and full HD 1080p. To see more reasons why more of the world watches an LG flat panel than any other, go to www.lgusa.com.

Experienced as...Entertaining as...Innovative as LG

LG
Life's Good

©2006 LG Electronics USA, Inc. Englewood Cliffs, NJ. LG Design and Life's Good are trademarks of LG Electronics, Inc. *Based on plasma and LCD module production Q1 2006. Full HD 1080p available only on selected models. Screen images simulated.

www.LGusa.com



met in England—to the U.S., working a succession of public-policy jobs in Washington, carving out conservative positions on property rights, federal lands, and endangered species. In none of those realms did he have any more than his curiosity and convictions.

"I'm not claiming to be a climate authority—the way Jim Hansen is, or Robert Corell," says Ebell. "Every interview I do, when I'm asked about scientific issues, I say I'm not a climate scientist. I'm just giving you the informed layman's perspective.... If science is going to be discussed in the public arena, then shouldn't people other than scientists be allowed to participate? Isn't that what a representative democracy is?"

With evidence of global warming piling ever higher, even the best of the skeptics has a harder time making his case. So Ebell and his colleagues have hit on a new theme. Maybe warming will occur at more than modest rates in the future, he acknowledges.

Some people think that's not so bad.

"People prefer warmer climates," Ebell declares. "They do better in them. People do better in Phoenix than they do in Buffalo. They feel better, they're happier, they're more productive. They live longer."

All predictions of global warming, Ebell observes, suggest that the tropics will stay about the same. The real effects of warming will be in the upper latitudes. "Northern cities like Saskatoon will be more like Calgary, and Bismarck, North Dakota, will be more like Kansas City, and Kansas City will be more like Oklahoma City. Now, is this really bad?"

Yes, it is, says Dr. Paul R. Epstein, of the Center for Health and the Global Environment at Harvard Medical School. "It's not just the warming," he says. Or the storms and other weather extremes. Or the stress put on visible creatures of sea and land. "It's the pests and diseases!"

Epstein has studied the spread of malarial mosquitoes to ever higher mountain altitudes in Asia, Latin America, and Africa. "In the very places where glaciers are retreating and plant communities are migrating upward and temperatures are warming, mosquitoes are circulating." The pattern is consistent from one continent's mountains to the next. "That," Epstein notes, "creates conditions conducive to disease transmission at high altitudes."

Wrong again, says Ebell. "What Paul Epstein publishes is total rubbish," he exclaims. "Temperature is one of the least important factors in the spread of tropical diseases. Malaria didn't used to be called a tropical disease, because it was endemic throughout the world. It's tropical now because it's the rich countries that were able to eradicate it." Actually, that's not true. Malaria was originally called ague or marsh fever because it emanated from warm-weather swamps. Mosquitoes are warm-weather carriers, and the pioneering work done more than a century ago to identify them as carriers, before rich countries had any inkling they were to blame, was done in Algeria, Cuba, and India—all tropical or subtropical climes.

Epstein has another example: bark beetles. Not long ago, vigilant forestry had drastically reduced their prevalence in the U.S. Now because of warmer winters, he says, they've spread back north as far as Alaska. Frost used to kill them off, but now they "overwinter" and produce more generations each year as they go. "They kill the trees, laying eggs inside the bark," Epstein explains. "So we see vast stands of dead trees, and more forest fires."

Ebell says he grew up with bark beetles on his family's ranch. Their recent spread, he says, is simply due to poor forest management, not global warming. "Epstein is a medical doctor, not a scientist," he says. "He's a mountebank."

"What does that even mean?" Epstein

says wonderingly. Though the Harvard doctor does know who Ebell is: "He works for that group funded by ExxonMobil, doesn't he?"

Every five to seven years now, the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (I.P.C.C.), a United Nations–backed consortium of more than 2,500 experts from around the world, issues a voluminous report on global climate—the largest exercise in scientific research ever undertaken. Drafts of the latest report—the fourth—began appearing in February. Its conclusions are devastating. Casting aside the scientific caution of the first three reports, it says global warming is "unequivocal" and largely man-made. It predicts with greater than 90 percent confidence that if carbon dioxide levels rise to double what they were in pre-industrial times, which they'll likely do by the end of the century if fossil-fuel emissions aren't drastically cut, they will push global mean temperatures up between 3.5 and 8 degrees. That would warm the earth to a level not seen in 125,000 years. (That last rise was, of course, a very gradual one, allowing nature to adjust, not a flip-switch jolt in the blink of 350 years.) Already, the warming that's occurred seems likely to increase sea levels 7 to 23 inches by 2100. That's without taking into account the consequences of polar-ice-cap melting, the factor that Al Gore, James Hansen, and others say might cause sea levels to rise by 20 feet or more. The I.P.C.C. scientists say they can't predict the rate of ice-cap melting, and are forbidden, by their United Nations charter, to include speculation. So they just leave that part out. A second part, issued in March, predicts tens of millions of environmental refugees each year from flooding, the rampant spread of tropical diseases (including malaria), and widespread starvation by 2080.

Ebell says the I.P.C.C.'s verdicts are highly misleading. Most of those 2,500 experts work on small, specific bits of one of three 1,000-page reports. Their work isn't alarmist. Only the summaries are. "Who writes the summary for policymakers?," Ebell asks. "The member governments that belong to the I.P.C.C., not the scientists who work on the three 1,000-page case reports."

"Mr. Ebell doesn't understand how the I.P.C.C. works if he claims that the summaries are only the products of the governments," replies Richard H. Moss, senior climate director at the United Nations Foundation, who's a leading member of the I.P.C.C. as well as a senior research scientist at the University of Maryland. "All lead authors do have input into the summary documents, not just to the underlying chapters or specific portions of the summaries related to their expertise. Almost all concur that the evidence is mounting that we have a serious problem on our hands that we must begin to address."

For Ebell, being a contrarian has proved to be a pointy-headed misfit's idea of good fun. Still, with new studies appearing almost weekly confirming global warming, why not come out for doing something—anything—to help slow its onset in the bizarre event that it's as real as thousands of scientists say it is?

Ah, says Ebell with the grin of a debater who's saved his best points for last, because of the risk. "It's a risk-risk analysis," he says. "What is the risk of some of the consequences of global warming happening and having to deal with them compared to the risks of putting the world on an energy-rationing diet?"

The Kyoto Protocol, the United Nations agreement ratified by, as of February 2007, 170 countries to reduce greenhouse-gas emissions but shunned by President Bush, has proved his point already, Ebell says. Many European nations will miss their 2010 targets for reducing fossil-fuel emissions. They're making huge sacrifices—in industry and capital growth—for tiny or non-



New Nature's Expressions. Three new toothpastes* with the lasting freshness of pure peppermint oil, the clean sensation of natural lemon and mint, and the natural goodness of mint and green tea extracts.

Healthy, Beautiful Smiles for Life.

*Contain natural and artificial ingredients.

©2007 P&G

existent energy savings. President Bush was right to avoid it, Ebell says: it would cost the U.S. between $100 billion and $400 billion a year by 2050 to offset global warming by seven-hundredths of a degree Celsius. Not by chance was Kyoto's approach voted down 95–0 by the U.S. Senate in 1997—it is a dead end, Ebell says.

"Ever since Kyoto was negotiated," Ebell says, "there's no way I could lose. I hate to say that, because it sounds arrogant." But there it is. "It has nothing to do with us. It has to do with the reality. Al Gore and others . . . said we think that in order to solve this problem we'll have to reduce emissions by 60 to 80 percent by 2050." Meanwhile, Ebell observes, the U.S. Department of Energy and the International Energy Agency have each gauged the world's future energy needs. "Between now and 2030—not 2050—world energy use is going to go up by 60 percent!" (The International Energy Agency predicts the world will be using the same percentage of energy from fossil fuels that is used today, around 80 percent.) "This is a vision coming up against reality," Ebell says. "It's a train wreck, and I know which side will win. Reality will win."

As governments fail one by one to curb their greenhouse gases, Ebell suggests, a new generation of leaders will see the Kyoto Protocol for what it is: a loser. "They will want to distance themselves from it because it is a train wreck, and the scientific community will go, 'Oh, well, uh, maybe it wasn't as big a problem as we thought it was!' "

"Ebell may be proved right about Kyoto," says longtime *New York Times* environment reporter Andrew Revkin. "And because global warming isn't a catastrophe in the traditional definition of the word, its full impact won't be felt tomorrow, or next year, or perhaps even for decades. That makes it easy for Ebell to target some scientists as alarmists. This can perpetuate a false sense of intellectual deadlock. And that masks what is clearly established—that more carbon dioxide will raise temperatures and seas for centuries to come."

The best way to deal with warming, Ebell says, is to do exactly what President Bush is doing: encourage the energy industry to burn more gas, more oil, and more coal. The more energy we burn, the more prosperous the energy industry becomes. The more prosperous it is, the more quickly it replaces its fossil-fuel plants, using new technology that does a better job of trapping greenhouse gases. In 50 years, Ebell says, if global warming has really become the problem alarmists say it will be, the technology to deal with it then will be 50 years better than it is now. So let's wait until then, and tackle it more intelligently, more efficiently—more cheaply—than we can today.

"People prefer warmer climates; they do better in them," Ebell declares. "Bismarck, North Dakota, will be more like Kansas City. . . . Is this really bad?"*

* "It's not just the warming. . . . It's the pests and diseases" that are also associated, says Harvard Medical School professor Paul Epstein.

To Harvard's Paul Epstein, that's the skeptics' most reprehensible claim. "Not only have the skeptics and the administration been misleading us about the science but about the economic consequences of trying to deal with this problem," he says. "They've maintained this big lie that we're going to lose if we deal with this now. In truth, Detroit is losing heavily because we're not dealing with this now. We're losing by not moving toward green buildings and hybrid cars and co-generation. Companies that are doing this are saving money."

As nearly every week brings a new alarm about global warming, Ebell stays proudly resolute—rather like George W. Bush rationalizing each new setback in Iraq. Only, with global warming, even the Bush administration is now embracing the latest I.P.C.C. report, in principle at least, and trying to make a case that Bush is now a convert to the reality of the threat. With warming, as with Iraq, alarm is growing among U.S. lawmakers. Recently, West Virginia Democratic senator John D. Rockefeller IV, who has championed the coal industry in his state for 30 years, teamed up with Maine Republican senator Olympia Snowe to write a quietly impassioned letter to ExxonMobil's new chairman and C.E.O., Rex W. Tillerson. The senators asked Tillerson to have ExxonMobil cease and desist from its global-warming-denial campaign. They are, they wrote, "persuaded that the climate change denial strategy carried out by and for ExxonMobil has helped foster the perception that the United States is insensitive to a matter of great urgency for all of mankind, and has thus damaged the stature of our nation internationally." In particular, they wrote, "We fervently hope that reports that ExxonMobil intends to end its funding of the climate change denial campaign of the Competitive Enterprise Institute are true."

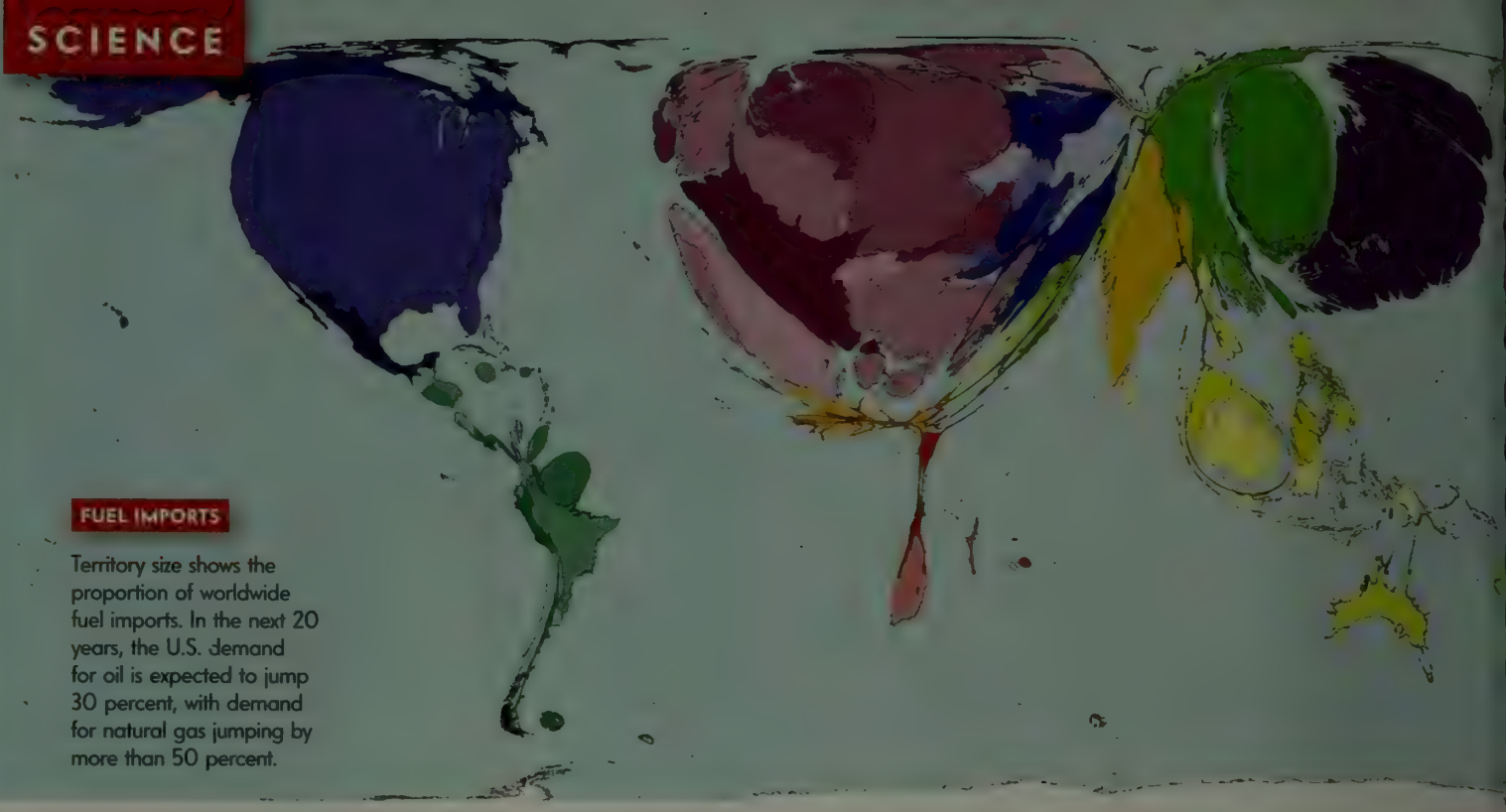
Myron Ebell is shocked—shocked—and, of course, delighted. To be singled out among the three dozen ExxonMobil front groups is quite an honor. "Obviously it helps us with our media and general visibility," he acknowledges. In fact, ExxonMobil stopped funding C.E.I. last year. The company has also indicated to the Royal Society, Britain's prestigious academy of science, that it is reviewing the funding of all outside groups, but insists this is an annual process.

The scope of that edict may not be clear until early 2008, when the company publishes its 2007 Worldwide Giving Report. Already, though, Ebell is portraying C.E.I. as "a little flyspeck" up against the awesome clout of the competition. "The major environmental groups in this country have budgets of collectively over $1 billion a year," he says. "Our budget is $3.7 million a year, of which only about a quarter goes to global warming. Add up the other [global-warming denier] groups and maybe you can get to $10 million."

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND RELATED TOPICS, GO TO VF.COM.

By late January, an eerily warm autumn has given way to an even stranger season. Europe is swept by 100-m.p.h. winds, while the Alps experience their warmest winter in 1,250 years. New Yorkers wear T-shirts and shorts on a 70-degree-Fahrenheit day. A month later, arctic weather descends, and Oswego County, New York, gets 11 feet of snow in a week, as bizarre and record-breaking a stretch of weather as the warm days of the month before. Ebell is unconcerned—still. "I remember a Christmas in the 1980s in Washington, D.C.—it was 78 degrees and I got sunburned," he reminisces. "Records are set all the time." □


Into the Night
WITTNAUER
WITTNAUER
WITTNAUER
SWISS
Zales



FUEL IMPORTS

Territory size shows the proportion of worldwide fuel imports. In the next 20 years, the U.S. demand for oil is expected to jump 30 percent, with demand for natural gas jumping by more than 50 percent.

Problems Without Borders

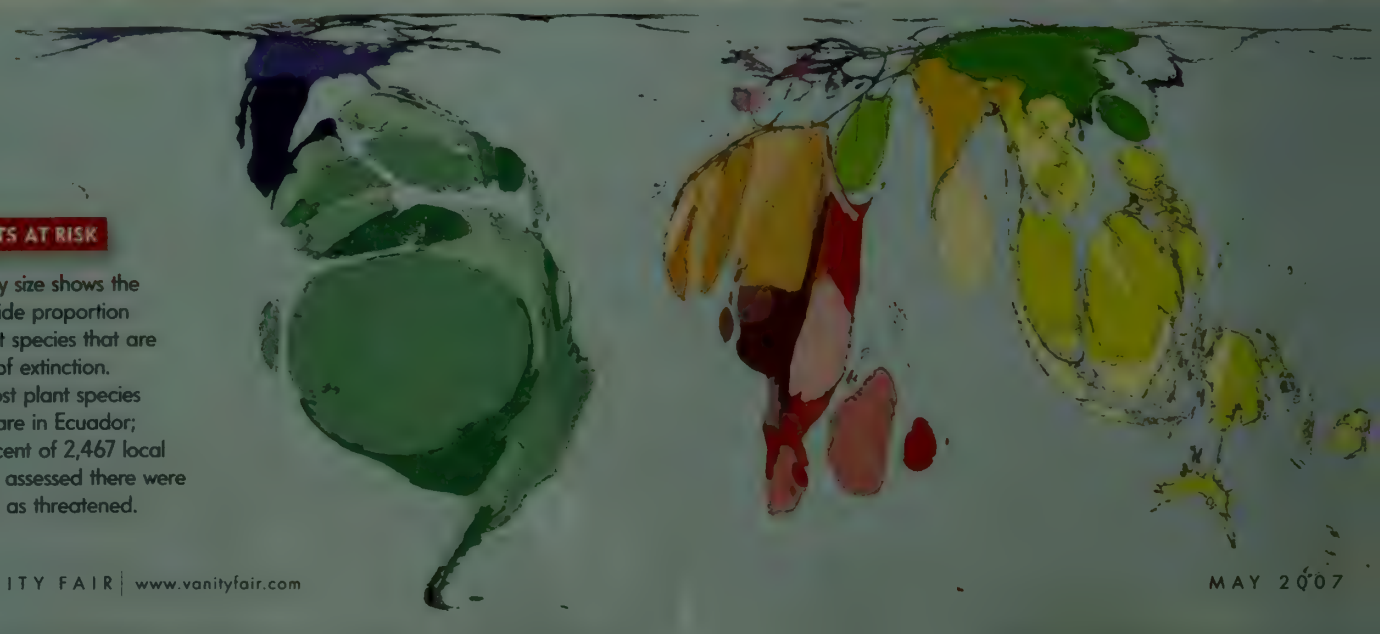
Complex data–on fuel, plants, or recycling–can tell a simple story. With maps from a joint project between the Universities of Michigan and Sheffield (U.K.), a famed Harvard biologist lays bare the environmental bottom line

By E. O. Wilson

Homo sapiens is not a physically imposing species—and in terms of biomass does not take up much room. If the bodies of all 6.5 billion human beings alive on earth today were log-stacked, they would fill less than a cubic mile. They could be lowered out of sight in some small corner or other of the Grand Canyon. Our musculature is even less imposing. Thin and wobbly-headed, we appear to have arisen by natural selection to run marathons across African savannas in pursuit of antelope and other strongly built but short-winded animal prey.

How did such frail creatures come to be a geophysical force and dominate the world? Brains, obviously. Somehow, by a process still not well understood, we mastered fire, invented weaponry, and learned to talk to one another in arbitrarily devised symbolic languages. But in rising to power, beginning with the invention of agriculture a scant 10 millennia ago, we carried along with us the heavy baggage of ancient primate instincts. Today, as a result, we live in *Star Wars* civilizations ruled by Stone Age emotions, medieval institutions, and god-like technology.

We haven't really figured out yet, as a species, what we are, where we are going, and what we will be when we get there. But at least we have discovered that we are fast ruining the global envi-



PLANTS AT RISK

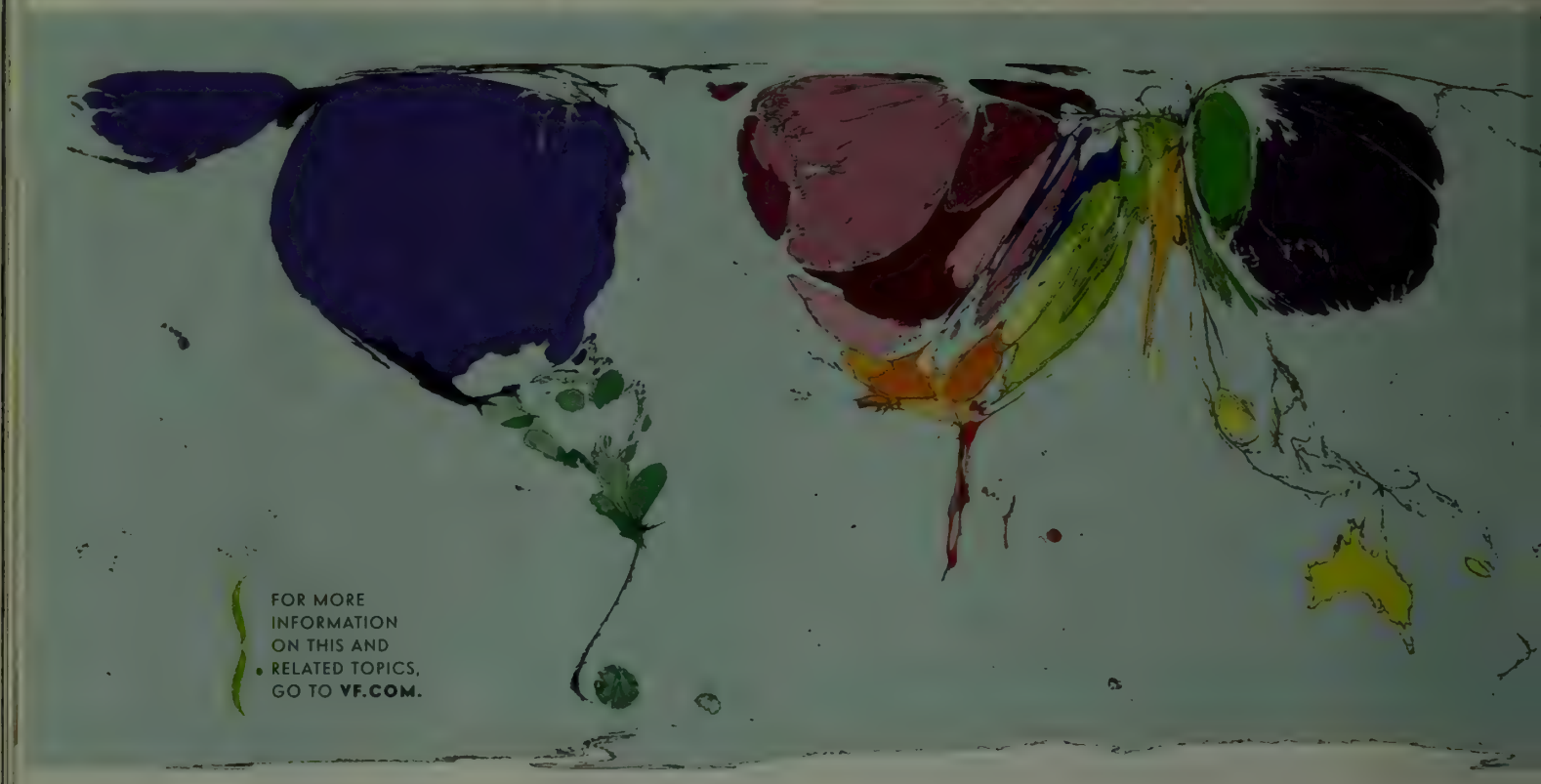
Territory size shows the worldwide proportion of plant species that are at risk of extinction. The most plant species at risk are in Ecuador; 74 percent of 2,467 local species assessed there were classed as threatened.


Dapples the sun across his face.
Shields the glare off his flat screen TV.
Swivels by remote control on his command.
Adds to his allure.
Nothing transforms light like Hunter Douglas.™
HunterDouglas
light can change everything.®
HunterDouglas
SAVE UP TO $250
SILHOUETTE® window shadings
See your home in a whole new light with your purchase of Silhouette® window shadings. Save up to $250 between March 1st and May 31st, 2007. Lifetime Guarantee of course. For more information and a list of participating dealers call 1-800-460-7922 or visit hunterdouglas.com/SilhouetteSavings today.



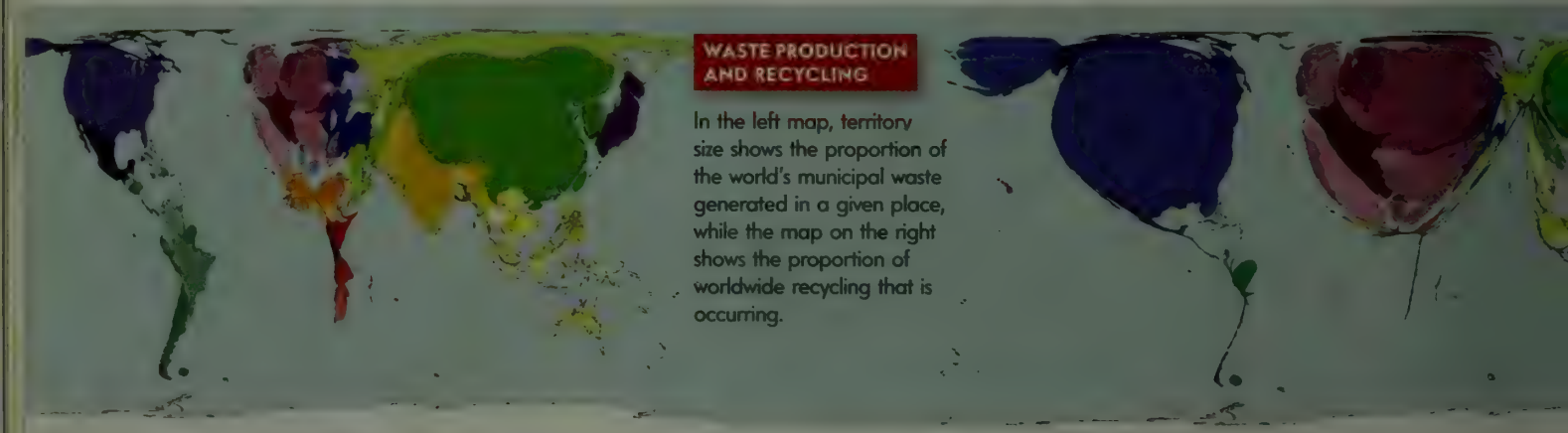
FOREST LOSS VERSUS WOOD AND PAPER IMPORTS

The top map shows the proportion of worldwide net forest loss that occurred in countries between 1990 and 2000. The lower map shows the proportion of worldwide net imports of wood and paper in U.S. dollars. Deforestation accounts for 25 percent of global carbon emissions.



FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND RELATED TOPICS, GO TO **VF.COM.**

ronment. The scientific evidence for that conclusion is now massive and compelling. The kaleidoscope of maps on these pages, created through the joint Worldmapper project at the Universities of Michigan and Sheffield (U.K.), exhibit the ghastly power of humanity's planetary engineering—and the importance of envisioning the planet as a whole. By mapping the proportional impact of a given variable across the world's territories, complex data relating to a small region's resource consumption or waste generation can tell a simple story on a global scale. The bottom line is that we have created a real mess. In order to avoid wrecking our planetary home, we have to settle down and together devise the means to achieve sustainable development while preserving our biosphere. The good news is that the same thing that has gotten us into trouble—those brains of ours—can get us out. We're smart. We can do it. □



WASTE PRODUCTION AND RECYCLING

In the left map, territory size shows the proportion of the world's municipal waste generated in a given place, while the map on the right shows the proportion of worldwide recycling that is occurring.

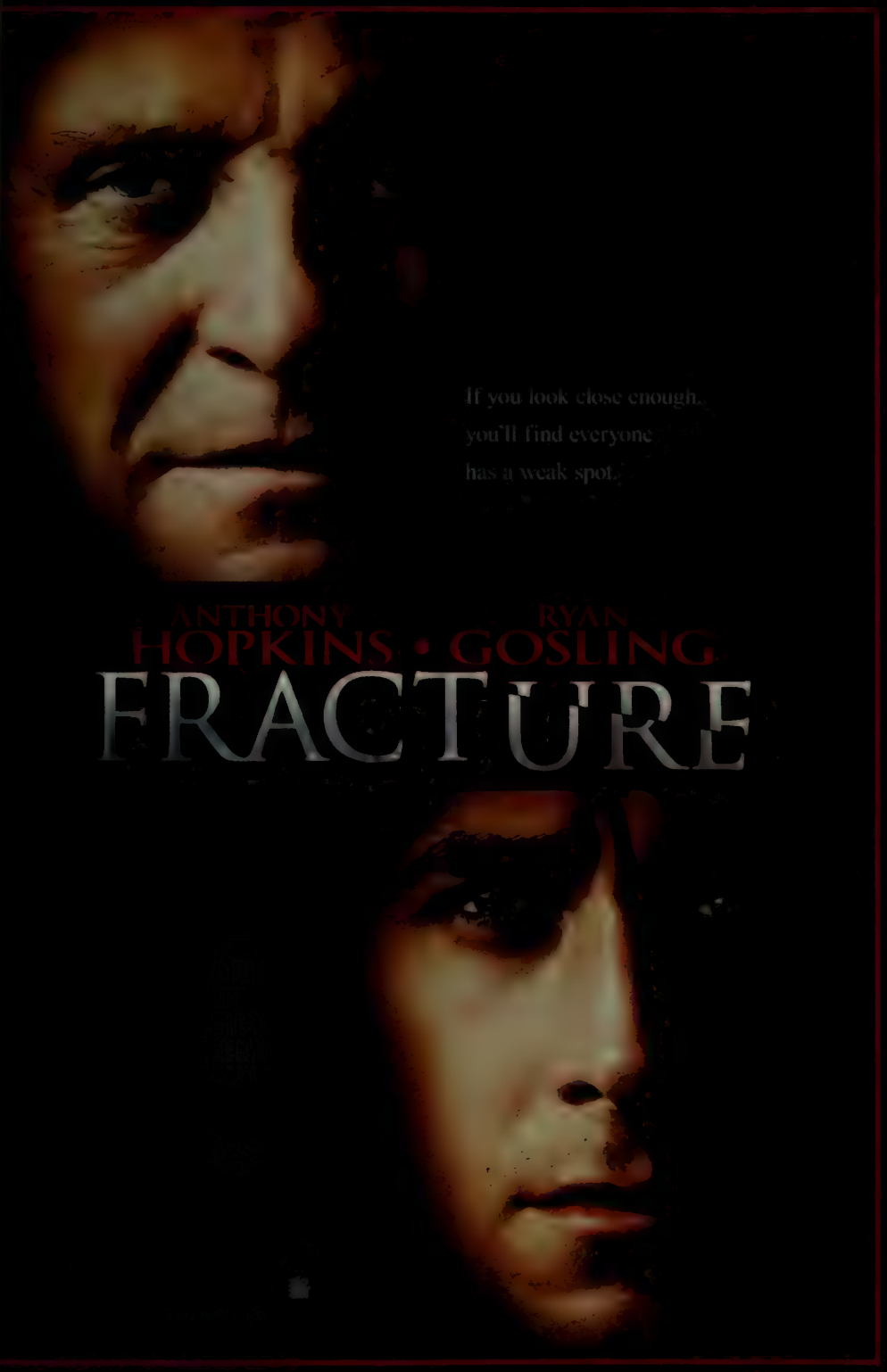
PROMOTION

NEW LINE CINEMA INVITES YOU AND A GUEST TO A

SPECIAL ADVANCE SCREENING

OF

FRACTURE



Go To
vfonscreen.com/fracture
To Register
For Your Free
Screening Pass
In These Markets:

Atlanta
Boston
Chicago
Dallas
Detroit
Los Angeles
Philadelphia
New York
San Francisco
Washington, D.C.

IN THEATRES APRIL 20

The Falcon's Call

At 11, the author fell in love with falconry, learning the delicate synergies among man, hawk, and eco-system. On the Wyoming prairie, another generation joins the hunt, shadowed by a frightening new predator: the energy industry

By Robert F. Kennedy Jr.



INTIMATE PARTNERS
The author with Steve Hein, a raptor expert, and the falconer Steve Chindgren, holding Jomo, in the Wyoming sagebrush.

I fell in love with falconry at the age of 11, after reading T. H. White's Arthurian legend, *The Sword in the Stone.* A year of pleading later, my father bought me a pet-store red-tailed hawk. I named her Morgan Le Fay, after King Arthur's half-sister, and manned her to my fist under the guidance of a Falls Church, Virginia, neighbor named Alva Nye, one of the fathers of modern game hawking. Nye, a former all-American football player, worked for the Defense Department designing jet aircraft, and was known to my father through the State Department, which frequently asked him to entertain visiting Arab dignitaries, many of whom were crazy for falconry. Nye devised the accepted method for capturing peregrines when they storm the Atlantic seaboard's barrier-island beaches every October: He buried himself neck-deep in the sand, covering his head with a wire-mesh helmet spangled with saw grass for camouflage, and held a live pigeon with one buried hand. The other hand was free, to grab a falcon by the legs when it lit upon the pigeon.

Falconry, the art of taking quarry with trained birds of prey, is the most ancient field sport. Although it was practiced by the Aztec ruler Montezuma in the 16th century, North American falconers trace their heritage to a 3,000-year-old tradition with roots in Japan, the Middle East, and the tribes of Central Asia, who transmit-



©2007 BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF
BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. BACARDI U.S.A., INC., MIAMI, FL. RUM - 40% ALC. BY VOL.

ted the sport to medieval and Renaissance Europe during the Mongol invasions. (Genghis Khan maintained 1,000 falconers with war eagles in his front ranks.) North American falconry began in the 1920s and 30s when a handful of Canadian and American biologists, conservationists, and sportsmen began studying the ancient texts and experimenting with homegrown techniques for training predatory birds. They developed a sport that is as American as the falcons they trained, and achieved an intimacy with their birds that is duplicated almost nowhere else in all of man's interactions with nature. Aldo Leopold, the father of the American conservation movement, distinguished falconry as "all in all . . . the perfect hobby" because it requires in its adherents a knowledge of natural history and promotes in them a great affection for the landscapes and wildlife.

After my father's death, in 1968, when I was 14 years old, I attended a then all-boys boarding school called Millbrook, in upstate New York. I'd been attracted to Millbrook by the school's zoo and the presence of a tight-knit cadre of boys who shared my devotion to raptors. A few days after I arrived, we began gutting the zoo's old wooden monkey house to create a "mews," or hawk house, installing screen perches, shelf perches, and scales for weighing our hawks. We built a weathering yard, in which we staked out our birds on ring and block perches during daylight. That autumn we captured and trained passage redtails and kestrels (a tiny falcon), immature birds on their first migration. We used nets and snares we found diagrammed in Beebe and Webster's *North American Falconry and Hunting Hawks* or described in the classic writings of the Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II. Back in the 1960s, hawks were classified as vermin in every state, and there were no laws to prevent us from taking them as we pleased.

By the time the leaves fell, in the third week of October, we had trained the birds to come when we called and to follow like dogs—but high in the canopy, flying from tree to tree over our heads. We beat the bush below them for cottontail and pheasant, and worked the corn stubble for giant Belgian hare and the forests for red and gray squirrel. At Millbrook, I learned taxidermy and basic veterinary skills—how to check for worms, give injections, and diagnose a range of illnesses and parasites. We experimented with training any raptor we could get our hands on. I trained a barred owl, a great horned owl, a pair of Arabian luggar falcons we had bought cheap from a zoo catalogue, and a Savannah hawk that I had caught during a summer trip to South America and brought home hooded, wrapped in a nylon stocking with its feet taped, at the bottom of a TWA bag.

Once, we got a ride across the Hudson to Ulster County, in the Catskills, to visit the great falconer and ornithologist Dr. Heinz Meng, at the state university in New Paltz. Meng was the first scientist to breed peregrine falcons in captivity. He knew the location of many of the peregrine aeries in New York State, and in 1965 he'd been among the first to document the disappearance of peregrines on the East Coast and to connect their extinction to DDT. Meng and other falconers had played an important role in the battle to ban the deadly pesticide, one of the first victories of the modern environmental movement. His successful breeding techniques helped reestablish peregrine populations east of the Mississippi. Meng, who seems forever happy, was particularly jaunty on the day of that first visit. He had just recovered a treasured peregrine, Lady Jane, that he'd lost when it chased a crow over the horizon. A week had gone by. Then a man called to say he was holding the bird in a cardboard box. The caller was the pitcher for a semi-pro softball club. The falcon, flying over the ball field, had mistaken the man's windmill underhand pitch for the movement of a falconer swinging a lure. When the baseball left his hand and ricocheted off the bat for a pop fly, the falcon reacted as if a lure had been "served up." She grabbed the ball at the pinnacle of its arc and rode it to the ground. The pitcher threw his baseball jacket over the bird. A nametag on its foot led him to Meng.

Since my years at Millbrook, I have flown hawks every autumn—in most of the states east of the Mississippi, and in England, Scotland, and Japan. I continue to trap, band, and release hawks, and I maintain breeding aviaries at my home in New York. But until last fall I had never flown peregrines in North America's western sagebrush, one of falconry's epic locales, and also one of modern America's most threatened habitats.

The Prairie of Eden

Last October, I traveled to Wyoming to hunt sage grouse. I took my 17-year-old daughter, Kick, and a 13-year-old neighbor, Zander Abranowicz. Zander took along his male red-tailed hawk, Achilles. An apprentice under my supervision, Zander had recently passed the New York State falconry examination and earned a license to train hawks and hunt with them. He has the same obsessive passion for natural history that consumed me when I was young, and had been accompanying me on hunts since he was seven years old. We trapped Achilles last year on a ridge near our town. Zander worked hard with his new bird, and in only eight days Achilles was flying free, without a creance, the string used to secure a wild hawk during its initial training stages. Within a few weeks the bird was lofting from perch to perch in the branches above as Zander walked through the woods, and coming to the fist instantly when Zander called his name. Redtails are so-called broad-wing hawks. Too slow to catch birds in level flight, they specialize in short flights on

We trained the birds to come when we called and to follow like dogs–but high in the canopy.



TAKING QUARRY
Captain C. W. R. Knight, of the British Falcons and Hawks Club, sets off with his hawks on a rook-hunting expedition in Wiltshire, England, in the 1930s.


Reflect
This is how it should feel
WESTIN
HOTELS & RESORTS
tin.com

ground quarry, usually from a high perch, which lends the advantage of speed. Occasionally they take duck or upland game birds on the rise.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at the cabin of a friend and fellow falconer named David Kennedy, near the tiny town of Eden, Wyoming, after a four-hour drive from Salt Lake City across the rolling sagebrush prairie. Eden, a hamlet consisting of a gas station and a seedy cowboy honky-tonk, is at the dead center of one of the largest stretches of open land in America. Wild horses, elk, pronghorn antelope, and mule deer roam its seven million acres. Standing behind David in the gravel driveway, with a brace of English pointers, were Stephan Layman and Steve Chindgren, two of America's greatest falconers.

Nearby, staked out on outdoor block perches, were four male peregrines (which falconers call "tiercels") and two females (which are called simply "falcons"). Traditional falconry preferred females, which are one-third larger than the males. But Chindgren and Kennedy favor tiercels for their buoyancy and quickness. Nearby, a hooded goshawk sat contentedly on a ring perch.

Chindgren is the dean of long-winged hawks, while Layman is the Dr. Phil of short-wings. After lifetimes of living with hawks and studying their psychology, both men have developed innovative ways to condition their raptors, producing falconry birds with better speed and endurance than wild hawks. Their birds are keen to take game, and they possess extraordinarily good manners. Layman plucked the goshawk from its ring and said to Zander, "Do you want to see if we can bump some bunnies before sunset?"

Jumping at the invitation, Zander strapped on his leather hawking bag and elk-hide gauntlet, opened Achilles' box, and took out his bird and removed its hood. We climbed a barbed-wire fence and entered a neighboring hay lot crowded with rusty machines and sheds, a house trailer, and a two-story rectangle of baled hay. It's common for birds not to perform well after a long trip in the traveling box. Zander was discouraged when Achilles, still disoriented, mostly ignored the dozens of cottontails and jackrabbits we kicked up in the hay lot. Perched in a cottonwood, Achilles made a few halfhearted feints, but checked before hitting his quarry. In addition to the stress from traveling, Achilles' weight was high. Tiny variances in weight can impact a bird's response and performance. For this reason, falconers weigh their birds daily. Zander knows that a miscalculation can leave a falconer embarrassed by his bird. Still, he was heartbroken by Achilles' mediocre show in front of some of the world's most prominent falconers.

Steve Layman, 59, is a typical hawking bum. He lives on Whidbey Island, near Seattle, with his wife, Kathy, and four children, and to finance his falconry operates a pressure-washing business and acts as a wildlife consultant. As a boy he rushed to finish his daily chores in order to spend every possible moment in the forest. "I grew up thinking of the outdoors as fascinating and friendly," he recalls. T. H. White's classic nonfiction book *The Goshawk* and an old *National Geographic* article entitled "The Sport of Kings" kindled Layman's passion for falconry. He took his first rabbit with a redtail when he was 12. When he was 16, he tied a rope to a boulder and rappelled down a cliff face into a prairie-falcon aerie. Inside the nest, beside the four falcon chicks, he found a spray can of black paint and the phone number of Bill Goban, the first of a handful of Oregon's isolated falconers whom Steve would eventually meet. Steve knew the black paint was there to disguise the telltale whitewash, from the droppings, that would reveal the aerie from below. He left the chicks and called the falconer. The two became friends and taught each other the sport. Since then, he has flown nearly every variety of raptor, including eagles and owls, but he favors goshawks. Goshawks are temperamental—wired and spooky, wary of the hood—but also as fast as a bullet, able to take birds on the wing in a tail chase from the fist.

A lot of raptor behavior is hardwired, but because strategies for catching wild quarry vary so dramatically according to species and circumstance, a hawk needs to be opportunistic and to have a profound capacity to learn from its mistakes. Eighty percent of raptors die during their first year, trying to master the art of killing game. Those that survive possess an extraordinary ability to learn from experience. Falconers exploit that capacity to teach a wild bird to hunt alongside a human partner.

The falconer does not want to rob his bird of its freedom. Indeed, a hawk is free to achieve independence every time it's flown—and hawks often do leave. Layman is fascinated by the challenge of finding synergies between wild and domestic states so that neither is compromised. "The trick," he said as he unhooded his goshawk, named SolDuc, "is not to take freedom away from the bird, but rather to get the bird to see the advantages of the relationship with the falconer."

Wild hawks are always looking for a better niche—a better hunting spot, nesting site, or evening roost. "I can help them improve their hunting success, their survivability, and I give them a safe place to roost at night," Layman explained. "I look at myself as the ecological niche that they are exploiting. They make a choice to stay with me. They remain in total control." To most hawks the greatest hazards are from other raptors, particularly great horned owls—"gargoyles in the night," Layman calls them. They hunt in the darkness, when hawks are nearly blind. "I offer a safe sanctuary from that terror," he says. After many thousands of hours working with and observing these birds, Layman has taught himself to think like a goshawk. Exploiting this knowledge, he gets performances from his birds that are almost unheard of: "Their mental and physical state with me is the same as when they are in the wild." It's a boast, but he has earned the right to it.

Instead of being ornery and difficult, Layman's goshawk was calm and comfortable with strangers. Incredibly, Layman flew the bird without holding jesses, the leather ankle thongs that falconers grasp to secure a hawk to the fist. While goshawks are notoriously hood-shy, SolDuc loves to be hooded. And he never bates, the annoying habit of nervous leaping from the fist common to virtually all goshawks. "Always think of how wild birds are programmed by their wild experience, and your bird will be calm," Layman told me when I admired SolDuc's manners. "Bad manners are the product of bad husbandry."

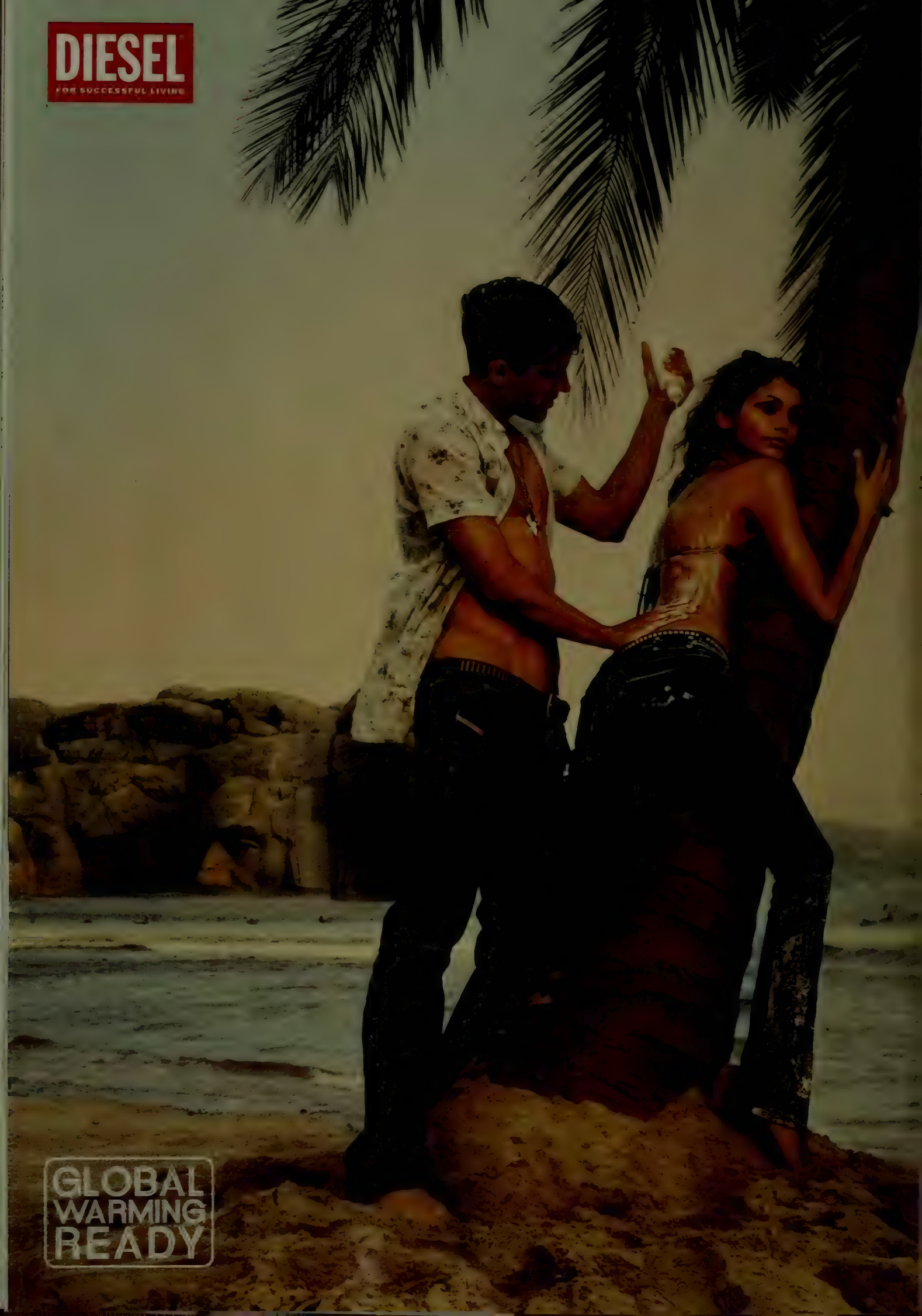
David Kennedy's son Chris unleashed Layman's four Jack Russell terriers. They were as high-strung and quick in their movements as a gos, and covered acres of sagebrush in hyperdrive, flushing rabbits into the open. Buoyant and flighty, the goshawk darted over barbed wire, down

The stoop is a vertical dive from high altitude at breathtaking speed—an awe-inspiring spectacle.


DIESEL
FOR SUCCESSFUL LIVING


Number 234 in a series of DIESEL
Union Sq. San Franc
GLOBAL
WARMING
READY


DIESEL
FOR SUCCESSFUL LIVING


DIESEL
FOR SUCCESSFUL LIVING
GLOBAL
WARMING
READY

gullies, around the sagebrush. "It's a high-tech machine," Layman said. We marveled at his bird, closing like a rocket behind a darting cottontail.

Naked in the Snow

The next morning, we greeted dawn on an endless sagebrush sea known as Paddy McCann's ranch. We were joined by the raptor expert Steve Hein. Ground fog and red sunrise framed the blue silhouette of the Wind River range, dusted with autumn snow.

We flew the falcons at first light to avoid attacks by golden eagles. In the dimness we could see the giant raptors perched on every knoll and rock outcrop, black against the dawn sky, awaiting the late-morning thermals that would put them effortlessly into the heights. The year before, Steve Chindgren told us, a bush pilot watched a golden eagle take an adult pronghorn antelope, sinking its talons into the animal's neck with 500 pounds per square inch of force.

Like most falconers, Chindgren started young—when he was 12. After watching a wild Cooper's hawk kill a ruffed grouse, he sold apricots from his grandmother's orchard to earn enough money to buy Frederick II's *Art of Falconry*. Frederick was one of history's great ornithologists. He considered falconry to be mankind's highest calling and believed that its practice should be restricted to those people who possessed the virtues he prescribed. Care of the bird was paramount: the falconer must cultivate traits that ensure his complete proficiency in its feeding and training. Beyond that, Frederick wrote, "he must be of a daring spirit and not fear to cross rough and broken ground when this is needful. He should be able to swim in order to cross unfordable water and follow his bird when she has flown over and requires assistance."



"The trick," Layman said as he unhooded his goshawk, "is not to take freedom away from the bird."

That Chindgren has taken Frederick not just seriously but literally was illustrated during a winter excursion to the Malad wilderness, in Idaho, in 1996. Chindgren's peregrine had chased a duck across the half-frozen Malad River, killing its quarry on a wilderness island. Knowing he'd have trouble recovering the bird once it had gorged on duck, Chindgren stripped naked and climbed atop the crumbling piles of a washed-out bridge to throw his hawking bag and glove across the river. Then he jumped toward a stone abutment to dangle from a web of twisted rebar on the far side. Climbing safely to the top, he ran a quarter of a mile through the snow barefoot, causing severe frostbite on his toes. He took his hawk off the duck and, slipping the quarry into his bag, dashed on frozen feet back to the ruined bridge. There, he showed the duck carcass to his hawk and tossed the dead bird to the far shore. The hawk followed, landed on the duck, and began eating. Chindgren threw his remaining gear across the river. Since the opposing abutment offered no rebar with which to secure his leap, he then swam across through the ice jams. A small airplane, probably carrying duck hunters, circled several times to ogle the naked man running across a snow-covered island.



SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH
Top, Robert Kennedy with his daughter Kick and his Harris hawk, Kuchin, in 1989; *above,* Zander Abranowicz with his falcon, Achilles.

Prior to acquiring the Eden ranch with David Kennedy, Chindgren spent six months each year, for nearly two decades, on Wyoming's sagebrush prairie, living monastically in a tiny trailer with his peregrines, gyrfalcons, and dogs, hunting grouse daily and studying their life cycle. Falconers are experts on the wildlife in the eco-systems where they hunt, and Chindgren is a world-renowned expert on the sage grouse, one of America's largest upland game birds. Sage grouse can fly 70 miles per hour. They can pull away from the fastest falcons in a tail chase, so the falcon's "stoop" is critical. The stoop is the vertical dive from high altitude that allows a falcon to achieve breathtaking speeds and take quarry many times her size—one of the most awe-inspiring spectacles of nature. The lethal maneuver was memorialized by Oliver Goldsmith in the name of his play *She Stoops to Conquer.*

Until recently, no one had accurately measured the speed of a peregrine in a stoop. When I was a boy, falconers and

TOP, BY SUZANNE DECHILLO

scientists estimated a falcon's dive at 120 miles per hour. Then, in 2001, a veteran falconer named Ken Franklin—working with Steve Layman's son Seth, at the time an apprentice who has since done fieldwork with raptors from Siberia to Kazakhstan—trained young peregrines to follow a skydiving falconer and his lure in a free fall from an airplane. When they analyzed the video footage, Ken and Seth saw that the bird was actually putting on its brakes to scrub speed as it flew beside the plummeting falconer. Next, they trained the birds to delay their jump from the plane until after the falconer was already falling. Professional skydivers often take years to learn to stabilize their bodies in a headfirst plunge. Likewise, it takes lots of practice for a falcon to learn how to hold a vertical stoop at maximum velocity—which we now know can reach 240 miles per hour. The slow-motion video taken by Ken and Seth shows the falcons' bodies morphing as they plummet; the birds pull in the butt of their wings and wrap the leading edges around their breasts like a sleeping bat. Their neck elongates and their keel streamlines until they look like an arrow. One moment they are square-shouldered, and then they go aerodynamic. With that transformation, they accelerate dramatically. "They get all slippery and just catapult into hyperspeed," says Layman.

Chindgren's pointers, Earl and Tucker, worked the sage as we followed in the pickup across the rolling prairie, with five hooded falcons in the truck bed. When the dogs went on point, we got out and Chindgren "slipped" Tava, who mounted up in a steady spiral, bells jingling in the crisp morning air. The sight of an airborne falcon locks quarry to the ground. Earl trembled with excitement, holding his point. When Tava reached about 1,300 feet, Chindgren signaled with a shout, and Tava, now a tiny speck, hovered in position, "waiting on" directly above the dog. At Chindgren's command, Earl moved in to flush. Twenty grouse took to the air. It was my first sight of wild sage grouse, and I was stunned by their size. Much larger than the biggest cock pheasant, some of them looked like small turkeys. But their speed was fantastic. In a moment they were halfway to the horizon. The dark tiercel dropped from the sky in a stoop, cutting a large female from the flock. We could hear the whoosh and then a thud as he raked the quarry with outstretched talons.

I was impressed by Tava's manners on the kill. Most hawks "mantle" over downed quarry, spreading their wings to hide the prize from hungry competitors. They become angry or agitated when anything, including the falconer, approaches. But Chindgren's birds don't mantle or fret. Instead, Tava looked to Chindgren, who threw a dead sparrow on the ground a few feet from where Tava perched on the grouse. Tava came off the grouse and quickly ate the sparrow, then hopped happily up to Chindgren's fist. It's unusual for a falcon to come right off a fresh kill onto a bare fist. "Make him act before the reward," Chindgren explained, leaning down to gut the dead grouse with his free hand. He extracted the heart and gave it to Tava. "Frederick says, 'Always feed your bird the heart when it makes a kill.'" Putting the grouse into his game bag, he added, "It's all in Frederick. I didn't make it up."

The Last Refuge (and a Scoundrel)

Driving back to the cabin, we left the 13th century and came head-to-head with the 21st: a couple of drilling rigs on the isolated wilderness two-track. The drivers were wearing red coveralls displaying the Halliburton logo. As the trucks made their way past us on the prairie, Chindgren gestured at the sagebrush sea where he has spent half his life. "They are going to build the largest gas field in North America here," he said. "It will all be gone." Although sage-grouse populations are still booming in undeveloped areas such as Eden, these last refuges are now in peril. Because the bird is entirely dependent on sage for food, shelter, and breeding habitat, it could soon face extinction. Loss of sagebrush prairie due to ranching and careless development has already reduced sage-grouse numbers in the United States and Canada from about 16 million 50 years ago to fewer than 140,000 today. Grouse have disappeared entirely in at least four states and one Canadian province. Wyoming and Montana have the strongest remaining populations, but all of their last great refuges are now targeted for development by the booming natural-gas industry.

A groundbreaking study completed last December by the University of Wyoming confirms earlier findings by the Bureau of Land Management and the oil-and-gas industry that energy development is exterminating the only remaining populations of sage grouse, a species that is as much an emblem of the American West as the buffalo. Mule deer, songbirds, and other sage-dependent species are also in decline. But the bureau, in thrall to western energy interests, has consistently ignored scientific guidelines developed to protect sage-grouse populations. The agency, for example, restricts development only within at most a quarter-mile of active leks, the ancient mounds where grouse stage their elaborate mating rituals, even though the scientific literature indicates that grouse won't breed within three miles of a drill site. The sage grouse's only hope may be protection under the Endangered Species Act. But the industry-friendly Bush-Cheney administration has derailed all efforts to list the bird as endangered. Former coal-oil-and-gas-sector lobbyists occupying posts in the Bush-Cheney Interior Department have removed environmental restrictions and fast-tracked the permit process.

Energy companies covet the sagebrush wilderness for commercial natural-gas production.

Energy companies covet the Eden wilderness for commercial natural-gas production and for its coal-bed-methane deposits, which are common across Wyoming. Companies use a "coal-cracking" system developed by Halliburton to extract natural gas from coal seams trapped in subsurface aquifers. They release, in the process, huge volumes of toxic "produced water," which is sprayed onto ranchland or stored in containment ponds. The predictably destructive results of these practices have turned many of Wyoming's staunchly Republican ranchers against the administration. The Halliburton system is so dangerous that it obtained federal approval only after aggressive intervention by Vice President Cheney's allies at the E.P.A. and the Interior Department over the objections of agency scientists.

The next morning we were out with the falcons again for another spectacular day of hawking. In the afternoon we drove 20 minutes down the road to the McCracken farm, where 81-year-old Paul McCracken and his wife, Rachel, and son Mark ranch steer from a rough log cabin. Stiff steerhides and elk skins litter the fences and corrals. A weatherworn barn stands amid a vehicle graveyard. Rusty engines and tractors in varying stages of dismemberment spill from ramshackle wooden sheds.

McCracken kindly put his dogs in the house, and I introduced myself. The old rancher stands six feet three and has tousled

EMBRACE AGE

ERASE AGE

SOME PERFECTION IS DEBATABLE.



SOME IS NOT.

Made by hand from 100% blue agave.
The world's #1 ultra-premium tequila.

SIMPLY PERFECT.

simplyperfect.com

© 2007 The Patrón Spirits Company. Las Vegas, NV. 40% Alc./Vol.

The perfect way to enjoy Patrón is responsibly.

white hair and an unkempt charm that complements the chaos of his farm. "You *sound* like Robert Kennedy," he said. "What do you do?" I told him I was an environmentalist. He exclaimed, "I am too! I want to kill all the wolves."

He pointed to a greasy scribble stretching 50 feet across his dirt driveway spelling I LOVE YOU RACH in giant letters. "That's what I do with my old crankcase oil," he said, grinning mischievously. I counted several teeth and ignored the provocation. "I'd like to kill all the wolves," he repeated. The wolves are unpopular with some ranchers because they tend to wander in and kill livestock. A wolf had crossed his ranch the previous week while McCracken was haying. He admitted that he'd missed the chance to kill it. I said, "I guess you aren't a great environmentalist after all!"

Curious to see the hawks fly, McCracken and his son joined us as we worked the brush around the back corral. When my dog Cupid flushed a rabbit toward the cottonwood where Achilles perched, Zander's hawk dropped from a high branch, did a wingover, and grabbed the rabbit in the hindquarters just as it turned.

Zander was beaming as we ran toward the kill. Everyone slapped his back and congratulated him enthusiastically. It was a fine achievement for a 13-year-old. The bird was still heavy, yet he'd managed to bag his first western cottontail. A few minutes later, Achilles was gorging on fresh rabbit on Zander's fist. We walked back to the truck to get another bird and stopped to examine a pile of fossils stacked beside a feeder. There were branches and logs of petrified wood, and perfectly preserved trilobites and ancient fish skeletons swimming across limestone slabs. "We found them all on the farm," McCracken said. Then he asked, "You kin to the Kennedys?" Before I could answer, he observed, "You *look* like Bobby Kennedy." I told him, "I've heard *that* before." He wondered how it was going in my racket. I said, "Your pal Dick Cheney is giving us a rough time." He smiled and said, "There's a lot out here who don't like him, either." Then he asked genuinely, "But he don't have that much authority, does he?"

The Falconer and the Advocate

Why, asked Pascal, do men devote such energy to pursuing a hare that they would not accept as a gift? For falconers, the answer is simple: the joy of watching your bird in flight. In an age when most kids spend more time staring at keyboards than at sunsets, and more time with computer screens than in the forest, it's satisfying to watch Zander deriving the same pleasures from learning natural history and chasing hawks across the landscape that I did. My years as a falconer helped drive my own choice of career as an environmental lawyer and advocate. The knowledge and experience I acquired from falconry have marked my life and made me a far more effective advocate on nature's behalf. Falconry left its mark on my schoolmates as well. All of them have chosen careers in the natural sciences or as environmental advocates. It is my desperate hope that Zander's will not be the last generation to enjoy America's wildlife heritage. □

FOR EXCLUSIV
FOOTAGE FRO
THE FALCONR
PHOTO SHOO
GO TO VF.CO

My years as a falconer helped drive my own choice of career as an environmental advocate.



"BUMP SOME BUNNIES?"
From left: Robert Kennedy, Zander Abranowicz, and Kick Kennedy venture onto the prairie for another day of hawking.

SPONSORED BY
citi smith barney LEXUS

I THOUGHT MY 'CARBON FOOTPRINT'
REFERRED TO MY SHOE SIZE."



THANKS FOR
SHARING.
WE'RE HERE
TO HELP.

ROBERT REDFORD PRESENTS
the GREEN
TUESDAYS 9 PM E/P PREMIERES APRIL 17
sundance CHANNEL.
for a change.™
SUNDANCECHANNEL.COM/THEGREEN



ROYAL RUMBLE Prince Charles after receiving the Global Environmental Citizen Award at the Harvard Club, in Manhattan, January 28, 2007.

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Throne

After years of being called an eccentric who talked to his plants, Prince Charles is now an environmental hero. But his latest, most ambitious proposal–to label products with their carbon-emissions "cost"–makes him a target too

By Michael Shnayerson

Charles is a prince whose time has come.

Not to take the throne—may his mother live long and provide Helen Mirren with material for many sequels—but to be granted an honor as impressive in its own way. More than a quarter-century has passed since the Prince of Wales began calling for wiser stewardship of the environment and doing what he could to set an example. The British press called him loony and eccentric: the prince who talked to plants. He doesn't look loony now. Charles's honor is the acknowledgment, both at home and abroad, that he had it right from the start. Passionate about organic farming and sustainable development, curious about ways to improve the "built environment" with holistic communities designed from scratch, unafraid to condemn trends he abhors—genetically modified foods, for one, wind farms for another—he's what his American counterpart, Al Gore, calls a "thought leader." His latest notion is his boldest yet.

To launch it, one day last December, Charles gathered some 200 of his influential countrymen at London's St. James's Palace. Lord John Browne, of British Petroleum, Stuart Rose, of Marks & Spencer, and BBC director general Mark Thompson mingled with members of Parliament, as well as eco-mavericks such as Zac Goldsmith. Finally the crowd moved into the high, wide Picture Gallery, its red flocked walls covered with oil portraits, many of them life-

STEPHEN CHERNIN

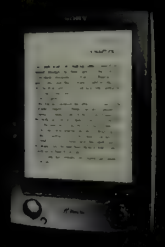
SONY



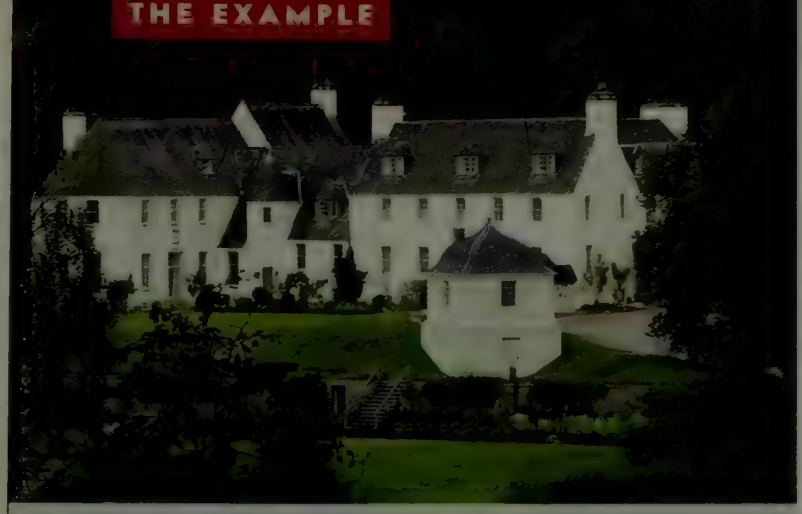
Fit 80 books in your beach bag.

The nine-ounce Sony® Reader holds about 80 books, or hundreds more with a removable memory card*. So now, you can spend your time on the beach, instead of walking to and from it.

Get $50 worth of many top best-sellers, classics and more!
With purchase and registration by 4/30/07**
sony.com/reader



like.no.other.









HER MAJESTY, THE GREEN
From top: Birkhall Estate, in the Scottish Highlands; Highgrove House, in Gloucestershire, England; Queen Elizabeth II alights at Paris's Gare du Nord on a special Eurostar, a rare trip on a public train, for an official visit; Prince William arriving at Highgrove in a Ford Focus.

size, of kings, queens, and cardinals. The surprise guest was Prime Minister Tony Blair. Governments must lead, he said, if mankind is to reduce carbon emissions 60 percent or more by 2050, a goal the U.K. has set for itself. "But," he added, "this is not just about government. It's about companies and individuals. That's why I'm so anxious to give my support to what the Prince is proposing today." Accounting might seem boring to some, he said, with a nod to the banner behind him. "I find the subject riveting."

Charles's program does have the eye-glazing title of Accounting for Sustainability—"an exciting and interesting topic," as he put it dryly. And for a moment as he stood at the lectern, immaculate in a double-breasted gray suit with blue-and-red striped tie, he seemed duly stiff: the awkward figure Americans recall in his role as Diana's grim-faced husband, or two years ago at a press conference that interrupted his ski holiday in Klosters, when within microphone range he disparaged journalists as "those bloody people." But as he warmed to his message, his passion emerged. "This is my own

THE FUTURE KING WAS PROPOSING SOMETHING QUITE RADICAL: A POPULIST REVOLUTION TO SAVE THE WORLD.

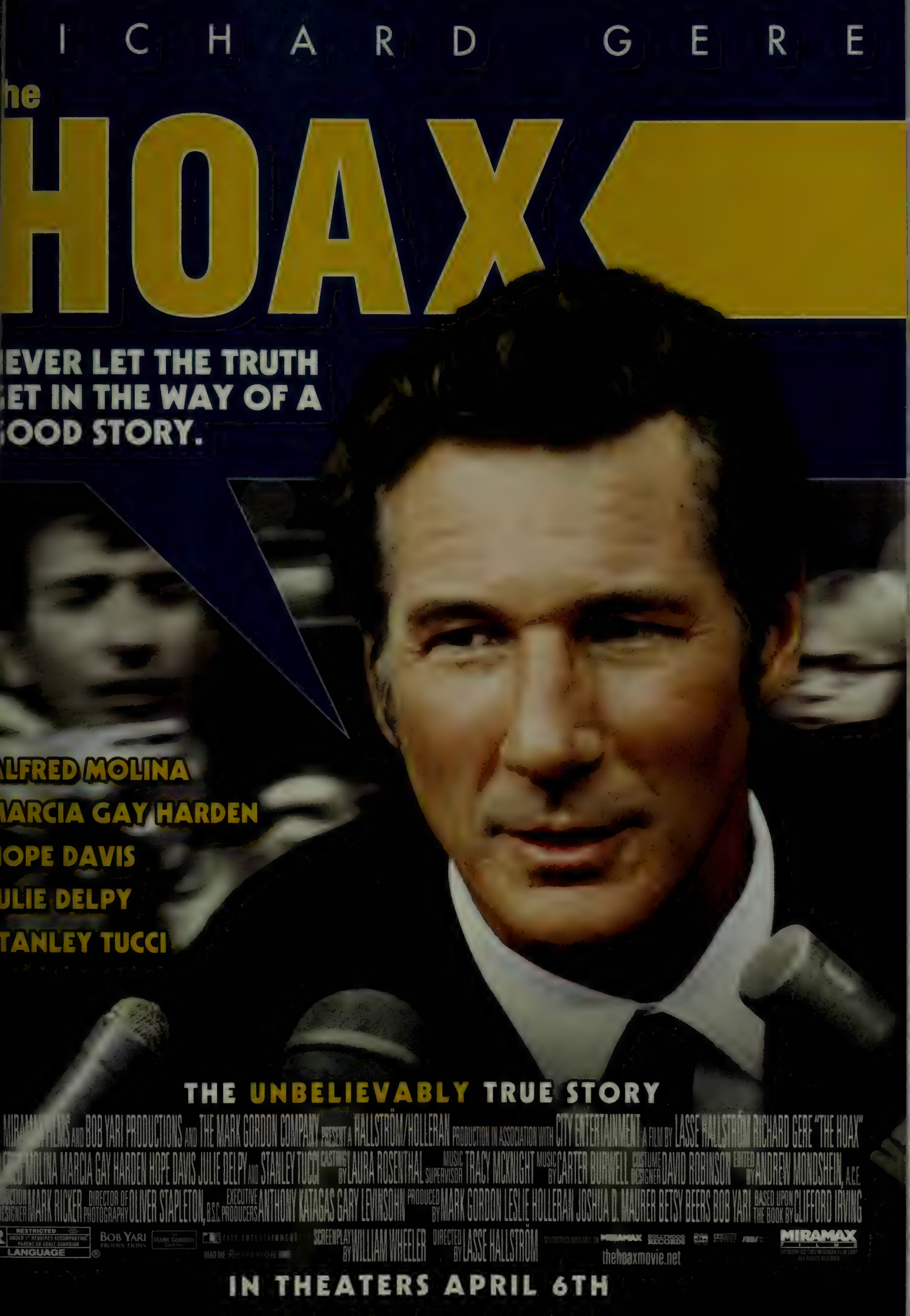
small attempt to consider how we might more accurately, more 'truly and fairly'—to use that phrase much favored by accountants—begin to account for the wider social and environmental costs of our activities. . . . At one level, it appears that no one is accounting for these costs. Yet, at another level . . . we are all paying for them."

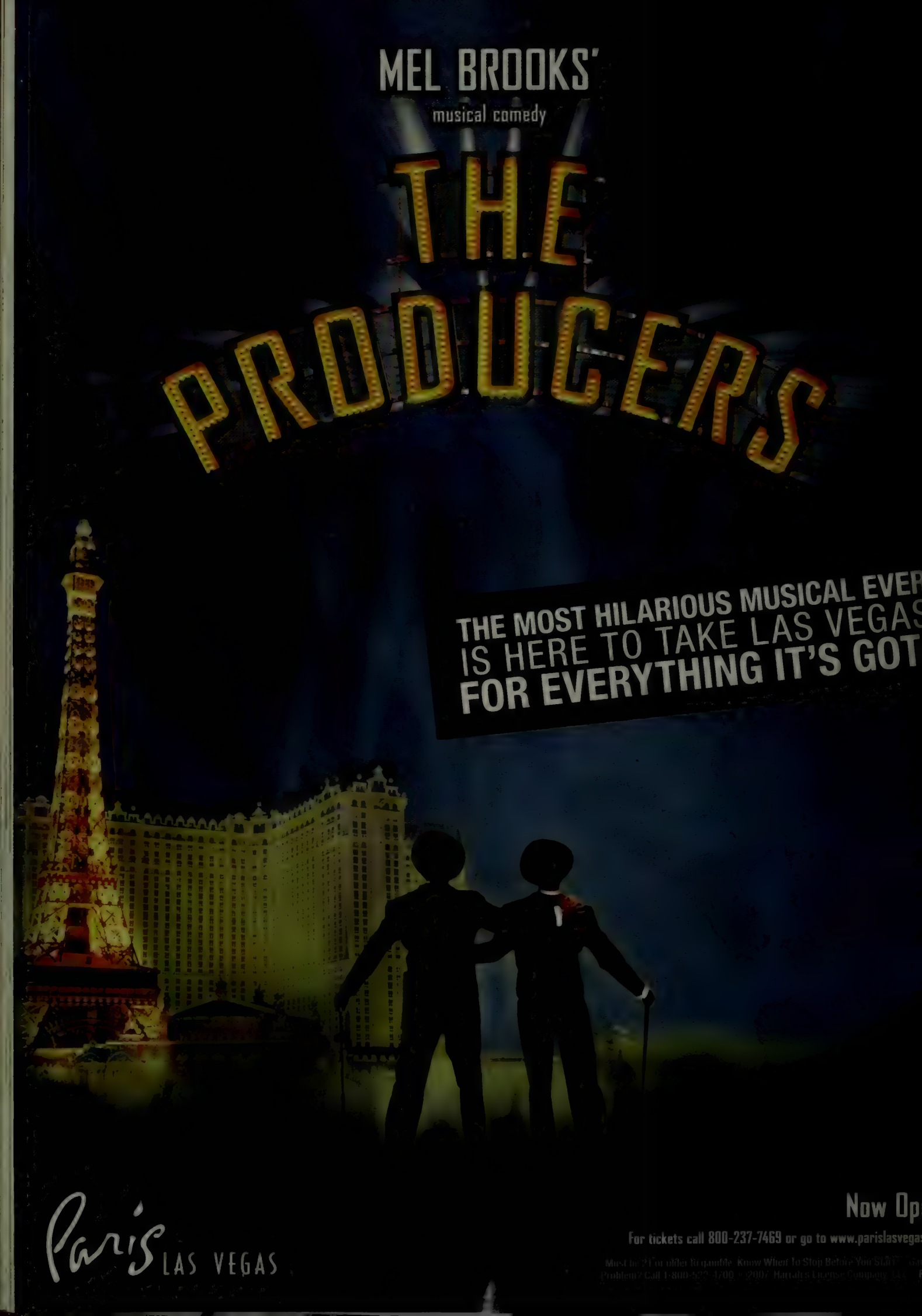
Charles's idea is at once simple and wildly ambitious. If a can of soup lists calories, why can't it also list the environmental costs of getting that can to market? A product flown halfway across the world leaves far more carbon emissions in its wake than a similar one made just down the road and brought to town by truck. Why not quantify that on the label? Companies can compete for the lowest "green" costs, consumers can make "green" buying choices, and those products with the lowest environmental costs—likely those made and sold locally—can be given the market value they deserve.

As a first step, Charles is "accounting" for the green costs of his own Duchy Originals, the food company he started in 1990, amid much eye rolling, to sell biscuits made with organically grown wheat and oats from the 900-acre Home Farm, near his country estate of Highgrove, in Gloucestershire. Today, Duchy Originals makes some 200 products, generating net profits of $2.3 million last year—all of which goes to charity—on sales of nearly $90 million, and sustaining what Charles calls a "virtuous circle." Raw ingredients are bought from small farmers—not the mega-farms that Charles so loathes—who use organic growing methods. Now, Charles told his crowd, he intends to quantify just how much carbon dioxide and other greenhouse gases are emitted in growing, processing, and distributing those products, and give that information to consumers—"if," he acknowledged wryly, "it does not result in additional packaging."

To set a further example, Charles is subjecting his own carbon footprint to scrutiny, although he didn't dwell on that in his speech. Instead, two of his spokesmen met beforehand with a scrum of British journalists in one of Clarence House's smaller reception rooms to explain just what this meant. Already, the Prince has converted the 18th-century Highgrove to "green electricity," generated by providers who use sustainable energy sources. The es-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM BENNETT (BIRKHALL).


ICHARD GERE
he
HOAX
EVER LET THE TRUTH
ET IN THE WAY OF A
OOD STORY.
LFRED MOLINA
ARCIA GAY HARDEN
OPE DAVIS
ULIE DELPY
TANLEY TUCCI
THE UNBELIEVABLY TRUE STORY
BOB YARI PRODUCTIONS AND THE MARK GORDON COMPANY PRESENT A HALLSTRÖM/ROLLERAN PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION WITH CITY ENTERTAINMENT A FILM BY LASSE HALLSTRÖM RICHARD GERE "THE HOAX"
MOLINA MARCIA GAY HARDEN HOPE DAVIS JULIE DELPY AND STANLEY TUCCI CASTING BY LAURA ROSENTHAL MUSIC SUPERVISOR TRACY MCKNIGHT MUSIC BY CARTER BURWELL COSTUME DESIGNER DAVID ROBINSON EDITED BY ANDREW MONDSHEIN, A.C.E.
MARK RICKER DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY OLIVER STAPLETON, B.S.C. EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS ANTHONY KATAGAS GARY LEVINSOHN PRODUCED BY MARK GORDON LESLIE ROLLERAN JOSHUA D. MAURER BETSY BEERS BOB YARI BASED UPON THE BOOK BY CLIFFORD IRVING
RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN LANGUAGE
BOB YARI PRODUCTIONS
MARK GORDON COMPANY
CITY ENTERTAINMENT
SCREENPLAY BY WILLIAM WHEELER DIRECTED BY LASSE HALLSTRÖM
MIRAMAX
thehoaxmovie.net
IN THEATERS APRIL 6TH


MEL BROOKS'
musical comedy
THE PRODUCERS
THE MOST HILARIOUS MUSICAL EVER
IS HERE TO TAKE LAS VEGAS
FOR EVERYTHING IT'S GOT
Paris LAS VEGAS
Now Op
For tickets call 800-237-7469 or go to www.parislasvega

SVEDKA
VOTED #1 VODKA OF 2033




DO YOUR PART TO
HELP END GLOBAL WARMING
ADD MORE ICE
- SVEDKA GRL
SVEDKA
Imported Swedish
VODKA
Product of Sweden
40% ALC BY VOL (80 PROOF)

tate has solar panels for some heat and hot water, a carbon-neutral boiler heated by woodchips, double-glazed windows, and eco-efficient insulation. It has a walled kitchen garden to supply fruits and vegetables on a self-sustaining basis year-round. It even has a reedbed sewage system to process waste, with solid matter recycled as manure and liquid sewage reconstituted as clean drinking water. (Weekend visitors take note.) Similar measures are being undertaken at Birkhall, the Prince's Scotland home. His city home is more of a challenge—Clarence House and the adjoining St. James apartments are part of the central power grid—but along with the obvious steps (energy-efficient lightbulbs, lights and appliances that shut off when not in use), Charles is looking into green power sources for those residences too.

For a globe-traveling royal, transportation is the hardest part of the footprint to reduce. The Prince's Jaguar and Land Rover are being retrofitted to run 100 percent on biodiesel. Charles plans to take trains instead of cars whenever he can, and so, apparently, do other members of the royal family. (The Prince's mother, Queen Elizabeth II, recently took a scheduled train to her country home at Sandringham, in Norfolk. She liked it.) And again, when possible, Charles plans to fly commercial instead of chartering private jets.

At this, the distinguished members of the British press, grudgingly respectful as they are now of Charles the Eco-visionary, suppressed a collective snicker. Last spring, Charles and his wife, Camilla Parker Bowles (now the Duchess of Cornwall), flew to the Middle East and India for two weeks with an entourage of 22 on Charles's chartered Airbus 319. The daily *Independent* commissioned an analysis which concluded that the air tour produced 40 tons of carbon dioxide—as the newspaper smirkingly put it, "the weight of six London buses." After all his talk about global warming as the greatest problem facing mankind, declared a spokesman for the eco-group Plane Stupid, the Prince was "clearly not walking the walk but talking the talk. If he is serious about climate change—and I am sure he is—he needs to start flying less."

From "those bloody people" in the press came questions bathed in that uniquely English brand of scorn. *Would the Prince no longer take his private jet to ski holidays in Klosters?* "We don't all stop flying and driving," one of the spokesmen said. "But there will be more intelligent ways to do this." *So he won't use his Aston Martin or Bentley?* "The Aston Martin was given to him on his 21st birthday," the spokesman said. "He only drives it 200 miles a year. The Bentley belongs to the Metropolitan Police—it's a bulletproof security vehicle." *Where will the biodiesel come from?* "Obviously, we don't want to transport it from a long distance." *Is there any prospect of seeing the Prince on the tube?* "Unlikely," the spokesman said with a thin smile. "It's a security issue." *Does the Prince go round turning off lights himself?* "Actually," said one of the spokesmen, "he does."

This June, for the first time, the spokesmen noted, Charles's annual review of his expenditures and income—submitted to the public—will delineate the carbon footprint for all his households, as well as his travel, and set goals for the following year. For the reflexively royal-wary British press, the footprint will be a fat new target, the more so next year if those goals aren't met. Charles knows this, of course. That he's willing to risk embarrassment in the hope of goading industry and government to reduce their own footprints is only the latest sign of how serious he is.

Unsolved is the practical matter of how actually to do that accounting. A bottle of Fiji water flown to London might have a quantifiable carbon emission—if the plane transporting it carried nothing but cases of Fiji water. But what if the plane carried various other products as well? How then could that individual bottle be judged? And if the plane was half empty, would the products it carried be said to emit twice the carbon as when the plane was fully loaded? How would the Fiji water's carbon emission compare with a bottle of Perrier flown in from Paris, given that a disproportionate amount of any flight's emissions occur during takeoff, whatever the distance flown? Even if companies could figure out how to do the math, how many would want to, and what would happen to those who refused? Would governments force them to do it?

In the next year, Charles explained to his guests, a royal task force will undertake case studies of willing companies in different fields to answer some of these questions. When those early adapters do account for their green costs, he's convinced, others will follow, pushed by market demand. "With increased business transparency," he declared, "we as individuals and consumers can pick the products that last the longest, that have been produced at minimum carbon rates, that have enriched a poor community, and that have sustained a forest or a fishery rather than helped exhaust it."

Ramrod-straight, his diction as faultless as his appearance, Charles seemed nothing if not the exemplar of British nobility that day. But the future King of England was in fact proposing something quite radical: a populist revolution to save the world.

Seven weeks later, Charles came to New York, accompanied by Camilla, to receive a Global Environmental Citizen Award from the Harvard Medical School's Center for Health and the Global Environment. This time, the Prince and his entourage flew commercial, nodding amiably at the economy passengers who did double takes as they filed by the royals in first class.

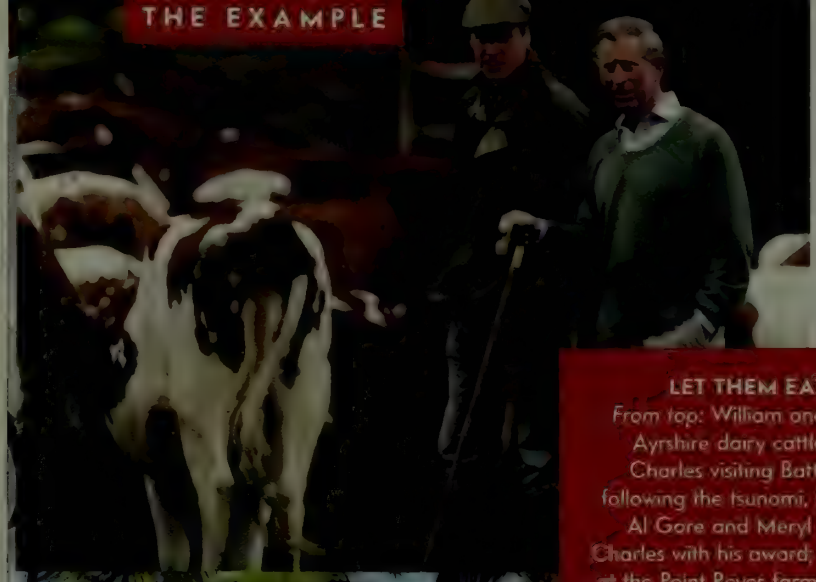
TODAY, CHARLES'S DUCHY ORIGINALS MAKES 200 MOSTLY ORGANIC PRODUCTS, GENERATING PROFITS OF $2.3 MILLION FOR CHARITY.

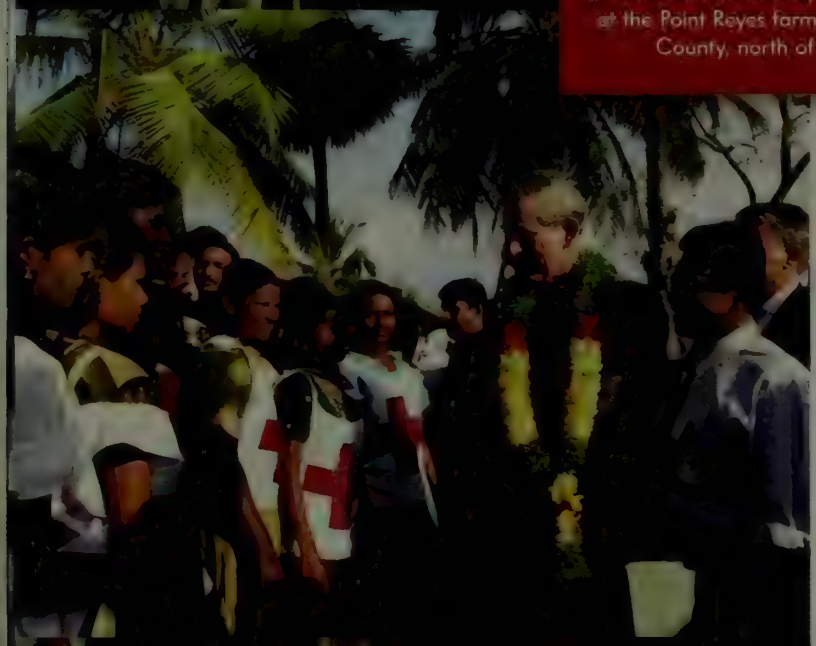
The next evening, within the Harvard Club's oak-paneled walls, an eclectic group mingled for cocktails: New Jersey governor Jon Corzine, Yoko Ono, biologist and author E. O. Wilson, actress Meryl Streep, Al Gore, and many black-tied others. Before a dinner of organic foods from self-sustaining sources, prepared by André Soltner, of Manhattan's now defunct Lutèce, and other celebrity chefs, Streep offered a few words of introduction. "When I was a little girl growing up in New Jersey, one of my goals was to marry the Prince of Wales," she said coyly. "Now, in my dotage, as I look at you with my reading glasses on, I get to show you my appreciation in a different way."

Streep made way for Gore, who pointed out that he and Charles had held their first serious talks about the environment two decades ago. "It was relatively unusual at that time," Gore said, "to run into someone who had that commitment." Of all the initiatives the Prince has taken since then, Gore said, one of the most important was still unsung. In 1990 the hole in the earth's ozone layer created by chlorofluorocarbons had become a crisis that had to be—and was—averted. "Charles played a major role in alerting the world to that danger," Gore said. "His voice was central."

Soigné as always, Charles took his award and for a moment put aside his prepared remarks. "It was worth coming all the way here just to learn about Meryl Streep's unlikely dreams," he said. "It entirely made my year." Gore, he recollected, had helped him when they first met, on a documentary Charles was doing for the BBC called *Earth in Balance*. "And he was equally articulate and thoughtful in his own book *Earth in* the *Balance*," Charles said slyly, "which appeared . . . just a little later."

Utterly at ease in the high-ceilinged, wood-paneled dining room, its stuffed moose and elk heads suited more to an English shooting









LET THEM EAT ORGANIC
From top: William and Charles with their Ayrshire dairy cattle at Duchy Farm; Charles visiting Batticaloa, Sri Lanka, following the tsunami, February 28, 2005; Al Gore and Meryl Streep presenting Charles with his award; Charles and Camilla at the Point Reyes farmers' market, in Marin County, north of San Francisco.

lodge than to a university alumni club, Charles gave a speech that was, for him, nothing less than an environmental manifesto. "In my own attempts to draw attention to environmental issues," he said, "I have always tried to ask what it is about our society and its values that has led us to act with such thoughtless destructiveness."

The answer, he felt, was both obvious and unnoticed. "We have come to see ourselves as being outside of nature," he said, "free to manipulate and control her constituent parts, imagining somehow that the whole will not suffer and can take care of itself, and of us, whatever we do." A largely urban population in the U.S. and abroad sees "excellent programs *about* nature on their television screens," the Prince observed, "but they have little—if any—direct experience of their own. Nature has become a simplified and sanitized arm's-length experience, to be switched on or off at will.... As a result, so many have lost what I would call a 'sense of harmony.'"

Two years ago, Charles recounted, he visited Sri Lanka to witness the aftermath of the Asian tsunami. He met tribesmen from the tiny Andaman and Nicobar islands, close to the quake's epicenter, off Sumatra. Many in the tribes had survived. They had lived on the islands for 50,000 years. In profound harmony with nature, they noticed subtle changes in the behavior of birds and fish before the tsunami. "These warning signs are woven into their folklore," Charles said, "and they responded immediately ... moving quickly to higher ground and the shelter of the forest." Such people do not observe the world from the outside, the Prince added. "They consider themselves participants in it and define life on earth as 'sacred presence.' ... They also take direct responsibility for the future."

THIS JUNE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, CHARLES'S ANNUAL REVIEW WILL DELINEATE HIS CARBON FOOTPRINT.

In the U.K. and the U.S., the Prince suggested, government and industry are only now starting to worry about that future. But they feel the answers to global warming lie in technological fixes. While those may help, he said, they aren't enough on their own. "It does seem to me that the business community—which, oddly enough, often recognizes the value of instinct and 'gut feel'—has a particular responsibility to see and understand the broader relationship between mankind and the natural world."

Charles is serious: that much even the British press allows now. With that change in perception has come criticism of a new kind: serious criticism. Why, the press asked on the eve of his trip, was Charles flying over to accept his award at all? Why not accept it by videophone and save the CO_2? The Prince had planned his next trip to be the family's annual ski holiday in Klosters. But now, for the environmental Prince, even that was deemed an indulgence. And so, amid growing grumbles, Charles canceled his holiday: he would save the carbon emissions by staying home. Scoffing journalists and politicians might fly at the drop of a hat, but Charles would set the royal example. PRINCE CHARLES CANCELS SKI TRIP TO SAVE PLANET was the headline of a Reuters story datelined from London in response.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND RELATED TOPICS, GO TO VF.COM.

In one sense, there's no way for Charles to win. In another, as he well knows, he already has. □

PHOTOGRAPHS, FROM TOP, BY MICHAEL CRABTREE.


HE SMOOTH BRA
seams. no rolls. no problem.
maidenform



STUCK ON YOU
President Richard Nixon and his national-security adviser, Henry Kissinger, 1972.

The Kissinger Presidency

Battered by Watergate in 1973, President Nixon was losing his epic power struggle with Henry Kissinger. Then the Middle East exploded. In an excerpt from his new book, using freshly opened archives, the author describes how the secretary of state took control

By Robert Dallek

Henry Kissinger never wanted the 20,000 pages of his telephone transcripts made public—not while he was alive, at any rate. And for good reason. It was Kissinger's practice while he served as Richard M. Nixon's national-security adviser and, later, as his secretary of state to have assistants listen in on dead-key extensions and make verbatim transcripts. The result is a record of conversations and decision-making rivaled only by the Nixon tapes—and a real-time rendering of events often at variance with official portrayals. It is ironic: Nixon and Kissinger presided over an administration that was unsurpassed (until the current one) in its secrecy, and yet produced the richest trove of presidential records in history, making the Nixon White House more transparent in retrospect than any before or since.

During the past four years I have sifted through much of the Nixon administration's recently opened archives: all of those Kissinger telephone transcripts, for instance, along with the unpublished portions of the diaries of Nixon's first chief of staff,

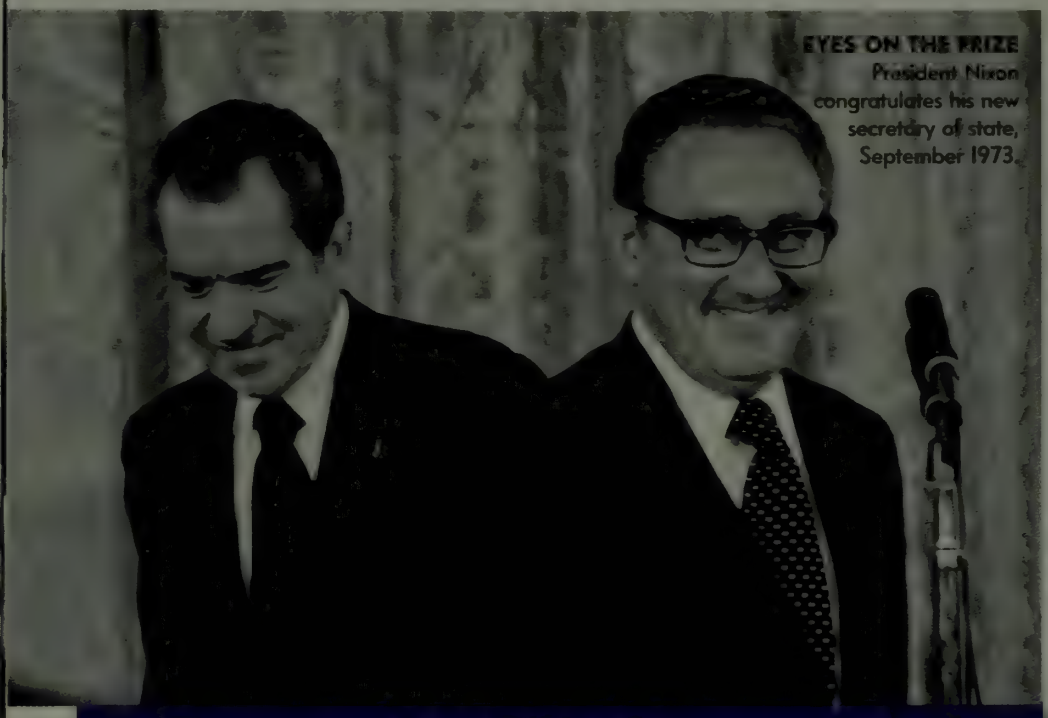
Excerpted from *Nixon and Kissinger: Partners in Power*, by Robert Dallek, to be published this month by HarperCollins Publishers;
© 2007 by the author.

RAUCHWETTER

NO
KRUG
NO
THANKS
KRUG CHAMPAGNE, REIMS, FRANCE

Enjoy Krug Responsibly. Champagne Krug, Reims - France Champagne© 2007 Imported by Moët Hennessy USA, Inc., New York, NY.

H. R. Haldeman; hundreds of hours of newly available Nixon tapes; and the national-security records (which total close to a million pages) that include Kissinger's private office files and the previously unread papers of Alexander M. Haig Jr., who was Kissinger's deputy at the National Security Council and then took Haldeman's place as chief of staff. Put it all together and an intimate picture emerges of the complex relationship between Nixon and Kissinger, men who were allies but also rivals—paranoid and insecure, deceitful and manipulative, ruthless and strangely vulnerable.



EYES ON THE PRIZE President Nixon congratulates his new secretary of state, September 1973.

Nixon asked Haldeman to make "extensive memoranda about K's mental processes and so on." for his file.

Nixon is dead, but Henry Kissinger remains very much a man in public life. In recent years, President George W. Bush has consulted him for advice on the Iraq war, which Kissinger has supported. Since 2001, Kissinger has, according to Bob Woodward's *State of Denial,* met with the president every other month, and with Vice President Dick Cheney every month, and he has advised President Bush that "victory . . . is the only meaningful exit strategy" for Iraq. So it is a good moment to visit the newly available documents and transcripts for the fresh detail they provide. They show Kissinger at moments of high drama—for instance, during the Yom Kippur War, when he made decisions of utmost gravity while keeping Nixon at arm's length. They show a man whose growing power derived from Nixon's deepening incapacity. And they reveal Kissinger's troubling personality and methods across a broad front.

The Prima Donna. Nixon did not anticipate the extent to which Kissinger, whom he barely knew when he appointed him national-security adviser, in 1969, would be envious and high-strung—a maintenance project of the first order. Nixon had a running conversation with Haldeman about "the K problem," as Haldeman noted in his diaries. Nixon complained in one taped conversation with the chief of staff: "Henry's personality problem is just too goddamn difficult for us to deal [with]. . . . Goddamn it, Bob, he's psychopathic about trying to screw [Secretary of State William] Rogers." Haldeman feared that if Kissinger "wins the battle with Rogers" he might not be "livable with afterwards." Nixon agreed that he would "be a dictator." "Did you know that Henry worries every time I talk on the phone with anybody?" he told Haldeman and domestic counselor John Ehrlichman in another taped conversation. "His feeling is that he must be present every time I see anybody important."

Vietnam. Using language that has a painfully contemporary echo, Kissinger and Nixon very quickly came to private conclusions about Vietnam that they never revealed publicly and denied entertaining. "In Saigon the tendency is to fight the war to victory," Nixon told Kissinger, according to the transcript of a 1969 phone conversation. "But you and I know it won't happen—it is impossible." Even so, according to Haldeman's unpublished diaries, Nixon later urged that Democratic critics making this same point should be labeled "the party of surrender." When someone told Kissinger that Nixon could not be re-elected, because of Vietnam, he disputed it and added, according to a memo of a conversation, that "anytime we want to get out of Vietnam we can," and that "we will get out of Vietnam before the [1972] election." Nixon wanted to plan the removal of all U.S. troops by the end of 1971, but Kissinger cautioned that, if North Vietnam then de-stabilized Saigon during the following year, events could have an adverse effect on the president's campaign. According to Haldeman's diaries, Kissinger advocated a pullout in the fall of 1972, "so that if any bad results follow they will be too late to affect the election." He apparently had nothing to say about the American lives that would be lost by deliberately prolonging the war. Just before a peace treaty was signed, Kissinger in a phone conversation advised Nixon against stating that this was a "lasting peace or guaranteed peace because this thing is almost certain to blow up sooner or later."

The Pentagon Papers. Kissinger was deeply unsettled by the revelation, in June of 1971, that the Pentagon's secret history of the Vietnam War had been given to *The New York Times* by a former adviser to Kissinger on Vietnam, Daniel Ellsberg. Would Kissinger be tarred by association? When he saw Nixon, according to a taped conversation, Kissinger said of Ellsberg, "That son-of-a-bitch. I know him well. He is completely nuts. . . . He always seemed a little bit unbalanced." As for *The New York Times,* Nixon and Kissinger were determined to come down hard. "Goddamn newspapers—they're a bunch of sluts," Nixon said. In another taped conversation, two weeks later, he said, "I don't give a goddamn about repression, do you?" "No," Kissinger replied.

Mental Health. Nixon confided to Haldeman, according to the unpublished diaries, that he was "quite shocked" at how Kissinger had "ranted and raved" at Alexander Haig during a 1971 phone conversation, telling Haig that he "had handled everything wrong," and calling U.N. ambassador George H. W. Bush "an idiot." Nixon believed that something more serious was going on, and it is known that he once mused to Ehrlichman that Kissinger might need psychiatric help. The subject of Kissinger's stability came up again in 1972. Having read *The Will to Live,* by Dr. Arnold Hutschnecker, his former psychotherapist, Nixon recommended it to Haldeman as providing a road map to what Nixon, according to Haldeman's unpublished diary notes, called "K's suicidal com-

DAVID HUME KENNERLY

No new.
No improved.



Nature perfected FIJI Water long before we bottled it. Our rainfall is purified by trade winds as it travels thousands of miles across the Pacific Ocean to the islands of Fiji. Once it arrives here, it filters through ancient volcanic rock over hundreds of years. During this process, FIJI Water collects life-essential minerals, like silica, until finally gathering in a natural artesian aquifer where it is preserved and protected from external elements. It's perfect without improvement.



www.fijiwater.com © 2013 Fiji Water Company LLC. All rights reserved.

FIJI Water. Untouched.

plex." Haldeman went on: "He also wants to be sure I make extensive memoranda about K's mental processes and so on, for his file."

The Jewish Community. Nixon's deep antipathy toward Jews is well known, and he took a strange satisfaction in having Kissinger in his inner circle, where he could periodically taunt him. Nixon told Haldeman and Ehrlichman, according to the transcript of a conversation, that "anybody who is Jewish cannot handle" Middle Eastern policy. Henry might be "as fair as he can possibly be, [but] he can't help but be affected by it. Put yourself in his position. Good God . . . his people were crucified over there. Jesus Christ! Five—five million of them popped into big ovens! How the hell's he feel about all this?" Kissinger acquiesced in Nixon's anti-Semitism, and more. He took care not to bring too many Jewish N.S.C. staff members to meetings with the president. On one occasion, speaking with Leonard Garment, a special consultant to the president on such issues as Israel and Jewish affairs, Kissinger asked, according to a transcript of the telephone conversation, "Is there a more self-serving group of people than the Jewish community? . . . You can't even tell the bastards anything in confidence because they'll leak it."

The Courtier. Flattery was one of Kissinger's principal tools in winning over Nixon, and a tool he employed shamelessly. "It was absolutely spectacular!," Kissinger said to Nixon by phone, according to a transcript, after a 1971 presidential address on the economy. "The thing that's so interesting about your style of leadership is that you never make little news, it is always big news. . . . You are a man of tremendous moves." In 1972 he told the president, in a written memo, "It has been an inspiration to see your fortitude in adversity and your willingness to walk alone."



"AROUND MY FINGER" Nixon with Kissinger's mentor, New York governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, during the 1968 campaign.

Nixon seemed to toy with Kissinger, raising the names of other people as possible envoys.

"Don't Want to Toot My Own Horn"

Nixon was simultaneously eager to exploit Kissinger's diplomatic skills and resentful of his emergence as someone who could overshadow the president. The dynamic was tense and never-ending, and at first the balance of power was tilted decisively toward the president. Nixon attempted to keep Kissinger on edge while trying to use him to foster an especially flattering presidential self-image.

In April of 1971, after months of secret exchanges facilitated by Pakistan, the government of Communist China indicated its willingness to receive a special envoy from the United States. Soon after getting this message, Nixon and Kissinger agreed on a positive response. They now went back and forth over which administration official should make the first trip to Beijing. Kissinger badly wanted the assignment, but Nixon wasn't ready to offer it, and seemed to take perverse pleasure in toying with him, raising the names of other people as possible envoys. According to a transcript of an April telephone conversation, Nixon said he was considering David Bruce, a longtime senior diplomat, but was concerned that his involvement in the Paris peace talks might make the Chinese uncomfortable. "How about Nelson [Rockefeller]?," Nixon asked. "Mr. President, he wouldn't be disciplined enough," Kissinger objected, hoping to scuttle the chances of the man who had been his crucial patron for many years. "How about Bush?," Nixon suggested. "Absolutely not," Kissinger replied. "He is too soft and not sophisticated enough." Nixon responded, "I thought of that myself," and returned to the notion of Rockefeller, telling Kissinger to keep Nelson "in the back of your head."

Kissinger then made an indirect case for himself by implying that no one was more conversant with Nixon's thinking about international affairs than he was. He described distinctions between the Chinese and the Russians in a way he knew would appeal to Nixon: "The difference between them and the Russians is that if [you] drop some loose change, when you go to pick it up the Russians will step on your fingers and the Chinese won't."

When the subject of the China visit came up again the next day, Kissinger made the case for himself more directly. He told the president, according to a taped conversation, "I don't want to toot my own horn, but I happen to be the only one who knows all the negotiations." Nixon now relented: "Oh hell fire, I know that. Nobody else can really handle it." Nixon dismissed Rockefeller as an amateur. "Jesus Christ, I could wrap Rockefeller around my finger and he'll never know it." Again, Kissinger made no attempt to stand up for his former mentor. He simply replied, "That's right."

On the morning of July 1, as Kissinger was about to leave for China, Nixon spent more than an hour with him, giving final instructions on what he should say to the Chinese premier, Chou En-lai. Nixon counseled against any lengthy "philosophical talk," according to a recorded conversation. His own success in dealing with Communist leaders was due to the fact that "I don't fart around. . . . I'm very nice to them—then I come right in with the cold steel." Nixon had

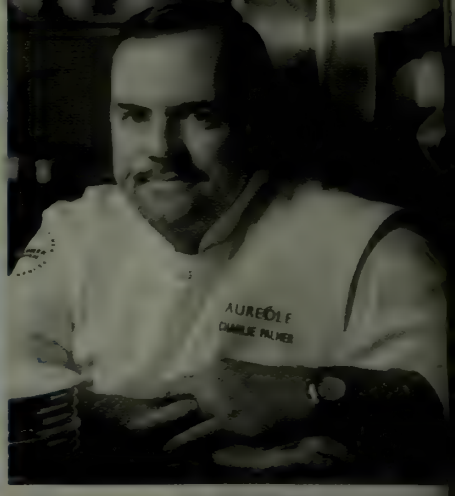


roberto cavalli

eyewear



THE *Gourmet* FIFTH ANNUAL INSTITUTE









ALL ACCESS. ALL WEEKEND.

ALL YOU'LL BE TALKING ABOUT ALL YEAR LONG.

Be a part of culinary history! For the fifth annual Gourmet Institute, the epicurean world's top talents will come together under one roof for a very special weekend of insider-only seminars, cooking demonstrations, tastings and more. Get an exclusive sneak peek into the world of *Gourmet* with A-list guest chefs including Grant Achatz, Thomas Keller, Gray Kunz, Masaharu Morimoto, Charlie Palmer, Michel Richard, Eric Ripert and Marcus Samuelsson—as well as *Gourmet* editors and a host of notable culinary personalities.

OCTOBER 19–21, 2007 · NEW YORK CITY

SPONSORS INCLUDE: All-Clad · Chateau St Jean Cuisinart · Electrolux ICON™ · FIJI Water · Grey Goose Vodka Häagen-Dazs® · Irish Dairy Board · Moët & Chandon Post Selects Cereals · Princess Cruises · The French Culinary Institute · Tommy Bahama Rum · Tourism Ireland

Pre-order your "Chefs of The Gourmet Institute" 2008 calendar today. It's this year's culinary must-have, presented by Moët & Chandon.

Visit Gourmetinstitute.com

VISIT GOURMETINSTITUTE.COM OR CALL 1.888.308.6133

BEGINNING MAY 1 TO PURCHASE TICKETS AND FOR THE COMPLETE WEEKEND SCHEDULE.



We see the potential for salon perfect hair, every day. So we created **Luminous Color Glaze**™ with **Color Illuminating Technology**.™ It's reformulated to boost shine, gently reawaken color and keep hair silky after just 3 minutes in the shower. Another salon breakthrough from the professionals behind the John Frieda Collection.

JOHN FRIEDA COLLECTION. THE BEAUTY OF INVENTION.™

Find it in the hair care aisle next to our shampoos, conditioners and stylers.

©2007 John Frieda Professional Hair Care Division, Kao Brands Company

kitson LA



to be talked into letting Kissinger give a background press briefing after the trip. He was sure "the press will try to give K the credit in order to screw the P," Haldeman recorded in his unpublished diaries. Kissinger persuaded him that he could "shoot that down." Nixon then offered a memorable and effusive autobiographical sketch. In a memo, he instructed Kissinger to tell reporters "how RN is uniquely prepared for this meeting and how ironically in many ways he has similar . . . characteristics and background to Chou." He went on to list points to emphasize, including: "Strong convictions. Came up through adversity. At his best in a crisis. Cool. Unflappable. A tough bold strong leader. Willing to take chances where necessary. A man who takes the long view, never being concerned about tomorrow's headlines but about how the policy will look years from now. A man with a philosophical turn of mind. A man who works without notes [while] covering many areas. A man who knows Asia. . . . A man who in terms of his personal style is . . . steely . . . subtle and . . . almost gentle."

Nixon's comparison of himself to Chou was preposterous and Kissinger did not use it in his press briefing. But the next day he gave an interview to *Life* magazine, and he dutifully mentioned the main points from Nixon's list.

"The President . . . Was Loaded"

Kissinger's demands for influence and attention incensed Nixon, who occasionally talked about firing him. Watergate made this impossible. Nixon's need to use Kissinger and foreign policy to counter threats of impeachment made Kissinger an indispensable figure in a collapsing administration. The balance of power shifted massively and irrevocably.

Many facets of Kissinger's operating procedure were in full-blown display during the 1973 Yom Kippur War: the secrecy, the subterfuge, and the desire to gather power to himself. The crisis arose just as a convergence of domestic scandals rocked the White House. The president was losing his battle to keep the Watergate tapes under seal. The Saturday Night Massacre, when Nixon fired the Watergate special prosecutor and accepted the resignations of the attorney general and the deputy attorney general, was merely weeks away. And Vice President Spiro Agnew was on the verge of resigning, in the face of charges of extortion, bribery, and income-tax evasion. The president was deeply preoccupied, and at times incapacitated by self-pity or alcohol.

On the morning of October 6—Yom Kippur, the holiest day of the Jewish calendar—Egypt attacked Israeli forces in the Sinai even as Syria struck the Israelis in the Golan Heights. A combination of complete surprise and effective preparation initially gave Egypt and Syria the advantage.

From the outset Kissinger, who was now secretary of state as well as national-security adviser, centered control of the crisis in his own hands. The Israelis had informed him of the attacks at six A.M. that Saturday, but three and a half hours would pass before he felt the need to consult Nixon, who had escaped Washington for his retreat in Key Biscayne, Florida. At 8:35 A.M., Kissinger called Haig, who was with the president, to report on developments. He said, according to a phone transcript, "I want you to know . . . that we are on top of it here." To ensure that the media not see Nixon as out of the loop, Kissinger urged Haig to say "that the President was kept informed from 6:00 A.M. on." When Kissinger finally called Nixon, at 9:25 A.M., the president left matters in Kissinger's hands. But he asked, according to a transcript, that Kissinger "indicate you talked to me."

At 10:35 A.M., Kissinger again called Haig. They discussed how to work with the Soviets to bring the fighting to a halt. When Haig reported that Nixon was considering returning to Washington, Kissinger discouraged it—part of a recurring pattern to keep Nixon out of the process. Over the next three days, Kissinger oversaw the diplomatic exchanges with the Israelis and Soviets about the war. Israeli prime minister Golda Meir's requests for military supplies, which were beginning to run low, came not to Nixon but to Kissinger. Although he consistently described himself as representing the president's wishes, Kissinger was seen by outsiders as the principal U.S. official through whom business should be conducted. On October 7, for example, a Brezhnev letter to Nixon was a response to "the messages you transmitted to us through Dr. Kissinger." On October 9, a telegram to King Hussein of Jordan urging continued non-involvement in the conflict came not from Nixon but from Kissinger.



WHO'S IN CHARGE? Kissinger leaves Nixon for his State Department command post as the Yom Kippur War rages, October 1973.

On the phone, Kissinger advised Haig against consulting Nixon. "He would just start charging around."

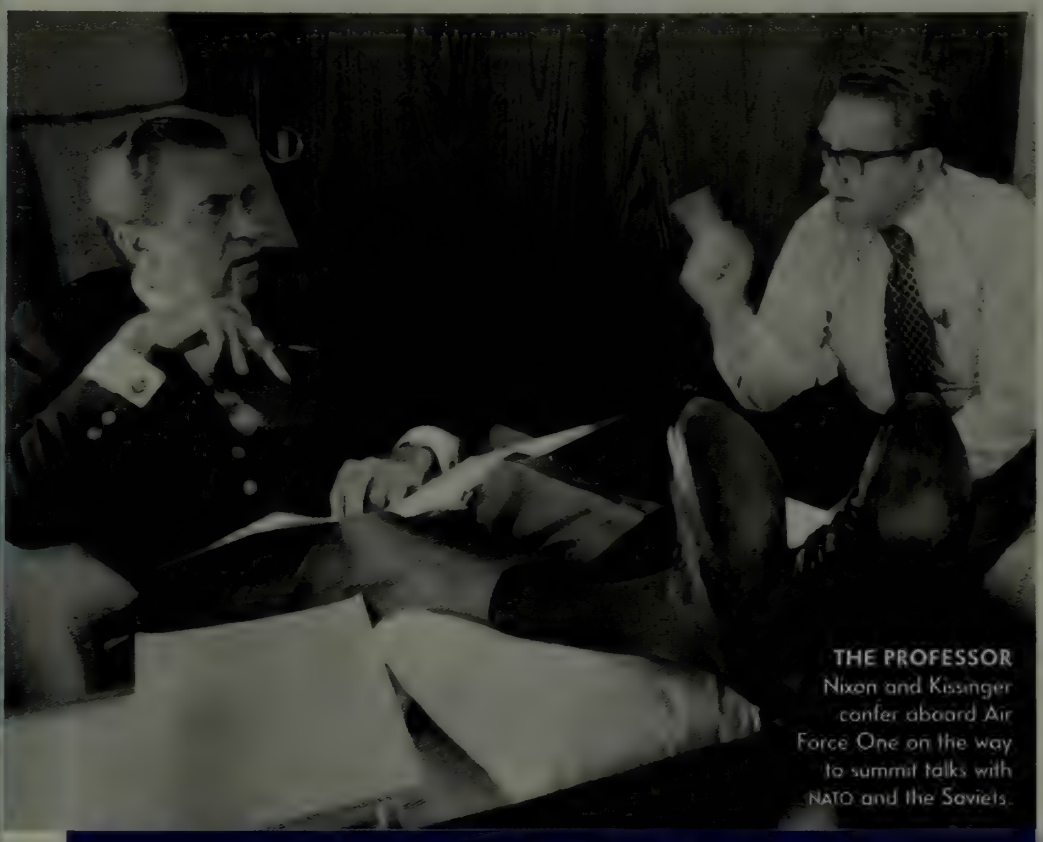
Although Kissinger spoke to Nixon frequently during these four days, it was usually Kissinger who initiated the calls, kept track of the fighting, and parceled out information as he saw fit. On the night of October 7, according to a telephone transcript, Nixon asked Kissinger if there had been any message from Brezhnev. "Oh, yes, we heard from him," Kissinger replied, volunteering no more. Nixon had to press, asking lamely, "What did he say?"

At 7:55 on the night of October 11, Brent Scowcroft, Haig's replacement as Kissinger's deputy at the N.S.C., called Kissinger to report that the British prime minister, Edward Heath, wanted to speak to the president in the next 30 minutes. According to a telephone transcript, Kissinger replied, "Can we tell them no? When I talked to the President he was loaded." Scowcroft suggested that they describe Nixon as unavailable, but say that the prime minister

DAVID HUME KENNERLY

could speak to Kissinger. "In fact, I would welcome it," Kissinger told Scowcroft.

What is striking is how matter-of-fact Kissinger and Scowcroft were about Nixon's condition, as if it had been nothing out of the ordinary—as if Nixon's drinking to excess was just part of the routine. They showed no concern at having to keep the prime minister of America's principal ally away from the president.



THE PROFESSOR
Nixon and Kissinger confer aboard Air Force One on the way to summit talks with NATO and the Soviets.

"Let's not broadcast this all over the place," Kissinger told Haig, aware that the events would be controversial.

"Very Down, Very Down"

Between October 6 and 19, Washington and Moscow tried to outdo each other in supplying their respective Middle East clients. Initially, with the Egyptians and Syrians doing well in the fighting, the Soviets resisted calls for a cease-fire. But at the end of two weeks, with the conflict turning against them, Brezhnev became insistent on a truce. On October 19, he urgently asked that Kissinger fly to Moscow for discussions on ending the war. With Kissinger and Brezhnev agreeing to put a cease-fire before the U.N. Security Council, Haig, in a message to Kissinger, congratulated the secretary of state on "your Herculean accomplishment." But he warned that "you will be returning to an environment of major national crisis" brought on by the worsening fallout from the Watergate scandal.

The Middle East situation remained dangerous. On the afternoon of October 23, Moscow and Washington began exchanging messages on the hotline about Israeli and Egyptian violations of the cease-fire. The Soviets were particularly concerned about the Egyptian Third Army, which was cut off in the Sinai. The next day Brezhnev complained that Israel was ignoring the cease-fire, and he proposed a joint military intervention to implement the agreement. He warned that if the United States would not agree to this Moscow might decide to act alone. Kissinger cautioned the Soviets against unilateral intervention.

In the midst of these developments, Nixon called Kissinger. But it was not to discuss the Middle East. Nixon was, Kissinger would later write, "as agitated and emotional as I had ever heard him." The call confirmed what Haig had told Kissinger by phone a day earlier. "How is his frame of mind?," Kissinger had asked, according to a transcript. "Very down, very down," Haig replied.

Kissinger and Haig decided to convene a meeting of national-security officials to devise a response to Brezhnev. Kissinger acknowledges in his memoirs that Nixon was by then asleep, and that he and Haig decided not to get him up. "Should I wake up the President?," Kissinger asked Haig during a 9:50 P.M. phone conversation on October 24, according to the transcript. "No," Haig answered. A half-hour later, in another phone conversation, it is Kissinger who has become reluctant. "Have you talked to the President?," Haig asked. "No, I haven't," Kissinger replied. "He would just start charging around.... I don't think we should bother the President." Haig persuaded Kissinger to at least shift the meeting from the State Department to the White House, as a way to leave the impression that Nixon was "a part of everything you are doing." Was Nixon on sedatives that would not allow him to function effectively? Had he been drinking? Was he simply preoccupied, as Kissinger suggests in his official recollections? For whatever reason, Kissinger did not want the president involved.

It was an extraordinary turn of events. None of the seven officials who met for more than three hours, until two A.M., had been elected to office. Yet they were setting policy in a dangerous international crisis, and coming to a decision that should have rested with the president: directing U.S. forces to raise America's worldwide level of military readiness from Defense Conditions 4 and 5 to Def Con 3, a level reached only once before, during the Cuban missile crisis. (U.S. readiness would be raised on only two subsequent occasions, during the 1991 Gulf War and on September 11, 2001.) The worldwide alert was coupled with a message delivered to the Soviet Embassy at 5:40 A.M. It described "your suggestion of unilateral action as a matter of the gravest concern involving incalculable consequences." Although the White House issued a statement attributing to Nixon the decision to put the nation on high alert, and Kissinger repeated this assertion at a press briefing, it was Kissinger and the six other national-security officials in the early-morning hours who actually chose to do it, though presumably confident that they reflected Nixon's wishes. But how confident could they really have been? As Kissinger would remind Haig the next day, according to the transcript of a phone call, "You and I were the only ones for it. These other guys were wailing all over the place this morning."

The alert became worldwide news, and it also achieved its objective. The Soviets agreed to stay out. When Kissinger received word that the Soviets had backed down, he spoke with Haig, not Nixon, and in that 2:35 P.M. phone conversation he expressed concern about how the decision-making process would be viewed if it ever became public. According to a transcript of the call, Kissinger told Haig, "I think I did some good for the President." Haig replied, "More than you know." They

Pomegranate Perfected.





The world's first true pomegranate liqueur. PAMA™

pamaliqueur.com



Pomegranate Perfected.

PAMA Margarita

2 1/2 oz. PAMA Pomegranate Liqueur
1 oz. Reposado Tequila
1/2 oz. Triple Sec
Fresh Lime Juice
Splash of Simple Syrup

Shake and serve over ice in a margarita glass. Garnish with a lime wheel.

PAMA Martini

2 oz. PAMA Pomegranate Liqueur
1 oz. Super Premium Vodka
1/4 oz. Orange Flavored Liqueur

Combine all ingredients into mixing glass. Add ice and shake vigorously. Strain into a martini glass. Garnish with a lemon zest.

PAMA™
POMEGRANATE LIQUE

For more tempting recipes,
visit pamaliqueur.com

Don't be tempted. Please Drink Responsibly
PAMA™ Pomegranate Liqueur. Bottled by PAMA Spirits
Bardstown, KY 40004 17% Alc. Vol. © 2006

agreed that, as Kissinger put it, without the alert "we would have had a Soviet paratroop division in there this morning." "You know it, and I know it," Haig responded. "Have you talked to the Boss," he asked. "No," Kissinger said. "I will call him. Let's not broadcast this all over the place otherwise it looks like we (cooked) it up." (The parentheses are in the original transcript.) Only afterward did Kissinger, at 3:05 P.M., place a call to Nixon, greeting him fulsomely with the words "Mr. President, you have won again."

Aware that the events of that night, if made public, would be controversial, Kissinger maintained that putting the country on alert was Nixon's order as commander in chief. According to a transcript of a phone conversation between Kissinger and Nixon, a reporter asked Kissinger at the press briefing, "Was this [alert] a rational decision by the President?" Kissinger told Nixon that in reply he had "said it was [a] combination of the advice of all of his advisors . . . that the President decided to do this." It is a careful formulation. But I have found no document or transcript showing or suggesting that the president signed off on the action. And there is a moment, at once haunting and pathetic, when Nixon seems to underscore his own passive role in a *fait accompli,* wanting to be seen as in the loop. Immediately after the 3:05 conversation, Nixon called Kissinger back, hoping to lure him to the White House for a display of public consultation: "I think it would be well for semantics, no semantics, I mean, if you could come over here, make an appearance, dash over to say hello. You know, to sort of, what are you doing now?"

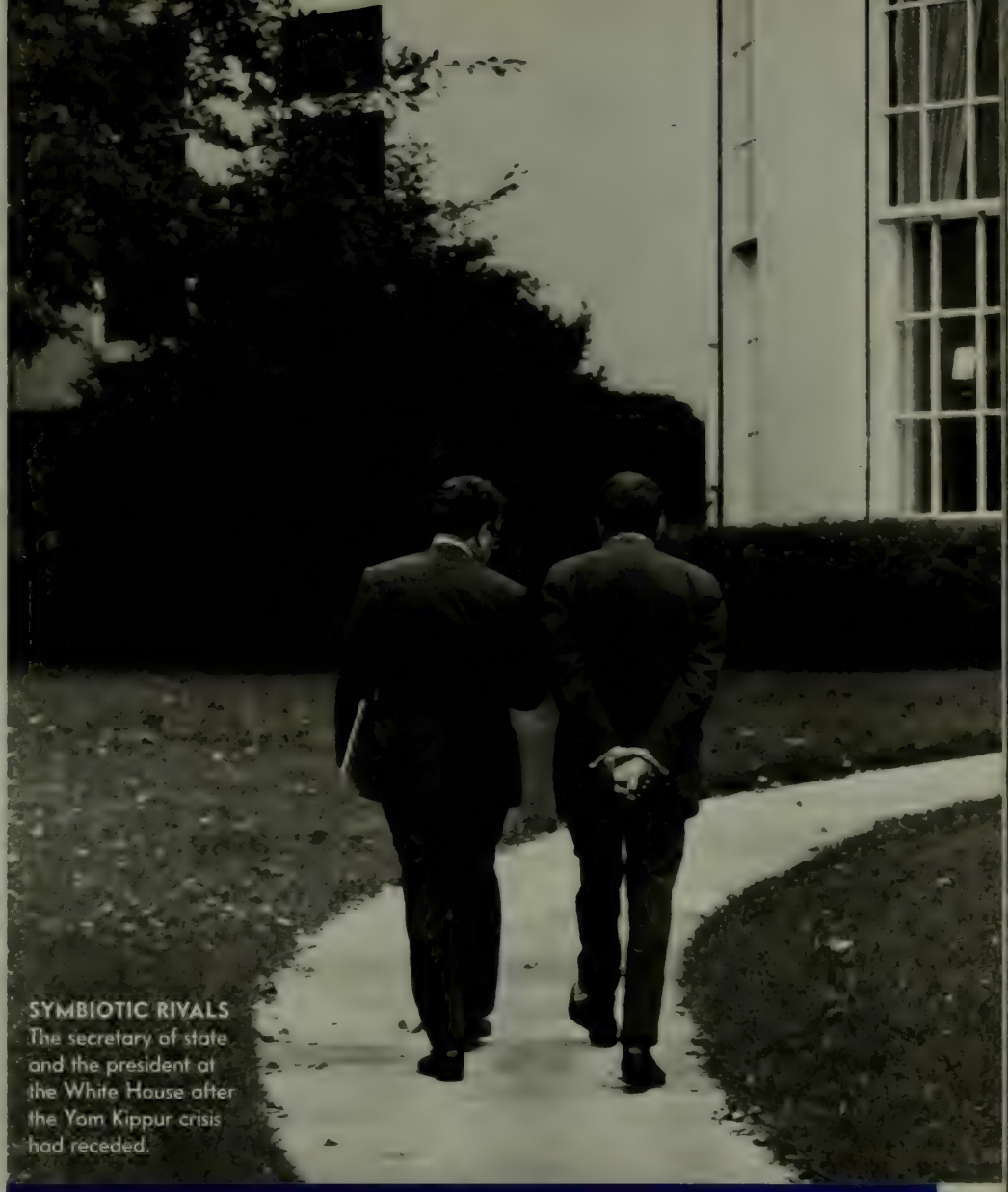
The extent to which Kissinger had come to believe that decision-making should rightfully rest in his own hands rather than the president's can hardly be exaggerated. As he prepared to travel to the Middle East on November 5, Kissinger wanted Haig and Scowcroft to assure him that Nixon was under control. Specifically he worried that the Soviet ambassador, Anatoly Dobrynin, might get in to see the president and extract unwise commitments. "I have to talk with you about how to conduct yourself while I am gone," he told Scowcroft, according to the transcript of a telephone call. "I am sure the Russians will try something . . . to get hold of the President. It is essential they don't get anything I didn't give them."

"My Moral Authority"

Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger were symbiotic rivals—men who shared many similarities, including cynicism and insecurity, and who desperately needed each other despite their often poisonous antagonism and mutual suspicion. Nixon distrusted Kissinger, doubting his professions of admiration. Kissinger's eagerness for the spotlight and his self-serving ambition put Nixon on edge. Nixon rightly believed that Kissinger saw himself as a superior intellect manipulating a malleable president. Nixon called him "my Jew boy" behind his back and occasionally to his face as a way to humiliate him and keep him in his place. Kissinger reciprocated, according to a raft of transcripts and other documents. He despised Nixon's top aides. "I have never met such a gang of self-seeking bastards in my life," Kissinger told the British ambassador in 1970, in a remark preserved in an ambassadorial memo in the National Archives in London. "I used to find the Kennedy group unattractively narcissistic, but they were idealists. These people are real heels." The president himself fared little better. Kissinger privately referred to Nixon as "that madman," "our drunken friend," and "the meatball mind."

By the spring of 1974, public attitudes toward Nixon and Kissinger were heading in opposite directions. The president's political survival seemed more uncertain with every passing day, while Kissinger's public standing reached new heights. Kissinger remained publicly supportive of Nixon, but in his own mind he viewed America's well-being as inextricably linked to his own.

After returning from the Middle East in June of 1974, Kissinger spoke by phone with Jacob Javits and told the New York senator, "You know, what really worries me, Jack, [is that,] with the President facing impeachment, what's been holding things together is my moral authority abroad and to some extent at home. If that's lost we may be really in trouble." □



SYMBIOTIC RIVALS The secretary of state and the president at the White House after the Yom Kippur crisis had receded.

Afterward, Kissinger greeted Nixon fulsomely with the words "Mr. President, you have won again."

Proof that nature and progress can coexist comfortably.
Very, very comfortably.
This is luxury hybrid.
This is the pursuit of perfection.



Lexus.com

The pursuit of perfection.



Vehicle shown with available equipment. ©2007 Lexus.

DUDE-ZILLA
America's 301 million people—5 percent of the world's population—use a quarter of the earth's energy and consume paper at an annual rate of 740 pounds per capita.



AN ECO-SYSTEM OF ONE'S OWN

Brushing your teeth, checking your e-mail, ordering lunch, hitting the gym—almost every move you make affects the health of the planet. From the cell-phone/gorilla connection to the growing e-waste factor, ALEX SHOUMATOFF explores the global impact of the average American routine. PLUS: ADAM SPANGLER highlights four seminal climate-change reports and explains the difference between "organic" and "natural"

MORNING JUICE

YOUR UNWITTING COMPLICITY in the degradation of the planet begins the moment you wake up. You switch on your nightstand light, sending a message for increased demand to the power grid. The amount of energy is minute, it's true, but remember that you're sharing America's grid with 301 million people—the 5 percent of the world's population who collectively consume a quarter of the earth's energy.

More than half of this grid is powered by coal-fired plants, which account for 40 percent of our national output of greenhouse gases. With their emissions regulations gutted by the current administration, power plants belch carbon dioxide, mercury, nitrogen oxide, and sulfur dioxide, an active ingredient of both acid rain and smog. Some of this pollution is drifting all the way up to the Arctic and poisoning fish, ringed seals, polar bears, and pregnant Inuit women.

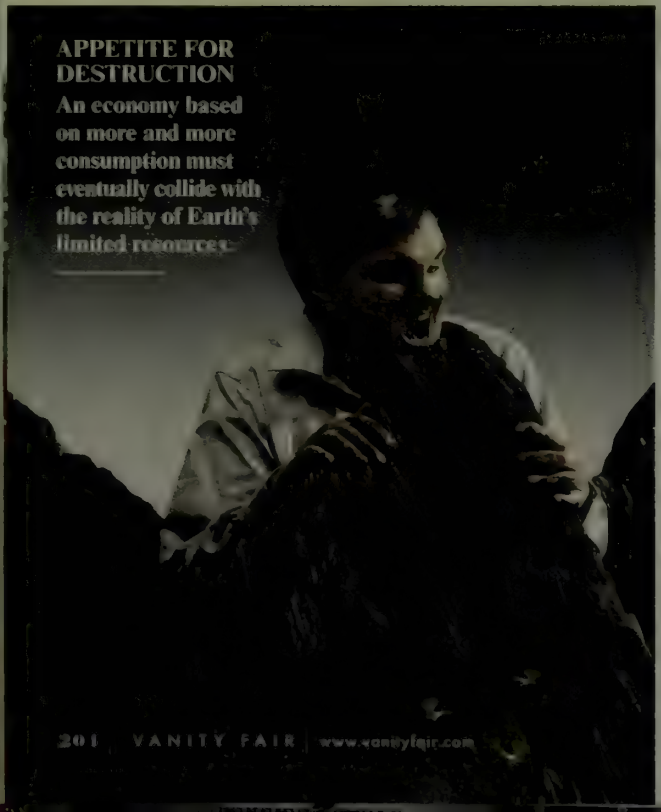
If you live in Southern California, your little shot of wattage could have come from one of the many old, unrenovated coal plants—there are dozens in the Four Corners region alone—that are blanketing the Great American Desert in a red haze of toxic pollution. This is all the more deplorable when you consider that two-thirds of the energy from whatever turbine you're drawing on is lost between

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILLIP TOLEDANO

The Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (I.P.C.C.) of the United Nations:

"THE PHYSICAL SCIENCE BASIS OF CLIMATE CHANGE"

A 21-page summary of the I.P.C.C.'s report—the full text with recommended solutions is to be released in parts throughout 2007—states with more than 90 percent certainty, up from 66 percent in the last report, in 2001, that it is "very likely" humans are the cause of climate change. What the report's authors (some 600 scientists) are absolutely certain of is that the world's climate is changing in a very significant way and will continue to do so for the foreseeable future. If you consider the conservative nature of the U.N., and the great number of interests its members represent, the power of its report—the fourth in 17 years—rests not so much in what it says as in who is saying it. The need to satisfy this broad constituency is the reason the report suggests human influence is "very likely" instead of "virtually certain," as some scientists called for. If the past is any indication, the report, which represents a six-year review of hundreds of previous studies and stands as a kind of once-and-for-all admission of human involvement in climate change, may underestimate the potential problem. As demonstrated in the 2001 report, whose predictions for world temperature rise over the following five years matched the worst-case-scenario numbers, I.P.C.C. estimates tend to be on the safe side, a fact that could help prolong a theoretical debate that should be long over. To read the full summary, which was published in February, go to ipcc.ch.



the plant and your lightbulb due to resistance in the power lines. One easy thing you can d is spring for compact fluorescent bulbs. They last longer than incandescent bulbs and us only a third of the energy.

If you live in the Northeast, a lot of your power comes from massive hydroelectric dam in northern Quebec. Canada is the world's largest producer of hydropower, and the U.S. is i biggest customer. There are already 279 large dams in the vast wilderness, seething with river known as the Boreal, which blankets 58 percent of Canada and is homeland to the Cree an many other "First Nations," as Canada's native ethnic groups are known. Sudden releas from some of the dams, triggered by such things as a spike in air-conditioner use down in th States, drown countless thousands of nests of migratory water birds every summer, and a least two caribou herds have been swept away to their deaths at their historic river crossings

Hydro-Québec, the agency that provides the province of Quebec with its electricity, no plans to divert as much as 72 percent of the 380-mile-long Rupert River's torrential flo into the Eastmain Reservoir, so that it can generate an additional 888 megawatts for Ne England. Critics fear that this diversion will ruin the river, turning it into a trickle, and wi poison the Cree's fishing areas on the Eastmain with mercury leached out of the bedroc

You're not even dressed yet, and look at all the chaos you've wrought.

"Excrement of Oil"

Still not fully awake, you stumble into the bathroom and slip out of your cotton paja mas. The usual way of growing cotton is highly petrochemical-intensive, requiring 11 pounds of nitrogen fertilizer per acre. Some of the fertilizer is broken down by soil bac teria into nitrate, a toxic and highly soluble chemical that can leach into groundwater o get washed into lakes, creating oxygenless dead zones. Absorbed into the air, nitrate turn into nitrogen oxide, another ingredient of acid rain. Cultivating cotton, unless it's organic also requires copious amounts of water. Center-pivot irrigation systems flinging water o the cotton fields in the High Plains are sapping the region's vast Ogallala aquifer.

Water conservation is probably not uppermost in your mind as you empty your bladder The average flush uses three and a half gallons, but some older toilets have eight-gallo tanks. This is almost criminal, given that 1.2 billion people around the world, includin one of seven Europeans, don't have access to clean, potable water. According to the U.N more than 2.7 billion people will face severe water shortages by 2025. Many social scien tists predict that the next big wars will be over water. Nevertheless, the average America family blissfully consumes 300 gallons a day, when you add in watering the lawn and wash ing dishes, clothes, and cars. This works out to 495,000 gallons per person every yea Compare this with 193,000 gallons in Japan, 153,000 in Germany, and 44,000 in Mali.

And before you rip off three feet of toilet paper, consider that each year 500,000 acres o virgin boreal forest in northern Alberta and Ontario are being clear-cut to make the stuf These forests are home to some 500 First Nation communities, as well as caribou and bears moose and wolves, and, in the summertime, billions of songbirds. As Allen Hershkowitz, a expert on paper consumption at the Natural Resources Defense Council, once explained t me, "We're wiping our asses with endangered habitat." For brands that use recycled paper check out the N.R.D.C.'s Web site.

Now for your shower, which means more water. After drying off with your cot ton towel, you fire up your battery-powered toothbrush. Since it costs only $6 and th bristles are wearing down, you'll probably throw away the whole unit when the batter runs out—which is just what the companies that make these gizmos want you to do The battery will likely end up in a landfill, releasing its corrosive acids and heavy met als, including lead, into the eco-system. The toothbrush itself is plastic, as is most ev erything in your indoor environment. America's insatiable appetite for oil is not jus about fuel. It has a lot to do with petrochemicals, including plastics—what Norma Mailer called "the excrement of oil." Plastic production accounts for 5 percent of U.S fossil-fuel consumption. Meanwhile, just 4 percent of plastic products are recycled.

Putting on deodorant? Fine, but stay away from anti-perspirants. They zap you wit aluminum, or equally neurotoxic compounds in the aluminum family. The process o mining bauxite and refining it into aluminum is environmentally devastating. It involve decapitating hills, gouging pits, and releasing vast quantities of toxic waste in gas an solid form. And yet only half of the beverage cans in the U.S. are recycled.

If you're a shaving man, you can take comfort in the fact that your shaving cream is n longer compressed with ozone-depleting chlorofluorocarbons, or CFCs, which were phase out in 1995 by the Montreal Protocol. But your razor is probably a disposable composite o metal and plastic. Chances are, it will end up at the incinerator, where its heavy-metal-base coloring and stabilizing agents (usually cadmium, lead, or antimony) will be released int the atmosphere. Instead of chucking your disposable razor after four or five shaves, wh not get an old-fashioned straight razor and a strop. Or a disposable razor-blade sharpener They haven't been popular since the 1950s, but a vintage Stag safety-razor sharpener, whic I found on eBay for $9.95, keeps a single blade sharp for a whole year. No wonder the stopped pushing them.

The day we dispose of the idea of disposability will be a great one for the planet.

The Cell-Phone/Gorilla Connection

uddenly, a ringtone shatters the morning calm. The first cellular-telephone call was made on April 3, 1973, and now there are more than 200 million reless subscribers in the U.S. filling the airwaves with a billion minutes of atter a year. You answer the cell phone, not realizing that the popularity of is device is helping to kill some of the last wild gorillas on earth.

Cell phones, laptop computers, and electronic appliances contain thin ips of metal called capacitors, which control voltage and store energy. hese capacitors are made of tantalum, a metal extracted from a mineral mposite called coltan. Coltan is found in only a few places in the world. ghty percent of it is in the Democratic Republic of Congo (formerly aire). Some of the richest deposits are in the same national parks in east- n Congo where the gorillas dwell. The miners don't get much for the long ours they put in ripping up streambeds. They are fed bush meat from the rest: okapi (the exceedingly rare "forest giraffe"), elephant, and lowland orilla—all mowed down by hunters with Kalashnikov rifles.

So maybe there should be a disclaimer on every cell phone: WITH POLOGIES TO THE GORILLAS.

Done with your call, you go to the closet and slip on some wool trou- rs, which come courtesy of vast herds of sheep belching and farting ethane—a greenhouse gas that's 20 times more powerful than carbon oxide. New Zealand, where there are about 10 sheep for every person, one of the world's greatest mammalian-methane emitters. All kinds of othing have impacts, though. Fur and leather, as everyone knows, mean aughtering animals. One type of rayon is made from a particular kind of ood pulp called "dissolving pulp," which is milled mostly in Indonesia, plants that are huge consumers of rain-forest resources.

Fortunately, eco-friendly fashion is coming into vogue. You can uy organic-cotton garments at H&M now, and in 2005 Bono of U2 unched an all-organic line, called Edun.

Pulp Facts

You open the front door and pick up your newspaper. Let's say it's *The New York Times,* the heftiest rag of all. The impacts of publishing All the News That's Fit to Print are horrific. Each Sunday edition eats up 62,860 trees. It takes 17 trees to make a ton of newsprint, and the U.S. consumed 10.6 million tons in 2005—25 percent of the world total. For his 2002 book, *Bronx Ecology: Blueprint for a New Environmentalism,* Allen Hershkowitz compared the amount of paper refuse in New York City to the biomass of the Brazilian rain forest and found that the city had almost as much cellulose fiber per acre as the forest.

The paper industry is the world's third-greatest industrial polluter, behind the manufacturers of chemicals and steel. The mills emit tons of toxic chemicals, including mercury, lead, and dioxins. Dioxins are carcinogens that can combine with other toxins to make them mutagenic—meaning that they alter your DNA. Not only dioxins but 100,000 other synthetic compounds have made their way into eco-systems far and near, infecting food chains and accumulating in their top carnivores—eagles, polar bears, humans.

Americans consume paper at an annual rate of 740 pounds per capita, seven times that of the world as a whole. From 2000 to 2005, the global consumption of paper increased by more than 20 percent, from 300 million tons to about 366.

The advent of the computer has paradoxically generated vastly more paper consumption. One reason is that almost no businesses or government agencies print on both sides of the page. If you recycled your *Times* every day for a year, that would keep more than 6,000 tons of pollution out of the air. But of the 62 million newspapers that will be printed today around the country, 44 million will be thrown away. This week, the equivalent of 500,000 trees will be dumped into landfills or incinerated. Most of them are grown in the South, which produces a quarter of the

BUYER BEWARE: FOOD LABELS

Organic foods and those produced in more environmentally considerate ways are growing increasingly popular with consumers. With labels claiming they're everything from hormone-free to salmon-safe, more of these foods are turning up on grocery-store shelves every day. Though many of these claims are made in good faith, only some are certified, and others are little more than a marketing strategy. Certification can come from anywhere: nonprofits, industry-sponsored organizations, state and federal governments, or individuals. What's a conscientious customer to do? Start by learning what the various certification labels mean.

MOST RELIABLE

ABELS ARE VERIFIED Y AN INDEPENDENT HIRD PARTY.

SDA ORGANIC

Foods certified: meat, dairy, wine, produce, processed and frozen ods, grains. Assures that a food as been produced and processed onsistent with national organic andards: no hormones, antibiotics, enetic engineering, or radiation as used, nor were most synthetic esticides and fertilizers. The U.S.D.A.'s lational Organic Program is in harge of the legal definition of organic" in the U.S. However, nforcement and the consistency f the standards have been sues. (ams.usda.gov/nop)

ERTIFIED HUMANE AISED & HANDLED

Foods certified: meat, poultry, eggs, dairy. Indicates nimals were pastured and raised umanely from birth through slaughter, without antibiotics or hormones. The gold standard of labeling. (certifiedhumane.org)

MARINE STEWARDSHIP COUNCIL

Foods certified: seafood. Ensures fish and shellfish are harvested within sustainable yields; maintains marine biodiversity, productivity, and ecological processes. (msc.org)

SALMON-SAFE

Foods certified: wine, fruit, eggs, beef, lamb, produce. Means products were created using healthy farming practices that keep Pacific Northwest waterways clean enough for wild salmon to thrive. (salmonsafe.org)

FAIR TRADE CERTIFIED

Foods certified: coffee, tea, chocolate, tropical fruit, rice, sugar. Encourages sustainable farming methods; assures that farmers and workers receive fair compensation. (transfairusa.org)

RAINFOREST ALLIANCE CERTIFIED

Foods certified: bananas, citrus, coffee, cocoa. Products come from farms and forests where rivers, soil, and wildlife are protected, and workers have fair wages and dignified living conditions. In addition, R.A. endorses the Forest Stewardship Council certification of wood products. (rainforest-alliance.org; fscus.org)

LESS RELIABLE

LABELS ARE NOT NECESSARILY VERIFIED BY AN INDEPENDENT THIRD PARTY.

GRASS-FED OR PASTURED

Foods certified: meat, eggs, dairy. Means livestock were fed primarily grass—no animal by-products—in a confined or unconfined area. Some grass producers provide independent documentation that their animals are fed a vegetarian diet. (Look for the U.S.D.A. Process Verified shield.)

NO HORMONES ADMINISTERED

Foods certified: beef, pork, poultry. Means the animal was never administered any hormones. Hormones are forbidden in the raising of poultry and pork; products bearing the "No hormones added" label must also say, "Federal regulations prohibit the use of hormones."

LEAST RELIABLE

LABELS DO NOT HAVE A STANDARD DEFINITION AND ARE NOT VERIFIED BY AN INDEPENDENT THIRD PARTY.

ANTIBIOTIC-FREE

Foods certified: meat, poultry, eggs, dairy. Means that the animals were raised without antibiotics during their lifetime.

FREE-RANGE OR FREE-ROAMING

Foods certified: poultry, meat, eggs. Means the animals have had daily access to the outdoors, but there are no standards regarding length of time or outdoor conditions.

CAGE-FREE

Foods certified: poultry. Implies birds were not housed in cages, but does not guarantee birds had access to the outdoors.

NATURAL

Foods certified: meat, poultry, processed foods. Means product does not contain artificial flavors, colors, chemical preservatives, or artificial or synthetic ingredients, and is minimally processed in a way that "does not fundamentally alter the raw product." Label is permitted on products from animals that were administered growth hormones or antibiotics.

SOURCES: The Green Guide's Smart Shoppers' Cards, thegreenguide.com; the Consumer Unions Guide to Environmental Labels, eco-labels.org.

Camille Parmesan:

"ECOLOGICAL AND EVOLUTIONARY RESPONSES TO RECENT CLIMATE CHANGE"

Human beings have not yet been seriously affected by the earth's warming climate, but according to one of the most comprehensive research papers in the history of ecological studies, the rest of the organisms on our planet have been drastically changing on an evolutionary scale. University of Texas ecologist Camille Parmesan analyzed 866 individual, peer-reviewed papers in which changes in species and eco-systems were attributed to changes in climate. Parmesan found that these so-called biological-impact studies, when put together in a global context, show some alarming patterns. Spring, for instance, is beginning earlier on all but one continent and in both the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, affecting flowering, hibernation, migration, and breeding. Previously synchronic relationships between predators and prey, as well as those between insects and plants, are falling apart with negative consequences, both for individual species and their greater eco-systems. The health of rabbit populations, for example, directly affects the health of the animal's predator, the hawk, just as tropical-fish populations depend on their coral-reef habitats. Recorded climatic alterations are pushing species toward the poles, greatly restricting habitat range and causing once nurturing environments to become uninhabitable. Case studies show that tropical corals and amphibians are already negatively impacted, while polar and high-alpine species have recently become extinct. In conclusion, Parmesan stresses that, while species have in some cases adapted to these environmental changes, there is little evidence that they will be able to adapt fast enough to survive. To read the full report (published in the *Annual Review of Ecology, Evolution, and Systematics*, Vol. 37, 2006), see annualreviews.org.





world's paper. The last native forests in Dixie are being sacrificed for plantations of pin that has been genetically engineered to yield the most pulp in the shortest time.

Sugar Shock

Now it's time for breakfast. Cornflakes sound pretty harmless, but unless your mil is one of the expensive organic brands, it comes from cows pumped full of bovin growth hormone, which makes them 10 to 15 percent more productive but shrinks the life spans and wrecks their reproductive systems. Corn is grown in an unholy stew of fe tilizers and pesticides, and much of it is genetically modified. The impact of G.M. crop on the genetic integrity of the natural environment is still being elucidated. Europe want nothing to do with them, but in the U.S. more than 100 million acres of farmland ar devoted to growing G.M. crops.

So maybe you want to skip breakfast and just have a cup of coffee, one of 500 billio drunk worldwide each year, a fifth of them in the U.S. Coffee makes you alert. It give you ideas. But this beverage has a lot of bad karma. Brazil is the world king of coffe production. By 1816 three-quarters of a million Brazilians, a sixth of the population, wer enslaved and working on plantations, and the magnificent coastal rain forest was bein obliterated, to quench the West's already burgeoning thirst.

Coffee's social-justice issues persist. For every $2.50 cup sold at yuppie hangouts, th grower gets less than a penny—unless it's fair-trade coffee, which currently guarantee growers $1.26 a pound (about 4 cents a cup). Most plantations, meanwhile, are carve out of rain forests and treated with ecologically damaging pesticides.

Do you take it with sugar? The average American consumes 110 pounds of the stuf each year, and no wonder—it's in everything, from bacon to vegetable juice. The karm of sugar is even more ghastly than coffee's, and it is still accumulating. In the Dominica Republic, tens of thousands of Haitians are slaving as debt peons on sugar plantations their papers confiscated so they have no way of escaping.

Let's hope you're drinking your coffee out of a ceramic mug. A single polystyrene cup which most of us know by the brand name Styrofoam, can take several hundred years t decompose. In 2003, Americans went through 73 billion plastic or polystyrene cups and plates and 64 billion paper ones, generating 1.7 million tons of waste. Styrene molecule migrate into your food from containers and, once in your system, become estrogen mim ics. These have bizarre effects on reproductive anatomy and fertility (precocious puberty undescended testes) and may increase your chances of getting breast or testicular cancer.

On the Road

Time now to hop in the car and put yourself into circulation with the 241,193,974 othe registered vehicles in the land. During the typical weekday rush hour, there are a least 50 million cars and trucks on the road.

We have more cars than anybody in the world, and they are collectively responsible for 30 percent of our greenhouse-gas emissions. America's 34 million sport-utility vehicles spew up to 30 percent more carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons than passenger cars, and up to 75 percent more nitrogen oxide. Pickup trucks are an even greater problem. There are more of them—39 million—and they don't get any better mileage.

So here is where you can make your single greatest contribution to the health of the planet: trade in your mighty guzzler for a car that gets 40 miles to the gallon. Until hydrogen-fuel-cell and electric cars finally hit showrooms, you have two choices: hybrid or, surprisingly enough, diesel.

Every gallon of gas you burn puts 20 pounds of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere, and for every additional mile you get to the gallon, you keep one ton of CO_2 out of the atmosphere in a year. In traffic, hybrids get 50 m.p.g. or more, which explains why they're taking off with conscience-stricken Americans. Susan Sarandon made headlines in 2004 by pointedly driving up to the Oscars in her Prius. This year, le tout Hollywood arrived in eco-friendly hybrids.

The new generation of diesel cars and trucks have the potential to be even greener. Diesel vehicles are 30 to 40 percent more fuel-efficient and emit up to 20 percent less CO_2 than gasoline vehicles. There's a new Volkswagen—available only in Germany, for now—that gets 70 m.p.g. Diesel engines can also run on biodiesel—an extract of vegetable oil that singer Willie Nelson is trying to bring to a pump near you.

Combine these two approaches and you get the greenest ride yet: the diesel hybrid, an idea that's said to be gaining traction among the Big Three.

After the usual hour or so in bumper-to-bumper traffic—traffic that could be reduced if more of us carpooled, rode bicycles, or took mass transit—you arrive at the office. Here you are exposed to many more toxic petrochemicals than at home. Almost everything you touch is excrement of oil: your keyboard and mouse, the copy machine, the coffee machine.

You log on and download your e-mail. Your computer screen, like your TV screen at

Before you rip off
three feet of toilet paper,
consider that each year 500,000 acres of
virgin boreal forest are
being clear-cut to make the stuff.



GULLIVER GULPS
The average American family consumes 300 gallons of water a day, when you count watering the lawn and washing dishes, clothes, and cars.

Peter Schwartz and Doug Randall:

"AN ABRUPT CLIMATE CHANGE SCENARIO AND ITS IMPLICATIONS FOR UNITED STATES NATIONAL SECURITY"

It should come as no surprise that a public report funded by the Department of Defense would examine the most extreme scenario in the debates over climate change, but as the authors state, the scenario—that global warming could thrust New England and northwestern Europe into an ice age—is plausible, "and would challenge United States national security in ways that should be considered immediately." Unfortunately for the Pentagon, there is no one to attack. The foe behind abrupt climate change is freshwater. More specifically, it is the influx of freshwater from melting glaciers into the North Atlantic. This enormous addition of freshwater is thought to hold the power to interfere with and even collapse ocean currents, such as the Gulf Stream, that bring warm water and air from the tropics to northern latitudes. These currents bestow a mild climate upon countries such as England, which would otherwise be much colder because of their geographic location. The technical name given to this system of circulation paths is the thermohaline conveyor, a term that speaks to the importance of temperature and salt to the process. Warm seawater from the tropics is less dense than the colder waters to the north, and thus flows near the surface as it heads north along the Gulf Stream, bringing with it the warming air. As the poles warm and glaciers melt, the influx of freshwater prevents the warm surface current from reaching the north and dispensing its heat.



What exactly will happen if and when the conveyor shuts down is the report's focus. It seems counter-intuitive, but global warming could spawn regional cooling, even to the point where New England and Northern Europe could be hastened into a mini ice age, similar to a period called the Younger Dryas. Average temperatures could drop as much as five degrees Fahrenheit; precipitation levels would decrease while winter storms and winds would intensify; food production would collapse and famine would be widespread. Scientists add the adjective "abrupt" because this scenario could take hold in less than 10 years. To read the full report, published in October 2003, go to epa.gov/climatechange.

home, contains thousands of toxic chemicals, lead being the worst. As for your printe it would be easy to make one that could last for decades, but that would be suicide in a economy based on ever more production and consumption. E-waste is the fastest-growin segment of the human waste stream. Most of America's discarded equipment is shippe to China, India, and Pakistan, where it is stripped by women and children working unde appallingly hazardous conditions. Instead of throwing your old system away, log on to th Environmental Protection Agency's eCycling page to find the nearest e-waste recyclin facility. Some of them take cell phones too.

Questions About the Menu

After a morning exploring the Web's infinite possibilities for procrastination, you'r ready for lunch. But what to eat? you wonder, perusing the menu. Everything's no-no.

Fish is supposed to be the healthiest, but most fish are contaminated with mercur released by power plants and industrial factories. In adults, mercury in sufficient quant ties can cause memory loss, baldness, blindness, and infertility. In unborn babies, it ha also been linked to cerebral palsy, deafness, blindness, mental retardation, shortened a tention span, and learning and developmental disabilities. The most mercury-loaded fis are tilefish, shark, swordfish, king mackerel, grouper, orange roughy, marlin, and albaco tuna—fresh, frozen, or canned.

But this is about the planet's health, not yours. Huge factory trawlers are hooverin up fish, then processing and canning them even before returning to port. Gigantic ne are dipping all the way to the benthic zone, a mile down, and hauling up marine life tha hasn't even been identified, then grinding it into dog food. Twenty-mile-long baited line are hooking more seabirds, including albatross and petrels, than fish.

Twenty-four percent of the world's marine fisheries are over-extended, depleted, or r covering. The latest study predicts that they will all fail in the next 40 to 50 years. Cod which used to swim in schools of hundreds of millions known as "mountains," are dow to the wire; by 1995 all the major cod fisheries on the Grand Banks off Newfoundlan were closed, and they have shown little sign of recovery.

There are plenty of Maine lobsters, now that the cod, which prey on their young, ar gone, so dig in. Wild Pacific salmon—king, coho, sockeye, pink—are O.K., too, but don't g looking for wild Atlantic salmon: there are only a few thousand left, and the commercia fisheries are all closed. What is passed off as wild is usually farmed. Sinking waste an uneaten food from the salmon farms create anoxic dead zones in their coastal waters.

The best thing for the fish would be another World War. Many species rebounded dra matically during the last one, when the seas were unsafe for fishing.

What about red meat? Americans are the most insatiable beef consumers in th world, eating more than 6.7 billion hamburgers a year. But the production of beef is ir credibly inefficient and resource-intensive. Eighty percent of the grain produced in th U.S. is fed to livestock. A 1,050-pound steer eats 2,700 pounds of feed during the thre years it gets to live. The rangeland of the American West is turning into desert after s many years of use, and other countries are clearing rain forest to run cattle for a fe years, until the soil gives out.

But let's end lunch on a positive note. You can eat all the chocolate you want—as lon as it comes from Bahia, Brazil. (Most U.S. chocolate is from the Ivory Coast, which ha child-labor issues.) In Bahia, the cacao trees are planted in the understory of what littl remains of the Atlantic coastal forest, in the shade of the big trees, giving local farmer an incentive not to clear it. This is helping to protect the four species of lion tamarin and many other species endemic to this fast-disappearing emerald forest.

Bottlenecks

Following an afternoon of frantic e-mail exchanges, you inch your way home throug the same traffic. Ten thousand exhaust pipes are oozing carbon dioxide, the cranked up air conditioners adding to the very heat they're designed to relieve.

Stressed out by the gridlock, you decide to take a detour to the gym and sweat away you frustration. At the front desk, you grab a bottle of water. It has been only 10 or 15 years sinc bottled water was popularized as a healthy alternative to sugary soft drinks, and now you can imagine life without it. The plastic water bottle has become, along with the cell phone, an ac cessory of modern life, like the 18th-century aristocrat's powdered wig and snuffbox.

Global consumption of bottled water rose 57 percent between 1999 and 2004. The U.S not surprisingly, is the largest consumer, downing 6.9 billion gallons in 2004. The bottle are made mostly from polyethylene terephthalate. Those sold in America use up 1.5 mi lion barrels of oil a year, enough to fuel 100,000 cars. Worldwide, 2.7 million tons of plasti a year are used to make water bottles, which have become a monumental waste problem

Recycling helps, but before you recycle, why not re-use? It may be healthier to refi your empty bottle from the drinking fountain than to buy a new one, since municipa water supplies are obsessively checked for safety, while water bottlers operate with littl

no oversight. Some bottled water is just tap water anyway, spiked with a few minerals t have no appreciable health benefit.

You do your weekly shopping at the supermarket and help the checkout girl load your visions into plastic bags. Americans go through 380 billion of these throwaway totes ear. They are used for an average of just 25 minutes each, and they are not biodegrade. Freighter-loads of them are dumped in huge slicks out at sea, internally strangling phins and sea turtles that ingest them. Schlepping canvas bags is a minor inconvenience, but one that will make a huge difference if enough of us do it.

Happy Endings

t last you make it home, adjust the thermostat, and settle in for a couple of hours of relaxation in front of the TV. But you're having trouble concentrating on the latest round *So You Think You Can Dance* because you're freaking out about all the debt you're in.

A quarter of Americans are compulsive consumers, addicted to the rush of coming me with stuff they've bought—be it a new handbag or a $2,000 plasma TV. Before long, feeling wears off, so they buy something else. In the U.S., average household debt has most doubled over the past decade, while the average credit-card balance per household approaching $10,000. Meanwhile, the square-footage of the American house has balned over the last 10 years, leading to a commensurate demand for energy, and more e of the boreal and Amazon forests.

Finally it's time to hit the sack. But your complicity doesn't stop even when you're ad to the world: for the next eight hours, your appliances and the thermoregulation of ur space continue to suck energy from the grid.

The incredible spurt in American consumption since the 1970s would not have been possible if we didn't have the world set up so that the lion's share of its resources flow us, and if we weren't so rich. The U.S. economy is so massive that in gross domestic oduct each state is comparable to a foreign country: Mississippi to Peru, Florida to azil, California to Italy, Texas to Canada, North Carolina to Sweden.

It is this affluence, and the unnecessary spending that it sucks you into, that is driving much of the destruction of the planet. As many as a million flights a year are taken passengers solely for the purpose of keeping up their elite status, so they can hang t in the business-class lounge at the airport, get pre-boarded, and collect their luge first. Airplane fuel adds 600 million tons of carbon dioxide a year to the atmoheric mix—3.5 percent of the global human total.

It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that sooner or later an economy based more and more consumption is going to collide with the reality that the earth has ly so many raw materials to offer. How can I reduce my ecological footprint? people e beginning to wonder, as they realize that we are bringing the roof down on ourlves. What can I do to make myself carbon-neutral? The sad truth is that real carn neutrality is impossible because, apart from everything else, each of us takes up 26,000 breaths a day, and each breath removes oxygen from the atmosphere and places it with carbon dioxide.

As far as I am aware, no one has gone so far as to sacrifice himself for the environment, but you could do the next best thing and go belly-up. Lose your credit cards ; if you must have one, make it an "affinity card" that applies a percentage of your urchases to a green cause—say, planting mango groves in Indonesia. Get repo'd. That ill take care of your automobile emissions problem, plus having to walk or bike everyhere will do wonders for the waistline.

Then there are all the things that you can do without—from plastic bags to blood diamonds, to digital and electronic appliances containing tantalum. Slip a ceramic mug in our handbag, fold your toilet paper as many times as you can, rn the lights off when you're not in the room, and, if you *really* ant to be a self-policing Nazi, instead of counting the calories u're burning, start calculating the carbon you're emitting.

If all that cramps your style somewhat, consider this: even if e don't release another molecule of CO_2 into the atmosphere, hat's already there is going to take 100 years to cycle out—and e haven't even felt its full effects. But if we can keep warming to degrees centigrade through 2100, we might save the coral reefs that are left. We might so forestall the rest of the ghastly crashes projected for this century (no glaciers, no fish, Amazon rain forest, etc.), so it's worth doing everything we can.

The U.S. is responsible for 35 percent of worldwide carbon emissions since industrialization. Thanks in part to our oblivious hyper-consumption of oil, trees, minerals, and other tural resources around the world, species are disappearing 100 to 1,000 times faster than ey have in millennia. Our belief in the "myth of superabundance," a phrase coined back 1963 by Secretary of the Interior Stuart Udall, now has to be retired. The sooner Amera gets it, the fewer of our fellow creatures are going to die, and the more hospitable and abitable the planet we leave to our children and grandchildren will be. □

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND OTHER TOPICS, GO TO **VF.COM**.

Sir Nicholas Stern:

"STERN REVIEW: THE ECONOMICS OF CLIMATE CHANGE"

If he wasn't one before, Sir Nicholas Stern, chief economic adviser at the British Treasury, is now an environmentalist. Opening the summary of conclusions from his groundbreaking report, Stern states, "There is still time to avoid the worst impacts of climate change, if we take strong action now." Those impacts include what he calls "the greatest and widest-ranging market failure ever seen." The usually didactic study of economics rarely serves up such brimstone, but after determining that climate change will negatively impact the basic elements of life (potable water, food production, and air quality) and force hundreds of millions of people to suffer as their health and their economies crumble, Stern concludes with what can only be described as the best news the environmental community could ask for from an economist: "The benefits of strong and early action far outweigh the economic costs of not acting." The report foretells that if governments do not take "strong, deliberate policy action," as much as 20 percent of global G.D.P. (gross domestic product) will be lost, creating economic and social disorder "on a scale similar to those associated with the great wars." By implementing measures to curb greenhouse emissions—such as reducing deforestation, regulating polluting industries, and transitioning to low-carbon lifestyles through increased international support for energy research and development, especially in the poorest countries—we could avoid the worst scenarios at a cost of only around 1 percent of G.D.P. each year. National wealth, it turns out, will begin to disappear along with the countless species that aren't adjusting fast enough to the changing environment. Stern's report warns in economic terms that humanity might be one of those species. So what is the world waiting for? To read the full report (published by Her Majesty's Treasury, last October), see hm-treasury.gov.uk.






It's where performance and the environment
intersect—a hybrid with 438 hp.*
This is more than a new car, it's a new paradigm.
This is the pursuit of perfection.
Lexus.com



*Ratings achieved using the required premium unleaded gasoline with an octane rating of 91 or higher. If premium fuel is not used, performance will decrease. ©2007 Lexus.


PEACOCK-LLECTION
CARRERA y CARRERA
AVAILABLE AT NEIMAN MARCUS, SAKS FIFTH AVENUE AND OTHER FINE RETAILERS.
www.carreraycarrera.com

VANITIES

MAY • 2007



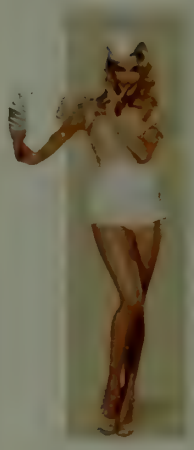
Rachael Taylor

AGE: 22. PROVENANCE: The island state of Tasmania, Australia. ON THE CUSP OF MASS EXPOSURE AS... Maggie, a nose-ringed computer technician in Michael Bay's summer-blockbuster-to-be, *Transformers*, based on the Hasbro toy line. BUT EVEN HER ACTING DEBUT

CONTINUED on page 214

MAKEUP BY JAKE BAILEY; MANICURE BY DEBORAH LIPPMANN; SET DESIGN BY DEREK ROONEY. FOR DETAILS...

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ELINS



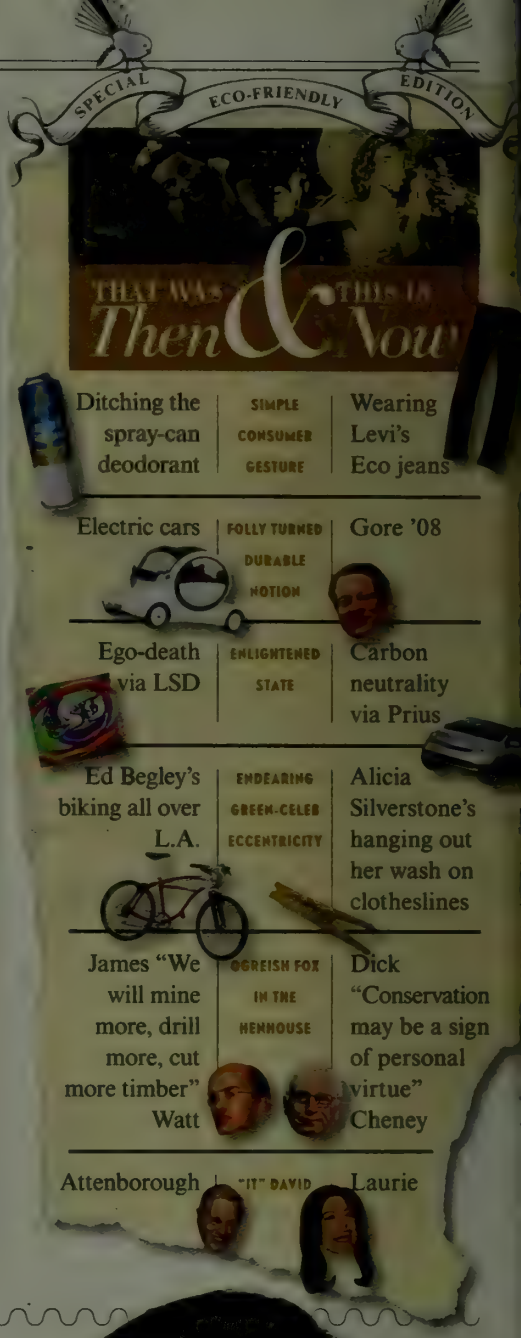
Rachael Taylor CONTINUED from page 213

WAS AUSPICIOUS: "Peter Bogdanovich was the first person that I auditioned for. He shot a television mini-series [in 2004] called *The Mystery of Natalie Wood* down in Sydney. I remember he had this big scarf wrapped around his neck, and he had sunglasses on, inside. So my first job, even in Australia, was very Hollywood-esque." **MUM AND DAD ARE PROUD BUT NOT TOO CAUGHT UP IN THE WHOLE HOLLYWOOD THING:** "They genuinely really like their life in Tazzie. They have this simple thing going on. I'm sure they would love to come and visit me [in L.A.] at some stage, but at the moment, it just sort of seems like Daughter's off doing this kind of mystical thing out in the universe somewhere, and it sort of involves moviemaking. You know, I go off, and then I come home to the house I was born in, and we sort of... talk about the dog. My parents are crazy dog people, so that's just as interesting [to them] as working with Michael Bay." —KRISTA SMITH

Celebrity Math

BY MARK O'DONNELL







1. You're an eight-year-old boy whose friend convinced you to shoplift the latest *Grand Theft Auto*. Now you're sitting in the security office at the mall, waiting for your father to arrive.

2. You've just excused yourself from the table at a dinner party where you've been placed between the two most boring people on the planet, and you're in the bathroom, wondering how you'll survive two more hours.

3. You're the idealistic young teacher of an out-of-control fourth-grade class, exploding after 20 minutes of complete chaos.

[yellow tail]



ellowtailwine.com

Official registered trademark of Casella Wines Pty Ltd © 2006 W.J. Deutsch & Sons

tails, you win.

DEPARTMENT OF CRISIS MANAGEMENT

V.F.'s *All-Purpose Public MEA CULPA*

A USEFUL PRIMER ON THE SUBJECT OF INSTANT REDEMPTION*

BY BRUCE FEIRSTEIN

*SELECT OPTIONS APPROPRIATE TO YOUR SITUATION AND FAX TO HOWARD RUBENSTEIN ASSOCIATES FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE.

Good morning. Let me begin by saying that I wish to apologize to

{the hotel staff; the Malibu sheriff's department; my fans; the gays; the voters who elected me to serve them; the people of New Jersey; NASA; all you Dittoheads; the audience at the Laugh Factory; my family; the cast and crew of my television show; everyone in America}

for

{taking bribes; having an affair with my aide's wife; trying to hurt my fellow astronaut's girlfriend; buying that methamphetamine; having an inappropriate relationship with an intern; making anti-Semitic remarks; making anti-gay remarks; calling that escort service; flying Maria Bartiromo on the corporate jet; misleading the country about the weapons of mass destruction; making racist remarks that might have been misinterpreted as racist; hurling that cell phone}.

Because, let me be clear: I am not a(n)

{crook; racist; drug addict; anti-Semite; philanderer; homosexual; homophobe; bad guy; pedophile; killer; enemy of our brave soldiers overseas}.

But I realize that my words and actions, however much they were misinterpreted and blown out of proportion by the press, have deeply embarrassed

{NASA; CNBC; the Golden Globes organization; the church; the N.B.A.; my constituents; my family; my editors; my fellow cast members; Jerry Seinfeld}

and also hurt

{Jews; blacks; women; Hispanics; gays; union members; our troops in Iraq}.

And for this, I apologize. I can neither defend nor explain my behavior, except to say,

{I am an alcoholic; I am a sex addict; I have long struggled with substance abuse; I was exhausted and on painkillers that clouded my judgment; I was abused by a priest as a child}.

Still, I recognize that I have a problem that needs to be addressed. To this end, I look forward to meeting with

{Al Sharpton; Jesse Jackson; Abraham H. Foxman; the counselors at Promises; the oversight board of the National Association of Evangelicals; the leaders of the gay and lesbian community; my agents at CAA; Oprah}.

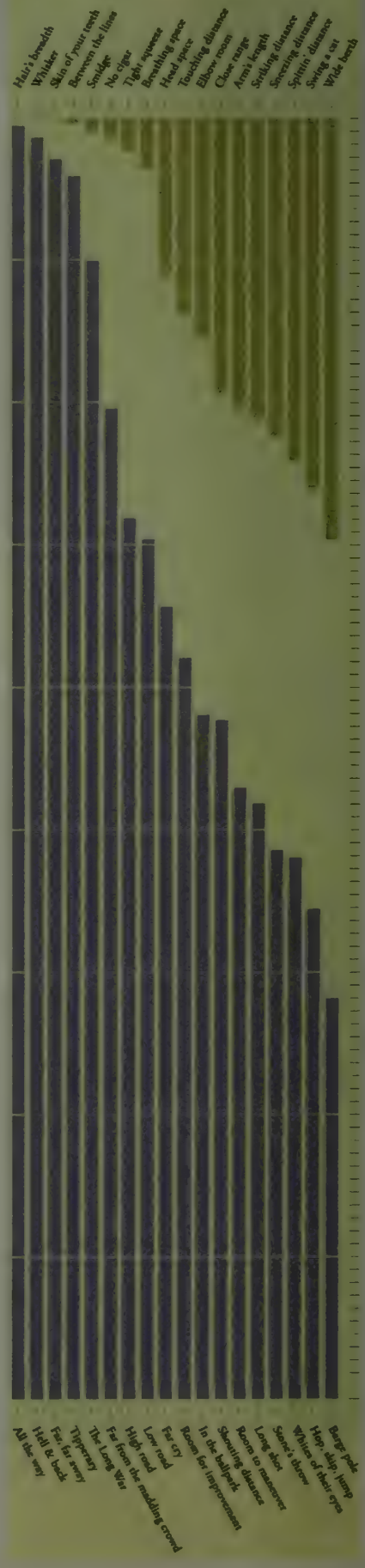
In the meantime, I hope you can all find it in your hearts to

{forgive my indiscretions; buy my new album; see my new movie; watch my new TV show; buy my memoir; look past this at election time}.

And in closing, I hope you'll allow me the space and time to deal with these issues in private.

SCHOTT'S METAPHORICAL DISTANCE-O-METER

Measured & designed by **Ben Schott**



THE PHILIPS

Simplicity Concierge

Get the High 5 on 20 exciting cities—up-to-the-minute info on the best things to see, do, eat, buy, and experience.



PHILIPS

sense and simplicity

Turn the page to learn more about the Philips Simplicity Concierge and how you can sign up to make the most of your travel experience.

HIGH 5 Find them from the Philips Simplicity Concierge



◀ COOLEST SHOPS

Where to hit the jackpot on hand-blown glass
The place to hunt down exceptional antiques
The address for a designer not yet on the map
The flea markets insiders flock to
The stock room real foodies plunder





▲ FEEL-GOOD FINDS

The yoga class with a new twist
The hot stone treatment that helps you heal
The climbing wall that's tops in town
The massage that takes five years off
The low-carb candy store for kids of all ages





▲ RAVED-ABOUT RESTAURANT

A new fusion kitchen that's about to explode
The *enoteca* with the city's best-edited wine li
An organic wonder uptown
A "raw" delight downtown
An all-chocolate menu across town



▲ DON'T-MISS DESTINATIONS

The venue with the best view under the stars
The prime stretch of beach for finding seashells
The Impressionist show on loan from Paris
The perfect picnic spot
A controversial sculptor's premier exhibit

▲ ESSENTIAL ENTERTAINMENT

The jazz club that's hopped since it opened
The performance art that has everyone talkin
A late-night piano bar that takes requests
The one-act play you'll have to see to believe
The karaoke spot where the natives are frien

HAVE PHILIPS. WILL TRAVEL.

Now, navigating any of 20 cities in superb style couldn't be easier. The complimentary Philips Simplicity Concierge service culls information and recommendations from the experts at concierge.com, epicurious.com, golfdigest.com, houseandgarden.com, newyorker.com, self.com, vanityfair.com, and wired.com and hosts them in one convenient online location. You can even have listings by category delivered directly to your cellphone.*

*Standard messaging fees apply.



+

CATEGORY KEY:

RESTAURANTS - **DINE**
SHOPPING - **SHOP**
ENTERTAINMENT - **FUN**
FEEL-GOOD FINDS - **FEEL**
DESTINATIONS - **SEE**

GETTING THE HIGH 5 FROM PHILIPS DELIVERED DIRECTLY TO YOUR MOBILE DEVICE IS EASY.

1: Create a new text message.

2: Enter "82222" in the "TO" field.

3: In the body of the message, enter the category and abbreviation you'd like (key at right). For example, enter DINE NYC if you're looking for restaurants in New York.

4: Hit SEND and you'll get the info for the city and category you requested.

CITY KEY:

NEW YORK - **NYC**
LOS ANGELES - **LA**
CHICAGO - **CHI**
PHILADELPHIA - **PHI**
SAN FRANCISCO - **SF**
DALLAS + FT WORTH - **DAL**
BOSTON - **BOS**
WASHINGTON - **WAS**
ATLANTA - **ATL**
PHOENIX - **PHO**
SEATTLE - **SEA**
MIAMI + FT LAUDERDALE - **MIA**
LAS VEGAS - **LV**
DETROIT - **DET**
DENVER - **DEN**
HOUSTON - **HOU**
MINNEAPOLIS - ST PAUL - **TWIN**
LONDON - **LON**
PARIS - **PAR**
TOKYO - **TOK**

+

VISIT WWW.PHILIPS.COM/ENTERTAINMENT TO LEARN MORE AND TO SIGN UP FOR THIS COMPLIMENTARY SERVICE.



PHILIPS

sense and simplicity

© 2007 Philips Electronics North America Corporation.

Simplicity is knowing where to go, no matter where you happen to be.

At Philips, we're always thinking of ways to bring simplicity into your life.

To bring you technology that makes more sense.

That's advanced, but easy to experience.

That's why we've partnered with Condé Nast to create The Philips Simplicity Concierge.

The latest info on the best shopping, dining, nightlife, events and services in different cities around the globe.

Online, or sent right to you.

So you can enjoy the best each city has to offer.

Anytime, anywhere, and in any format.

It's travel made simple.

And simply the best way to travel.

PHILIPS

sense and simplicity

LONDON
VOGUE HOUSE, 1 HANOVER SQUARE
LONDON, W1S 1JU, ENGLAND
TEL: 44-207 499 9080 • FAX: 44-207 493-1338

PARIS
4 PLACE DU PALAIS BOURBON
75007 PARIS
TEL: 331 44 11 78 52 • FAX: 331 45 51 8980

VANITY FAIR

ANDREW HEARST
ONLINE EDITOR

March 13, 2007

r Graydon:

have taken to heart your request for ideas for premium subscriber-only ontent for VF.com. There is one idea that Jess and I are especially syched about, a new section called VF-NSFW. It would be a place for us to run content that is too risqué or provocative for the free part of the site. (NSFW is an abbreviation used by bloggers for Not Safe For Work. Bloggers are individuals who post their own material on the Web on dedicated sites called Web Logs.)

VF-NSFW would include such features as ...

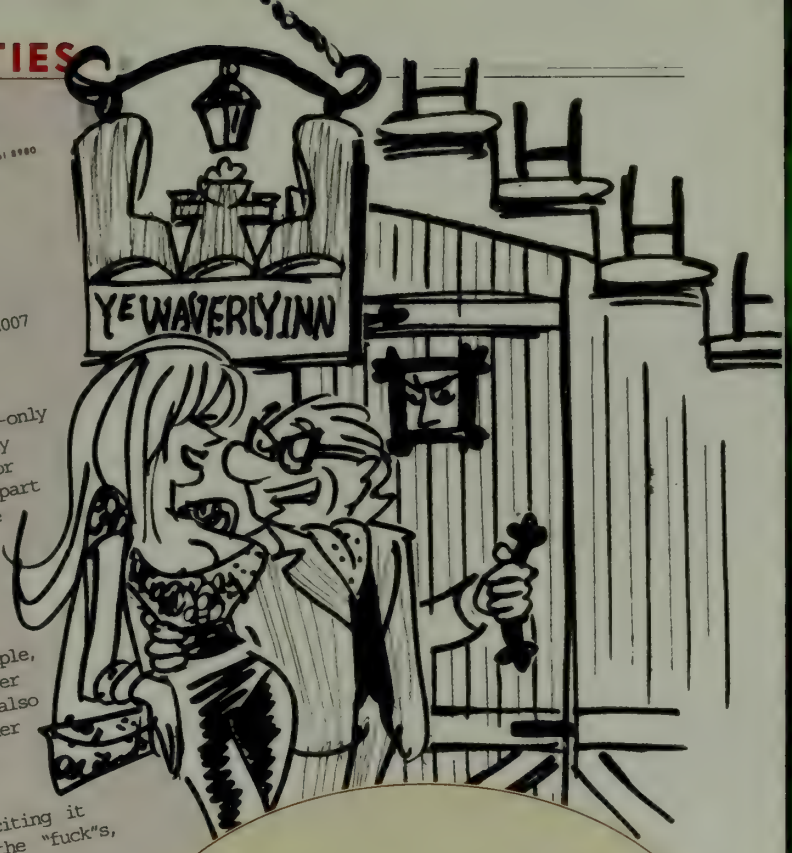
—Hot digital shorts of our more desirable contributors. For example, we have B-roll of Sebastian Junger peeling off his wet suit after paddling class-four rapids on the Futaleufu River in Chile. We also like the idea of a live video chat with a submissive Christopher Hitchens, where he would obey viewer commands. Our research shows that women readers really want this.

—A video version of your monthly editor's letter, with you reciting it in unedited form, before copy and legal have taken out all the "fuck"s, "fuckin'"s, and "hose monkey"s.

—A steamy episodic series called "Ed Assts." This would be a scripted reality show in the vein of "Laguna Beach." Each week we'd have a new three-minute episode that follows around the editorial assistants and interns as they hook up with each other and bitch about the editors in the cafeteria. This might also work well for the new VF-to-Go! cell-phone content that Menicheschi wants.

We need someone to be VF-NSFW's "host," intro-ing and outro-ing the segments with smart, sexy patter. We thought Bob Evans would be perfect but he turned us down. But hey, what about another rascally V.F. contributor who has made a remarkable recovery from a stroke? Do you think Ed Coaster would be game?

CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS
4 TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10036-6562 • DIRECT LINE: (212) 286-8176 • E-MAIL: AND



The COASTER *Correspondence*

MORE OF THE VERY EXPENSIVE WORDS OF *Edwin John Coaster,* CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH | MARCH 4, 2007

Vanity's the Fare at NYC's Most Exclusive Boîte

By EDWIN JOHN COASTER from New York

I'm tucking into my short ribs, when—excuse me, ma'am!—my elbow accidentally tucks into the short, lovely ribs of Kirsten Dunst, brushing past my table en route to hers. Over in the red banquette to my left are moguls Barry Diller and Ronald Perelman. In the next banquette, a familiar-looking man broods over his salt-encrusted dorade. Yes, it's Bobby De Niro.

Welcome to the world of the Waverly Inn. In this pokey set of rooms in the auld West Village, Graydon Carter, the editor of Vanity Fair, has opened a sepia-lighted place that harkens back to the days of speakeasies and "Joe sent me." But instead of uttering such a cryptic passphrase, the way in is to be powerful, glamorous, boldfaced, wealthy, or fantastic-looking in stretch leggings. Good luck if you're a pleb. You call the listed reservation line, but all you get is a record-ing. You send an e-mail to a semi-secret address but are re-buffed by a form-letter response. Ah, but should you be so lucky to have a "connection" to Mr. Carter and get a table—as my editor friend David Zinczenko and I did—it's easy to make a reservation thereafter. The mysterious Mitteleuropean manager can be bought with Percocets and bundled Deutschmarks. Stocking up on these essentials, I've lately been privy to Manhattan's most fabulous floor show, baiting Jennifer Connelly's husband into a fight in the process of

WHILE YOU WERE AWAY

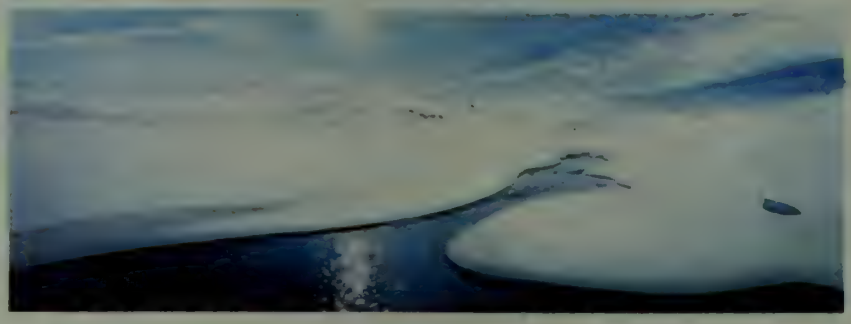
DATE 3/14 TIME A.M. P.M.

FOR Graydon

MESSAGE Saw Hearst's note about Coaster. Before you reward Ed with the web gig you should be aware that he's been writing up the Waverly Inn for the Sunday Telegraph in the U.K. behind our backs. And after all those reservations I've gotten him and Ninapeke!

SIGNED JC

We accept nature's gift with respect and responsibility.









Nature is a true, pure gift and we choose to use it wisely.

By protecting the land that produces our barley and the spring that bestows our water, we protect and make sure nature doesn't go to waste and waste doesn't go back into nature.

Finlandia is proud of our "Environmentally Friendly Production," and support efforts to protect nature's purity and ensure that it can continue to bestow its treasures long into the future. We believe if you are kind to nature it will return the favor.



Keep your judgement pure. Drink responsibly.

© Finlandia Vodka Worldwide Ltd., Helsinki, Finland. Finlandia Vodka. 40% Alc./Vol.
Imported by Brown-Forman Beverage Co., Louisville, Kentucky USA.

VANITY FAIR
MAY 2007

THE 2007 GREEN ISSUE

CAN WE TURN THIS THING AROUND?

YES, THE EXPERTS SAY, AND, YES, PEOPLE REALLY ARE STARTING TO GET IT. NEW WAYS OF SEEING, THINKING, AND ACTING ARE WHAT WILL CURB CLIMATE CHANGE AND POLLUTION. CHECK OUT THE PORTFOLIO OF CREATIVE ENVIRONMENTALISTS, THE WHIZBANG ELECTRIC-SPORTS-CAR PROTOTYPE, THE GREEN GUIDE TIPS. WITH TWO DISPATCHES FROM THE AMAZON, A DISSECTION OF BUSH'S TOXIC LEGACY, AND A REPORT ON THE RISE OF "BIG WATER," *V.F.*'S SECOND ANNUAL GREEN ISSUE PUSHES EVEN DEEPER, HITS EVEN HARDER, AND REFLECTS A YEAR OF SETBACKS AND PROGRESS IN THE FIGHT TO PUT EARTH BACK IN BALANCE

© 2007 Philips Electronics North America Corporation.

Simplicity is knowing where to go,
no matter where you happen to be.

At Philips, we're always thinking of ways to bring simplicity into your life.

To bring you technology that makes more sense.

That's advanced, but easy to experience.

That's why we've partnered with Condé Nast to create The Philips Simplicity Concierge.

The latest info on the best shopping, dining, nightlife, events and services in different cities around the globe.

Online, or sent right to you.

So you can enjoy the best each city has to offer.

Anytime, anywhere, and in any format.

It's travel made simple.

And simply the best way to travel.

PHILIPS

sense and simplicity



Imported

Made from Pure Glacial Spring Water and the Finest Six-Row Barley.
Distilled & Bottled by Altia Corp., Helsinki, Finland.

40% alc./vol. (80 proof) 750ml e



Naked Vodka

finlandia.com

Open yourself to others and they'll open themselves to you.



Made from pure glacial spring water, untouched, untainted, and unspoiled.

Keep your judgement pure. Drink responsibly.

VANITY FAIR
MAY 2007

THE 2007 GREEN ISSUE

CAN WE TURN THIS THING AROUND?

YES, THE EXPERTS SAY, AND, YES, PEOPLE REALLY ARE STARTING TO GET IT. NEW WAYS OF SEEING, THINKING, AND ACTING ARE WHAT WILL CURB CLIMATE CHANGE AND POLLUTION. CHECK OUT THE PORTFOLIO OF CREATIVE ENVIRONMENTALISTS, THE WHIZBANG ELECTRIC-SPORTS-CAR PROTOTYPE, THE GREEN GUIDE TIPS. WITH TWO DISPATCHES FROM THE AMAZON, A DISSECTION OF BUSH'S TOXIC LEGACY, AND A REPORT ON THE RISE OF "BIG WATER," *V.F.*'S SECOND ANNUAL GREEN ISSUE PUSHES EVEN DEEPER, HITS EVEN HARDER, AND REFLECTS A YEAR OF SETBACKS AND PROGRESS IN THE FIGHT TO PUT EARTH BACK IN BALANCE

JUNGLE LAW

In 1972, crude oil began to flow from Texaco's wells in the area around Lago Agrio ("sour lake"), in the Ecuadorean Amazon. Born that same year, Pablo Fajardo, who moved to the area with his peasant family when he was 14, is now the lead attorney in an epic lawsuit—among the largest environmental suits in history—against Chevron, which acquired Texaco in 2001. Reporting on an emotional battle in a makeshift jungle courtroom, WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE investigates how many hundreds of square miles of surrounding rain forest became a toxic-waste dump

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RÉMI BÉNALI



THE ADVOCATE

Pablo Fajardo, the lead attorney for the plaintiffs in the lawsuit against Chevron, standing on oil pipelines near the town of Lago Agrio, Ecuador.



In a forsaken little town in the Ecuadorean Amazon, an overgrown oil camp called Lago Agrio, the giant Chevron Corporation has been maneuvered into a makeshift courtroom and is being sued to answer for conditions in 1,700 square miles of rain forest said by environmentalists to be one of the world's most contaminated industrial sites. The pollution consists of huge quantities of crude oil and associated wastes, mixed in with the toxic compounds used for drilling operations—a noxious soup that for decades was dumped into leaky pits, or directly into the Amazonian watershed. The company that did much of this work was Texaco—an outfit with a swashbuckling reputation worldwide. It signed a contract with Ecuador in 1964, began full-scale production in 1972, and pulled out 20 years later. In 2001, Texaco was swallowed whole by Chevron, which by integrating its operations nearly doubled in size. The lawsuit against it in Lago Agrio was filed in 2003, though the legal antecedents go back much further. Having dragged on for four years, the suit may continue for half again as long. Chevron is represented by high-priced firms of experienced lawyers in Quito and Washington D.C., whose collective fees run to millions of dollars annually. Its antagonists are 30,000 Amazonian settlers and indigenous people, who call themselves Los Afectados—the Affected Ones. These plaintiffs are represented by a low-budget but serious team of North American and Ecuadorean attorneys, who are backed by a Philadelphia law firm that is known for class-action securities litigation and has gambled that this case, though risky, can actually be won.

Chevron objects vociferously, and presents itself as the victim here. Its attorneys have repeatedly claimed that the company is being extorted for "two juicy checks," one to be divided among the plaintiffs and the other to enrich their North American lawyers. The North American lawyers are indeed working on a contingency basis, but unapologetically so, and for a percentage significantly lower than the norm in high-risk cases; they would like to be well compensated for their efforts, but as much, they say, to encourage other lawyers to bring similar suits elsewhere in the world as to pad their personal bank accounts. The most active among them is a New York–based Harvard Law School graduate named Steven Donziger, who has invested 14 years in the case and would certainly be more secure had he pursued a conventional career involving the preservation of wealth. He counterclaims that Chevron's lawyers are the real mercenaries here. It is a philosophical quarrel that will never be resolved.

"I KNOW THE PROBLEMS AS THEY REALLY ARE, BECAUS

As for the plaintiffs themselves, under Ecuadorean law they are not suing individually, and personally may never see a dime. They have sued to seek compensation for past damages and to



VES OFF

sue, Chevron lawyer
fo Callejas and Pablo
do, behind him, during
icial inspection of the
pits. *Right*, a sign of
r times

rce Chevron to clean up the residual mess that continues, they elieve, to taint the soil and water today. It is unclear how a clean- would proceed and to what extent it could succeed, but over ecades the cost might run to $6 billion or more—making this po- ntially the largest environmental lawsuit ever to be fought. And ght is the word. The case has become emotional for both sides, ith few signs of willingness to compromise. Worldwide the oil dustry is watching. Lago Agrio is a forsaken little town where mething rather large is going down.

This is not, however, a U.S.-style legal drama. The Lago Agrio urt follows Ecuadorean procedures, which minimize oral argu- ents and rely heavily on submitted documents to get at the truth. far the proceedings have generated close to 200,000 pages. here is no jury to sway. There is a single presiding judge, drawn om a pool of three on a rotating basis for a two-year term of un- sual pressure. Currently the judge is a rotund middle-aged man, believes, because they feared retribution. The judge accepted this without complaint, as if he had learned to believe in fate. Lago Agrio means "sour lake." He told me that the only safe choice there is to run away. Chevron would probably agree. It denies that the judge is fair, denies that the plaintiffs have legitimate complaints, denies that their soil and water samples are meaningful, denies that the methods the company used to extract oil in the past were substandard, denies that it contaminated the forest, denies that the forest is contaminated, denies that there is a link between the drinking water and high rates of cancer, leukemia, birth defects, and skin disease, denies that unusual health problems have been demonstrated—and, for added measure, denies that it bears responsibility for any environmental damage that might after all be found to exist. If Chevron can convince the court of the validity of even a few of those points, it will win the case and leave town.

Given the resources that Chevron has brought to bear, it

LIVE HERE," PABLO FAJARDO, THE LAWYER, EXPLAINED.

reader of Dostoyevsky and a convert to Islam. He must be the nly Muslim in town. He told me it is not easy to be a judge there. ive years ago he was ambushed and machine-gunned while driv- g his car. His companion was killed, but he himself escaped. The tackers were hired killers, of whom Lago Agrio has an ample pply. Colombia's largest cocaine-production area lies just over e border a few miles to the north, and is peopled not only by rco-traffickers but also by leftist guerrillas and right-wing para- ilitary groups. The police in Lago Agrio make a show sometimes directing traffic. They did not investigate the attack, the judge seemed for a while that this indeed would happen—and for various reasons it may yet. But over the past two years there has been a change that, metaphorically, looks something like an inversion of Tiananmen Square, in which a lone man stands resolutely in front of a maneuvering tank, not to hold it off but to keep it from escaping. In Lago Agrio that lone man is a mestizo named Pablo Fajardo, aged 34, who was born into extreme poverty and toiled for years as a manual laborer in the forest and oil fields, yet managed by force of intellect to complete his secondary education in night school, and through a correspondence course to earn a de-

gree in law. He became a lawyer only three years ago, in 2004, yet has assumed the lead in the suit against Chevron in this, his very first trial. Chevron is represented by lawyers from Ecuador's ruling class, an oligarchy whose women fondly sing "Y Viva España" at Quito garden parties. They may have assumed that they could run Fajardo over. No one makes that assumption now.

In Lago Agrio the men wear hats against the equatorial sky. The women carry umbrellas for the shade they provide. Even the Indians complain about the heat. On a sweltering morning, I went to Fajardo's threadbare quarters in a small house that serves primarily as a file room and office, but that has a space for sleeping, and a crude kitchen and bathroom, usually without running water. Fajardo was sitting at his desk studying a document in preparation for a scheduled argument before the judge. He wore an open-necked short-sleeved shirt, slacks, and street shoes. He was the only person in Lago Agrio who was not sweating. In this story, where so much is disputed, it is an observable fact that Fajardo never sweats, and furthermore that when he moves through the jungle in his tidy-lawyer clothes he does not get dirty or wet. I sat across the desk from him and asked if at first he had been intimidated by the case.

He smiled, but then turned earnest and explained. "A team of settlers and indigenous leaders proposed that I take over. I wanted to think about it. I asked them for a month, and they gave me three days. I was worried, of course, about my lack of experience. I had been a lawyer for only one year. I knew the Chevron attorneys. They had 30 years of experience, and there were eight of them who would sometimes all come down here together. Usually I would be by myself. Eight of them in the Lago Agrio court, and I alone, facing them with one year of experience. I was afraid of making mistakes. So I spent the three days really thinking. I try to look at people on the same level, eye to eye. When someone is old or very poor, I do not feel above him. When someone is apparently superior, I do not feel below him. I realized that I was not inferior to the Chevron lawyers. In fact I had one advantage over them: I know the problems as they really are, because I live here. I have lived here for more than half my life. I realized that if I took the case all I would have to think about is how to tell the truth." His tone was almost apologetic. He said, "And so I am still here." He spread his hands to indicate the threadbare office. He smiled again, but with serious eyes.

Fajardo is amicably divorced. He has two small children who live in a safer town, called Sacha, where their mother, his former wife, keeps a small grocery store. Fajardo does not mind sleeping in his office. Anyway, he cannot afford a house. He cannot afford a car. He likes to drive. He is a poor driver. In Lago Agrio he gets around on a mountain bike, on which he lavishes great care. From his office to the center of town is a 10-minute ride with time for salutations. The streets are rough, but the bike has shocks. By preference Fajardo would ride to the court building, but there is no safe place there to lock the bike, and so when he has to appear before the judge he takes the bus. Buses are surprisingly frequent in Lago Agrio. That morning I took one with him. The appearance was to be in the judge's office, on the building's upper floor, around the stairwell from the makeshift courtroom. While we waited in the hallway, Chevron's lead Ecuadorean attorney arrived, accompanied by armed bodyguards. He is a tall, gaunt man named Adolfo Callejas, who has served the oil company



E DOWN A MUDDY TRAIL TO THE WASTE PITS.



OVER THE ANDES

The Trans-Ecuadorean pipeline snakes more than 300 miles from Lago Agrio to the Pacific coast. Over two decades it spilled more oil than the *Exxon Valdez*.

for more than 30 years. Callejas comes from a wealthy and politically powerful family. He had flown in that morning from Quito with another Chevron attorney, and would fly out the next day. Chevron would not allow him to speak to me. He and Fajardo greeted each other stiffly, as boxers might before a fight.

The judge ushered us into his office and sat us in a loose circle on a sofa and chairs. This was to be a preliminary negotiation in preparation for the final phase of the trial. At issue was the selection of a technical expert who could direct a team to survey the total extent of the pollution in the former concession area, in order to produce an unbiased report on the full consequences, and to provide a court-sanctioned estimate of the cleanup costs. As expected, the two sides could not agree on the choice. Fajardo proposed only Ecuadorean experts, all of whom Callejas rejected, apparently out of concern for Chevron's unpopularity in the country. Callejas proposed only foreign experts, all of whom Fajardo rejected, apparently out of concern for Chevron's reach. This went on for a while. The judge eventually intervened and announced that under Ecuadorean law he was required to break the impasse, and that he himself would select the expert in order to move justice along.

Pacing has become a major point of contention in the trial. At the core is the sheer size of the former Texaco operation. During its stay in the region, the company drilled approximately 325 productive wells and built 18 associated crude-oil-processing facilities—creating a total of more than 340 locations where wastes were stored or released into the watershed. After the start of the trial, in 2003, the court invited each side to choose from among these locations the sites where it wanted its own "judicial inspections" to be performed. Each judicial inspection would involve a visit to the site by the presiding judge along with the opposing attorneys and their technical teams. Once on the scene the judge would tour around, hear arguments on relevant law and history (complicated by the fact that Petroecuador had been active in many of the locations after Texaco's departure), and order the opposing sides to take field samples to ascertain the degree of contamination. Altogether 122 sites were listed, the great majority on demand of the plaintiffs. Chevron requested 36. The judicial inspections turned out to be expensive and cumbersome affairs—episodes of political theater as much as of science, involving elaborate preparation, crowds of participants and protesters, police, bodyguards, soldiers, fleets of vehicles, shade tents, catered food, and plenty of grandstanding for television cameras. Predictably, a sampling war broke out, with the plaintiffs claiming to find extreme levels of contamination, Chevron claiming to find little, and each side impugning the science of the other. After four years, by early 2007, only 45 judicial inspections had been done. Believing that the process could continue another 10 years, that the findings of each side were proving to be duplicative, and that sufficient evidence had been presented to proceed to the final phase of the trial, Fajardo in 2006 withdrew the request for 64 of the judicial inspections originally sought by the plaintiffs. His basis was a principle in civil law that the burden of proof (and therefore decisions about its sufficiency) lies with the plaintiffs. The withdrawal elicited strong protests from Chevron's attorneys, who filed four separate motions in court to force the plaintiffs to stick to their own original plan. After those motions were denied, Chevron publicly mulled over having the judge recused, accusing him of bias and of rushing the trial. The Associated Press reported the comments in Spanish. In a country as weak and uncertain as Ecuador significant pressure was being applied.

But when later I spoke to the judge in private, he seemed concerned more with the workload inside the court than with pressures on the outside. He showed me a document that Callejas had just submitted to him—30 pages of legal points produced by the Chevron lawyers, requiring a prompt response. He sighed. He does not have a clerk. He works eight days a week. He took me to a file room to see the trial's document collection. Almost 200,000 pages so far. He did not know the number exactly, and rounded it up to a million. Plus 30. He had never seen anything like this before. He said that before writing the decision a judge would have to isolate himself in a Tibetan monastery for two years just to get the reading done. But first he would have to go through the last of the judicial inspections, collect the information from the environmental survey, handle the associated arguments and maneuvers, and add those documents, too, to the reading list.

The judge certainly did not feel that he was rushing the trial. Rather, he was trying to keep it from completely bogging down. Chevron, for its part, insists that delay is not its object. The plaintiffs' lawyers are persuaded that it is. Steven Donziger once explained to me the cold logic of delay. Take $6 billion as a figure, he said. Simply by sticking the money into a savings account Chevron could make $300 million for every year it doesn't pay. That sum, multiplied by the four years of the trial so far would amount to $1.2 billion, which is far more than, say, $50 million spent on legal fees

FAJARDO BECAME A LAWYER ONLY THREE YEARS

even if Chevron now loses the case. And what if Chevron wins—what would the calculation be then?

But in the judge's office on that sweltering equatorial morning there was more than just money at play. Fajardo insisted on the question at hand—the choice, now the judge's, of an expert who could be trusted to conduct an unbiased survey. Callejas, however, kept veering into the judicial inspections, and, his voice rising, began objecting to the personal insults that he had to endure. The nature of those insults was not evident to me, because they had not been spoken in the room, but the emotion of Callejas seemed real. Late in the session, as Callejas grew more heated, a community leader named Luis Yanza came into the office. Yanza is a small and taciturn man, with features that are purely Inca. He bluntly challenged Chevron's legal tactics. Callejas stood up and stalked out of the room. Afterward, when I mentioned the episode to the judge, he merely shrugged, as if he was accustomed to these emotions on both sides of the battle. Later in Quito a law professor explained them to me. He said that the lawsuit is a fight not just about oil companies in the jungle but about 500 years of South American history.

But let's get the story straight. God created Earth, and later created oil, but until the 1950s he left Lago Agrio to its natural ways. Actually, Lago Agrio did not even exist in the 1950s. It did not have a name. It was an uncharted wilderness along the Aguarico River—a forest Eden roamed by small groups of naked Indians, some of whom believed that the only real world is the world of dreams. They hunted with blowguns, drank hallucinogenic brews, made love in the jungle, and sometimes shrank

emy heads. Dear God, these were people who deserved to be t alone. But God by then had created the United States. In Texas 1902, in a nasty little town called Sour Lake, the Texaco oil com- ny was born. Equally troubling, a half-century later Oklahoma nerged into the 1950s feeling proud of itself. It equipped mis- onaries with small airplanes and sent them winging south. Other ates did the same. The missionaries flew south intending only to rvest souls, but by contacting and settling the potentially hostile bes, they served as the advance agents for oil. When they arrived the Ecuadorean jungle, they dropped tools and trinkets into the rest clearings, landed on the riverbanks, and soon established rmanent stations—little Oklahomas in the Amazon. For what- er strange reason, they wanted the Indians to put on clothes, go church, and stop drinking, fighting, and fucking around. Once st the first friendly hellos, they set up movie projectors and—for one Agers who already believed in hallucinations—showed pic- res of sinners burning in hell.

Some Indians resisted. In 1956 five missionaries from the no- rious Summer Institute of Linguistics (SIL), of Norman, Okla- oma, were speared and hacked to death, and had their airplane estroyed. The killers were warriors from a group known as the uaorani. Apparently they believed that these missionaries were annibals who had dropped in from the sky to consume them. hey weren't far wrong. The killings made big news in America at e time, and brought forth a surge in missionary funding. In the mazon the killers were hunted down. A few hostile bands fled eeper into the forest, where they continue to resist today. How- er, the bulk of the Huaorani were enticed by the missionaries to

GO, YET HAS ASSUMED THE LEAD IN THE CHEVRON CASE.

ave their territory and settle into communities lorded over by the ead pilot's sister. The scene there was twisted from the start, and er a decade or two it grew worse. The SIL finally shut the opera- on down in 1980, but too late for anyone's good. Soon afterward e group was expelled from Ecuador. The Huaorani returned to eir former lands, which meanwhile had been decimated by oil xploration and production, and many of them became the depen- ents and roadside beggars that they are now.

The pattern was similar along the Aguarico River, where the Indians were settled and tamed by North American missionaries, including the SIL, shortly before Texaco's arrival. In 1964, Texaco signed a contract with the Ecuadorean government to explore for and extract oil in the concession area, in a onsortium with Gulf Oil. The consortium was purely a financial rrangement. The actual operations on the ground—exploration, esign, construction, production—were to be the exclusive re- onsibility of Texaco. This held true after the newly formed state l company, Petroecuador, bought out Gulf's stake and, in De- ember 1976, assumed 62.5 percent of the consortium's shares. ven then, Texaco remained the sole operator until a transition egan around 1990. It is not by chance therefore that Chevron is ow the sole defendant in the Lago Agrio trial—though it insists at it is being unfairly singled out. In environmental regulation, n operator may be held wholly responsible for any pollution at may occur—though that operator can turn around and try recoup some of the costs from other stakeholders. Chevron annot recoup the costs from Gulf Oil, because it bought the

company in 1984; it could conceivably turn on Petroecuador if it loses the case, at some point in the future. Be that as it may, when Texaco signed the contract, it was not with a representative government, but with an incompetent military regime in a corrupt country so dysfunctional that in the Amazon it existed purely as fiction—a cartographic boast without viable airports or roads, enclosed by unmarked boundaries that were in dispute, where the indigenous people were not even recognized as full citizens. Ecuador had practically no environmental regulations, no technical knowledge of oil operations, no scientific or public-health expertise, no governmental oversight capabilities—and no clue that it even needed such things. It needed money, pure and simple. This changed slowly over time, but by First World standards never nearly enough. In 1971, on the eve of large-scale production, Ecuador passed the first of a series of unenforceable laws requiring oil companies to protect the region's "flora, fauna, and other natural resources" and to "prevent pollution of the water, the atmosphere, and the land." How exactly this was supposed to be achieved was never specified, though in practice it involved self-regulation. One of the claims of Chevron now is that Texaco always complied with Ecuadorean law.

Ecuador saw the Amazon as a dumping ground—a view which in no sense contradicted the promise of oil. Whenever the prisons in the rest of the country grew overcrowded, inmates were pulled out of their cells, trucked across the Andes, bound at the wrists, placed in ancient boats, and shoved off down the jungle rivers to fend for themselves. It is not known how many died. Some floated down the Aguarico and came to rest around Lago Agrio several years before Texaco arrived. They cut small clearings in the forest, burned the felled trees, took Indian wives, and began to farm. A few other settlers arrived voluntarily. Starting around 1965, Texaco showed up in an altogether different style. It built an airport, filled the air with helicopter chatter, hauled in oil-field equipment and supplies, built an air-conditioned camp to house its personnel, and prepared to drill the first exploratory wells. This was Lago Agrio at birth, before the road. That road was already pushing in from the Andes, because the government had decided to open the Amazon to settlers to consolidate its claim to the region and to relieve social and political pressures elsewhere in the country—in other words, for reasons independent of oil—but it was progressing by merely a mile or two a year.

Texaco struck oil with its very first well, just north of the camp, Lago Agrio No. 1, in 1967, and then struck again with No. 2, a short distance away. Other strikes quickly followed, confirming the existence of significant fields not just around Lago Agrio but also in a string to the south and southeast. Pouring in more men and equipment, Texaco capped the first wells, continued to drill others, and fully committed itself to the project. It was extremely active. Over the next few years it drilled almost every one of the wells now in question. To connect them to the market, it also built a major pipeline, mostly aboveground, from a Pacific port in Esmeraldas, across the Andes at 13,000 feet, and down into the jungle to Lago Agrio, a distance of 312 miles. As part of the pipeline construction it also took over construction of the road, and accelerated it hard. The road reached Lago Agrio in 1970, and was followed immediately by thousands of impoverished settlers seeking land and jobs. The town of Lago



Agrio sprang up violently, just west of the fenced and guarded Texaco yards. The pipeline was completed. The oil wells were uncapped, and on June 26, 1972, the hot crude began to flow—up from the reserves 5,000 feet below, through a separation station in Lago Agrio, then westward through the pipeline, across the Andes, into tanks at the port in Esmeraldas, and finally into ships bound mostly for the refineries of California. For the next 20 years and beyond, drivers buying gas at Texaco pumps had a direct connection to the Amazon, and though Texaco profited handsomely from the arrangement, the drivers did, too, because the price of that gas was low.

LAGO AGRIO, AN OVERGROWN OIL CAMP, IS A FORSAKE

Twelve days after the oil started flowing, in 1972, Pablo Fajardo was born to a peasant family in the distant coastal province of Manabi. He was one of 13 children, and the fifth son. His parents had so many offspring, he told me, because they didn't have TV. Or much else, apparently. Fajardo walked to a country school, one hour each way. When he was six, the land dried up, and the family moved upcoast to the province of Esmeraldas. There he finished primary school, and the first year of secondary, while also working in the fields. In the 1980s, drought came to Esmeraldas as well, and the family's fortunes continued to decline. After word filtered back of work to be found, the family uprooted itself once again and in separate clusters boarded buses and rode them east to the Amazon. Fajardo was 14. Arriving in the region, he passed through Lago Agrio and traveled another 50 miles east to the largest of the oil fields and a small town called Shushufindi, which had grown at the gates of Texaco facilities.

Then as now Shushufindi was a violent place, with a reputation for being the roughest town around. Recently when I was there it suffered eight murders in a single week, none of which were investigated. When Fajardo arrived, in 1987, it was a grid of dirt streets, with gunmen in the bars, and fewer schools than brothels. A sign at the entrance read, WELCOME TO HOUSTON. Fajardo's family moved into a shack on the town's outskirts by a fetid stream. Texaco's operation there was in full bloom. A Spanish priest who was present at the time described the scene to me as an oil-world hell. The North Americans lived in a comfortable compound, he said, and played tennis at night, but just outside the fence people had no electricity, and after the sun went down they lived largely in the dark. Day after night, the air was so thick with black smoke from gases and waste oil being burned at separation stations that the tropical rains fell laced with soot. People collected the rain anyway, often in discarded Texaco drums, and for lack of choice they drank the water. Like the forest roads, the town streets were sprayed with oil from waste pits to suppress the dust. The streets became extremely slick in the rain. The drivers of oil-company pickup trucks roared through without slowing down, the Spanish priest recalled, and they often injured and sometimes killed pedestrians unable to get out of the way. There was no recourse to the police, who were criminals themselves, and completely without power. The Ecuadorean Army



BLACK LAGOON

Opposite, Fajardo at his office with documents from the case. *Left,* an Ecuadorean landscape made by oil. The pipeline rupture is a recent one.

as there as well, but primarily to protect the oil. The relationship the army with the oil industry continues to this day in Lago grio, where for the first few years of the trial Chevron's attorneys ayed in a house on the local military base. In Shushufindi in the 80s, Texaco's North American managers deplored the violence, t felt they could do nothing to stop it. They were there for one

TTLE TOWN WHERE SOMETHING LARGE IS GOING DOWN.

ason only, and it did not include solving Ecuador's social prob-ms. They blamed the Ecuadorean government for encouraging o many settlers, though the pool of the poor and unemployed ovided an ample supply of laborers who would toil for low wages d could be replaced with ease.

Fajardo became one of those laborers as soon as he arrived. At e 14 he went to work in a palm-oil grove, clearing jungle growth ith a machete. At night he continued with secondary school, hich took him another seven years to complete. Life was extreme-hard. When Fajardo was 17 his parents separated and moved vay, leaving Fajardo in charge of his younger siblings; he managed buy a shack in the poorest part of town, where he set up house, lding cooking and supervision to all his other duties. At about the me time he began attending a church group, not because he was ligious, but because the Spanish priest was there, urging people to and up for their dignity. In essence the priest said, You are all hu-an beings, equal to any other, and people should not exploit you st because they are in positions of power. You must look at these eople on the same level, eye to eye. Fajardo heard the message early. In early 1990, when he was 17, he helped to found a local human-rights group to start standing against the abuses. He was a modest fellow, more earnest than angry, and therefore was genuinely surprised when his fellow members—most much older than he—selected him to be their president.

At the palm-oil grove, too, people now sought him out as a leader. Fajardo worked there with two older brothers. The work was grueling, unsafe, and poorly paid, with wages, at about $50 a month, only marginally higher than those required to stave off starvation. The workers did not, however, consider themselves to be slaves. When the company did not pay them, or did not provide them with protection from the chemicals they were supposed to use, they turned to Fajardo for help, and Fajardo went to the managers to complain. He began also to ask them for raises. The company, Fajardo says, labeled him a subversive and accused him of being a labor unionist. By his account, it put a spy on him, to follow his movements. Eventually Fajardo and his two brothers were called into the office and summarily fired. Fajardo was 19. Years of night school lay ahead before he would complete his secondary education. He had no greater expectations. With his younger siblings to support, he signed on as a menial laborer performing maintenance in the oil fields. He cleaned storage tanks and pipelines, and poured concrete. He made more money than he had at the palm-oil grove, but remained desperately poor.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND RELATED TOPICS, GO TO VF.COM.

In 1992, when its contract expired, CONTINUED ON PAGE 291

The Man of the Hour

LEONARDO DiCAPRIO

ACTOR, ACTIVIST.

If you go to leonardodicaprio.com, you will find that it is split down the middle. The left half is labeled "Leonardo," and will bring you up-to-date on his filmmaking career (doing rather nicely, with a recent Oscar nomination for his performance in *Blood Diamond* and, to some tastes, an even stronger performance in best-picture winner *The Departed*). The right half is labeled "Eco-Site"; it offers guides to various environmental concerns, tips on differences anyone can make, and links to dozens of green organizations and information. Not many stars share their fan face time with gorillas and ferns, but this is the image DiCaprio puts forward to the world: a literal expression of twin passions. A longtime environmentalist—remember his interview in 2000 with then president Bill Clinton for an ABC Earth Day special?—DiCaprio is currently on the boards of both the Natural Resources Defense Council and Global Green USA and has been a tireless promoter of green causes and events. Later this year will see the fusion of his two passions with the release of *The 11th Hour,* a feature documentary on environmental ills and possible cures, a kind of state-of-the-earth address with gorgeous pictures and eloquent experts, which DiCaprio is producing, co-writing, and narrating. As he says in this remarkable film, as hopeful as it is alarming, "So, we find ourselves on the brink." On the brink of what, it is made plain, is up to us.

(For a sneak preview of *The 11th Hour,* see page 284.)

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the Jökulsárlón glacier lagoon in southeast Iceland.



Global Cit

Activists and scientists are propelling a cultural turnaround, but the green revolut and fashion, by venture capitalists, rockers, and hoteliers. This is their world, on t

Portraits by Annie Leibovitz, Todd Eberle, Jonas Karlsson, Brigitte Lacombe, Norman



zens

so being forged by macaroni and cheese, novels,
t 26 pages, and the rest of us can just try to live up to it

k Seliger, Snowdon, Art Streiber, and Gasper Tringale

The Nourishers

PETER MONDAVI, Charles Krug Winery; **BILL NIMAN,** Niman Ranch; **MICHEL NISCHAN,** the Dressing Room; **ANNIE WITHEY,** Annie's Homegrown; **JOSEPHINE FAIRLEY AND CRAIG SAMS,** Green & Black's Organic Chocolate; **DAN BARBER,** Blue Hill and Blue Hill at Stone Barns; **GEORGE SIEMON,** Organic Valley; **RACHEL AND ANDY BERLINER,** Amy's Kitchen

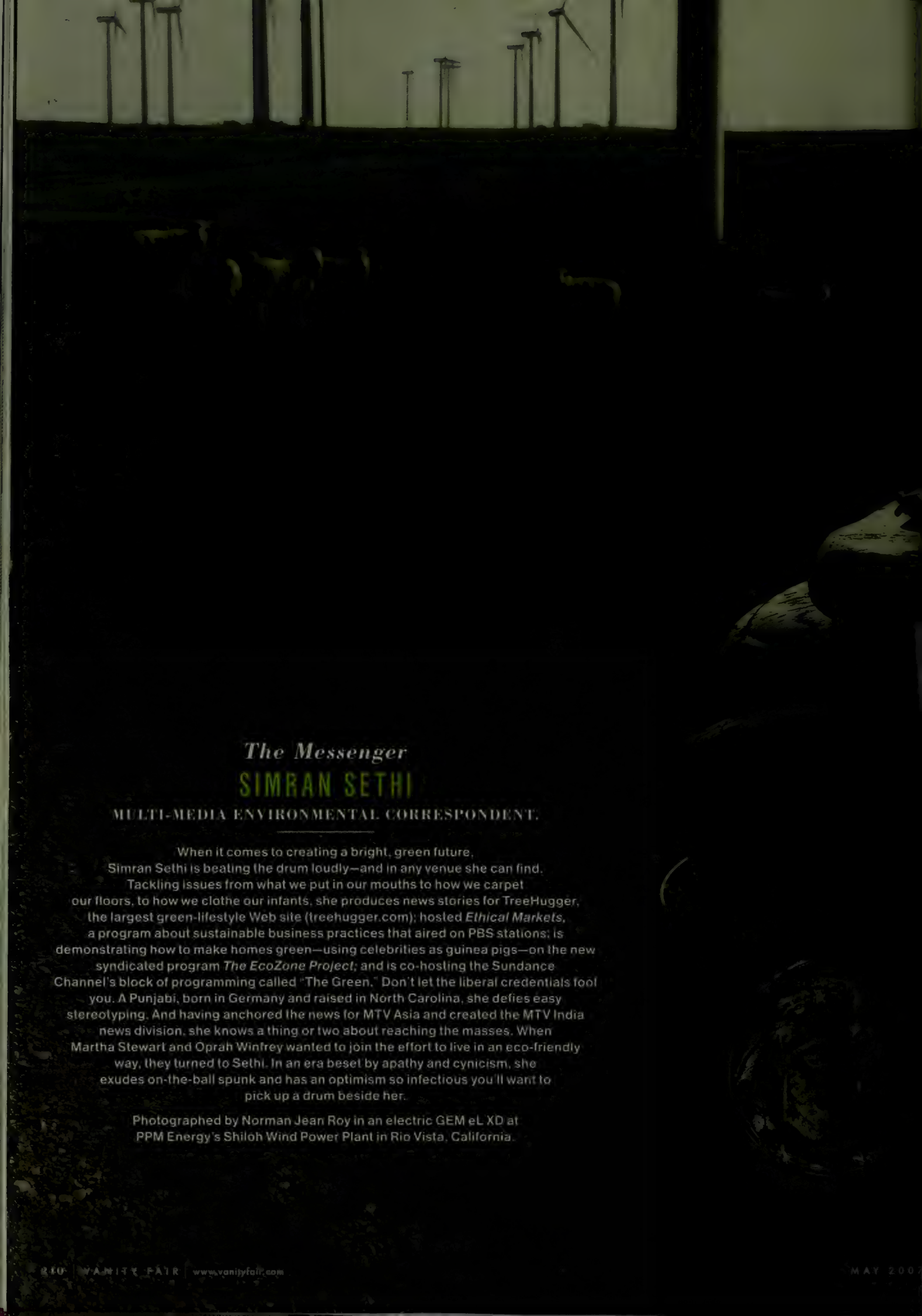
"Sustainability" is a heavy word, but these folks have found the best way to leaven the conversation: by plying us with superior food and drink that's been sourced from farmers who do it right. Mondavi—who runs Napa Valley's oldest winery, Charles Krug, with his brother, Marc, and his nonagenarian father, Peter senior (the younger brother of fellow wine-maker Robert Mondavi)—has quietly [illegible] en three of his family's seven vineyards organic in recent years, w[illegible] two more to be certified this year. Niman, whose name adorns [illegible] awesome line of pastured beef, pork, and lamb, has devoted hims[illegible] since the 1970s to humane and environmentally sound ranchi[illegible]



s also a member of the independent National Commission on In-strial Farm Animal Production, which is conducting a timely study he environmental and public-health impacts of the farm-animal ustry. Nischan is the chef at the Dressing Room: A Homegrown staurant (yes, it has a subtitle), a partnership with Paul Newman t is realizing the actor's vision of an unpretentious eatin' place his hometown of Westport, Connecticut, that both celebrates lo- foods and repudiates fast-food suburban sprawl. Withey is the ionary who, realizing that macaroni and cheese didn't have to be rporate Krafted, started a line of bunny-logo'd natural foods in 89; as of this spring, the pasta in all 11 of her Annie's mac-and-eese varieties will be certified organic. Over in England, Fairley d Sams have, since 1991, bridged the gourmet and health-food rlds with their transcendent, organic Green & Black's chocolate, intaining their customer base even after controversially selling company to Cadbury Schweppes two years ago. Chef Barber is erica's purest advocate of "farm to table" eating, leaving the faint-est carbon footprint possible at Blue Hill, his local-foods-favoring restaurant in New York City, and going that place one better at his Hudson Valley restaurant, Blue Hill at Stone Barns, which is smack-dab on the grounds of a working farm that doubles as an educational center for schoolkids. Siemon, of Wisconsin, wrangled a bunch of his neighbors in the late 1980s to form the Organic Valley family of dairy farms, which, with his guidance as "C-E-I-E-I-O," has grown into the largest organic-farm cooperative in the nation. Like Withey, the Berliners presciently realized that even crunchy vegetarians can't always get to the farmers' market and prepare a home-cooked meal. For that reason, their company, founded in 1987 and named for the daughter born to them that year, has become America's largest maker of natural and organic frozen foods.

Photographed by Mark Seliger (with seasonal cabbages and root vegetables) at the Stone Barns Center for Food and Agriculture in Pocantico Hills, New York, on February 13, 2007.





The Messenger

SIMRAN SETHI

MULTI-MEDIA ENVIRONMENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

When it comes to creating a bright, green future, Simran Sethi is beating the drum loudly—and in any venue she can find. Tackling issues from what we put in our mouths to how we carpet our floors, to how we clothe our infants, she produces news stories for TreeHugger, the largest green-lifestyle Web site (treehugger.com); hosted *Ethical Markets*, a program about sustainable business practices that aired on PBS stations; is demonstrating how to make homes green—using celebrities as guinea pigs—on the new syndicated program *The EcoZone Project*; and is co-hosting the Sundance Channel's block of programming called "The Green." Don't let the liberal credentials fool you. A Punjabi, born in Germany and raised in North Carolina, she defies easy stereotyping. And having anchored the news for MTV Asia and created the MTV India news division, she knows a thing or two about reaching the masses. When Martha Stewart and Oprah Winfrey wanted to join the effort to live in an eco-friendly way, they turned to Sethi. In an era beset by apathy and cynicism, she exudes on-the-ball spunk and has an optimism so infectious you'll want to pick up a drum beside her.

Photographed by Norman Jean Roy in an electric GEM eL XD at PPM Energy's Shiloh Wind Power Plant in Rio Vista, California.



QUYNH: SET DESIGN BY THOMAS THUENAUER; FAN BRADY: SEE CREDIT PAGE

The Soundtrack of Change

JACK JOHNSON, ALANIS MORISSETTE, CHUCK LEAVELL, JACKSON BROWNE, PERRY FARRELL, KEB' MO', DAVE STEWART, BONNIE RAITT

MUSICIANS.

You can go electric and still be green—as these rockers will a test. Browne and Raitt were the trailblazers, founding members MUSE (Musicians United for Safe Energy), the group that organize the famous "No Nukes" concerts of 1979. Unmellowed by ag Browne remains an avid activist, who owns a wind-powered hou and is working with the Gibson guitar company to promote i SmartWood guitars, the sales of which help benefit the Rainfore Alliance. Raitt, through her Green Highway program and Web si sets up tents at her concerts to educate fans about alternativ energy solutions. Browne and Raitt's bluesman pal Keb' Mo' h joined them in supporting the Songbird Foundation, which pr motes the preservation of tropical-songbird habitats and enco

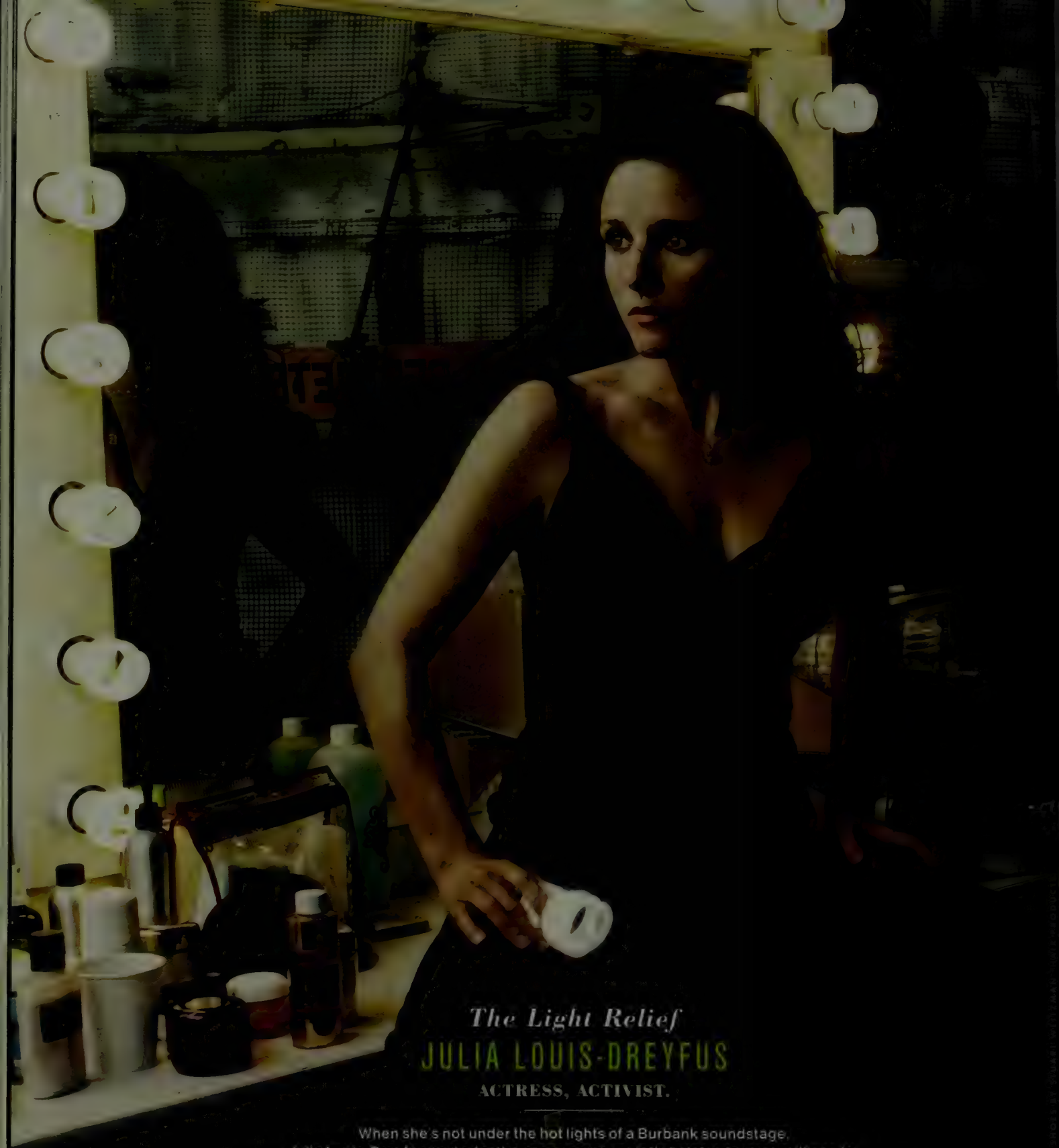


JOHNSON, LEAVELL, KEB' MO', STEWART, AND RAITT STYLED BY DAVID THOMAS. MORISSETTE STYLED BY LISSA EVANS. BROWNE STYLED BY MATT GOLDMAN. FARRELL STYLED BY JESSICA DIEHL. JOHNSON'S JEANS BY PATAGONIA. MORISSETTE'S JACKET AND JEAN

s sustainable coffee farming in the forests where the birds live. nson, as much a surf hunk as a singer-songwriter, co-founded Kokua Hawaii Foundation to support environmental education is home state. The Canadian firebrand Morissette champions ar power and has teamed up with her countryman Keanu Reeves larrate *The Great Warming*, a Canuck companion piece to *An onvenient Truth*. Inscrutable synth boffin and Eurythmic Dave wart has emerged as an unlikely promoter of Greenpeace and put together a new, socially conscious multi-media company, ed Weapons of Mass Entertainment. Lollapalooza main man rell has lent his organizational skills to Global Cool, a new non-fit devoted to reducing carbon dioxide emissions by one billion tons a year; with his current group, Satellite Party, he's recorded a new song—"Woman in the Window," built around a snippet of Jim Morrison spoken-word verse—that serves as Global Cool's anthem. As for Leavell, Rock Snobs like to name-drop him as the consummate southern-rock session pro, a man who's played keyboards with the Allman Brothers and the Black Crowes (not to mention the Rolling Stones)—but who knew he was also a dedicated campaigner for sustainable forestry? Moonlighting as the noble proprietor of the Charlane Plantation, in his native Georgia, he has twice been named that state's Tree Farmer of the Year.

Photographed by Mark Seliger.





The Light Relief

JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS

ACTRESS, ACTIVIST.

When she's not under the hot lights of a Burbank soundstage, Julia Louis-Dreyfus works for the green cause, quietly helping to raise millions for the Natural Resources Defense Council, the Waterkeeper Alliance, and the Trust for Public Land. In the 1990s, while gaining fame as the comically self-absorbed Elaine Benes on *Seinfeld*, she joined the board of Heal the Bay, a group devoted to cleaning up Southern California's coastal waters, with a focus on the Santa Monica Bay. She also supports the Environmental Media Association, which works to get the message out through movies and TV programs. On her latest show, the hit CBS sitcom *The New Adventures of Old Christine*, her character drives a hybrid car, just as Louis-Dreyfus does in real life. With her husband, producer Brad Hall, she has transformed her beach house, near Santa Barbara, into an environmentally state-of-the-art showcase. And she spent a vacation in Chile, shooting the rapids of the Futaleufu River with Robert F. Kennedy Jr. in an effort to bring attention to a plan to dam it. No one would blame Louis-Dreyfus if she were to sit back and eat the bonbons of her existence as a well-loved and well-remunerated sitcom queen—but she's putting her celebrity to use.

Photographed by Norman Jean Roy at Paramount Pictures' Soundstage 11 (with a makeup mirror lit by energy-saving N:Vision bulbs) in Los Angeles.

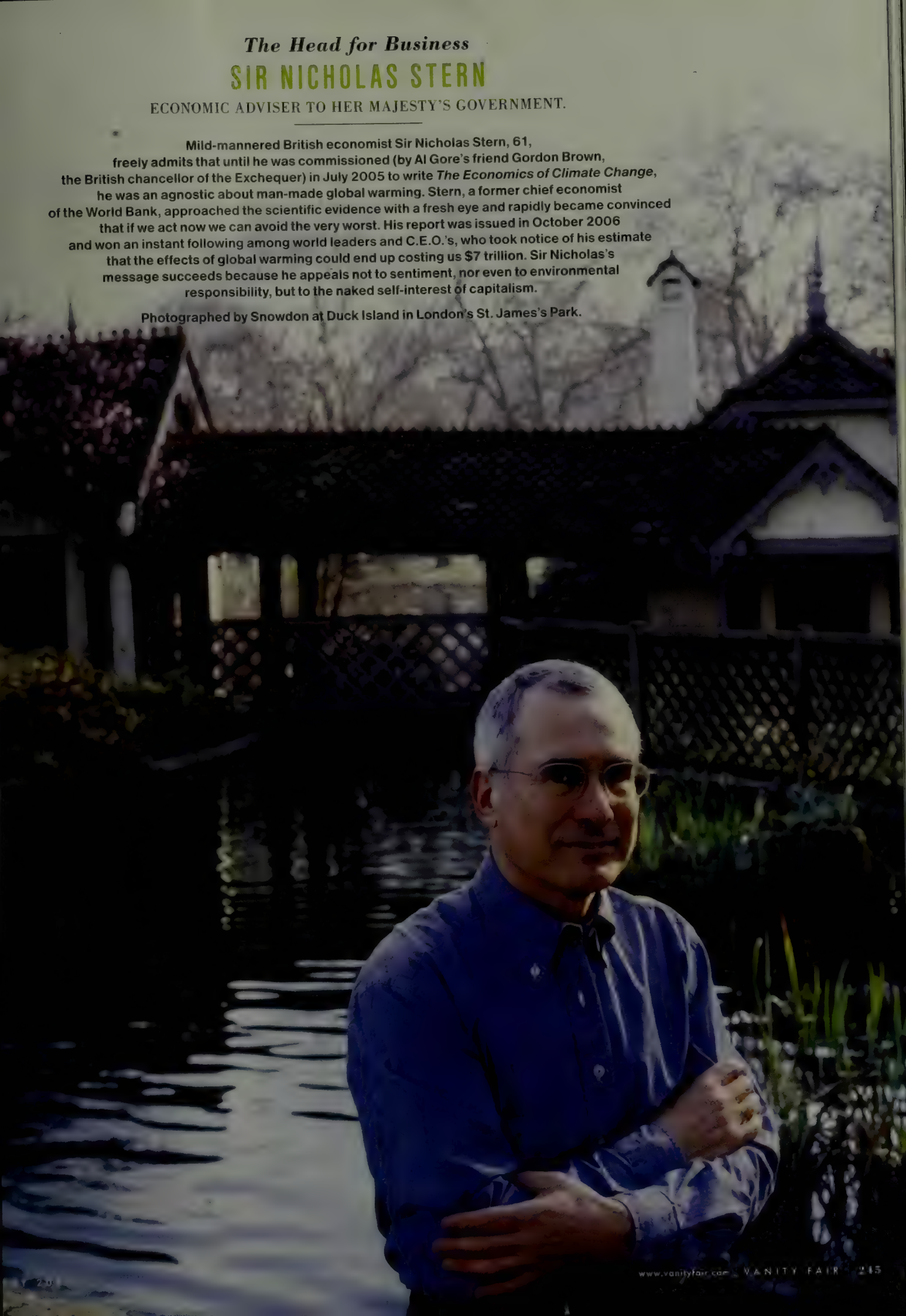
The Head for Business

SIR NICHOLAS STERN

ECONOMIC ADVISER TO HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.

Mild-mannered British economist Sir Nicholas Stern, 61, freely admits that until he was commissioned (by Al Gore's friend Gordon Brown, the British chancellor of the Exchequer) in July 2005 to write *The Economics of Climate Change*, he was an agnostic about man-made global warming. Stern, a former chief economist of the World Bank, approached the scientific evidence with a fresh eye and rapidly became convinced that if we act now we can avoid the very worst. His report was issued in October 2006 and won an instant following among world leaders and C.E.O.'s, who took notice of his estimate that the effects of global warming could end up costing us $7 trillion. Sir Nicholas's message succeeds because he appeals not to sentiment, nor even to environmental responsibility, but to the naked self-interest of capitalism.

Photographed by Snowdon at Duck Island in London's St. James's Park.



The Minds Aquatic

We can argue until the sun burns out whether human beings are causing climate change, but there is no debate over the fact that it is happening. The climate has, after all, been changing for the last 4.6 billion years—as long as the earth has been around. We know this, in part, from the eons' worth of data collected from ocean-derived rocks and sediments. Marine scientists, such as those at Woods Hole and the Scripps Institution, two of the most prominent oceanic-research organizations in the nation, understand that Earth's one and only sink is a historical diary, recording past climatic conditions in its fragile chemical balance. Yet in terms of how it works and what it can teach us, we are only skimming the surface. As fresh ideas and new technology increase our ability to comprehend our largest laboratory, and as we continue to approach a showdown with melting ice and rising seas, it is in these scientists' hands that our future—our lives—may rest.

Photographed by Brigitte Lacombe: *this page,* on the research vessel *Tioga,* in Buzzards Bay, off the coast of Woods Hole, Massachusetts; *opposite,* in the Pacific Ocean at the University of California, San Diego.





SCRIPPS INSTITUTION OF OCEANOGRAPHY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO (ABOVE)

NANCY KNOWLTON, DIRECTOR, CENTER FOR MARINE BIODIVERSITY AND CONSERVATION; TONY HAYMET, DIRECTOR OF THE SCRIPPS INSTITUTION OF OCEANOGRAPHY; RALPH KEELING, PROFESSOR.

WOODS HOLE OCEANOGRAPHIC INSTITUTION (OPPOSITE)

LLOYD KEIGWIN, SENIOR SCIENTIST; RUTH CURRY, RESEARCH SPECIALIST; DAVID GALLO, DIRECTOR OF SPECIAL PROJECTS; LARRY MADIN, ACTING DIRECTOR OF RESEARCH.

The Golden State Eco-warriors

JOHN DOERR, MARK MASSARA, DOROTHY GREEN, PETER A. DARBEE, ROB "BIRDLEGS" CAUGHLAN, TERRY TAMMINEN, VINOD KHOSLA, SYLVIA McLAUGHLIN

Californians have traditionally led the rest of the country toward new modes of behavior and thought. Those pictured here, who come from all walks of life, are joined by their commitment to bringing about a greener world, starting with their own nation-sized state of 36 million. A surfer since 1960, Rob "Birdlegs" Caughlan, an in-demand environmental speaker and marketer based in Menlo Park, came by his love of nature amid the swells of the Pacific. He had a big win as president of the Surfrider Foundation when he led a victorious lawsuit against two pulp mills that were pumping toxins into the ocean. Also out of Menlo Park is venture-capitalist billionaire Vinod Khosla, a co-founder of Sun Microsystems who is now putting his own money and that of his deep-pocketed clients into clean energy technologies, with special emphasis on solar-thermal power and cellulosic ethanol. Another noted Silicon Valley venture capitalist, John Doerr, a leading partner in the storied investment firm Kleiner Perkins Caufield & Byers (where Khosla is an affiliated partner), also sees "green tech" as a ripe new field for investors. Doerr is part of the Kleiner Perkins team that has committed upwards of $200 million to green technologies. It might seem strange to have the chief executive



big utility in these pages, but here is Peter A. Darbee of San ncisco, the head of PG&E Corporation since 2005. Unlike oth- who sit at the controls of power plants, Darbee believes glob- arming is indeed a serious threat. He has expressed interest ne old hot potato, nuclear power, and also in the recurring ar-thermal dream. Since 2003, Terry Tamminen, the author of *s per Gallon: The True Cost of Our Oil Addiction*, has served Arnold Schwarzenegger's go-to environmental man. After oing to make California the state with the strictest standards ne country as head of its Environmental Protection Agency, s now spreading the green message nationwide as a lecturer l consultant. The aptly named Dorothy Green, a Los Angeleno, founder of three major organizations: Heal the Bay, which ks toward cleaning up Santa Monica Bay, the Los Angeles San Gabriel Rivers Watershed Council, and the California ter Impact Network. She is at work on *Water Politics*, a book lining a smarter water policy for California's future. In the early 1960s, urban planners decided it would be wonderful to fill in San Francisco Bay and make it the site of shopping malls and housing developments. Sylvia McLaughlin thought this was a terrible idea and co-founded Save the Bay to put a stop to the plan. As the years passed and the bay became a trash receptacle, she kept at it. Today, from her Berkeley home, she has a new [illegible] new Eastshore State Park: 2,002 acres of tidelands and trail. McLaughlin, 90, took a bow for her efforts as Californ[illegible] gave her a standing ovation at the christening ceremony last year. At age seven Mark Massara collected dead birds, victims of an oil spill, from the beaches of Santa Barbara. Now he's the [illegible] of the Sierra Club's California Coastal Campaign [illegible] founder of the National Association of Surfing [illegible] water polluter's worst nightmare: a longhair [illegible] degree. Now, that's righteous.

Photographed by Art Streiber in San Franc[illegible]





The Enlightened Hotelier

BARRY STERNLICHT

MOGUL ON A MISSION.

The hotel industry, in general, has been blasé where the environment is concerned. Inefficient climate-control systems run full blast, in-room fridges hum all night, keeping Toblerones cold, and the maids are quick with aerosol spray. Barry Sternlicht (of W Hotels fame), the farsighted chief executive of Starwood Capital Group, hopes to bring about a change in the way hotels are designed, built, and operated, and he's leading by example. With the Natural Resources Defense Council serving in an advisory capacity, he is creating luxurious, eco-friendly hotels as part of his new brand, "1" Hotels and Residences. The first "1" will open next year in Seattle, to be followed by new hotels in New York, Washington, Los Angeles, Paris, Fort Lauderdale, Scottsdale, and Mammoth Mountain, California. The name "1" suits his new venture perfectly: "Preserving the planet is Job One," he says.

Photographed by Norman Jean Roy at the construction site of one of Sternlicht's new green developments, in Battery Park, New York City.







The Model Citizen

SUMMER RAYNE OAKES

ECO-STYLE QUEEN.

Nontoxic clothing. Sustainable design. We admit it—there's something a little dippy-sounding about the terminology. But thanks to Summer Rayne Oakes, fashion model and eco-style expert (sorry—there we go again), it's actually starting to make sense. It's not about what will happen to the clothes you're wearing. It's about where they've been: what materials were used in making them, who made them, and what work practices were implemented. As it turns out, much of the clothing on our backs was made using herbicides, pesticides, and toxic dyes—by people in developing nations working for a pittance. There are other, chic options, says Oakes: "fair trade" clothes made using organic cotton, organic silk, bamboo, and even corn and sweet potatoes. Oakes is not just some hottie manufactured by a team of advertisers and consultants. She's a Cornell grad who majored in alternative resources and spent years writing papers about sewage sludge. After graduating, she decided to take her passions out of academia and into the real world. At just 23 she has her own think tank and consulting company, called SRO, her own quarterly newsletter, a television show in the works, a book series about hip and green living, and a calendar booked solid with speaking engagements. Sure, maybe the looks have helped. (This is the fashion industry, after all.) But her crusade seems to be working. In the last five years, the number of eco-aware designers out there has grown from about 10 to upwards of 500. With Edun, the line of organic clothing owned by Bono and his wife, Ali Hewson, the movement even cracked New York's Fashion Week.

Photographed by Norman Jean Roy in a Tango car in Joshua Tree National Park, California.

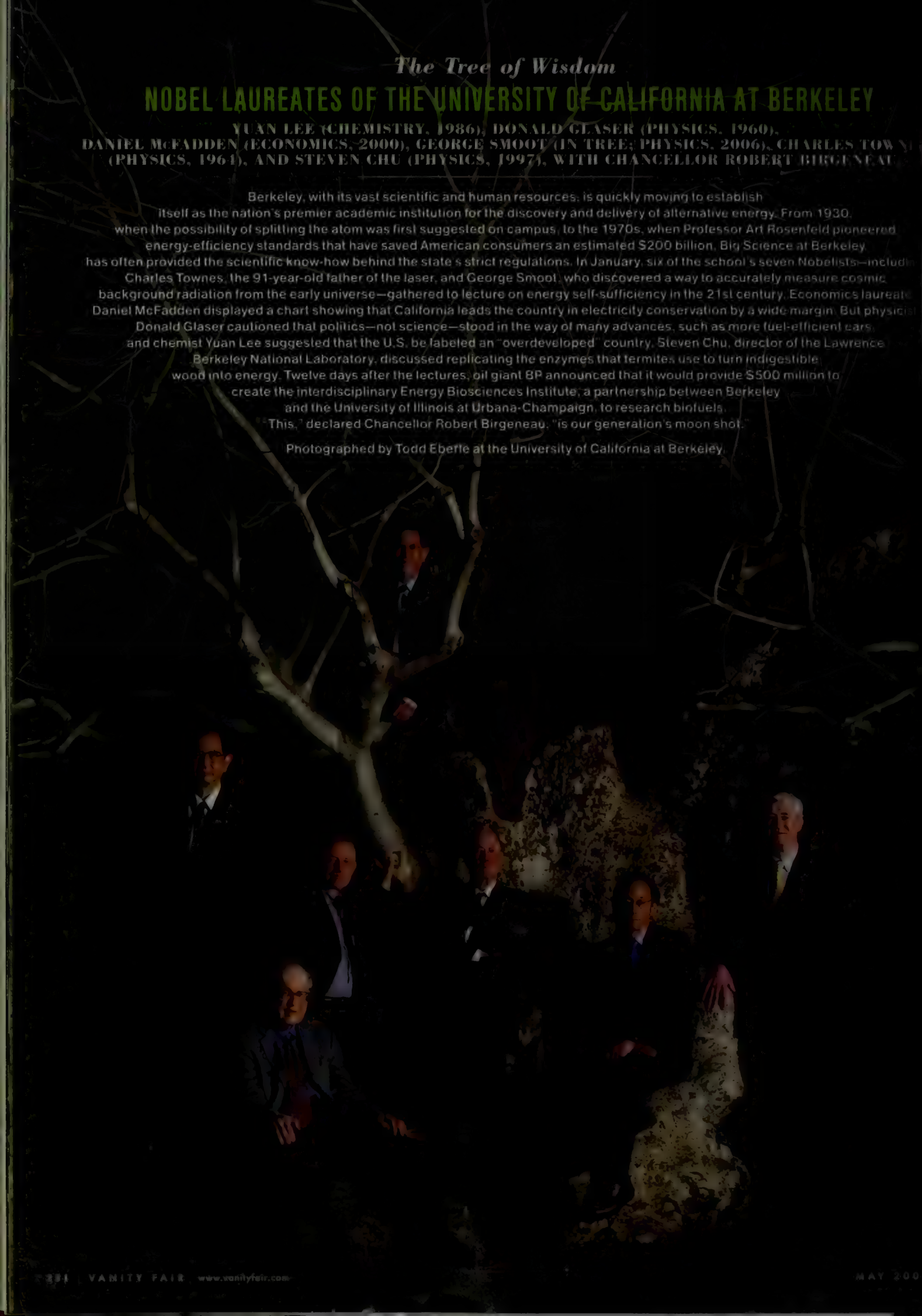
The Tree of Wisdom

NOBEL LAUREATES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT BERKELEY

YUAN LEE (CHEMISTRY, 1986), DONALD GLASER (PHYSICS, 1960), DANIEL McFADDEN (ECONOMICS, 2000), GEORGE SMOOT (IN TREE; PHYSICS, 2006), CHARLES TOWNES (PHYSICS, 1964), AND STEVEN CHU (PHYSICS, 1997), WITH CHANCELLOR ROBERT BIRGENEAU

Berkeley, with its vast scientific and human resources, is quickly moving to establish itself as the nation's premier academic institution for the discovery and delivery of alternative energy. From 1930, when the possibility of splitting the atom was first suggested on campus, to the 1970s, when Professor Art Rosenfeld pioneered energy-efficiency standards that have saved American consumers an estimated $200 billion, Big Science at Berkeley has often provided the scientific know-how behind the state's strict regulations. In January, six of the school's seven Nobelists—including Charles Townes, the 91-year-old father of the laser, and George Smoot, who discovered a way to accurately measure cosmic background radiation from the early universe—gathered to lecture on energy self-sufficiency in the 21st century. Economics laureate Daniel McFadden displayed a chart showing that California leads the country in electricity conservation by a wide margin. But physicist Donald Glaser cautioned that politics—not science—stood in the way of many advances, such as more fuel-efficient cars, and chemist Yuan Lee suggested that the U.S. be labeled an "overdeveloped" country. Steven Chu, director of the Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory, discussed replicating the enzymes that termites use to turn indigestible wood into energy. Twelve days after the lectures, oil giant BP announced that it would provide $500 million to create the interdisciplinary Energy Biosciences Institute, a partnership between Berkeley and the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, to research biofuels. "This," declared Chancellor Robert Birgeneau, "is our generation's moon shot."

Photographed by Todd Eberle at the University of California at Berkeley.



The Cleanup Guys

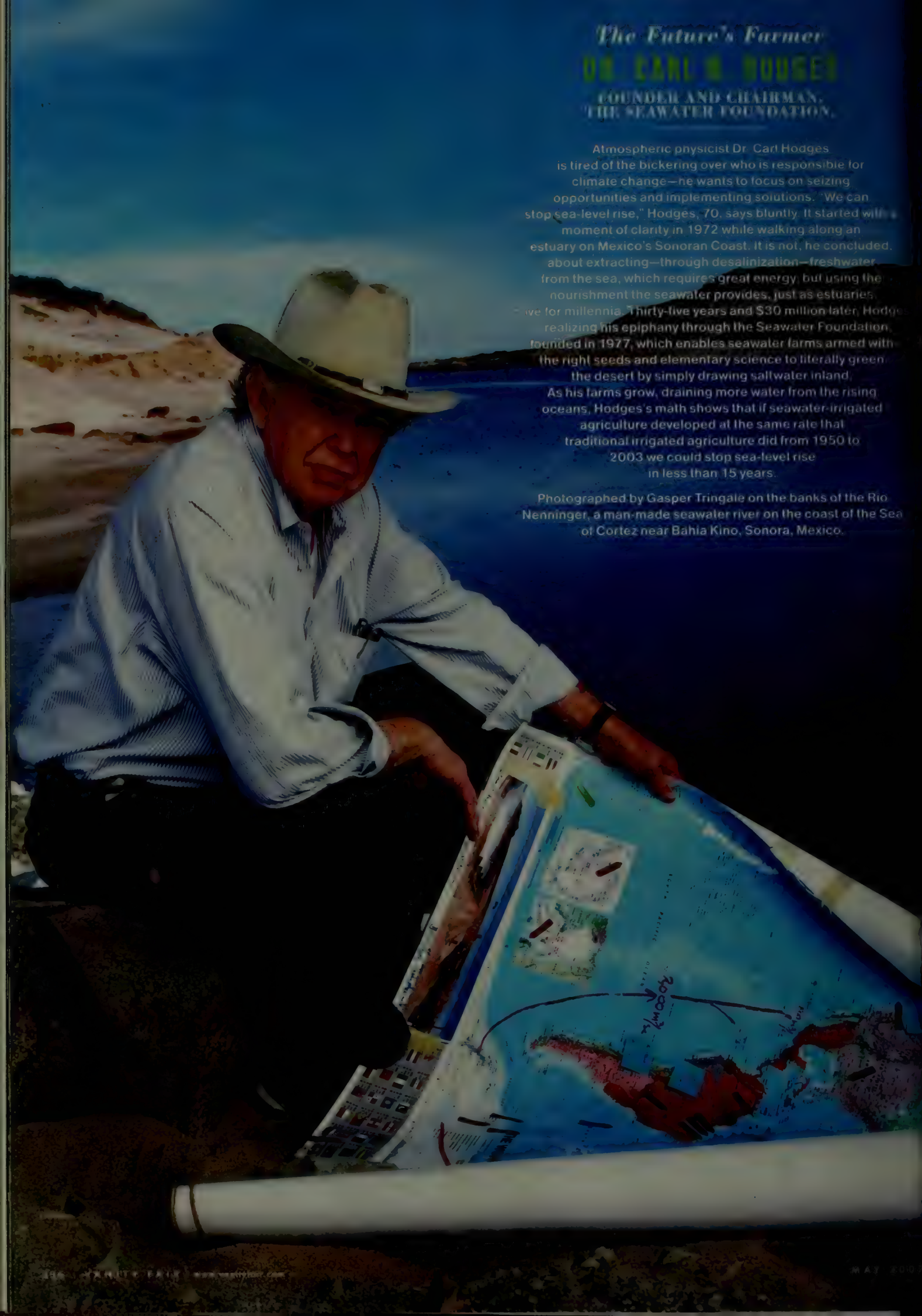
SEVENTH GENERATION AND METHOD

METHOD FOUNDERS ADAM LOWRY AND ERIC RYAN AND SEVENTH GENERATION C.E.O. JEFFREY HOLLENDER.

Turns out you don't have to endanger your unborn child's life to get your house really clean. Seventh Generation and Method have proved that household products that are biodegradable and nontoxic actually work. About 20 years ago, Seventh Generation's Jeffrey Hollender and founder Alan Newman pioneered a new concept in household care, with products such as toilet paper, diapers, and paper towels made from recycled materials. There was a crunchy, Ben & Jerry's vibe to it all: the Burlington, Vermont–based company derived its name from the Great Law of Peace of the Iroquois Confederacy: "In our every deliberation, we must consider the impact of our decisions on the next seven generations." Consumers got over their prejudice that paper towels needed floral patterns in order to absorb. Seventh Generation products are now in environmentally conscious stores everywhere. The guys from San Francisco–based Method took the concept and made it urban and cutting-edge. In 1999, Adam Lowry and Eric Ryan delved into something incredibly banal—cleaning products. (This was especially surprising to Ryan's mom, who never even saw her son make his bed in his life.) In an industry that had remained stagnant since the days of animated scrubbing bubbles, the guys made cleaning products hip. They threw out the chlorine bleach and other chemicals in favor of natural substances (scented with emotionally pleasing aromas such as "French lavender") and enlisted design wizards Michael Rutchik and Karim Rashid to make bottles so sleek you could package perfume in them. Named the seventh-fastest-growing private company in the U.S. by *Inc.* magazine, Method has made cleaning your shower as Zen an experience as yoga.

Photographed by Todd Eberle in San Francisco.





The Future's Farmer

DR. CARL HODGES

FOUNDER AND CHAIRMAN, THE SEAWATER FOUNDATION.

Atmospheric physicist Dr. Carl Hodges is tired of the bickering over who is responsible for climate change—he wants to focus on seizing opportunities and implementing solutions. "We can stop sea-level rise," Hodges, 70, says bluntly. It started with a moment of clarity in 1972 while walking along an estuary on Mexico's Sonoran Coast. It is not, he concluded, about extracting—through desalinization—freshwater from the sea, which requires great energy, but using the nourishment the seawater provides, just as estuaries have for millennia. Thirty-five years and $30 million later, Hodges is realizing his epiphany through the Seawater Foundation, founded in 1977, which enables seawater farms armed with the right seeds and elementary science to literally green the desert by simply drawing saltwater inland. As his farms grow, draining more water from the rising oceans, Hodges's math shows that if seawater-irrigated agriculture developed at the same rate that traditional irrigated agriculture did from 1950 to 2003 we could stop sea-level rise in less than 15 years.

Photographed by Gasper Tringale on the banks of the Rio Nenninger, a man-made seawater river on the coast of the Sea of Cortez near Bahia Kino, Sonora, Mexico.



The Purist

ROXANNE QUIMBY

NATURAL-CARE-PRODUCT PIONEER.

"Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity!" Roxanne Quimby long ago took Henry David Thoreau's words to heart. In 1984 she was living in the woods of northern Maine in a cabin without electricity or running water—with her young twins, no less. She found a kindred spirit in Burt Shavitz, a honey vendor residing in a converted turkey coop. The items Quimby made from his beeswax—candles, moisturizer, lip balm—blossomed into Burt's Bees, one of the first natural personal-care brands. When she sold 80 percent of the business for $177 million almost four years ago (she'd already bought out Shavitz), the former waitress became a very wealthy woman. So how did that kind of green fit in with her ethos? Thoreau would be proud: besides starting an organic-cotton clothing line, she sank $40 million into 80,000 acres of Maine wilderness previously owned by logging companies, to protect the land, with the long-term goal of a new national park. Many of her fellow Mainers, believing the land could be put to better—that is, job-producing and recreation-allowing—use, reacted with anti-Quimby editorials and BAN ROXANNE T-shirts. Undaunted, she arranged to meet with them, and argued that wilderness-related eco-tourism could improve the area's lagging economy; she also agreed to temporarily reinstate access to her property for snowmobiling and hunting. Quimby finds common ground with her critics: "They're trying to preserve their way of life; they're preservationists as well." But she feels that "a national park would transcend that debate [about private property] because it is owned by all people." Simplicity itself.

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson at her home in Portland, Maine.


YAMAHA
four stroke

The Pointed Pen

CARL HIAASEN

NOVELIST, COLUMNIST, REPORTER.

Whether writing his *Miami Herald* column or his gonzo novels, Carl Hiaasen has always been on the side of the beasts. He grew up near Fort Lauderdale, back when Florida was still a lush paradise, thick with mosquitoes and not yet an air-conditioned habitat for tourists and retirees. He often spends his days alternating between writing and bonefishing near his home in the Keys. The high comedy that sets his novels in motion is born of a deep-seated anger that the alligators, burrowing owls, and blue-tongued mango voles (all prominent players in the Hiaasen universe) have been replaced by vicious predators—lobbyists, land developers, and lawyers. In recent years Hiaasen has toned down the violence for the best-selling young-adult novels *Hoot* and *Flush,* but both take dead aim at the people who would destroy the Florida he loves. His latest one for adults, *Nature Girl,* is set partly on Dismal Key, an island that is, blessedly, too rugged for mini-malls. In a recent column, he showed he hasn't mellowed with age, writing that Florida's Department of Environmental Protection "has morphed into an alibi factory for industrial and agricultural polluters." Give 'em hell, Carl.

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson in the Pelican Island National Wildlife Refuge near Vero Beach, Florida.


DANGER



The Next Generation

STUDENT ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVISTS

hile the pr[illegible] just be getting around to accepting climate nange, the youth of America have been lining up for years. Nowhere this line longer than on high-school and college campuses. But th young people, organization can be an obstacle. Enter the Cam- us Climate Challenge. The brainchild of the Energy Action Coalition (E.A.C.), the Challenge aligns more than 30 organizations across e U.S. and Canada, leveraging the power of students to influence dministrations to implement 100-percent-sustainable-energy poli- es at their schools. "As youth, we have a responsibility to be de- manding really bold actions that will actually solve the problem," E.A.C. co-founder Billy Parish, 25, declares. But it doesn't stop there. As shown by the more than 500 campuses that have signed up to begin reducing their carbon emissions, it's not about empty protests and demands but about leading the way to solutions. The student bodies have exponentially increased their environmental aptitude, taking the cause from the crunchy confines of hippiedom into the mainstream, giving hope to those who previously felt powerless as their parents and politicians dropped the biggest ball of all: Earth.

Photographed by Art Streiber at the Greenpeace warehouse near Washington, D.C.; for a Who's Who, see page 296.



The Sundance Man

ROBERT REDFORD

ACTOR, DIRECTOR, ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVIST.

Famous for four decades, Robert Redford was an environmental activist long before it was fashionable and long before global warming entered the lexicon. The Oscar winner has been spearheading grassroots movements of conservation since the age of 24, when he spent his last $500 on two acres of land in his now beloved Utah. That parcel has widened to nearly 5,000 acres and is home to his Sundance Institute, which was created to nurture independent filmmaking and was the inspiration behind the Sundance Film Festival. Last month, the television channel that shares the Sundance name debuted "The Green," the first weekly programming block in the U.S. dedicated to environmentally themed original series and documentary films. Redford, a frequent narrator and producer of documentaries focusing on green topics, has long put his public persona to good use. Thirty years ago, he moved words into action as a trustee of the Natural Resources Defense Council and later the founder of the Institute for Resource Management. He regularly speaks out for clean, sustainable, and alternative energy production, as well as to protect clean air and water resources. As Redford enters his 71st year, he will no doubt continue to make his voice, and the voices of the causes he champions, heard.

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson on the terrace of Redford's home in Sundance, Utah.



Dante's Inferno: Green Edition



(Abandon Hope, All Environmental Sinners)

VESTIBULE: THE INDIFFERENT

The 50,456,062 Americans who voted to elect George W. Bush president in 2000.

FIRST CIRCLE: LIMBO

The 62,039,073 Americans who voted to re-elect George W. Bush in 2004.

SECOND CIRCLE: THE LUSTFUL

DIRTIEST POWER PLANTS SO_2 polluters—Bowen (Georgia), Gibson (Indiana), Keystone (Pennsylvania);
CO_2 polluters—Bowen (Georgia), James H. Miller Jr. (Alabama), Scherer (Georgia);
NO_x polluters—Crystal River (Florida), Four Corners (New Mexico), General James M. Gavin (Ohio);
mercury polluters—Martin Lake (Texas), Miller (Alabama), Scherer (Georgia).



THIRD CIRCLE: THE GLUTTONOUS

BIG OIL More than seven billion barrels a year: America's worst habit.
BIG AUTO The second-largest source (after power plants) of CO_2 pollution, creating nearly 1.5 billion tons annually.

FOURTH CIRCLE: THE AVARICIOUS AND THE PRODIGAL

BIG AGRICULTURE Archer Daniels Midland, Monsanto, Smithfield Foods, StarKist, Tyson.
BIG MINING **Don L. Blankenship** (C.E.O., Massey Energy, advocate and bankroller of pro-coal groups and candidates), BHP Billiton, Freeport-McMoRan, Peabody Energy.





FIFTH CIRCLE: THE WRATHFUL

BIG CHEMICAL Dow, DuPont.



SIXTH CIRCLE: THE HERETICS

Bjorn Lomborg, Danish author of *The Skeptical Environmentalist.*

SEVENTH CIRCLE: PHLEGETHON—THE VIOLENT

BIG DEFENSE Boeing, Lockheed Martin, Northrop Grumman;
Donald Rumsfeld, former secretary of defense (2001–6); **Robert Gates,** secretary of defense (2006–present).

EIGHTH CIRCLE: THE FRAUDULENT

PANDERERS AND SEDUCERS

Michael Crichton, novelist, whose *State of Fear* questioned the science of global warming (and was also dull);
Rush Limbaugh, radio host, global-warming denier.
FLATTERERS **George T. Wolff,** E.P.A. science advisory board.

SIMONISTS



The Re-elected Dirty Dozen-ers: Officials who consistently vote against the environment, according to the League of Conservation Voters: **Representative Dan Boren** (D-OK), **Representative Henry Cuellar** (D-TX), **Representative Deborah Pryce** (R-OH), **Representative Heather Wilson** (R-NM).

GRAFTERS

The Defeated Dirty Dozen-ers: **Senator George Allen** (R-VA), **Representative Bob Beauprez** (Colorado governor's race), **Senator Conrad Burns** (R-MT), **Representative Tom DeLay** (R-TX; resigned), **Representative Katherine Harris** (R-FL), **Representative Bob Ney** (R-OH; resigned), **Representative Richard Pombo** (R-CA), **Senator Rick Santorum** (R-PA), **Senator Jim Talent** (R-MO), **Representative Charles Taylor** (R-NC).

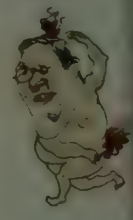
SOOTHSAYERS (SORCERERS AND FALSE PROPHETS)

Willie Soon and **Sallie Baliunas,** authors of the report *Lessons and Limits of Climate History: Was the 20th Century Climate Unusual?*

FALSE COUNSELORS



James L. Connaughton, chairman, White House Council on Environmental Quality;
Richard Lindzen, M.I.T. meteorologist, author of April 2006 *Wall Street Journal* op-ed titled "Climate of Fear."



SOWERS OF DISCORD

Robert C. Balling Jr., climatology professor, Arizona State University, and recipient of more than $200,000 in funding from coal and oil interests over the past decade; **S. Fred Singer,** president of the Science and Environmental Policy Project, former consultant for the oil industry.

COUNTERFEITERS AND FALSIFIERS

Philip Cooney, former chief of staff, White House Council on Environmental Quality;
George Deutsch, 24-year-old Bush NASA-public-affairs appointee, who limited reporters' access to a top climate scientist and doctored publications, resigned in February 2006.

NINTH CIRCLE: THE TRAITORS, STUCK IN THE FROZEN (AND OIL-SLICKED) LAKE COCYTUS

Dirk Kempthorne, secretary of the interior, former anti-environment senator and governor of Idaho;
Gale Norton, former secretary of the interior, and, prior to that, lawyer representing mining, timber, and oil companies.

HELL

Satan, and in his three mouths: **Senator James Inhofe** (R-OK), former chairman of the Senate Environment Committee, tireless denouncer of global warming as "a hoax" perpetrated on Americans by alarmist liberal media; **President George W. Bush; Vice President Dick Cheney,** former Halliburton C.E.O., convener of top-secret energy task force, which met with oil and gas executives.

ILLUSTRATION BY BARRY BLITT


Paradise
(more or less)
Al Gore
The Prius
The Indifferent
Limbo
The Lustful
The Gluttonous
The Avaricious and the Prodigal
The Wrathful
The Heretics
Phlegethon - The Violent
The Fraudulent
The Traitors
SORRY, CHARLIE
Rumsfeld
Gates
Michael Crichton
Gale Norton
Inhofe
Bush
Cheney
Hell

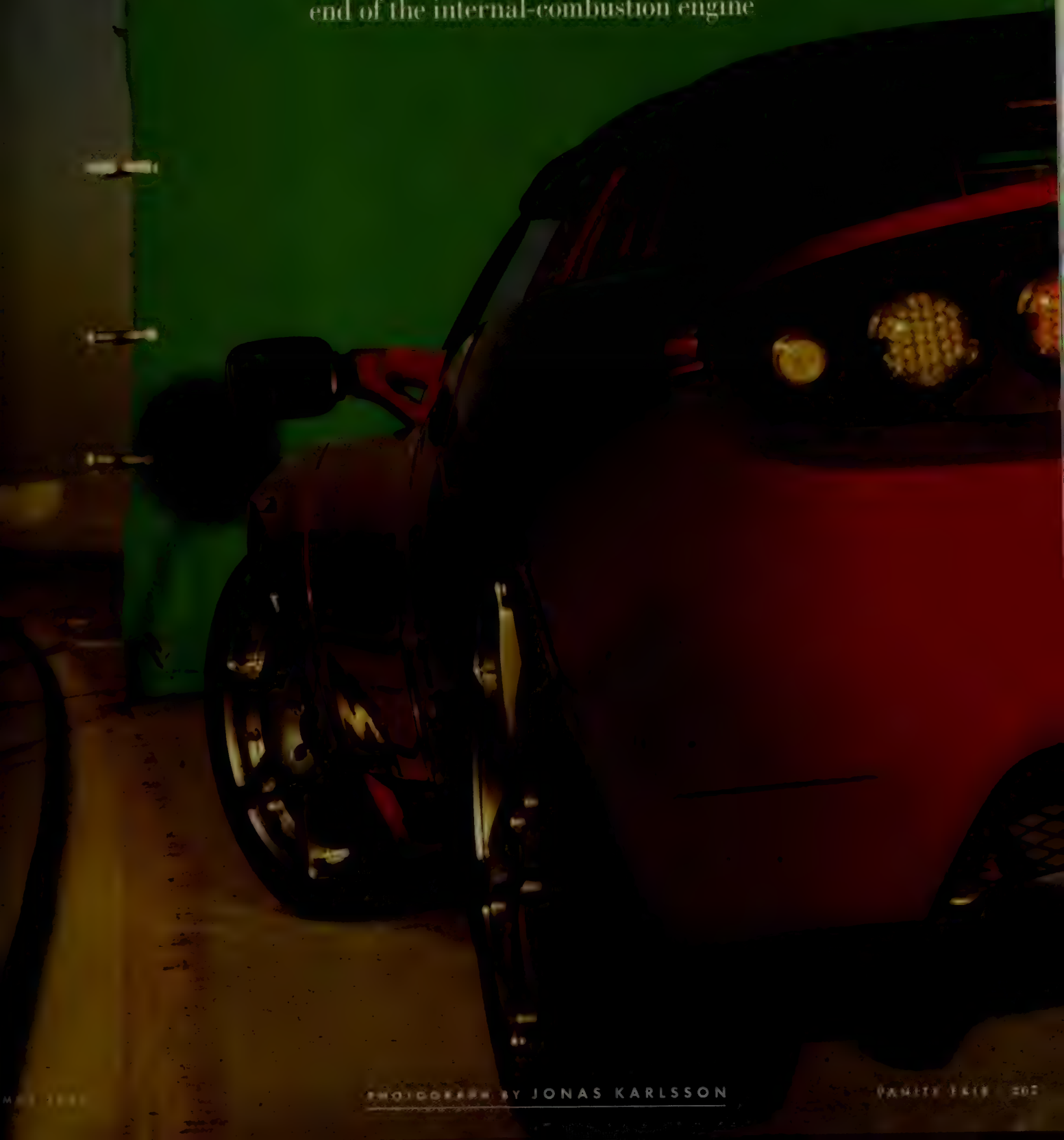
THE ROAD TAKEN

Tesla Motors chairman Elon Musk, who has put more than $27 million of his own money into the company, with a prototype of the Tesla Roadster.



Quiet Thunder

Who in his right mind would finance an auto company start-up? Elon Musk, the billionaire founder of PayPal, the guy with a NASA contract for the next space shuttle, also expects to put a sold-out (to the likes of George Clooney, Larry Page, and Sergey Brin) fleet of electric sports cars on the road this summer. Kicking the tires of the $92,000 Tesla, which goes from 0 to 60 in four seconds, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON learns the Silicon Valley saga of big dreams, technical snags, and *Aha!* moments that could spell the end of the internal-combustion engine



PHOTOGRAPH BY JONAS KARLSSON

ELECTRIC AVENUE

For too long, driving a green car has been about as exciting as drinking a cup of lukewarm herbal tea. But less than a decade after General Motors killed its electric car, foreign car-makers and Silicon Valley entrepreneurs are using better batteries and more efficient engine technology to create high-performance automobiles that combine virtue, velocity, and visual appeal. Gentlemen, plug in your engines!

BY ROBERT LEVINE

"These are Elise seats," the young engineer from Tesla Motors says apologetically from behind the wheel as our doors click shut. We're snugged into what looks a lot like a Lotus Elise, the slinky, lightweight, low-to-the-ground roadster first issued a decade ago by the high-end English sports-car maker and named after its chairman's granddaughter Elise. The hard-shell seats are brutal, but they'll be replaced. "Ours are wider in the hip area and have more padding," adds Philip Luk, who spends most of his time as a garage monkey under the first, handmade Tesla Roadsters, "so they don't feel so much like race seats."

The red Roadster—the name of the Elise's distant cousin—backs silently out of a company garage onto the streets of San Carlos, California, a once sleepy town south of San Francisco, now part of Silicon Valley. There is no engine noise, because it is a 100 percent electric car—only an eerie whine of gears as the car accelerates. We turn onto an entrance ramp for Route 101 South. And then comes the money moment. Luk floors the accelerator, and the Roadster jumps forward so fast—as instantaneously as its inverter can send electricity to the motor that turns its wheels—that I'm pinned against that hard-shell seat. Zero to 60 in four seconds is Tesla's claim—faster than all but a few high-performance, gas-powered racecars—with a top speed of 135 miles per hour and a range of 250 miles. It's pretty cool.

This summer, the first production Roadsters are due to reach the asphalt, with a sticker price of $92,000. No need to ponder a purchase: the full fleet of 2007s is already sold out. Among the buyers who've put down a 100 percent deposit for the inaugural signature series of 100 cars (with buyers' names etched in the doorsill) are actor George Clooney, Google founders Sergey Brin and Larry Page, inventor Dean Kamen, Hyatt-hotels heir Nicholas Pritzker, sportswear designer Julie Chaiken, and Ari Emanuel, founder of the L.A. talent agency Endeavor. A non-refundable deposit. On a car that, wh these early believers plunked down th money, hadn't yet passed its crash tests. car designed not in Detroit or Germany Japan but here in Silicon Valley, by a tea of engineers who have vision and heart a hope for the future but no experience manufacturing cars. To date, more th 250 additional buyers have put down p tial deposits for the first year's dai expanding fleet.

When these first cars do reach t road, they'll be little more than toys green-minded California celebrities drive down Sunset. But, for a young, co ly ambitious Internet mogul named El Musk and his partners, the plan is to ri the technology curve down to a more fordable, $49,000 four-door sedan, th a $30,000 mass-market model. Musk, wants nothing less than for Tesla Moto to be the Ford Motor Company of t 21st century—liberating the world, at la from the internal-combustion engine th Henry Ford foisted upon it at just abo this time a century ago.

Tesla's success—so far—is testimony what four years of war in Iraq and $ a-gallon gas have done to burnish, on again, the hundred-year-old dream of practical, mass-market electric car. T world is truly desperate for it. This time at last—what's under the hood may ma that dream come true.

1. THE FÉTISH, VENTURI

For the discerning venture capitalist afraid of running into another Tesla Roadster on the 101 near San Jose, the aptly named Venturi Fétish offers another level of bragging rights. The Monaco-based Venturi company is making only 25 of these $500,000 beauties, each hand-tooled with a custom interior. Venturi races another version of thi entirely electric car, which can do 160 m.p.h. in its first (and only) gear.

2. THE EXE, COURRÈGES

The Paris design company that helped popularize go-go boots has created a series of electric cars that would look equally at home on the earth, the moon, or the runway. All three, including the Exe, are one-of-a-kind—the automotive equivalent of haute couture. (The engine technology, similar to the Tesla's, is closer to off-the-rack.) The cars are a pet project for designer Coqueline Courrèges, who has been known to drive them around Paris.



Musk isn't the one who had the *Eureka!* moment. That was a slight, gray-bearded, mild-mannered Silicon Valley entrepreneur named Martin Eberhard. Like anyone else in 003, the then 43-year-old Eberhard knew at billion-dollar markets had grown almost overnight for laptop computers and ell phones. Rivals were spending huge ims on R&D to pack ever more energy to the lithium-ion batteries that powered

"WHEN WE STARTED," RECALLS JB STRAUBEL, "WE HAD NOTHING. WE DIDN'T HAVE A SCREWDRIVER."

ose devices. One day Eberhard had a mple thought: Why not put lithium-ion lls into cars?

Eberhard is a bona fide gearhead, with master's degree in electrical engineering. e started driving at 13, on a farm in Kan-s, tinkered with his own cars, and pored rough *Road & Track* in search of his next nes. He'd never worked in the car busi-ess, though, before Tesla. He'd made his first, modest fortune in computers, and his second, rather larger one as co-founder and C.E.O. of an electronic-book gambit called NuvoMedia. In 2000, Rupert Murdoch's Gemstar–TV Guide International bought NuvoMedia for $187 million. (Gemstar shut NuvoMedia down three years later amid dwindling business.) Now, with money to indulge his whims, Eberhard commissioned a shy, gifted, sometimes difficult California pioneer of electric vehicles named Alan Cocconi to put a pack of lithium-ion batteries into Cocconi's latest electric-vehicle kit car, the T Zero.

The experiment seemed to work: the T Zero rocketed from 0 to 60 in 3.5 seconds and went on to cruise 300 highway miles on the 6,800 lithium-ion cells in its pack. Eberhard was ecstatic. He told Cocconi he'd find funding to turn the T Zero into a production E.V. Here was their chance, he said, to change the world. Cocconi laughed bitterly. No thanks, he said. He'd been down *that* road before.

Indeed he had. Back in the late 1980s, Cocconi had worked for months in the back of his mustard-yellow ranch house, in the Los Angeles suburb of Glendora, surrounded by circuit boards, hand-soldering the electronic brain of a concept electric vehicle for an unlikely client: General Motors. The lozenge-shaped, two-seat sports car, its body made of raw fiberglass futuristically painted silver, had fascinated General Motors' then chairman, Roger Smith. To the horror of many of his vice presidents, Smith announced that G.M. would take the concept E.V. to production. And so, thanks in large part to Alan Cocconi's inverter, began America's most recent chapter in the history of electric cars.

Smith was a stiff, ungainly figure who'd made a perfect target for filmmaker Michael Moore in his 1989 film, *Roger & Me,* but he had a Tom Swiftian love of new technology. Ford and Chrysler groaned: they knew exactly what would happen. Within months, California declared that, if G.M. said it could make an E.V., *all* major car-makers would have to do the same—by 1998—for the state so smog-hit that it had won the unusual power to pass its own emissions laws. Grudgingly, the Big Three, along with Toyota, Honda, Nissan, and Mazda, declared they'd do their best to comply with the mandate, as it was called, and cranked

3. THE TANGO, COMMUTER CARS CORPORATION

In addition to cutting pollution, the all-electric Tango is designed to stop traffic, as rubberneckers wonder how this 39-inch-wide, single-file two-seater doesn't tip over. (Answer: the battery keeps the weight at the bottom.) Inventor Rick Woodbury prefers to stress that America's highways could easily hold twice as many Tangos. Among the first to ride in the half-lane was George Clooney, who took delivery of one of the earliest models last year.

4. FT-HS, TOYOTA

Popular as it is, the Prius doesn't exactly scream "fun." But the FT-HS, a concept car that works on a next-generation version of the same hybrid technology, offers the performance of a Corvette (400 horsepower, 0 to 60 in four seconds) with mileage more like that of a Celica. Toyota aims to sell all that, plus a retractable hard top, for a Prius-like price of around $35,000.



up E.V. programs. Privately, all—including G.M.—began lobbying to get the mandate killed.

Cocconi soon grew disgusted as G.M.'s engineers redesigned his concept car with niceties such as air-conditioning and cup holders, and he stalked off in a huff. But in truth, G.M. was the one car-maker committed to a "ground-up" design, its engineers creating parts as lightweight and efficient as possible for maximum range. (Most other car-makers merely adapted heavy gas cars, with predictable results of limited range and poor performance.) Unfortunately, the only market-ready battery technology in the early 1990s was lead-acid, its energy density sorely limited. After all that ingenious engineering, the EV1 had to be saddled with a 1,150-pound lead-acid pack. In the best of weather, on the flattest of roads, it still traveled only 90 miles before running out of juice. Recharge time: about 8 to 10 hours. Late in the game, a new kind of battery chemistry—nickel-metal hydride—came along almost doubling the range, but at a cost that was prohibitively expensive at the time.

In 1996, six years after Smith retired from G.M., the company, rather than sell its first EV1s, leased about 500 of them in Southern California. Six years later, it began demanding them back: the mandate had been quashed, and G.M. wanted to pretend the whole E.V. experiment had never happened. Horrified, the lessees tried to keep them. A young documentary-film maker, Chris Paine, got extraordinary footage of G.M. yanking the last cars from their heartbroken drivers, then crushing the whole fleet, for his critically acclaimed 2006 documentary, *Who Killed the Electric Car?* (The film is now available on DVD.)

Electrics were again dead, as car-makers had declared twice before: once in the 1970s, after OPEC's oil squeeze eased, dooming a few halfhearted E.V. efforts, and a century ago, when E.V.'s lost to gas cars in the first place. In their stead this time emerged hybrids, with Toyota's Prius leading the way. Hybrids use gas for the energy drain of getting the car moving, batteries for cruising speeds: the most efficient applications for both energy sources, or so the new wisdom had it. But hybrids still get filled at the pump, a as a few critics began to observe, a world which everyone drove a Prius would still a world dependent—utterly—on foreign Hybrids just delayed the reckoning.

Eberhard began looking for someone w saw the potential of lithium-ion-powered c What excited him almost more than the c cept was the market opportunity. The

NO TRIPS TO THE PUMP FOR $3-A-GALLON GAS, NO OIL, NO OIL CHANGES, NO FUEL FILTERS, AND NO EMISSIONS.

car-makers wanted little to do with elect vehicles. They didn't even want to *look* at n battery technologies, lest California slap other mandate on them. And no one else the world wanted to start a car company: P ton Tucker in the 1940s and John DeLore in the early 80s had shown how ruinous t could be. But lithium-ion batteries pack *four times* the energy density of lead-acid

5. THE WRIGHTSPEED X1

Anyone who thinks the Tesla is too slow—or too ordinary-looking—should slide into the cockpit of the Wrightspeed X1. Designed by Ian Wright, a former racecar driver from New Zealand, who helped found Tesla, this prototype for an electric sports car is built around the same basic technology and battery type. As a result, it's both frighteningly fast (enough that Wright beat a Ferrari) and enormously expensive (a similar production car could cost as much as $120,000). If only burnt rubber weren't a pollutant.

6. FCX, HONDA

The hydrogen-powered vehicle, with its emissions of pure water, is the holy grail of green automaking. Honda has been leasing hydrogen cars to corporate customers since 1999, but the 2007 model of the FCX is the first that feels like more than a case study. Powered by three separate motors—one for the front wheels and one for each back wheel—the FCX looks and drives like any other car. And it comes with a home refill kit to tide you over until gas stations start pumping H.



7.

The Big Three U.S. automakers still haven't introduced a decent hybrid, but Jim Burns and his mechanical-engineering students at San Diego St University have managed to develop a remarkab one. The Enigma—so far, there's only one—is a hybrid, but the electric motor is more powerful tha the Prius's, and the combustion engine runs on eco friendly biodiesel instead of gasoline. Everybody A's. Now all they need is a manufacturer.

radigm-changing improvement. And a lot d changed since Tucker and DeLorean. e more he thought about it, the more Eb- hard sensed the time might be exactly right r starting a car company—an E.V.-car com- ny at that. He just needed to find an inves- r with very deep pockets who saw that, too. his delight, that someone found him.

One day, Elon Musk had lunch in L.A. with an impassioned young engineer named JB Straubel to gossip about new technologies. At his private company, SpaceX, in the industrial suburb of El Se- ndo, by the Los Angeles airport, Musk as building manned spaceships, to be test- unched from his own Pacific atoll.

But Straubel could top that: his friends Alan Cocconi's shop had just put a thium-ion pack into a T Zero with amaz- g results. Musk's eyes lit up. At Stanford, efore he'd dropped out to join the Inter- et revolution, he'd intended to study the otential of high-energy density capaci- rs. He wanted to see this car.

A month later, Cocconi brought his T Zero er to SpaceX. As soon as Musk climbed to it, he realized it was acutely uncomfort- ble, very likely a death trap, and hopelessly marketable. "I want to buy it," he said.

Cocconi shook his head. "It's not for sale," he said.

"Then put a lithium-ion pack in my car," Musk proposed. "I have a Porsche. You can take the guts out of it and make it an electric. I'd be willing to pay you up to a quarter-million dollars."

Cocconi had no interest in fancy cars like that. He wanted to electrify a Nissan economy car called the Scion. The Scion retailed for about $20,000. That was the way, he felt, to make electric vehicles mass-market as soon as possible.

Musk sighed when he heard the conversion would cost at least $45,000. "Who wants to take an ugly $20,000 car and buy it for $65,000? That's not a very viable strategy. I wouldn't want to drive it. My wife certainly wouldn't want to drive it." Better, said Musk, to put a lithium-ion battery pack into a high-priced, high-performance car such as a Porsche and make it even faster. *That* someone might buy.

"Maybe you ought to talk to this guy named Eberhard," Cocconi suggested. "He thinks the way you do."

Eberhard and his then 39-year-old partner from NuvoMedia, Marc Tarpenning, had formed a company in July 2003, for the car they hoped to make. Naming it was the easy part: Nikola Tesla, a hero to both men, was the tormented, Serb-born inventor who'd worked for, then fallen out with, Thomas Edison, going on to wage the "war of the currents" with his erstwhile mentor. Edison had pushed direct current, or D.C., for New York's first electrical grid; Tesla had championed alternating current, or A.C., and won the war because A.C. travels better than D.C. Among his 700 patents was one for an A.C. induction motor, now a standard component of any E.V. design. (Batteries generate D.C. electricity that gets chopped by the inverter into A.C. for the motor that turns the wheels.)

Finding backers on Silicon Valley's fabled Sand Lot Road was another matter. Eventually, a couple of small ones said they'd pitch in if Eberhard found a lead investor. Eberhard had begun to despair of finding the angel he needed when Elon Musk called to invite him down for a pitch.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND RELATED TOPICS, GO TO VF.COM.

For an hour, Eberhard sat across from Musk's desk at SpaceX, talking about the promise of a high-performance electric sports car. No grassroots activists would be able to afford the first Teslas. But for good or ill, the U.S. supported a $3 billion market in high-performance cars. A lithium-ion sports car that could break speed records would find a place in that market. Once the technology got established, demand would grow and innovation would CONTINUED ON PAGE 288



EBRA, ZAP

three-wheeled, four-door Vespa, the Xebra al for tooling around urban areas but less for highway drives. A low-power battery limits ectric "city car" to a 25-mile range and a 40 . top speed. But like the Smart Cars popular ropean cities, it's safe for its size, easy to park, at about $10,000, a practical second car ort commutes. And when was the last time pped 40 m.p.h. on a city street anyway?

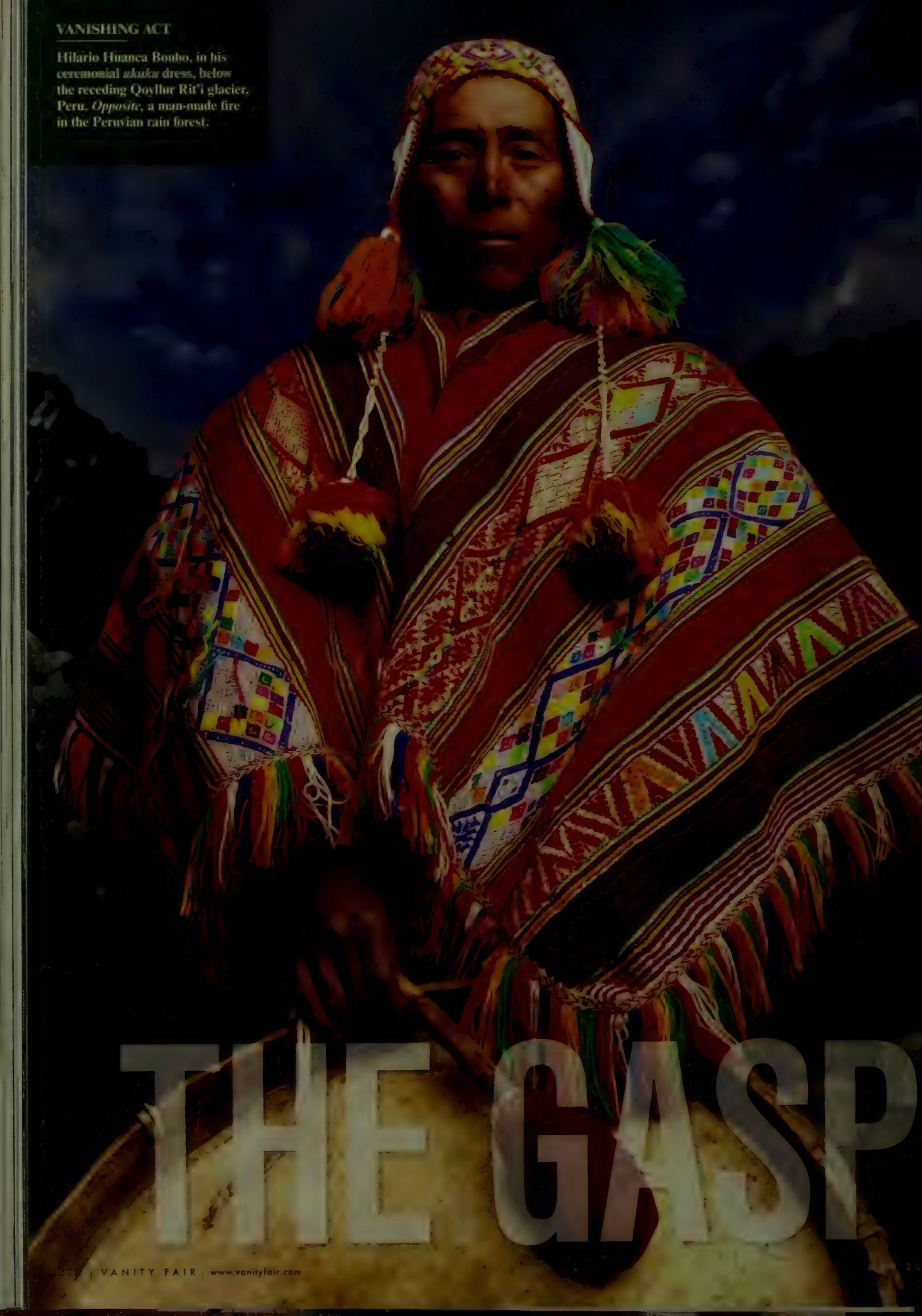
9. SPYDER, UNIVERSAL ELECTRIC VEHICLE CORP.

Marketed by a small start-up, the Spyder could become an electric sports car for the rest of us. It's not as impressive as the Tesla—it comes with a less powerful battery that limits its speed and driving range. (It can go between 70 and 150 miles on a single charge.) But it's stylish enough to turn heads, especially with the top off. And at about $70,000, the Spyder is as fast as many of the vehicles in its price range.

10. VOLT, CHEVROLET

G.M.'s concept for a next-generation hybrid looks as impressive as anything from its foreign rivals. The combustion engine in the Chevy Volt can run on gas, ethanol, hydrogen, or biodiesel (customers will choose one), and the electric motor can recharge from a wall outlet. On drives of up to 40 miles, the car uses only battery power; on longer trips, the fuel engine recharges the battery instead of driving the car directly. This is a car of the future, literally, since it's based on battery technology that experts believe won't exist for another half-decade.





VANISHING ACT

Hilario Huanca Boubo, in his ceremonial *ukuku* dress, below the receding Qoyllur Rit'i glacier, Peru. *Opposite*, a man-made fire in the Peruvian rain forest.

THE GASP



Crucible of Earth's ecological future, the Amazon generates 20 percent of the planet's oxygen, contains 15 to 20 percent of its life-forms, and covers 2,722,000 square miles in nine countries. But global warming and deforestation, which clears 7,500 square miles of rain forest a year, are dehydrating the basin and threatening all the life within it. Amid a vast, stunningly diverse menagerie—glowing blue frogs, rapacious pink dolphins, a rare harpy eagle—ALEX SHOUMATOFF encounters brutal warnings that Amazonia is in meltdown

NG FOREST

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONAS KARLSSON

Epithet after epithet was found too weak to convey to those who have not visited the intertropical regions, the sensation of delight which the mind experiences.... The land is one great, wild, untidy luxuriant hothouse, made by Nature for herself.
—Charles Darwin, *The Voyage of the* Beagle.

My 11-year-old son and I are in southeastern Peru, zipping up the Rio de las Piedras in a 50-foot skiff. The Las Piedras is a tributary to the Madre de Dios, which turns into the Madeira River and ultimately pours into the mighty Amazon, 1,000 miles northeast of here, in Brazil. I am excited to be introducing Zach to the incomparable Amazon rain forest, but he is not seeing it at its best: it is 2005, and the world's most stupendously diverse assemblage of life is in the throes of the worst drought in its recorded history. In Brazil, 300,000 caboclos—the mestizo river people who live mostly on what they farm, fish, and hunt—are stranded up rivers and floodplains that have gone dry. Brazilian Army helicopters are air-dropping sacks of rice and beans, medicine, and clean drinking water to their isolated homesteads, where malaria is rampant and children are dying of diarrhea.

The plane from Lima to Puerto Maldonado, where we boarded the skiff, took us over the Andes, whose glaciers looked from the window like little pools of melted ice cream. Thanks to global warming, Peru's glaciers have lost almost a quarter of their ice since 1970. A study by Peru's National Council for the Environment predicts that most of them could be gone in 20 years.

The water level is way down on the Las Piedras. Narciso, the taciturn Machiguenga Indian at the bow, is constantly having to pole us off submerged sandbars and tree trunks. We pass among millions of butterflies swarming on the exposed banks and riverbed, a spectacular migration triggered by the historic drought. Most of them are white-, orange-, and lime-winged sulphurs, but there are also tens of thousands of the small brown nymphalids known as ruddy daggerwings. Large swarms are not uncommon at the end of the dry season, but nothing like this. There is a belief among the caboclos that the butterflies come to the riverbank to ask the water to rise again. They're not the only ones who'd like to see some rain around here.

At the end of the day, we go for a walk in the rain forest, which is bone-dry. The leaves crackle underfoot. Without the usual pungent mat of wet leaves, the forest is a tinderbox. Instead of the riotous birdsong that usually erupts at dusk, there is scarcely a sound to be heard.

Back home in Montreal, I put in a call to Thomas Lovejoy. A visionary tropical ecologist who has devoted his life to studying and advocating for the Amazon rain forest, Lovejoy is credited with coining the term "biodiversity" and is now the president of the Heinz Center for Science, Economics, and the Environment, in Washington, D.C.

Is this drought part of a normal cycle, I ask him, or are we looking at a trend?

"What's important about this drought is that it has nothing do with El Niño," Lovejoy says, referring to the periodic warmi event in the tropical Pacific Ocean that wreaks havoc with glo weather and was implicated in the last great Amazon drought, 1997 and '98. This time the culprit is believed to be a similar p nomenon in the tropical North Atlantic, which is suppressing t trade winds that bring moisture to the Amazon. This pool of wa water that has formed north of the equator is also thought to playing a role in the year's devastating hurricane season. While t Amazon is drying up, New Orleans is being drowned by Katri Scientists think both El Niño and the Atlantic warming event a being beefed up by global warming.

It doesn't help that the rain forest continues to be cut at t rate of 7,500 square miles a year, or six soccer fields a minu Half of the moisture above the forest is released by its trees, when an area covered by rain forest is cleared, it loses half its ra Once the trees are felled, most of the remaining biomass is burn off in a carbon-spewing conflagration. As a result, the Amazon morphing from a carbon sink into a carbon emitter and is co tributing significantly to the greenhouse effect that is doing it A few days ago, Lovejoy tells me, the satellites picked up 76,0 separate fires in the Brazilian Amazon alone.

At this point, 17 to 18 percent of the Amazon rain forest gone, and more has been ravaged by "selective logging"—in whi only the commercial species are harvested. Some scientists p dict that, when 40 percent of it is cut, the rain forest will reach tipping point and start to die back spontaneously. Lovejoy p that figure at less than 30 percent, but says it's a waste of time debate the specifics: "The point is, it would be idiotic to wait we reach the tipping point to see if it's real."

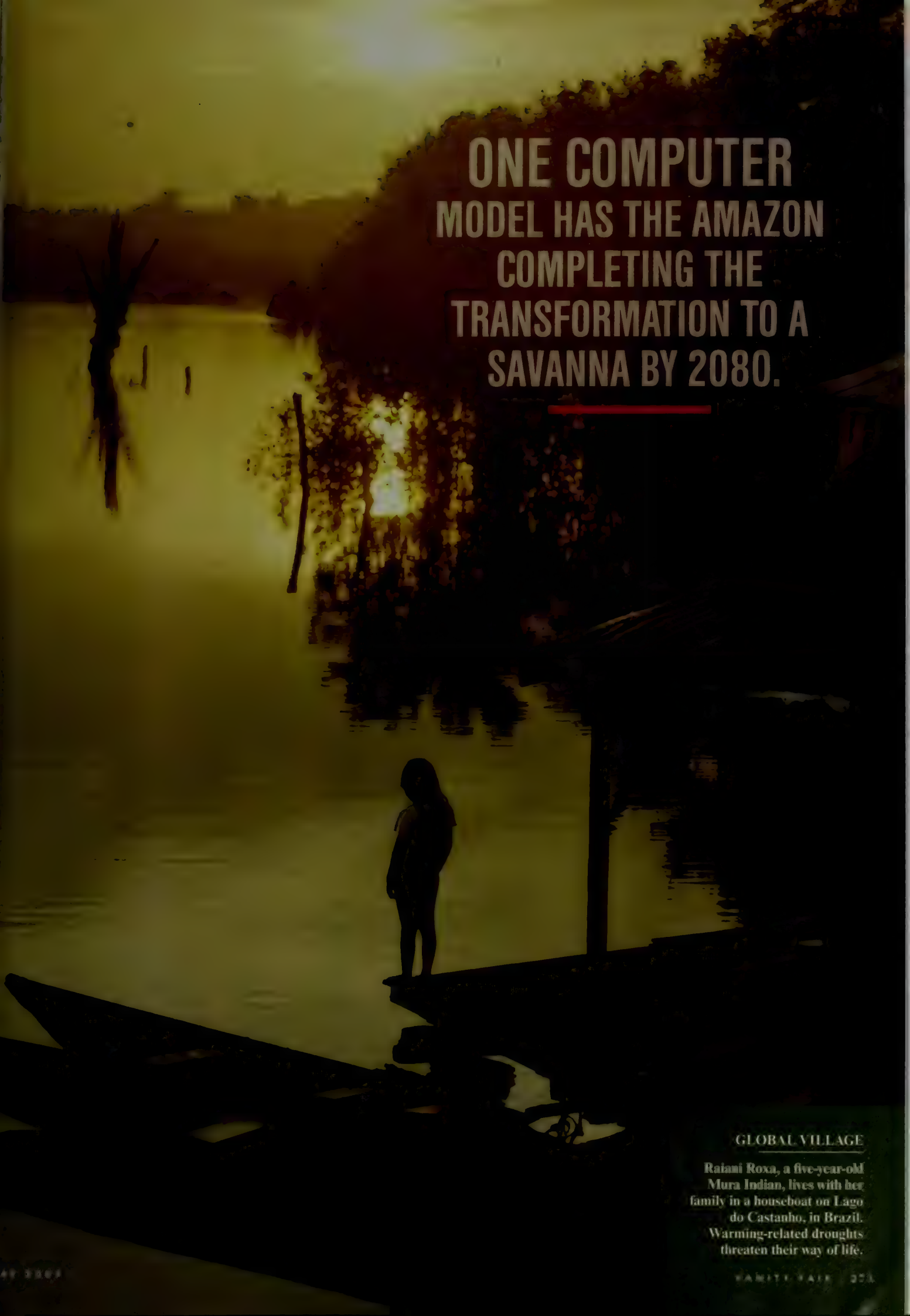
The computer model at the Hadley Centre, in England, whi assesses the effects of El Niño on the Amazon, has the Amaz starting to turn into a savanna by 2050 and completing the tra formation by 2080. The implications of this are catastrophic. T Amazon accounts for 30 percent of the world's tropical rain f est, generates 20 percent of Earth's oxygen, and is home to 15 20 percent of its life-forms. Only 2,000 of the 3,000 species fish thought to swim in the Amazon's waters have been classifi (The entire Atlantic Ocean has just 1,400.) A single hectare (2. acres) in the Ecuadoran Amazon can have 750 tree species, a a single tree in Peru can contain more species of ant than can found on the British Isles. Millions of plant and animal spec will be wiped out before they have even been identified.

Alarmed to learn that the entire Amazon could be gone my son's lifetime, I make arrangements to return in search answers. What's driving this impending mega-collapse? Is the anything we can do to stop it? If we can't, or don't, what are in danger of losing?

Back to the Basin

Almost a year later—on September 9, 2006—I e bark on a four-week fact-finding mission that w take me from the Amazon's headwaters, high the Andes, to its mouth, on the Atlantic coast Brazil, 4,000 or so miles to the east. Along the w I will talk to dozens of climatologists, hydrologis tropical biologists, and native people.

The Amazon River basin—which is covered not only with te firma rain forest but also with swamp forest, seasonally flood forest, dry white-sand forest, and large patches of savanna—cov 2,722,000 square miles in nine countries. It's such a mammo



ONE COMPUTER MODEL HAS THE AMAZON COMPLETING THE TRANSFORMATION TO A SAVANNA BY 2080.

GLOBAL VILLAGE

Raiani Roxa, a five-year-old Mura Indian, lives with her family in a houseboat on Lago do Castanho, in Brazil. Warming-related droughts threaten their way of life.

system that there isn't even agreement on the number of tributaries—estimates range from a few hundred to tens of thousands—but 14 of them are more than 1,000 miles long. When in flood, the largest of these can carry more water than the Mississippi. Ninety-eight percent of the spring melt of snow and ice in the Andes runs off into the Amazon basin.

Almost all of the Amazon's water from the Andes comes not from the glaciers, however, but from the 20 feet of rain that annually deluges the eastern flank of the cordillera. In the coastal capital of Lima, west of the Andes, there is grave concern about the glaciers. Mario Aguirre, the director of water resources for the National Institute of Natural Resources (INRENA), tells me that two of Peru's 20 glacial systems are already gone, and the others are going fast. Together they still hold 55 million cubic meters of frozen water. Their disappearance will be calamitous for the 70 percent of Peruvians who live on the coast and depend on the other, westward 2 percent of the glacial runoff for their already severely stressed water supply and their hydroelectricity.

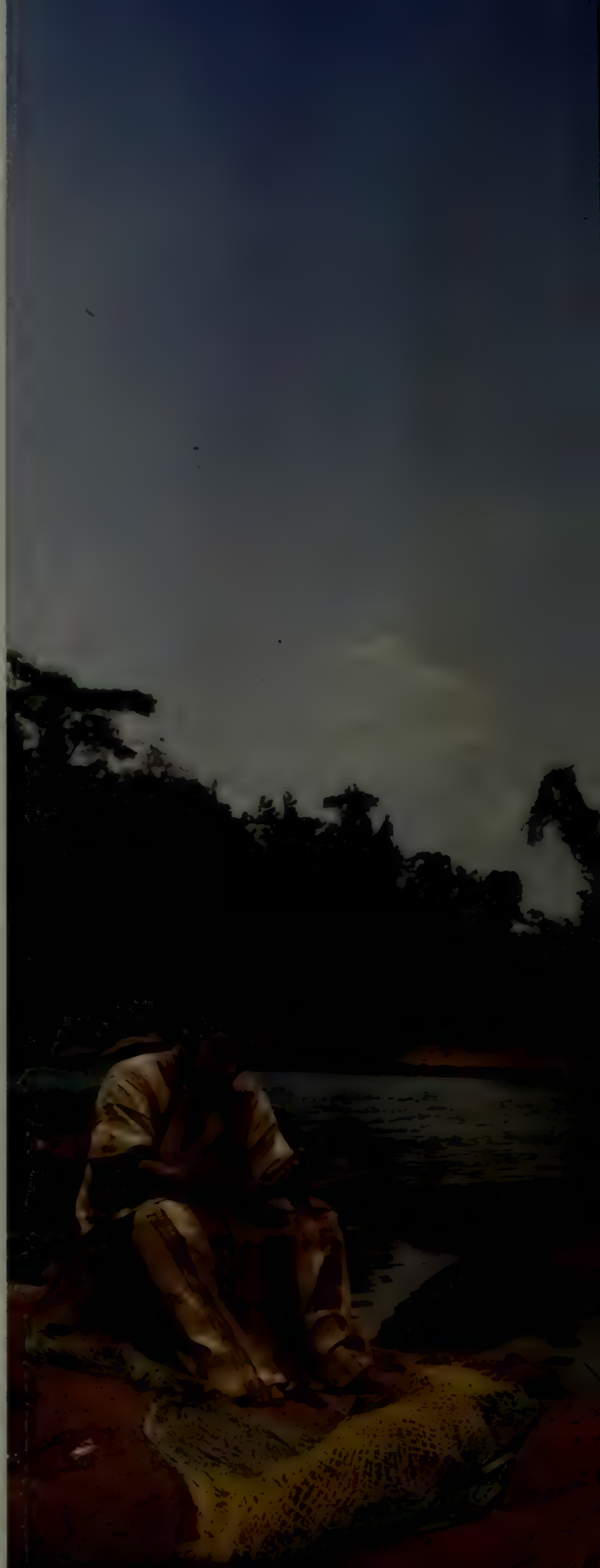
Endangered Deities

On September 13, I fly from Lima to Cusco, the ancient Inca capital high in the Andes, in the company of Cesar Portocarrero, a soft-spoken 59-year-old who is one of Peru's few Ph.D. glaciologists. Portocarrero has spent 27 years studying Quelccaya, the largest tropical ice cap on the planet. It has lost 20 percent of its area in the last 30 years but is so large that Lonnie Thompson, the Ohio State glaciologist Portocarrero works with, estimates it will take 70 years to melt completely. The others will be gone much sooner. "The real take-home message about Quelccaya," Thompson tells me from his office in Columbus, "is that in the first 15 years it retreated 6 meters a year, and in the last 15, 60 meters—a tenfold increase, which I attribute to global warming."

The glaciers in Peru, Thompson explains, are "like water towers that release their water in the dry season to modulate the reduced water flow. It's like we're cashing in on a bank account that has been building for thousands of years." He predicts that, with the accelerating melting, the rivers that drain the glaciers will continue to run strong for another 30 to 50 years, but then the water in them will start to peter out dramatically.

A French Alouette helicopter takes Portocarrero, the photographer Jonas Karlsson, and me to the Quelccaya ice cap. As we ascend the valley of the Rio Vilcanota, which gets 70 percent of its water from the ice cap, the glaciologist points out the pre-Inca terracing on its steep banks. Quelccaya itself is so high—18,600 feet at the top of its dome—and the air is so thin that we can't land. The ice cap is 10 miles long by 3 wide and 590 feet thick and is melting at every corner. Its convex cap is caving in and is fractured with crevasses. A herd of white alpacas is grazing on the velvet-gold grassland exposed by the retreating ice. Last year, Thompson carbon-dated some of the moss they were munching and discovered that it was 5,500 years old.

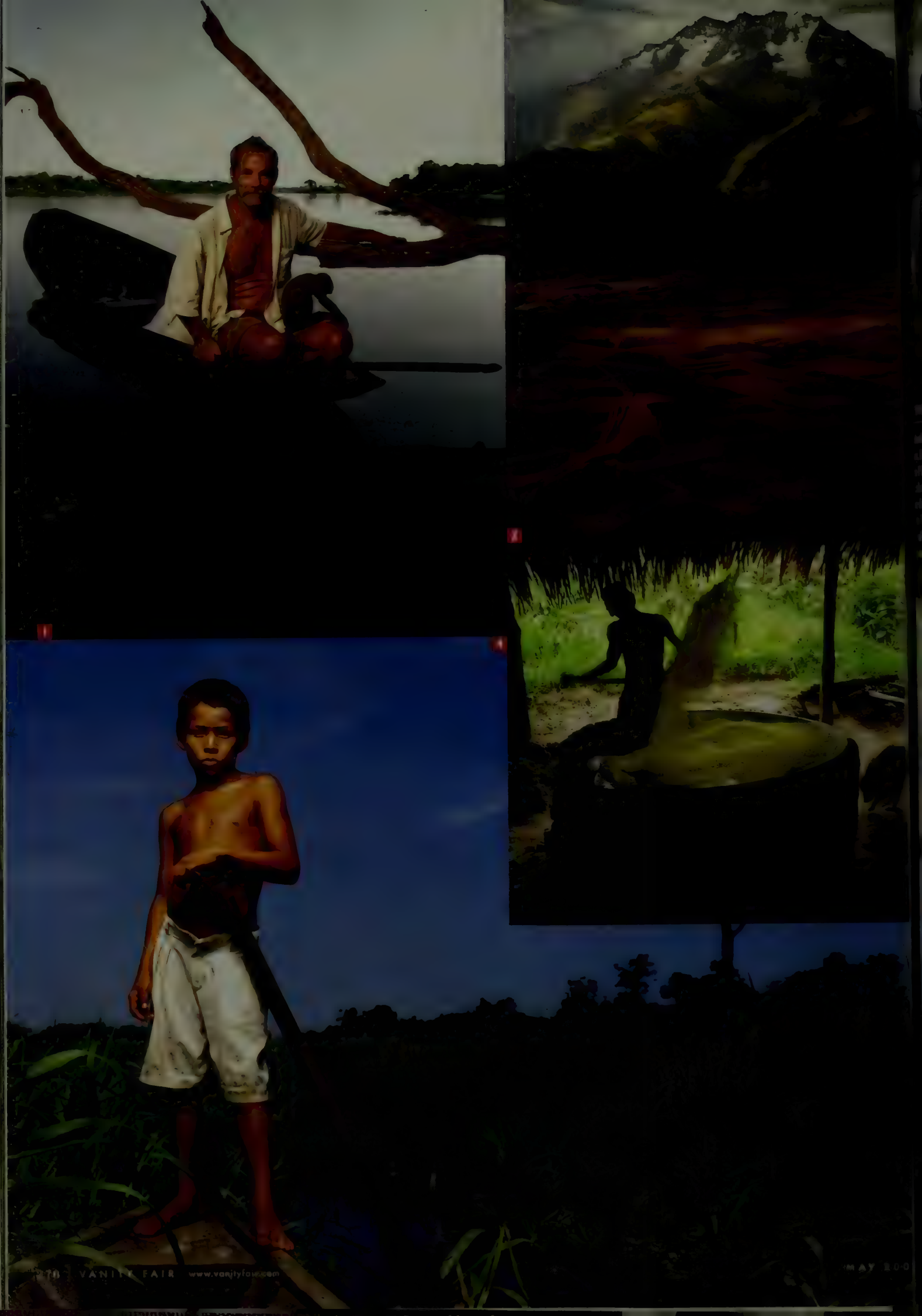
The next day the helicopter drops us off at a village called Mamajuani, and from there we ride mules up to the base of another glacier, Qoyllur Rit'i, which rises to 15,250 feet. There we encounter a special caste of Quechua Indians known as *ukukus*. Dressed in bear costumes and speaking in falsetto, the *ukukus* have been dancing at midnight on the glacier since Inca times in homage to Lord Qoyllur Rit'i, one of the mountain gods, or *apus*. (Qoyllur Rit'i means "star of ice" in the Quechua language.) The



UP A CREEK

Machiguenga tribespeople in traditional robes, below the Pongo de Mainique, in Peru. A burst gas pipeline wiped out most of their fish in 2004.


"LAST YEAR WAS TERRIBLE.
ONLY THREE FAMILIES
STAYED. A HELICOPTER BROUGHT
FOOD AND WATER."

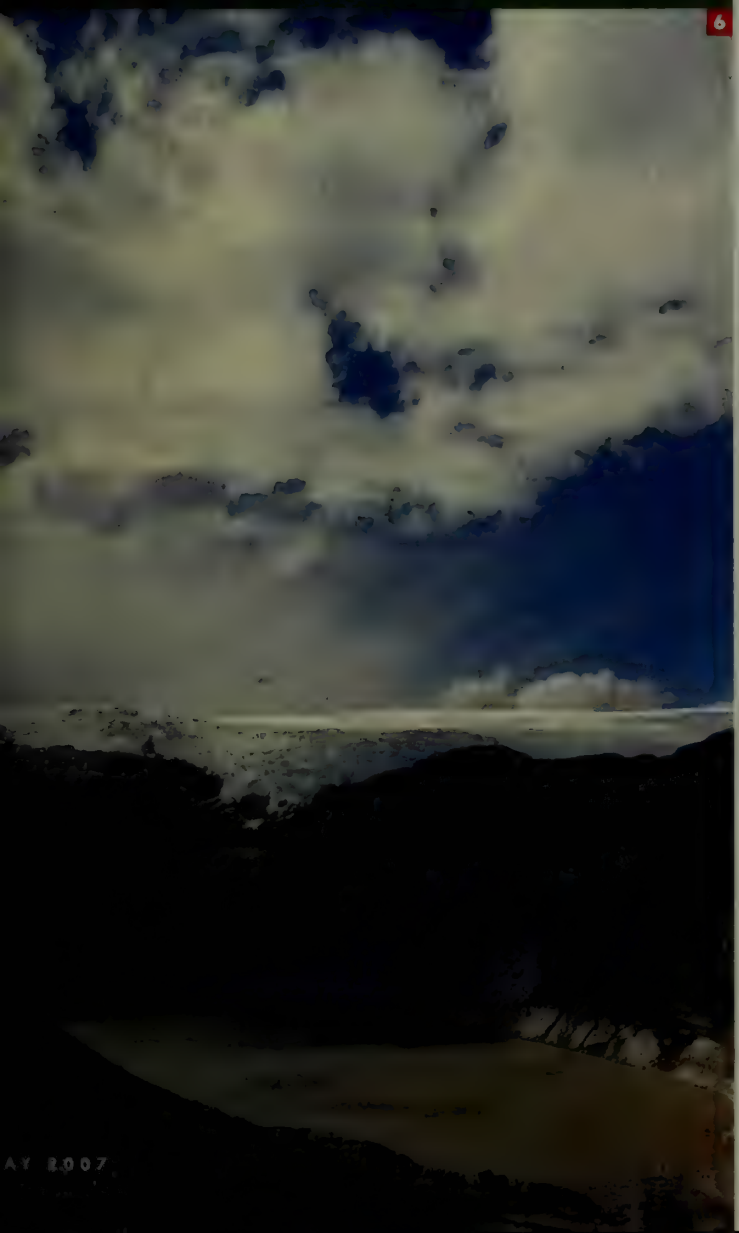




3

CING FOR THE ULTIMATE DRY SPELL

caboclo fisherman Expedito Soares de Castro, 56, and his pet woolly key, Dançinha, on the Araçatuba River. (2) A view of the Andes between chu Picchu and Cusco, Peru, with wheat fields in the foreground. caboclo family, the Marinixes, standing before their houseboat, on Lago nde de Manaquiri. (4) Ferreria de Castro, 12, on the barely passable k to Novo Canaã. (5) Mura Indian Onábio Fonseca de Santos, 61, in the ge of Fortaleza, roasting *farinha*. (6) Quelccaya, the largest tropical ap on earth, and one of the lakes it is deliquescing into.



6

milky streams from the glaciers are thought to be the semen of the *apus,* which they send down to fertilize Mother Earth.

The Spanish missionaries, who hadn't been making much headway with the local Quechua, appropriated the pagan deity with a miracle that took place on May 26, 1780, when a girl named Marianito Mayta Huanta found the image of Christ mysteriously chiseled in the rock below the glacier. A sanctuary was built around the carving, and every June, 40,000 devoutly Catholic Quechua pilgrims go up to get the blessing of El Señor de Qoyllur Rit'i. Melt from the glacier is believed to have curative powers, and the *ukukus* used to cut a piece of ice from it for each family of pilgrims to take home. Today, the glacier has receded so far that it takes an hour to get there from the sanctuary, so the practice has stopped. Most Quechua believe that when the ice in the mountains disappears the world will end.

Before we go, the *ukukus* perform their ceremony, high-stepping in place to the accompaniment of two flutes, a bass drum, and an accordion. In another generation, the glaciers will be gone and so undoubtedly will be the *ukukus* and Lord Qoyllur Rit'i.

The Importance of Fungi

On September 15, a Friday, we fly northwest from Cusco, over a dark-brown-and-tan checkerboard of planted fields and down the gorge of the Vilcanota. A series of magnificent *nevadas,* or snow peaks, looms to the right, and the Vilcanota, running frothy green far below, becomes the Urubamba. The river descends quickly through walls of rock with slivers of orchid-encrusted cloud forest. Out on a spur in a side canyon to the right we spot the spectacular ruined citadel of Machu Picchu, the sacred Inca city which lasted from 1470 until just 1532, when half its population was wiped out by smallpox introduced by the conquistadores. A big cistern in the spire at the end of the spur collected rainwater that kept its 1,200 people—mainly women, children, and priests, not to mention the emperor—going until the next wet season.

As the valley widens, the jungle on its hilly floor becomes thicker, but large patches have been cut by subsistence farmers, and smoke is rising from the new ones. The river basin becomes progressively desiccated as the *chácaras,* or farmsteads, multiply. All the streams and creeks that empty into the Urubamba are dry except for one, which spills down in a series of thin cascades.

At last the walls steepen again. The Urubamba narrows and, picking up speed, races down a deep flume for several miles, until it smacks against a thin perpendicular ridge—the last rock in the Andes. The collision creates a ferocious whirlpool called the Pongo de Mainique. When the river is in flood, rafts can get stuck in the Pongo for days before being sucked down into its hollow vortex. The 800 Machiguenga Indians who live at the mouth of the Timpia River, below the Pongo, believe that the whirlpool is the portal to the afterlife. After you die, your spirit goes for a spin and, depending on the kind of life you led, is sent through either of two doors—one leading to heaven, the other to hell. But the Urubamba is down now, and a long, slender river skiff is nosing serenely through the Pongo.

From here the Urubamba spurts out through a slit in the ridge onto the floor of the Amazon Valley and begins to meander through an ocean of trees—the rain forest, which spreads east for 3,500 miles, all the way to the Atlantic, but is lost in haze within maybe a hundred.

These Machiguenga are river people, expert at shooting fish

with a bow and arrow. But there are no fish now. The locals tell me that the fishing in the Urubamba has still not recovered from the bursting of a nearby natural-gas pipeline in 2004. Ricardo Risco, a 47-year-old engineer who grew up in Timpia and is opening an eco-lodge, says there were bad droughts in 1997, 2000, and 2002 but not last year, when neighboring drainages such as the Madre de Dios were in crisis. This shows how much local variability there is in the Amazon system. (It also coincides with the view among some scientists that the 2005 drought was the culmination of a dry spell that had been going on, on and off, for a decade.)

What causes the droughts?, I ask Risco, and he replies, "*Gente de razón* say it's because there are more *chácaras* and the trees are being cut." *Gente de razón,* or "people of reason," is an old missionary term for the Indians who have been civilized and brought into the bosom of the church. To find out the traditional explanation, I ask a village elder named Napoleon, who is 51 years old. He explains, "The sun, Poriatsire, is the son of Kashire, the moon, and the father governs how much rain or sunlight there will be."

Our next stop is Manaus, Brazil, a city of 1.8 million that is a mixture of modern high-rises, slums of shacks on pilings, and old colonial neighborhoods. It sits at the mouth of the Rio Negro, a few miles upstream from its junction with the Amazon's main stem, and is the capital of the vast state of Amazonas. At the Hotel Tropical, I meet with Dr. Bruce Nelson of the Instituto Nacional de Pesquisas da Amazônia (INPA). He and his wife, Sherri, have lived here since 1980. She is the American consul for the busy, tax-free port. Bruce has devoted himself to quantifying the damage being done to the rain forest by the slash-and-burn agriculture practiced by both the Indians and the caboclos, and by natural events such as lightning fires.

Over a drink at the bar, Nelson tells me about an experiment that was conducted downriver, in Santarém, as part of an international research project called the Large-Scale Biosphere Atmosphere Experiment in Amazonia (L.B.A.). Its scientists covered a hectare of terra firma rain forest with a plastic sheet six feet above the ground, in the understory, for six years to simulate six years of drought. Because big trees have very deep roots, some of them hair-thin, that can go down as far as 60 feet, the scientists expected them to adapt better than younger trees. In fact, the opposite happened: trees under four inches thick were not affected, but many of the bigger ones died. Most of the rain forest in the central Amazon is mature, with trees averaging 240 years old, so the experiment shows that the forest is a lot more vulnerable to drought than was previously thought.

Flavio Luizão, a regional coordinator for the L.B.A., tells me that the leaves beneath the plastic sheet in Santarém became thicker and smaller, and the trees threw off more of them, to conserve moisture. "Apparently, droughts like last year's will become more frequent, and that is very frightening, because this beautiful system will be losing its capacity to buffer these kinds of extreme events," he says. "There used to be time for the rain forest to recover, now the *sêcas* [droughts] are coming hard and fast." After suffering through just four droughts between 1900 and 1990, the rain forest has been hit with another four in the past 10 years.

One of the most delicate, and least obvious, survival mechanisms the forest has developed is its reliance on fungi. There are countless molds, mushrooms, and other types; Luizão estimates that only 10 percent of them have been classified. Fungi are especially important where the soil is shallow, because their fine filaments run under the mat of fallen leaves and return water and nutrients to the trees. But they are particularly vulnerable to dehydration. For now, they continue their frantic recycling efforts. Some are bioluminescent, Luizão tells me. They glow blue at night.

Accidentally on Porpoise

On September 19, Jonas and I charter a two-story riverboat called the *Paulo Roberto* for a four-day cruise into the labyrinth of lakes and lagoons in the *várzea,* or floodplain, upriver of Manaus. This is the area where so many caboclos found themselves stranded by last year's drought. The owner of the *Paulo Roberto,* Botacilo Rodriguez Pessoa, is at the wheel. His wife, Francisca, has come along to cook, and the youngest of their eight children, Paulo, is the crew. They are kind, generous, and deeply contented, like all the caboclos I have met.

"THERE USED TO BE TIME FOR THE RAIN FOREST TO RECOVER, BUT NOW THE DROUGHTS ARE COMING HARD AND FAST."

Covering 6 percent of Amazonia, or 115,000 square miles, the *várzea* is one of the world's most remarkable and fecund eco-systems, adapted to enormous seasonal fluctuations in water levels. Each fall (spring in the Northern Hemisphere), runoff from the Andes combines with torrential local rainfall to produce a water-level rise at Manaus of 30 to 35 feet that inundates areas up to 60 miles from the Amazon's main stem. As you go farther downriver, the fluctuation gets less extreme.

There are all kinds of fantastic adaptations to this peculiar state of affairs. As the water rises, a semi-aquatic grass, *Echinochloa polystachia,* puts out submerged stems that grow to 65 feet in length by June, when the flooding peaks. When the water recedes, the stems are left hanging in the trees. As the sheets of grass dry and rot in the branches, they fertilize the trees.

Botacilo heads down the Negro, then makes a cut that puts us on the Solimões, as the Amazon's main stem is called here. Unfortunately, this means we'll miss the famous *encontro das águas,* where the dark, tannin-steeped water of the Negro pours into the café au lait Amazon. The Solimões is a mile wide at this point and is full of silt from the Andes. Millions of tons of sediment are deposited in the *várzea* when the river floods each fall.

We pass a lone yellow sulphur butterfly drifting over the water and the bobbing head of a brave iguana swimming across the river. Suddenly the boat is surrounded by a school of arching pink dolphins, known as *bôtos.* Are the women still scared of the *bôto?* I ask

btacilo. He laughs and says, "Yes, but some of the young women the Rio Negro swim with them and teach them tricks for the urists." Some caboclos believe the *bôtos* have intercourse with omen after luring them into the water or even coming ashore into eir houses. It's a useful mechanism for explaining embarrassing egnancies and venereal diseases. Children wear porpoise teeth ound their necks to protect themselves from diarrhea, and the ated left eye functions as a fully organic Viagra equivalent.

We spend several hours crawling up the Paraná de Manaquiri, straight channel that leads to the municipality of Manaquiri. ne *paraná* was completely dry last year. Botacilo says the stench dead fish on its cracked-mud bottom was nauseating.

There is little original forest along the banks. It has been eared for the weekend cattle ranches of Manaus's elite. But in e distance here and there we can see lines of forest, with the leaf-ss round crown of a 150-foot silk-cotton tree poking up from the nopy like an enormous dandelion gone to seed.

As daylight fades, veins of heat lightning pulse inside giant ushrooming cumulus clouds, lighting them up orange. A huge rd of prey with a white neck and dark bill makes for its roost on owly flapping wings. It can only be a harpy eagle—a rare sight-g. We anchor for the night on the *paraná.*

During the 2005 drought, it was still possible to reach Mana-iri by ferry and road, and the media came from far and wide. ut memories are short in this part of the world. The rains finally me in December, the rain forest sprang back to life, and things turned to normal. Now everyone is getting ready for the arrival Amazonino Armando Mendes, the opposition candidate for overnor. Loudspeakers are being tested in the main plaza, where fado band will play. Teenage girls are cruising arm in arm, wait-g for the action to begin. The mood is festive. Zezinho, a truck-iver for the town, tells me, "Amazonia is getting drier and drier, nd there could still be a drought this year. There is still plenty of ater, but there are two months of dry season to go."

Where the Creeks Have No Name

Manaquiri is at the nexus of three other waterways, besides the *paraná.* We hire a small motorboat and a 37-year-old guide named Joia Bezerra de Araujo, who buys fish from the caboclos and knows his way around the maze. There is no map in Manaquiri. We want to get to some of e remote homesteads where the families' only contact with the utside world is the *regatão,* the river merchant who comes up ev-y few weeks with soap, needles, shotgun shells, and other goods trade for their fish, game, and *farinha,* the ground tubers that e a staple in the region. Joia says we'll find such settlements on ago Grande, a few hours away. Back on the *Paulo Roberto,* the otorboat in tow, we chug into the unknown.

After half an hour, we come across a trio of 10-foot black cai-ans sunning on the bank. The largest and one of the most aggres-ve of the five caiman species, these cousins of the crocodile were nce plentiful, but they sometimes attack people and are often killed n sight. We also see three models of kingfisher—the Amazon, the een, and the pygmy—and a midsize stork known as the *maguarí.*

Every tourist to this part of the world hears warnings about pi-nhas, but they usually attack only if you are bleeding. The fish ou really have to watch out for is the *candirú,* a toothpick-shaped tfish that wriggles into bodily orifices, throws out retrorse ines, and can be removed only through surgery.

The channel empties into Lago Grande, a 10-mile-long lake, and we stop at the little caboclo community of Nossa Senhora do Livramento. Three families live here. Raimunda Nonata, who has five kids and is only 24, says they stayed during the drought because they had a little dug well in the forest. The army dropped food and medicine. The lake was reduced to a narrow channel which you could paddle a dugout in, but the water was like liquid mud.

Next, Joia takes us to an even more remote village, called Novo Canaã, or New Canaan, that's home to 100 members of the Apurinã tribe. The Amazon's approximately 750,000 indigenous people, in 400 groups, speaking more than 180 languages, are all that remain of the 2,000 groups and 10 million people that were here when the first Europeans arrived. In the 20th century alone, according to the anthropologist Darcy Ribeiro, 100 groups in Brazil disappeared.

The creek that leads to Novo Canaã is so low that we can get there only in a *habenta,* a canoe with a long-shafted, six-horsepower outboard propeller that can be raised quickly from the water. The *habenta* belongs to a 23-year-old Apurinã named Abrão, who has moved out of the village, like most of its residents, until the creek rises again. Only the chief, a few women, and most of the children are still there.

The creek is choked with water hyacinth and reeds—excellent anaconda habitat. Abrão keeps having to get out and pull the canoe, in water up to his chest, like Humphrey Bogart in *The African Queen.* We pass dozens of jaçanas (lily-trotters) and scores of snow-white egrets grazing on a floating mat of vegetation. It's like being inside a diorama at the natural-history museum.

After an hour of tough slogging up the creek, we enter a magical forest. Children come running, shouting and laughing, through the trees out to the bank. Gideão Ramos de Lima, a young man who serves as both the acting chief and the schoolteacher, arrives and escorts us to the village, which is a far cry from the New Canaan in Connecticut. It consists of a dozen well-built—in fact, quite spiffy—plank shacks on pilings. Lines are strung to them from a generator which is also linked to a little church, where there is an electric guitar and an amp. These Apurinã all belong to the Assembly of God.

De Lima explains that they moved here eight years ago from a place farther up the Solimões, near the Colombia border, after a big flood wiped out their village and plantations; an uncle in Manaus knew about this place. "It's better here," de Lima says. "The forest and the water are rich. But last year was terrible. Only three families stayed. Many of the children were sick with diarrhea and colds. Many fish died. A helicopter brought food and water."

"I wouldn't have the courage to live in a place like this," Joia says.

On our way back down the creek, we stop at the mouth, where smoke is oozing from a slash-and-burn fire. Charred black trees cover some 100 acres.

It starts to come down hard. The first rains of the wet season are on schedule, so the rain forest will be O.K. for another year, at least.

The plumbing and pluvial dynamics of the Amazon, the largest freshwater system on Earth, are still far from understood. This is partly because it is a semi-open system. Moisture flows in and out unpredictably. A lot of nonlinear feedback loops and "remote influences"—continental, transcontinental, oceanic, meteorological—come into play.

Most of the Amazon basin is as flat as a pancake and laced with extravagantly meandering waterways. One school of thought holds that more than 145 million years ago, when Africa and South America were joined, the Amazon's main stem was connected to the Niger River and actually flowed in the opposite di-

rection, toward the Pacific Ocean. That's why there is so much oil in Ecuador, the theory goes: it is the ancient delta of the Niger-Amazon. Then the continents parted, the Andes heaved up, and the Amazon reversed course. "But the science on this is sketchy, as it is with many things in the Amazon," the geographer Hilgard O'Reilly Sternberg cautions.

Today's Amazon River has no delta, because the currents on the Brazilian coast are so strong. Seeds, floating grass, and entire trees are swept north, some all the way to North America. So much water, on average 200,000 cubic meters per second, comes gushing out of the Amazon's mouth that its latte-colored plume extends 200 miles from shore.

Where does all this water come from? Most of it, in a normal year, is blown in as clouds from the Atlantic by the trade winds. The clouds soon condense. Belém, near the mouth, is drenched by cloudbursts year-round, but inside the basin the precipitation follows seasonal patterns. Fifty percent of the water from each rainfall event is evapotranspirated back into the air by the trees. The trees are like millions of water pumps, constantly being replenished by the mesh of sponge-like fungus filaments on the forest floor.

The vapor the trees release works its way west, deeper into the valley, triggering innumerable new rainfall events, each yielding half its moisture back to the atmosphere. Torrential condensation takes place as the clouds smack into the eastern flank of the Andes, and the Amazon's headwaters become swollen with the runoff. But only 20 to 30 percent of the rain that falls in the basin is returned to the Atlantic. The rest is stored in the rain forest, except for the portion that is deflected south by the eastern flank of the Andes. Depending on the year and the season, 25 to 75 percent of South America's rainfall originates in the Amazon basin.

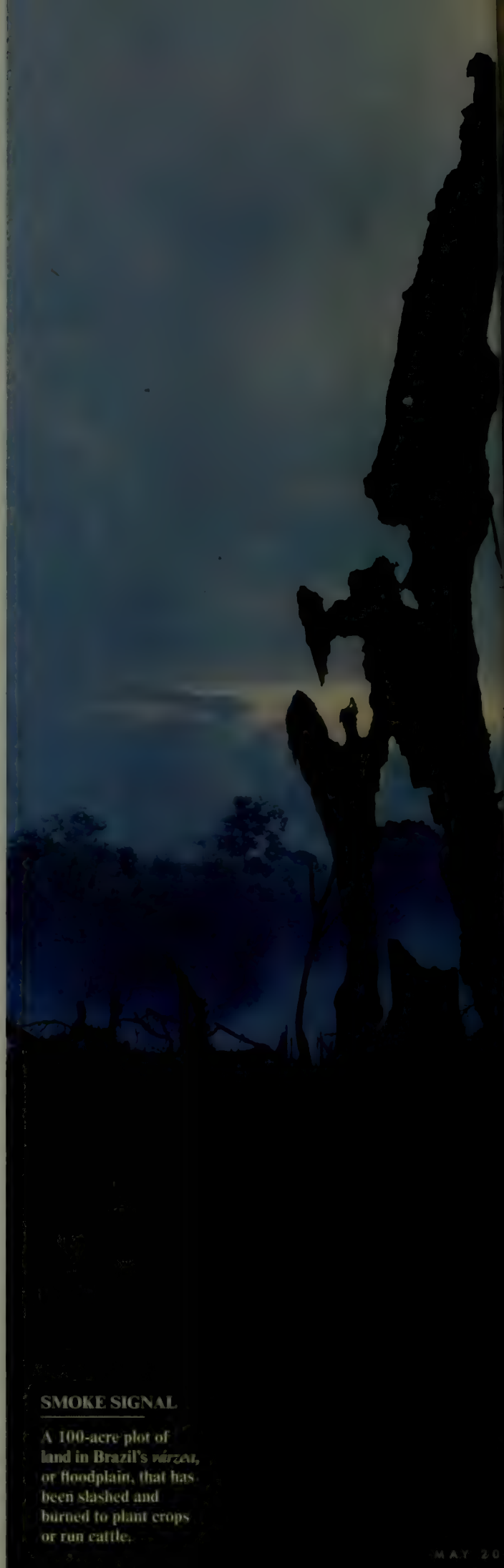
FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND RELATED TOPICS, GO TO **VF.COM**.

One of El Niño's many far-reaching effects is to depress the trade winds in the Atlantic; as a result, less moisture is blown into the Amazon basin. That's why El Niño is responsible for many Amazon droughts. The drought of 2005, however, occurred when the tropical North Atlantic warming event not only weakened the trades, but also moved something called the Intertropical Convergence Zone, which normally douses the Amazon with rain, north, above Venezuela.

The Deforestation Crisis

Even as global warming increases the frequency of El Niño and the Atlantic event, their effects are being amplified by the annual loss of an area of rain forest the size of New Jersey. Less rain falls, and the water runs into the rivers instead of being sucked up by the fungus filaments and tree roots. Eventually, savanna, which needs far less moisture than rain forest, could take over. Perhaps some islands of rain forest will remain, but most of it could be gone by the end of this century. The process may already be unstoppable. As Eneas Salati, who did the pioneering science on biosphere-atmosphere interaction in the Amazon basin, explains, "Deforestation is drying the planet, and the two factors that are driving the dehydration of Amazonia are global warming and the removal of the trees."

Joia takes us onto a channel that snakes through pristine *várzea* forest. It has 30 or so species of commer cial hardwoods that are harder than oak and take only 30 years to reach maturity. We come out onto a big lake, Lago do Castanho, and make for a village of Mura Indians, on the far bank, that has been there for centuries. Most of its 100 residents are in the middle CONTINUED ON PAGE 285



SMOKE SIGNAL

A 100-acre plot of land in Brazil's *várzea*, or floodplain, that has been slashed and burned to plant crops or run cattle.



"WITH EVERY TREE THAT FALLS,
WE INCREASE THE PROBABILITY
THAT THE TIPPING POINT WILL ARRIVE."


CONTINUED FROM PAGE 237

The Hour Is Near

Tapping some of the best minds on the planet–the likes of Stephen Hawking, William McDonough, and Lester Brown–LEONARDO DiCAPRIO has made the next big environmental documentary, *The 11th Hour,* due out this year. Excerpts from the film:

SO, WE FIND OURSELVES on the brink. It's clear humans have had a devastating impact on our planet's ecological web of life. Because we've waited, because we've turned our backs on nature's warning signs, and because our political and corporate leaders have consistently ignored the overwhelming scientific evidence, the challenges we face are that much more difficult. We are in the environmental age whether we like it or not. So, what does the future look like? We know the United States, the greatest consumer and source of waste, needs to make a transition to a greener future, but will our pivotal generation create a sustainable world in time? What will guide this massive change? And does nature hold the answers we need to help restore our planet's resources, protect our atmosphere, and therefore help all life survive?

–Leonardo DiCaprio

THE PROBLEM THAT confronts us is that every living system in the biosphere is in decline and the rate of decline is accelerating. There isn't one peer-reviewed scientific article that's been published in the last 20 years that contradicts that statement. Living systems are coral reefs. They're our climatic stability, forest cover, the oceans themselves, aquifers, water, the conditions of the soil, biodiversity. They go on and on as they get more specific. But the fact is, there isn't one living system that is stable or is improving. And those living systems provide the basis for all life.

–Paul Hawken,
environmentalist and entrepreneur.

I THINK THE MOST BASIC thing to understand about our global economic system is that it's a subsystem. The larger system is the biosphere, and the subsystem is the economy. The problem, of course, is that our subsystem, the economy, is geared for growth; it's all set up to grow, to expand. Whereas the parent system doesn't grow; it remains the same size. So, as the economy grows, it displaces, it encroaches upon the biosphere, and this is the fundamental cost of economic growth. It's what you give up when you expand. You give up what used to be there.

–Herman Daly,
ecological economist.

THERE'S A MORE FUNDAMENTAL problem, and that is, as the world economy has expanded relative to the size of the earth itself, we have reached the point where economic activity often does a lot of damage. What we need to recognize is that, in many cases now, the indirect costs of the products, the goods, and the services we buy may be greater than the direct costs.

–Lester Brown,
founder, Earth Policy Institute.

ECONOMISTS DON'T include all of the things that nature does for us for nothing. Some technologies would never be able to do what nature does. For example, pollinating all of the flowering plants. What would it cost us to take carbon dioxide out of the air and put oxygen back in, which all the green things do for us for nothing? It's possible to do a crude estimate of what it would cost us to replace nature. Well, it turns out, [one researcher] estimated it would cost us $35 trillion a year to do what nature is doing for us for nothing. Now to put that in perspective. If you had added up all of the annual economies of all the countries in the world at that time, it would come to $18 trillion. So, nature is doing twice as much service for us as the economies of the world. And in the madness of conventional economics, this is not in the equation.

–David Suzuki,
geneticist and broadcaster.

SOMEHOW IN THE LAST few decades in business school, they were trained that the object of their business is growth, as if that were an end. It's not an end, it's a means. And if we flip the ends and means, then we can get the end back, quality of life. We have to loo the contradictions because the wrong kin growth reduces our quality of life, and have to take that back.

–Stephen Schnei
climatolo

I THINK THE INDUSTRIAL system has t re-invented. Today the throughput of industrial system, from mine and wellh to finished product, ends up in a landfil incinerator. For every truckload of prod with lasting value, 32 truckloads of waste produced. That's mind-boggling, but it's t So we have a system that is a waste-mak system. And clearly we cannot continu dig up the earth and turn it to waste.

–Ray Ander
industrial engineer and businessm

ONE CAN SEE FROM SPACE how the hun race has changed the earth. Nearly all the available land has been cleared for riculture or urban development. The p ice caps are shrinking and the desert ar are increasing. At night the earth is no lo er dark, but lit up. All this is evidence t human exploitation of the planet is reach a critical limit, but human demands and pectations are ever increasing.

–Stephen Hawki
cosmolog

SOME PEOPLE SUGGEST that in order to l sustainably we have to go out in the woo and put on animal skins and live on roots a berries. And the simple reality is that we have technology. The question is, how c we use our understanding of science and understanding of technology along with understanding of culture, and how cultu changes, to create a culture that will inter with science and with the world around us a sustainable fashion?

–Thom Hartman
broadcaster, educator, businessm

THE GREAT THING ABOUT the dilemma we in is that we get to reimagine every sing thing we do. In other words, there isn't o single thing that we make that doesn't quire a complete remake. And so there a two ways of looking at that. One is like: my gosh, what a big burden. The other way look at it, which is the way I prefer, is: Wh a great time to be born! What a great time be alive! Because this generation gets to esse tially completely change this world.

–Paul Hawk

WE'RE AT A POINT in our history, with 6.4 billi of us, that we have to imagine what it would like to redesign design itself, see design as t first signal of human intention, and realize th we need new intentions for our future whe materials are seen as things that are high

---

Excerpted from the film *The 11th Hour,* a documentary created by Leonardo DiCaprio; directed by Leila Conners Petersen and Nadia Conners; the film, to be released by Tree Media Group and the Leonardo DiCaprio Foundation, will be in theaters later this year; all rights reserved.

luable and need to go in closed cycles—what call cradle to cradle, instead of cradle to ave. And we have to agree that energy needs come from renewable sources, principally e sun, and that water needs to be clean and ealthy as it comes in and out of the system, id that we should treat each other with justice id fairness. So, the design itself changes from ass production of things that are essentially estructive to mass utilization of things that e inherently assets instead of liabilities.

—William McDonough,
architect and designer.

OW WE MAKE THINGS in our industrial process a 180-degree difference from how life makes ings. Look at how we make, for instance, evlar, which is our toughest material. We take etroleum, we heat it up to about 1,400 degrees ahrenheit, we boil it in sulfuric acid, and then e pull it out under enormous pressures. Now, nagine us making our bones or our teeth, or nagine an abalone making a shell. Abalones can't afford to heat it up to really high temperatures or do pressures or do chemical baths, so they've found a different way. Now take the spider. This beautiful orb-weaver spider is basically taking flies and crickets and transforming them in water in the abdomen and what comes out is this material that's five times stronger ounce for ounce than steel. Silently, in water, at room temp. I mean, this is master chemistry, and this is manufacturing of the future, hopefully. And there are actually people who are now trying to mimic the recipes of these organisms. Beautiful architecture and incredible manufacturing and we're starting to learn how to mimic that.

—Janine Benyus,
co-founder, the Biomimicry Guild.

IF WE THINK ABOUT the tree as a design, it's something that makes oxygen, sequesters carbon, fixes nitrogen, distills water, provides a habitat for hundreds of species, accrues solar energy, makes complex sugars and food, creates micro-climates, self-replicates. So, what would it be like to design a building like a tree? What would it be like to design a city like a forest? So what would a building be like if it were photosynthetic? What if it took solar energy and converted it to productive and delightful use?

—William McDonough

THIS COUNTRY CAN MOVE awfully fast, if it wants to. Keep in mind that after December 7, 1941, Roosevelt went to Jimmy Byrnes and said, You're my deputy president for mobilizing the economy. Anybody crosses you, they cross me. Within six months, Detroit was completely retooled, not making cars anymore, making military trucks, tanks, fighter aircraft, and in three years and eight months from the beginning of that war, we had mobilized, we had defeated imperial Japan, Fascist Italy, Nazi Germany, together with the British and our other allies, and had begun demobilization. Three years and eight months.

—R. James Woolsey,
former director of the C.I.A. □

Amazon Dehydration



ONTINUED FROM PAGE 282 of a *farinhada*—onverting the cassava they have grown into *rinha*. In a palm-thatched pole house, two omen with knives are peeling the brown in of the starchy white roots, which oth-s are grating into nuggets. The nuggets e pressed to remove their deadly prussic id, then roasted over a log fire in a huge etal pan and put in sacks, which sell for 20 or so. In four days they will fill four cks. The village has about 30 *farinhadas* year. They are its main source of income. hese Mura don't have their language or aditional crafts anymore, but they still ave the *farinhada*. They are a beautiful eople living honest lives. What will be-ome of them, of this whole river culture, hen the tipping point is reached and the aters dry up?

At his cluttered office back in Manaus, Phil Fearnside, an ecologist at INPA, ho is the world's second-most-cited sci-ntist on global warming (after the Hadley entre's John Mitchell), tells me, "With very tree that falls, we increase the probability that the tipping point will arrive."

The deforestation crisis has its origins in the 1970s, when an average of 8,000 square miles were cleared each year, mostly by cattle ranchers, says Fearnside. The peak year was 1995, when more than 11,000 square miles were cleared. Now the number is fluctuating between 7,000 and 10,000. But deforestation was not the cause of last year's drought, Fearnside reminds me. It was the warming event in the tropical North Atlantic, bloated with human-generated gas.

Brazil's response to global warming has been mixed, Fearnside says. It has been good about pressing other countries to reduce emissions, but remains in denial about its own, dual role in cranking up the earth's temperature: as deforestation deprives the world of carbon-storing trees, tropical fires are belching copious amounts of new greenhouse gases into the atmosphere. Today, 25 percent of the world's emissions come from deforestation—7 percent from Brazil alone. That makes Brazil the fourth- or fifth-largest greenhouse-gas producer in the world.

According to the Hadley Centre climate model, Fearnside continues, the tropical Pacific and Atlantic are moving toward a permanent El Niño–like state that will take only three decades to dehydrate the Amazon rain forest. While it's true that no model is 100 percent reliable, it would be crazy to sit back and hope that the Earth will surprise us. Like Al Gore and many other environmentalists, Fearnside draws an analogy to the link between smoking and lung cancer. "You can't wait for years for tests to confirm that smoking is to blame," he says. "You can't keep calling for more studies, as the tobacco industry did for decades." You have to kick the addiction—be it to smoking or carbon consumption—now.

"Eating Up the Amazon"

Moving east from Amazonas into the state of Pará, I arrive in Santarém, a sleepy city of 270,000 at the mouth of the Tapajós River, 400 miles from the Amazon's mouth. Here the fight to save the rain forest is raging. Historically, most clearing and burning has been done to create pasture for cattle, but in the past decade a new player has entered the picture: multi-national agribusinesses, producing soy on a monumental scale. The largest and most written about of these are Cargill, a U.S.-based outfit that is one of the world's largest privately owned companies, and the André Maggi Group, whose C.E.O., Blairo Maggi, is the governor of Mato Grosso. Nearly three million acres—mostly in Maggi's state, which is directly south of Pará—have been converted into vast mechanized soy-growing operations. Soy, to borrow the title of a Greenpeace pamphlet, is "eating up the Amazon." At my hotel, Marco J. Lima, an Amazon river ecologist who has just come from Mato Grosso, tells me that the sources of the Tapajós, the Tocantins, and some tributaries of the Madeira are desertifying as a result.

Now the soy growers, or *sorjeiros,* are moving into the forest around Santarém, where they are meeting with stiff resistance from Greenpeace and the rural caboclos. Paulo Adario, the head of Greenpeace's office in Manaus, explains what he sees as the crooked way in which these plantations are often put together. Caboclos who have been on the land for generations are approached by *grileiros,*

Amazon Dehydration

land grifters, who offer them $5,000 for their 750-acre spreads—more money than they have ever seen. They think they have made the best deal in their lives and move into the growing slums of Santarém, where gangs and prostitution are proliferating. Too late, Adario says, they realize they have lost everything.

Some of those who resist are expelled or killed by hired guns. After the *grileiros* have put together 2,000 acres or so, Adario says, they sell the land to soy farmers who are often fronted money by one of the multinationals. The farmers hire middlemen known as *gatos* to bring in laborers to clear the forest. The *gato* arrives with a truck in the main square of some little village in the torrid, dirt-poor northeastern province of Maranhão and says, Adario goes on, "'I have jobs for 50 of you.' He chooses the strongest-looking men from the 200 that apply, advances them some money, and delivers them to the *sorjeiro,* and they work in the forest from sunup to sundown, sleeping under plastic sheets. They are already in debt for the trip and their clothes and the money they left with their family, and the *sorjeiro* sells them food and medicine at exorbitant prices, so their debt increases. We call this modern slavery." (Cargill and the André Maggi Group both deny being involved with any soy suppliers engaged in slave labor. Cargill also denies growing any significant amount of soy in the rain forest.)

Most of the soy from Mato Grosso comes down the Madeira River on barges and then down the Amazon to Santarém, where it is off-loaded at a port Cargill has built right in the city. (In February, a Brazilian court ordered Cargill to close the port, pending the outcome of an environmental review, but Cargill is appealing the ruling.) In Santarém, the soy is put on freighters that take it to Europe. One of the big consumers there is Kentucky Fried Chicken, which feeds the soy to its chickens. So if you're eating K.F.C. in Liverpool, you're eating the Amazon.

A charismatic native of Rio de Janeiro who has received numerous death threats, Adario has a bulletproof vest in his backpack and drives a bulletproof car. This is dangerous work. Dorothy Stang, a 73-year-old American nun who was trying to keep caboclo homesteaders in Pará from being run out by cattle ranchers, was gunned down in 2005. According to Greenpeace, at least 18 caboclo community leaders have been murdered since then. All together nearly 800 people have been killed in land conflicts in rural Brazil in the last 35 years, and only eight suspects have been brought to trial. The most famous martyr for the rain forest is Chico Mendes, who was assassinated in 1988 and is now a major culture hero in Brazil.

Adario takes me for a ride in Greenpeace's plane. Most of the deforestation has taken place within the municipal boundaries of Santarém, but he shows me what he says is an illegal clearing of 1,000 acres or so farther out in the jungle. The Brazil-nut trees have been left standing, as required by law, but soy is sprouting on the rest of the land, which Adario says belongs to one of Santarém's wealthiest businessmen. The government owns 70 percent of the Amazon rain forest, 30 percent of which is supposed to be protected, but someone is turning a blind eye. Adario says that in March 2006, after the businessman was fined and refused to pay, Adario and 56 Greenpeace warriors unfurled a huge banner in the middle of the plantation that said 100% CRIME! The businessman was arrested, but he spent just a few days in jail, and now, Adario says, he is continuing his operation. Adario even spots a new clearing in the sea of trees.

Last May, Adario used the Greenpeace ship to block soy from being off-loaded at Cargill's port. Three boats full of locals in the pro-soy faction rammed it. "The town is divided," Adario says. "We are either angels or devils. But we only have two years to stop this. After that, the moratorium, which we helped get implemented, on new deforestation ends."

"The Iraq of Biodiesel"

The history of the Amazon is a series of boom-and-bust cycles. Hot commodities have come and gone, but nothing has lasted. First there was the native cacao tree, from whose fruit chocolate is made. By 1755, Jesuit missionaries were cultivating 4.5 million cacao trees around Santarém, even though they regarded it as an aphrodisiac and forbade their priests and all sexually active Catholics to eat it. (This is according to the city's historian Helcio Amaral.)

But in 1839, Charles Goodyear invented vulcanization, the process that gives rubber its elasticity and bounce, and the Amazon rubber boom was on. Chocolate was out and latex was in—until 1910, when huge plantations of rubber trees in Malaysia and Indonesia, grown from seeds smuggled out of the Amazon, started producing it more cheaply and in greater volume. In the late 1920s, Henry Ford had a big rubber plantation called Fordlandia in a community on the outskirts of Santarém, but the trees were wiped out by insects and disease. Chocolate made a brief comeback, too, Amaral says, but those trees were killed by a blight known as "witches'-broom" and a big flood in 1948.

Then came jute, the textile fiber, which attracted a wave of farmers from Japan. Jute was king until gold was discovered up the Tapajós, in the 1970s. The gold cycle was the most destructive of all, Amaral tells me. The Tapajós, once so clean you could drink from it, was poisoned by mercury. Families disintegrated as caboclos sold their homesteads, moved their families to the periphery of the city, and became prospectors. Many never came back from the jungle. Thousands died along the Tapajós from disease or violence. The gold cycle collapsed in the early 1990s when gold plunged below $350 an ounce, partly in response to the collapse of the Soviet Union.

Amaral doesn't have much confidence that soy is going to last, either. It's already starting to falter. The international market is flooded, soy prices are in flux, and lots of *sorjeiros* are planting rice or nothing at all. Many are heavily in debt for the big, expensive combines and other machinery they laid out for.

"What is our future?" asks a liberation theology priest named Edilberto Sena, who is working with Greenpeace and the rural communities to stop the *sorjeiros.* "Either soy will collapse, and our eco-system is being destroyed for nothing, or it could become the big new monoculture in the region—the monoculture of biodiesel. The Brazilian government is hoping that in 25 years Brazil will become the Iraq of biodiesel. The three main ingredients of biodiesel are *dendê*-palm oil, castor beans, and soy. And what will that mean for us? *Saque.* Rape."

Britaldo Soares-Filho is one scientist based in Brazil who believes soy will continue to play a dominant, destructive role in the Amazon. "By 2050, current trends in agricultural expansion will eliminate a total of 40% of Amazon forests," he predicts in a recent issue of *Nature,* "including at least two-thirds of the forest cover of six major watersheds and 12 ecoregions, releasing ... carbon to the atmosphere ... equivalent to four years of current annual emissions worldwide."

On Tuesday, September 26, I get a last disturbing glimpse of the Amazon during a brief stopover in Altamira, a rowdy river port in central Pará. Altamira is situated at the intersection of the Xingu River and the Trans-Amazon Highway. This is the heart of cattle country, and there is no rain forest in sight. It's all been cleared. It looks like a hilly range in West Texas—a vision of the future, of Amazonia savannified. Pará had more fires during last year's drought than any other state. Rabid vampire bats displaced by deforestation killed 23 people.

From there, I fly south, out of the gasping forest.

Glimmers of Hope

In São Paulo, I contact José Marengo, who analyzes rainfall records and works on computer models for the Center for Weather and Climate Prediction, in Brazil. His prognosis is dire. Referring to the Hadley model

ich has the forest beginning to give way to anna by 2050, he says, "I think this could the future. But it is difficult to say if the annification will be completed by the end he century, or how much of the rain forest l disappear."

Carlos Nobre, chairman of the International Geosphere-Biosphere Programme, ints out that the Hadley model "only es into account continuing global warm- and has the rain forest beginning to die ck by midcentury. If you factor in de- estation and the increased frequency of

to say whether the rate of deforestation will continue to drop, but, he says, "even if we can get it down to 15,000 square kilometers per year [5,800 square miles], this is still absurdly high."

Others in the scientific community expressed cautious optimism that the rain forest might not be irrevocably lost. Professor Jeffrey Richey of the University of Washington's school of oceanography, who studies water flows in the Amazon system, believes the savannification scenario is only one of a number of possible outcomes. "It's a very

be averted is through a dramatic reduction of greenhouse emissions and deforestation, and it's hard to see either happening anytime soon. Despite heavy opposition from conservationists, the Transoceanic Highway, in Peru, is just a few years from completion. Linking with Brazil's Trans-Amazon Highway, the artery will connect the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and open a huge new Asian market for the forest's hardwoods, which today go mainly to the U.S.

There's always the chance that there will be some completely unanticipated develop-



rest fires, it should happen even sooner." evertheless, he's holding out hope for a econd equilibrium," with the eastern Amon transformed into a "stable" savanna at at least doesn't devour the remaining n forest.

One good piece of news Nobre has is at the deforestation rate has decreased arply in the last two years, mostly because e Brazilian government has finally begun acking down on illegal selective logging. 2005, according to *The Economist*, 148 ople, including close to 50 officials of the azilian Institute of Environment and Rewable Natural Resources, were arrested. he murder of Dorothy Stang, Nobre exains, "helped create a climate that was vorable to law enforcement." It's too soon

REMEMBER THE AMAZON!

The author arrived in Lima, Peru, on September 9, 2006, and left Altamira, Brazil—after traversing much of the rain forest—on September 26.

complicated equation," he says. "There's a ways to go in all of this." And Antônio Manzi, a climate modeler at INPA, is confident that "the Amazon is always going to be a humid region."

And that's how I feel, in the end, or want to feel: the Amazon forest is just too big and too diverse simply to disappear in its entirety. But that doesn't mean it isn't going to shrink cataclysmically, with untold repercussions for the continent, the hemisphere, and perhaps the entire planet. The only way this can

ment—one the Hadley model didn't take into account. But it would have to be something pretty dramatic, such as a virus that wipes out huge numbers of people, and what consolation is that? "The world has a strange way of re-inventing itself," the friend I am staying with in São Paulo reflects. "And you and I will have tipped before the Amazon's tipping point is reached, before any of this happens. So can I fix you a drink?"

But that only makes me think of my three boys, of what the world will be like when they are grown up. I remember the Native American proverb: "We did not inherit the land from our fathers. We are borrowing it from our children." It's a sentiment that applies not only to this embattled glory of the biosphere but to everywhere. □

Tesla



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 271 make it cheaper—the same inexorable process that had occurred with personal computers, cell phones, flat-screen TVs, and every other high-tech tool of the age.

Musk, as it happened, was a car nut, too. Along with his Porsche, he owned a Hamann BMW M5 sports car, a McLaren F1, and a 1967 XK-E Series 1 Jaguar roadster. He listened intently, asked smart questions, then smiled. "It's kind of crazy," he said. "Who in their right mind would start a car company?" He paused. "But I guess I have more than my fair share of hubris."

After a flurry of e-mails, Musk was in. He would underwrite the whole first round of financing himself. Basically, he promised to see the car through to production.

To date, he's backed up that pledge with nearly $27 million.

At first blush, Elon Musk looks like a tall, earnest, slightly gawky teenager. His face is unlined, almost cherubic; surely he shaves, but his smooth chin gives no evidence of it. As he folds his long legs under the desk of his modest cubicle at SpaceX—no grander than the cubicles of junior employees who sit nearby—he seems shy, almost deferential, an impression only confirmed by his soft, South African accent. Yet it soon becomes clear that he's never been afraid to think big—very, very big.

"Consider the history of life," Musk offers. "There's probably about a dozen things that, when you zoom out, you still see as being very significant: the advent of single-cell life, the advent of multi-cellular life, having a skeleton, going from the oceans to land, from cold-blooded to warm-blooded." As he recounts it, by the time he got from South Africa to Wharton business school to study physics and finance, he'd decided there were at least two such notable projects in his time that he wanted to influence. One was how to prevent humans from destroying the planet with carbon-based fuels. The other was manned space exploration to Mars.

Musk was two days into his Ph.D. at Stanford when he realized that a third notable project—development of the Internet—was about to pass him by. He dropped out in 1995. "It was not with the intention of making huge sums of money, because nobody had made any money on the Internet," he says. "My intention was to be part of building what I thought would be a great thing."

Musk's first success was a start-up that provided platforms for newspaper companies to migrate online. *The New York Times,* Hearst, and Knight Ridder were among his customers; in 1999 he sold the business to Compaq for $307 million. His next idea was a one-stop, online financial-services company, offering everything from banking to insurance. It included a feature that seemed innocuous at the time: a way to send money online from one person to another. To his surprise, venture capitalists got a lot more excited about PayPal, as it would come to be called, than about the rest of his plan. So did everyone else. Musk took PayPal public in early 2002, then sold it to eBay for $1.5 billion.

By then, Musk had had enough of the Internet. Of the two Big Things he wanted to do, space travel seemed the more compelling challenge. He started SpaceX with the express intent of building rockets to take mankind—and other species—to Mars. In this, he notes, the physicist Stephen Hawking had the same idea: that, in order to survive, man will have to extend life beyond Earth. Once you accept that, Musk says, "the only realistic place for a growing human civilization is Mars."

Mars is still a distant goal. But already, Musk says, SpaceX has rockets powerful enough to launch from any point in the world and land at any other point. Rockets, he acknowledges, that could carry weapons rather than astronauts. "Of course," he says blithely, "our technology is far beyond what, say, a North Korea or an Iraq has. Far beyond."

All this might be dismissed as hype—so far, SpaceX has conducted exactly one "partially successful" demonstration launch, and recently aborted a second—were it not for the fact that NASA has committed $278 million to the first part of a contract for SpaceX to design, build, and manage the successor to the Space Shuttle. Depending on how many flights the U.S. signs up for, SpaceX stands to earn between $300 and $400 million a year from 2011 through 2028 with the program.

For Musk, funding Tesla was the way, at last, to grapple with the other Big Thing. Daunting as it might seem, building an electric vehicle was not, after all, rocket science. And Musk needed little convincing that the time was right. Lithium-ion batteries weren't merely better than lead-acid and nickel-metal-hydride. They were almost certain to keep getting better over the next decade. The other essential parts of an [illegible] drivetrain—an A.C. motor and the po[illegible] electronics that control it—were rapidly [illegible] proving, too.

With his distinctive brand of enthusias[illegible] quiet but absolutely authoritative—M[illegible] talked Google founders Larry Page [illegible] Sergey Brin into coming along for the [illegible] as passive investors, together with Sili[illegible] Valley stars such as VantagePoint Vent[illegible] Partners, Valor Equity Partners' Mich[illegible] Dubilier, and Draper Fisher Jurvetson. N[illegible] Tesla had the money it needed. Its found[illegible] had merely to design a new kind of car, m[illegible] ufacture most of its parts, make them w[illegible] together, get the car to market—and at [illegible] same time build America's first new succ[illegible] ful car company in nearly a century.

Eberhard began by ordering up sketc[illegible] from four automotive designers. At a Chr[illegible] mas party in December 2004, he taped th[illegible] to a wall in his home and asked Tesla's f[illegible] employees to choose their favorite—and le[illegible] favorite—aspects of each design, using gr[illegible] and red stickers. The sketch by Barney H[illegible] of Lotus Design, earned the most green d[illegible] by far. His design was a racy departure fr[illegible] the Elise, close enough that Tesla could [illegible] some of its chassis, different enough tha[illegible] could legitimately be called a new car. T[illegible] Lotus Elise also happened to be, at 1,9[illegible] pounds, the lightest production car on [illegible] road—a good start for any E.V. And a[illegible] small, high-end car-maker, Lotus was w[illegible] ing and able to do final assembly on the f[illegible] micro-fleet of Roadsters, in England.

Clearly, though, a lot of the Roads[illegible] would have to be made from scratch, sta[illegible] ing with its drivetrain. In Detroit, the en[illegible] neers of a new car program begin, at lea[illegible] with CAD/CAM computer systems to work [illegible] their designs on; a whole corporation of [illegible] sources, from clay modelers to wind-tun[illegible] operators, to draw on; and a far-flung n[illegible] work of known parts suppliers. Tesla h[illegible] none of those advantages. It didn't even ha[illegible] automotive engineers. "When we started[illegible] recalls JB Straubel, the young engineer wh[illegible] put Musk onto the T Zero and signed on [illegible] one of Tesla's first employees, "we had no[illegible] ing. We didn't have a screwdriver. We h[illegible] an office."

In the wide, echoing workspaces of th[illegible] San Carlos Skunk Works, Straubel a[illegible] a growing number of engineers struggl[illegible] to design the heart of the car—batteries, [illegible] verter, computer, and motors—then fit it *in* [illegible] the car. The battery pack was the greatest [illegible] those challenges. The news of Dell lapt[illegible] battery packs bursting into flames would n[illegible] make headlines until the summer of 200[illegible] but the risk of thermal runaway, especia[illegible] when 6,000 lithium-ion cells were bound t[illegible] gether and made to handle huge jolts of c[illegible] rent, was all too clear. In cars, as in laptop[illegible]

PEARL® POMEGRANATE

The World's Best Tasting Flavored Vodka

Best of Show — Platinum Award

2007 World Beverage Competition



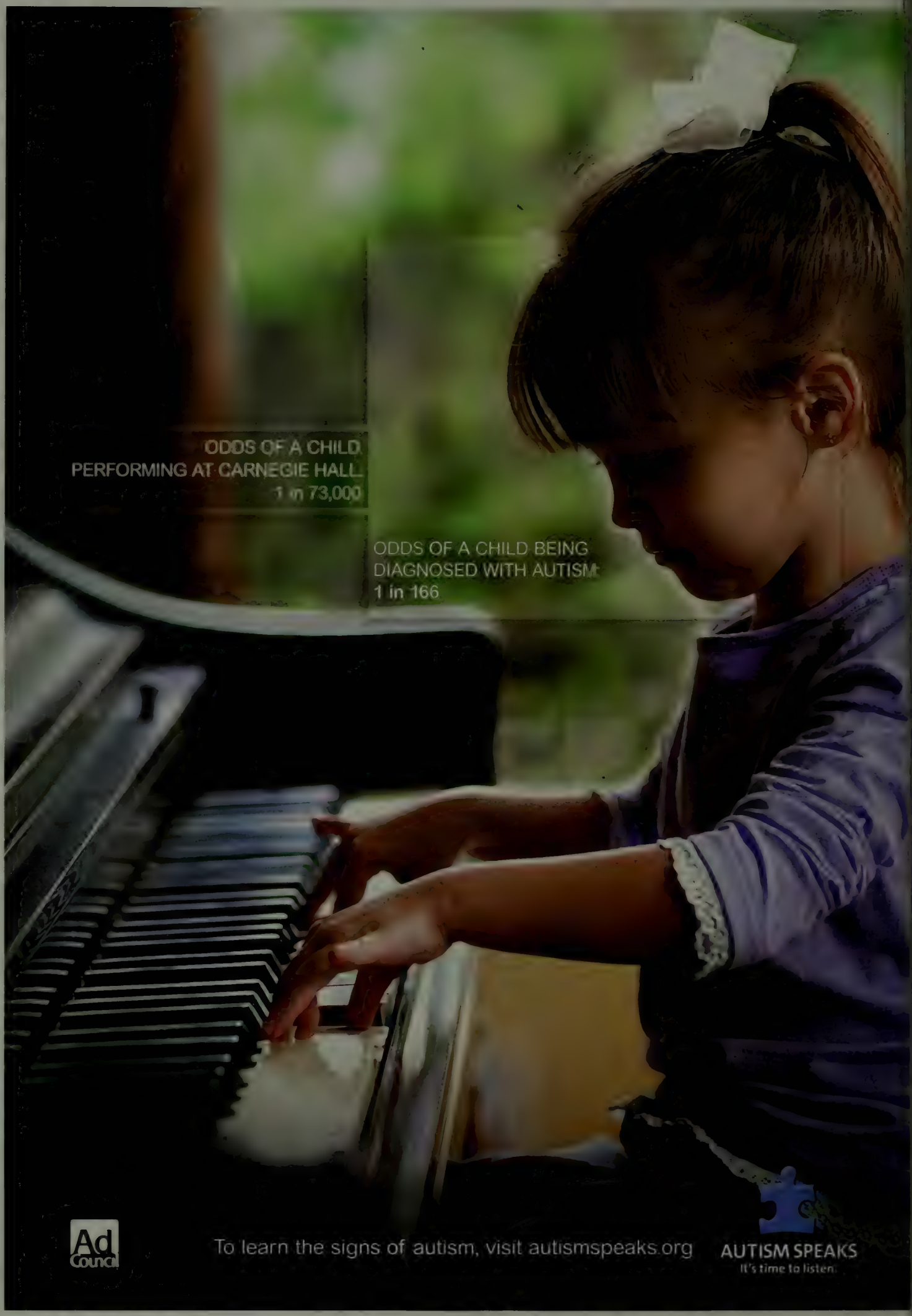
Pearl® VODKA

black | pomegranate | coconut

The world's very first pomegranate flavored vodka has now claimed the title of world's best tasting flavored vodka, as judged by the World Beverage Competition, the largest beverage competition in the world.™

Taste for yourself.

For drink recipe ideas visit pearlvodka.com


ODDS OF A CHILD
PERFORMING AT CARNEGIE HALL
1 in 73,000
ODDS OF A CHILD BEING
DIAGNOSED WITH AUTISM
1 in 166
Ad Council
To learn the signs of autism, visit autismspeaks.org
AUTISM SPEAKS
It's time to listen.

e cause could be a manufacturing defect an overcharge. With cars, unlike laptops, hird cause could be a car crash.

"There have been five laptop fires so far, d it's front-page news," gripes Ian Wright, sla's first head of vehicle development. here are 750 gas-car fires each day, but at's not news." With lithium-ion batter-, Wright says, "you have to get to 150 ntigrade before you get thermal runaway. tive operation is 25 degrees centigrade, d they have a cooling system. You'd ed multiple system failures before you d a problem." The likeliest way to ignite e batteries, he says, would be to get your oadster run over by an S.U.V., with gasoline om the S.U.V. pouring over the battery ck, and have the gas catch fire. "Eventu-y the pack will burn," Wright says, "but at will be the least of your problems by en." In the final design, says Malcolm nith, Tesla's current head of vehicle devel-oment, "we've put systems in ace that, if a cell for some rea-n actually goes into thermal naway, it won't propagate."

With batteries, cost was the her big challenge. One insider gs the price of a lithium-ion ck for the Roadster at $20,000. Our battery cost is the highest rt of the car," Straubel allows, ut it's in no way higher than the lue we're selling the car for. We e making money on the cars." ose packs will get much cheap-if Tesla sells a lot more cars and can buy its batteries in volume e way Dell or Samsung does—a ospect that G.M. simply didn't ve with its advanced nickel-etal-hydride batteries for the V1, because no one was making ough of them yet for the costs come down.

Along with the drivetrain, Tes-s engineers had to grapple with other dilemma unique to E.V.'s: nat to do about the charger. r its EV1, G.M. had designed charger that stood outside the r like an old gas pump. It had cord as big as a gas hose, with a range, paddle-like disk that slid to a slot on the side of the car. A iver had no choice but to charge s car that way, so he was teth-ed, as Musk says scornfully, to ose chargers.

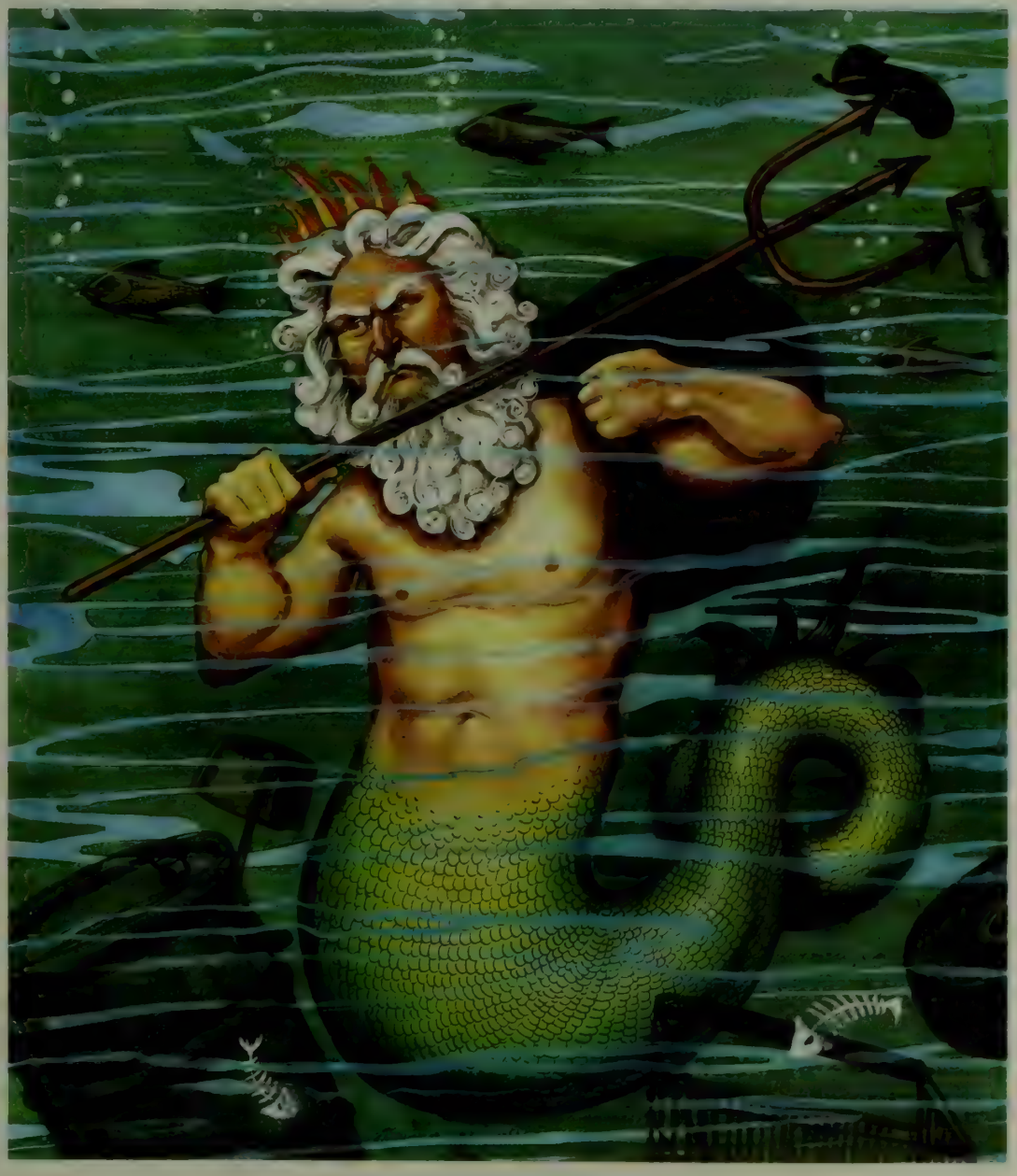
From the start, Musk insisted at the Roadster have a charger ilt right into it, and so it does: e electronics have grown small d light enough to make that ssible. Now all a driver needs a cord to plug into his car. Re-fuel times are still considerable: about 3.5 hours for a complete recharge using a special, thick cord attached to the household grid, or at the very least 12 hours using an ordinary 110-volt cord. But Marc Tarpenning, Tesla's co-founder, has an answer for that. "We expect to tell upscale hotel chains and restaurants to put charge posts in," he says, "because the posts are inexpensive and Tesla owners will be a very desirable demographic group." Some drivers will still balk at having to charge a car for hours instead of gassing up in minutes. But for how long? "As the battery technology gets better," Tarpenning says, "the mileage will continue to increase. At what point is it really not an issue? Five hundred miles? Would people complain about how it takes hours to recharge with a 500-mile range?"

For a car, Musk adds, that means the benefits of no trips to the pump for $3-a-gallon gas, no oil, no oil changes, no fuel filters, no new catalytic converters, and no emissions inspections, not to mention the satisfaction of generating no emissions at all.

As Tesla's engineers designed their drivetrain and charger, they saw that more and more of the Roadster's surrounding parts would need to be reconfigured. Lotus hadn't signed on to make new parts, so new suppliers would have to be found. A generation ago, the Big Three would have made that search almost impossible: they owned all the suppliers that made all the parts, and they weren't inclined to share. "DeLorean literally was out trying to make windshield wipers," marvels Tarpenning of the G.M. rebel who, against all odds, managed to manufacture almost 9,000 of his gull-winged sports cars before slipping into bankruptcy.

But times had changed. To save money, the Big Three had come to outsource everything but their internal-combustion engines—

SKETCHBOOK BY ANITA KUNZ



Tesla

the very "core technology" that Tesla's engineers *didn't* want—to outside suppliers, who were happy to sell them to Tesla or anyone else. So the engineers had the luxury of designing their own parts. Musk, it turned out, had some strong opinions.

One fierce debate was whether the Roadster should have headlight covers or not. "My opinion," says Musk, "was that if we had uncovered headlights it would look like a kit car—a little cheesy." Eberhard pointed out that the change would cost half a million dollars. Musk said he'd pay.

Eberhard had no problems with the door-sill, but Musk did. It was difficult to step up into the car, so high and thick was the sill. At Musk's insistence, the engineers redesigned it, narrowing it and lowering it by two inches. It was Musk, too, who refused to use those hard-shell Elise seats. A carbon-fiber body replaced the fiberglass one. "On some of these changes I had to be quite forceful," Musk admits, "because Martin [Eberhard] didn't want to spend the money."

As Tesla's workforce grew—from a handful of engineers to a company of more than 80 by late 2005, the year the first prototype cars, or "mules," were made—Eberhard was struck by its diversity. Its *political* diversity. In Washington, an administration set on exploiting partisan issues had deepened the lines between red and blue states. But eager arrivals from both sides of the political divide had made their way to Tesla's sandstone bunker in San Carlos.

One of the new arrivals was Ron Lloyd, 47, a big and burly former plant manager for Sun Microsystems, who called himself a fiscal Republican. Lloyd had retired at 42 to go fishing, but a growing concern about global warming had pushed him to Stanford for a master's degree in environmental engineering. When he called, Eberhard and Tarpenning weren't sure how they could use him. But they knew they wanted their four-door follow-on sedan, code-named White Star, to be assembled somewhere less expensive than England. Maybe Lloyd could help.

"I said, 'I don't care, take me, don't pay me, I'm coming,'" Lloyd recalls. "At the end of the day, for me, this is about making a change in the energy policies in the United States. I can't imagine there are many times in anyone's career where they get to have that kind of a potential impact on the world. And to see one of those happen and not grab it, I think, would be almost criminal."

Diarmuid O'Connell, Tesla's director of strategic affairs, wasn't merely a Republican voter. Until last year he worked for the Bush administration as a mid-ranking chief of staff in the U.S. State Department. "We were basically tasked with all sorts of military policy and operational support to the uniformed military in Iraq and Afghanistan," O'Connell says in brisk government-speak. Every morning, a list of the latest American casualties crossed his desk. "I developed a very poignant realization that ... energy security is all about oil, and if it's all about oil, you better be doing something about transportation."

In the spring of 2006, O'Connell saw an early article about Tesla in *Business Week*. The next day he was in San Carlos, talking to Eberhard about how he could use his government experience to help Tesla lobby for state and federal subsidies and tax breaks.

By the time O'Connell arrived, the first mules had been built by hand and test-driven to see how all those much-debated parts worked together. The mules weighed all of 2,600 pounds each, 400 pounds less than a small economy gas car, or about half the weight of an S.U.V.: good for range, even better for speed. Late at night, the mules began rolling onto the freeway ramp, stopping, then rocketing forward. An engineer rode shotgun, recording data on a laptop plugged into the car's controls. One night, JB Straubel took a modified mule out and for the first time hit 0 to 60 in four seconds. For a car meant to be high-performance, that was the moment, Straubel felt, that the Roadster came to life.

There were problems—for one, the mules' engine mounts cracked when Straubel floored the accelerator—but by the spring of 2006 fixes had been made, and Eberhard felt confident enough to have the initial 10 prototypes made in England. The first of them reached California just days before the Roadster's scheduled launch date—July 19, 2006. So far, the only cars actually sold were to Tesla's investors.

The night of the launch, in Santa Monica, a lot of celebrities mingled with automotive journalists and E.V. geeks. Eberhard had often run up against what he called "E.V. burnout"—the tendency of E.V. pioneers to lose all hope that E.V.'s would ever reach the market. There wasn't any burnout in evidence that night. Potential buyers and backers began taking test-drives, proving to themselves that the Roadster does, in fact, accelerate from 0 to 60 in four seconds. Within a month, the first 100 of the still-unmade 2007 production Roadsters were claimed.

For all their success, not everyone at Tesla felt the car was on the right course. Ian Wright, 51, Tesla's first head of vehicle development, is a New Zealand–born computer engineer and amateur racer who signed on almost as soon as the company was founded. He'd even helped make the original pitch to Elon Musk, joining Eberhard on that fateful trip to SpaceX. Wright loved the Roadster. He just didn't feel that Musk's grand schem producing cheaper follow-ons made se "I didn't want to go the route of fan cars," Wright explains. "I want even hig performance."

Wright's point is that most Americ spend no more than $2,000 on gas a y How much of a premium would they for an E.V. that saved them $1,000 a y in fuel costs? Would they buy a $30,(car, let alone a $50,000 one, that did th Perhaps some would, he concedes. wouldn't they be the ones who would h bought a Prius hybrid instead? And if what was the difference between a Pr that got 50 miles per gallon and an E.V. t got the equivalent of 100 miles per gall A mere doubling of the efficiency of a m est number of cars. "So replacing the Pr with an E.V.," Wright argued, "doesn't so the problem."

Better, Wright said, to make even high performance E.V.'s to replace ever high performance gas cars. If Wright co replace 10,000 high-performance gas c that got 10 miles per gallon with hig performance E.V.'s that got 100 miles gallon, *that* would be meaningful. "It's tainly true that gas will get more expens and batteries will get cheaper, and even ally you'll get a mass market," Wright gued. "But in the meantime the answer high performance."

So Wright left to design his own two-s racecar, the Wrightspeed X1. He says it celerates from 0 to 60 in *three* seconds. H it's still a concept car in search of an ang "We were very lucky finding Elon at Tesl Wright says. "You can't always get that ki of luck, and in fact I haven't."

Last fall, Marc Tarpenning went to t Palo Alto car rally, always a nexus alternative-energy cars. He saw Ian Wrig touting his X1, and he saw a two-seat called the Tango, but aside from the Roa ster, those were the only ones even close market. Various zealots peppered him wi business plans: *I did this great thing in my g rage, and I want to make it into a real car, a I think it's only going to cost $2 million to ge into production.* Tarpenning shakes his he at the memory. "They have no idea what takes," he says with hard-won wisdom. "T safety certifications alone are millions a millions of dollars.... Worldwide we ha 140 people working on getting the car in production. It takes tens and tens of m lions of dollars."

As of early 2007, the work goes on. N long ago, four hand-built Roadsters were ta en to Germany and systematically destroye The crash tests were done by Siemens, t company that made the air bags for t Lotus Elise. Siemens had such liabili concerns about Tesla's using its air bag

on Musk admits, that the only way to al- them was to have Siemens do the crash sts itself. So far, the results are encour- ing. "We've already passed the tests we re most afraid of," Musk says. Now his gineers will take what they learned from ose crash tests, plus the torture-track sts, tweak the Roadster a bit more, call at design final, and build a few more of ose cars to crash.

Then—if all else goes well—hundreds of oadsters will be built at Lotus's factory in ngland and sold to eager buyers. No one at Tesla wants to set a firm arrival date: the tests could still create delays, or the manufacturer of a single part might have a problem. But Musk has no doubt that Roadsters will be on the streets by late summer. Tesla dealerships and service centers, he vows, will follow soon after—though how they'll make a business of selling and fixing a few hundred cars is anybody's guess. Musk expects the four-door White Star to hit the market in 2009, with the $30,000 mass-market car the year after. His goal is 10,000 cars a year.

In his office at SpaceX, Musk radiates an almost eerily cool confidence. The recent news that G.M. will introduce a plug-in hybrid Chevrolet called the Volt, and that Toyota may produce its new concept plug-in hybrid, the FT-HS (Future Toyota Hybrid Sport), bothers him not at all. "Too little too late," he scoffs. He feels absolutely sure that Tesla's coming at exactly the right market moment.

"I expect it to be a raging success," Musk says. "Honestly? I expect Tesla to be worth multiple billions of dollars." □

Chevron in the Amazon



ONTINUED FROM PAGE 235 Texaco pulled t of Ecuador. It handed over the entire op- ation to Petroecuador, including an infra- ructure badly in need of upgrades. In 1993 Ecuadorean-American attorney named ristóbal Bonifaz filed a class-action suit in a ew York federal court on behalf of the set- rs and Indians. The complaint was nearly e same as that filed a decade later in Ecua- r. Donziger joined the case. At a Lago Agrio eeting attended by Fajardo, an organization as formed to serve as the plaintiffs' voice: the ente de Defensa de la Amazonía, now com- only called "the Front." The fight was on.

The situation in Lago Agrio is not as complex as the trial makes it out to be. Much the pollution today is left over from the iginal drilling operations, now long gone. xaco drilled most of its wells in the first w years, when Gulf was still its financial rtner. To support its drilling rigs, it re- ired flat terrain, where the naturally soft il could be reinforced with gravel. Often built these pads on high ground, in clear- gs that it bulldozed on the edge of short pes which drain into the streams and riv- s. The topsoil consists generally of organic atter and clays, both solid and fractured. is typically about three feet deep and is derlain by permeable alluvial deposits of nd and gravel, as well as by clay "lenses." he water table usually lies about 10 feet low the surface. There are variations. In vamps it lies on the surface. On the tops hills it may lie as much as 30 feet below. The oil lies deeper, more than a mile down. Drilling for it is a tough and messy job. It involves noxious fluids, known as drilling muds, which become wastes once they are used. The soil in the concession area has been found to be tainted with unusually high levels of chromium 6, cadmium, and barium—all toxic materials associated with the drilling and extraction process. Drill bits also commonly encountered small, unexpected pockets of crude on their way to larger reserves—crude that then came oozing up to the surface. Crude itself contains dangerous toxins. The resulting sludge—a combination of poisonous muds, cuttings, and crude—was slopped into unlined open-air earthen pits on the sides of the jungle clearings. More crude oil was added after the wells became productive, during necessary testing of the finds. All this was entirely normal. Less normal was a policy of abandoning the pits once the drilling was done and the wells were hooked up to the system of small feeder lines. In the United States at that time the wastes contained within the pits would have been disposed of in one of various expensive ways after the drilling was over, but in Ecuador they were left as is. The pits were not fenced. At many well sites settlers who had followed the roads lived close by. Their livestock slipped into the pits and added their cadavers to the ooze. The pits varied in size. They were generally about seven feet deep, which placed the bottoms close to subsurface waters.

Chevron maintains that the pits were universally self-lining because universally the soil was made of impermeable clay. The plaintiffs and their experts maintain that this is far from the truth. The defendants must also contend with the soil samples taken even by their own experts during the judicial inspections associated with the trial, some of which seem to indicate that component elements of the waste have drifted into the nearby soil. The use of unlined pits had long been restricted in the United States (with variations by state) to locations where they could not contaminate freshwater supplies. The watery environment of the Amazon presents the opposite chance, and all the more so because it is inhabited by a large population of the poor, who have no choice but to drink from streams and shallow wells. Texaco did consider lining the pits. In 1980 it examined the cost of transferring the wastes to new, concrete-lined pits, and having come up with a figure of $4,197,968, it decided to leave matters as they were. In any event, and questions of permeability aside, Texaco built between 800 and 1,000 pits in the concession area, according to one survey, and it systematically poked pipes, or "siphons," low through their sides to drain them downslope and keep them from overflowing in the tropical rains. Since water is heavier than oil and sinks to the bottom of the pits, the idea was to slip it out in pure form from underneath the wastes. There is ample evidence now that this did not work. During extensive inquiries on the ground, over several weeks, I carefully walked the streams below dozens of the pits, keeping clearly in mind the relevant distinctions between pits that were used exclusively by Texaco, pits that later were used also by Petroecuador, pits that are earth-covered (having officially been cleaned up), and pits that remain full of waste and open to the rain. With exceptions along a few healthy-looking streams, these distinctions did not seem to matter. The overwhelming reality is something that science must explain: for hundreds of yards below pits of whatever distinction, and for whatever reason, even 30 years after most of the drilling was completed, rainbow patches float gently down the stream, and the sediments when stirred belch black gobs of stinking waste.

There is no question that Texaco was an unpleasant guest. In July 1972 a confidential memo about the reporting of spills was sent from a division office in Coral Gables, Florida, to Texaco's acting manager in Ecuador. It read:

a) Only major events as per Oil Spill Response Plan instructions are to be reported. These events are to be reported immediately.

b) A major event is further defined as one which attracts the attention of press and/or reg-

ulatory authorities or in your judgment merits reporting.

c) No reports are to be kept on a routine basis and all previous reports are to be removed from Field and Division offices and destroyed.

R. C. Shields

Five years later, the Ecuadorean government tried weakly to show its power. In an official letter under a motto which read, "Ecuador has been, is, and always will be an Amazonian country," the head of Ecuador's Federal Hydrocarbons Bureau accused Texaco of negligence in the maintenance of pits and oil wells around Lago Agrio. Having listed seven sites where poor maintenance and inadequate practices had caused or threatened to cause major spills or leakages, and having reminded Texaco of its legal responsibility as the consortium's operator, he brought out his heavy weaponry and levied a fine of $3,650.

Oil was spilling all over the place. It was spilling in all its forms. Texaco was spraying it on the roads. Texaco pickups were sliding on their own slicks and crashing into feeder lines, which then sprayed more. I met a settler who said that as a boy he observed a scene in 1981 when a large tanker truck that had been spraying the road near his house lost control and slipped into a ravine. It came to rest upright by a stream. Two tow trucks arrived to pull it out, but the tanker had just loaded up with waste (from a neighboring pit, to spray) and it was so heavy that it could not be budged. Next a Texaco pickup roared up, and a gringo jumped out acting very aggrieved. After another attempt with the tow trucks, he went swearing into the ravine, and with a ruthless twist opened the truck's valve to let the waste run out. Lightened, the truck was recovered. Twenty-six years later, the settler led me down into the ravine and showed me the waste just below the grasses and in the sediment of the stream. He knew that Chevron often states that the problem with the water now is that it has been tainted by the settlers' latrines. But excrement is a fertilizer too, and there was evidence here that the forest, rather than thriving on the nutrients, had sickened. A cluster of stunted cacao trees grew along the stream. The settler said he would make chocolate of the beans and send it to Chevron's headquarters if he could be sure that the people there would eat it for Christmas. Or he would boil and bottle the water and send it to them to drink.

But on the scale of Ecuador's contamination the pollution he showed me wasn't that much. Certainly the record of the 312-mile Trans-Ecuadorean pipeline is more impressive. Over the 17 years that Texaco operated this conduit to the sea, until Petroecuador assumed control, in 1989, the pipeline suffered 27 major breaks and spilled nearly 17 million gallons of oil, much of which was not cleaned up. The volume of the spills has been widely reported. For comparison, the grounding of the *Exxon Valdez* spilled 11 million gallons. More to the point, over the first quarter-century of its life, from 1977 through 2002, the 800-mile Alaskan pipeline spilled only 1,675,000 gallons—almost all of which was cleaned up. Fajardo is convinced that the industry knew how to handle itself better than Texaco handled itself in the Amazon. At the core of his argument in court is an assertion—vigorously disputed by Chevron—that contamination that exists today results from choices Texaco made to maximize its profits by setting up an operation in disregard of the environmental standards that it maintained at the same time in the United States.

The oozing pits at the oil-well sites would seem to be a case in point. The contamination they contain is easy to identify, and at each site was introduced primarily during the initial drilling, though added to (with acids among other materials) during the maintenance of wells. Thousands of earthen pits were dug in the United States at the time, but under strict licensing intended to ensure, site by site, that subsurface or surface waters were not even remotely threatened. More insidious in the Amazon were the choices made and sustained during the subsequent decades of production. As always, the oil emerged from wells mixed with undesirable water and natural gas. This mixture was piped to local separation stations, where it flowed into a series of tanks in which, specialists estimate, more than 95 percent of the desirable crude was extracted. The extracted crude was pumped off to the Trans-Ecuadorean pipeline for the trip across the Andes. The mixture that remained behind consisted of natural gas, residual crude, and a large volume of "produced water," which, depending on the wells, was variably laced with heavy metals, salts, and carcinogenic petroleum compounds in solution.

The waste gas was piped to the edge of the stations, where it was burned as it expanded into the air. In the United States, regulations required such flares to be vertical and so thoroughly oxygenated that they produced practically no smoke. In the Amazon, however, Texaco turned some of its flares horizontally, directing the flames into produced-water pits, to burn off the petroleum floating on top. Some oil escaped the fire, and made it to the streams; much of it, however, ignited, and produced billows of thick black smoke that drifted in the winds and rained particles across the forests, waters, and towns. Over the years since Petroecuador inherited the operation, that practice has nearly stopped. The waste oil is disposed of in other ways, and almost all flares are directed vertically, though they still smoke unnecessarily. Petroecuador is no shining example of an oil company. To its credit, however, it has worked hard to reform local practices, if not to meet t standards of the 21st century then at least meet those of the 1970s.

Which returns us to the produced wa The problem is that very often—thou not always—it is poisonous. The variations pend on the geologic formations deep bel the earth's surface where the oil is found. the United States and most other countri the methods that were used to handle it in 1970s were the same as those used now: t water was tested when it first emerged, and was found to be unsafe to release into the lo environment it was re-injected back down i the depths where it would not taint drinki water supplies. The re-injection was do through oil wells that had gone dry, or throu new wells drilled for that sole purpose. By t 1970s, standards had grown so tight in t North American oil-producing industry th re-injection was the norm—all the more so t cause it offered a safe way to dispose of oth dangerous wastes left over from the producti of oil. But re-injection is expensive, and in so places, such as Chevron's oil fields in the S Joaquin Valley of California, the produced w ter was deemed to be fresh enough to relea into the local streams in limited quantiti The decision was carefully supervised by reg latory authorities, who continued to monit the produced waters as they were release because the water emerging from any givi well can vary over time. The main concern w salinity. Saltiness was defined by the conce trations of total dissolved solids (T.D.S.) a chloride, both measured in parts per millio The decision to release the produced water w based not only on its composition but also the nature of the environment into which would flow. In an uninhabited and salty dese for instance, the standards were more relaxe than in a delicate eco-system close to freshwat sources. Chevron's San Joaquin oil fields sto in an agricultural area, which is somethi in between. Most drinking water there can from distant mountain snows, as did the wat that irrigates plants. For Chevron's surfa releases in this area the acceptable limits we set by the state of California in 1960, with T.D.S. at 1,000 and chloride as high as 200.

Texaco did not re-inject its produced w ters in the Amazon operation, though Petr ecuador does at every station today. N evidence has appeared at the trial that Texac during its 20 years of production even teste the waters. The produced water flowed fro the separation tanks into the pits (sometim in series), where the surface crude was eith burned or vacuumed up. The remaining pr duced water was piped directly into the fores often into small streams, where it accounte for a large part of the subsequent flow. Barre of unused chemicals were disposed of sim larly, by being poured into the pits to join th releases. In 1990, Texaco's Coral Gables offic

nt in three consultants for nine days to make
n environmental assessment of the entire re-
on, including portions of the pipeline, which
ıd been turned over to Petroecuador. They
ported back that the environmental impacts
ere primarily aesthetic, that "petroleum op-
ations are responsible for only a relatively
nall part of the total deforestation," and that
leaning up of spilled oil is not a top prior-
y operation in Petroecuador." They also
sted the produced water and reported that it
dn't taste too salty. Texaco was heading for
e door. Just after its departure a complete
sessment was performed by a Canadian
mpany. Didn't taste too salty? Among the
paration stations, the produced water had
n average T.D.S. of 30,500 (30 times Califor-
a's limit) and a chloride level of 17,568 (88
mes California's limit). At a station called
tacapi, the numbers were T.D.S. 147,000
ıd chloride 88,000 (respectively, 147 and 440
mes California's limit, and
ore than 4 times as salty as
awater). Though the salty
ater was mixed with fresh
ater downstream, for signifi-
nt distances in some places
eshwater eco-systems were
amaged or destroyed. Lat-
, Petroecuador ran its own
udies and found dangerous-
elevated levels of other haz-
rdous substances, including
etroleum hydrocarbons. No
onder it went to re-injection.

Over the 20 years of its operation Texaco poured least 12 billion gallons of is juice into the Amazon. ajardo says he first realized that perhaps ere was a problem when he was about 14. e probably would have realized it sooner, ut he had to move to Shushufindi first. He id, "When we moved here to the house here we lived, I saw that the water in a little ream nearby was very dirty, and there were o fish anymore, though people said there ad been before. Another stream nearby was overed in oil. So we had nowhere to bathe. fter we moved to the center of Shushufindi, the house that I bought, things became ven more difficult, because the water was ery dirty. We had a water well, but its water sted like acid. We had to wait for rainwater. ut the rain would fall with black particles. y house was about 500 meters from the entral separation station. There were some urners that burned permanently with very lack smoke, and when it rained, oil fell mixed ith the water. I thought this was very unfair, ut I still did not know it could poison us.

"After we formed the human-rights group, 1991, I started to visit more communities, nd I saw all the damage, how the poor suf-ered—that they had no clean water, that their animals were dying, that a lot of people were sick. Over the next few years I became more and more convinced that it is everyone's duty to fight for this cause, to have a better environment."

Apparently there were no limits to what he would take on. In a typical week in 1994 he labored in the oil fields, promoted workers' rights, supported his younger siblings, bought their food, cooked their meals, prepared for final exams at night school, led the human-rights group, volunteered at the Front, worked with remote communities on the weekends, read, thought, talked, played soccer, charmed various women, and for all I know took a driving lesson—though less successfully with this than the rest. No sooner had he graduated from secondary school than he enrolled in correspondence classes to become a computer technician, not because he cared about computers—the subject bored him—but because he could find nothing else to study from Shushufindi. He was 22. He didn't know it at the time, but already he was training for the battle with Chevron. Chevron didn't know it, either. It had no idea. It had not even swallowed Texaco yet. It was up in California sending faxes to itself. It was playing golf in the San Francisco suburbs, and rooting for the high-school swimming team.



THE ROAD THAT OIL BUILT
Drilling began in 1967, and a pipeline and roadway reached Lago Agrio by the early 1970s. Settlers surged into the region, which Ecuador had long seen as a dumping ground.

In 1995, Fajardo was elected president of his neighborhood—the poorest in Shushufindi—and he began to attend town meetings. He got a diploma that qualified him as a computer technician. He disregarded it. On weekends he and about a dozen other leaders took correspondence courses from a Quito university on the environment and human rights. In 1996 he founded a free night school for adults, became its principal, and began to teach literacy classes. That same year he began to work with Indian communities, married the cute and funny Fanny Villares, who was also with the human-rights group, moved her into his little house, got her pregnant, and proceeded to get fired from his oil-field job. He was busy-busy and still just warming up. The dismissal was no surprise, Fajardo says, because the company had been treating the workers roughly and slopping chemicals around, and he had challenged it to do otherwise.

Adding to his woes was the fact that, though he was busy, almost nothing Fajardo did earned him money. Believing that he had been blacklisted by the oil companies, he went to work full-time at the human-rights office, making $50 a month. It was no longer enough even for food. His poverty was nothing noble. It anguished him and caused troubles in his marriage. He endured it only for lack of choice, as he had all his life.

Then the sun came out. In the spring of 1997 his daughter was born, and she was healthy and bright. A few months later the Catholic priests, who had been observing him for years, found resources to provide him a law-school scholarship. It was for books and tuition only, for a six-year correspondence course, but eight of Pablo's friends got together and made a commitment of their own to help sustain him for the period involved. Determination drove him through the next six years. Every day he woke at 3:30 in the morning, had a quick bite, studied law-books until 8:00, rushed to the human-rights office, worked on cases there until midday, rushed to the Shushufindi radio station, went on the air from noon until 1:00 to read the news (which he had to prepare), rushed back to the office, worked there until closing time, took an hour to come up with a lesson plan for the class he had to teach, went to the night school and taught, got home around 11:00 to sleep for a few hours, and did it all over again the next day. In other words, he thrived.

Meanwhile, in U.S. federal court in New York, the original lawsuit was dragging on. The plaintiffs' attorneys had opted for a U.S. court because there are more due-process protections, including a jury—an option not provided in Ecuador—and they knew that the Ecuadorean courts were historically weak and corrupt. Before the case could go to a jury trial, however, Texaco's attorneys diverted it into an esoteric argument over the U.S. court's jurisdiction. That argument would last nine years, during which time the first U.S. judge died, Chevron acquired Texaco, and in faraway Shushufindi, Fajardo nearly finished

law school. But that was not all Texaco did. In 1994 it sent a high-level attorney to Quito. In meetings with Ecuadorean officials he offered to clean up, or "remediate," some of the waste pits and to offset or remedy certain other problems in the concession area, in return for a release from further liability. The primary release was to be at the front end, upon signature of the contract, and was to be followed with a final sign-off for the remediated pits, once the work was done. Implicit in the approach was an admission that the Amazon was indeed polluted, and that Texaco bore at least some responsibility.

But Texaco was not feeling repentant. Judging from its subsequent actions it intended to use the release to shut down the proceedings in New York. Texaco did not propose to clean up the streams and rivers (let alone the subsurface waters), or to pursue the question of people's health. Primarily it offered to remediate 37.5 percent of the pits, a fraction derived from its ownership share in the consortium with Petroecuador. Of the hundreds of pits that were known at the time, it proposed to remediate 161. What did Texaco mean by "remediate"? Certainly not to restore the ground to its original condition. Instead, it proposed setting a cleanup standard based on a value for total petroleum hydrocarbons (T.P.H.) measured in parts per million. Ecuador currently has a soil standard of 1,000 T.P.H. Standards in 1994 varied from state to state in the United States according to land usage, and in Texas and Louisiana were as high as 12,000 T.P.H. (and even 30,000), but only under special circumstances where ground and surface waters could not be contaminated. For soils polluted by petroleum products in the United States the cleanup norm was usually 100 T.P.H. What Texaco proposed for the Amazon was a T.P.H. level of 5,000.

The government of Ecuador agreed to all of Texaco's terms and signed. Texaco treated the release like a ticket out of town, and to hell with broken hearts. It took the release to New York and argued on the basis of it that the lawsuit should be thrown out. The motion was rejected by the court because the release covered lawsuits only by the Ecuadorean government itself, and not those by private citizens. Eventually this spawned another esoteric debate, still being argued in U.S. courts.

Texaco hired a big American engineering-and-consulting firm called Woodward-Clyde and paid it $40 million to handle the remediation. Most of the firms actually doing the work were Ecuadorean, selected from a list provided by the government. The quality of their performance varied. After it was done and the sites had been covered with dirt, Woodward-Clyde took soil samples and without exception reported T.P.H.'s of 5,000 or less, demonstrating that according to the contract the remediation had been achieved. Recently I spoke to a geochemist with extensive experience in the field who disputes the quality of Woodward-Clyde's methods, but who did not suggest that their numbers were inventions: there are many ways to sample soil, he said, and consultants who work for "potentially responsible parties" (P.R.P.'s, in the language of oil and mining) have to be experts at compliance if they expect to survive. In any case, and for whatever reason, in 1998 the government of Ecuador signed off on the job. Fajardo alleges that a fraud occurred. Chevron denies it absolutely.

Meanwhile, in New York, the debate about jurisdiction dragged on. In May 2001, the federal court ruled in Texaco's favor and dismissed the lawsuit. The plaintiffs declared that they would appeal. September 11 came and went, and on October 9, 2001, Chevron swallowed Texaco whole.

Did Chevron know it was swallowing trouble? It certainly knew about the case in New York, but that was going well and promised to be over soon. It must have known of Texaco's reputation for roughneck operations, but times had changed, environmentalism had become the middle-class faith, and Texaco in public had been acting admirably. It wasn't based in Texas anymore, but in White Plains, New York. Many of its managers lived in the pretty towns of Westchester County, where it is possible to imagine that some dared to openly read *Vanity Fair*. Their political contributions were loaded heavily to the right, but publicly they supported cultural diversity, clean rivers, reforestation, concern about global warming, H.I.V. prevention, anti-smoking campaigns, the opera, and probably the ballet. There was still a hint of cowboy in the name, but compared with its earlier persona, Texaco was looking practically metrosexual. Chevron must have felt comfortable with Texaco, at least in part because in public Chevron acted the same. It even had a tradition of handing out environmental awards.

And besides, there wasn't all that much solid information about Ecuador to go on. Texaco had not tested the produced water, not tested the pits, not tested the soil around the pits, not tested the rivers and streams, not analyzed the extent and effect of air pollution, not examined the question of water pollution, and not conducted epidemiological studies of people's health. By contrast, what Texaco executives did know was that nearly a decade had gone by during which Petroecuador had added to the mess; that the environmental assessment of 1990, despite its finding on the high salinity of the produced water, had concluded in appropriate consultative style that Texaco had violated no regulation or contract; and, finally, that the remediation conducted by Woodward-Clyde seemed expensive, impressive, and tidy.

The following summer a U.S. Court of A peals upheld the earlier decision on jur diction in favor of Texaco and threw the pla tiffs' case out of the United States. But the was a catch, and it was an important one. part of the decision, the U.S. judge requir Chevron to accept the jurisdiction of the E uadorean courts and to agree to pay any juc ment that might be imposed. Effectively t U.S. judge had reached out and reinforced t Ecuadorean courts, if only for this one cas There was reason to believe that the plaintif attorneys had exhausted their resources, a that after 10 years of struggle they would cor to their senses and quit. They did not. T plaintiffs' attorneys flew to Quito, recruited prestigious Ecuadorean attorney, hired bac up, and organized the opening moves to ref the case in Ecuador within the statute of lin tations. The papers were filed in Lago Agri and on October 21, 2003, Chevron found its where it did not want to be: dragged back the Amazon and a lousy jungle town, parad in front of protesters on TV, and entering in an emotional trial before a judge who was g ing to insist on his jurisdiction and make th into something about Ecuador's sovereignt Added to the original complaint filed in Ne York was an additional allegation that the r mediation had been a fraud. The two sides a gued and maneuvered for about eight month and in the summer of 2004 prepared for th first judicial inspection.

Fajardo was closely involved from the star For the last six months of his law education, had arranged to assist a lawyer for the Fron and at the end of that time, just as the tri began, he had been hired by the legal team t serve as its man on the ground in Lago Agri allowing the lead attorneys to spend most their time at home in Quito. His salary w low by any standard, but he did not accept contingency deal, in part because such an a rangement is highly unusual in Ecuador an would not be understood by his friends. I January 2004 he graduated and became a l censed lawyer. His closest brother traveled wit him to the university in Loja for the ceremon Under the glass that covers his desk, he has picture of the two of them standing together o a street, looking pleased. Though he was no working in Lago Agrio during the week, he re turned each weekend to his wife and daughte in Shushufindi, where he continued to be ac tive in the human-rights office, and to pursu his myriad efforts to help the poor. Such wor in the jungle is dangerous—and increasingl there were signs that he was at risk. Whethe this was because of his involvement in the tria or in other, smaller acts of resistance to powe it was impossible to know. In January 200 the human-rights office was burglarized an trashed, and Fajardo lost valuable papers, in cluding his law-school thesis, which had take him six months to research and write, an which, had he been able to deliver it, woul

ve earned him the exalted title of *Doctor,* as *Doctor* Callejas. Instead, in the courtroom of go Agrio he is referred to as mere advocate, maller man, *Abogado* Fajardo.

A few months later, his best friend was killed. He was a taxi driver and one of e eight men who had helped Fajardo fincially, to get through law school. He was ot four times, and his car was stolen. The lice did not investigate. Sometimes Fajar- was followed, by whom he did not know. jardo tried to vary his routines. He did s work. He pressed on. Sunday, August 8, 04, he spent as usual in Shushufindi, work- at the human-rights office. That night he ayed quietly at home with his family. In e morning he rose early and caught the -o'clock bus for Lago Agrio and the office the Front. When he got there, about two urs later, he received a phone call inform- him that his beloved brother—the one in e photo on the desk—had been urdered. Fajardo rode the bus ck to Shushufindi, where the mily had gathered in shock. is brother had been an evanlical minister, and he was a dent man, uninvolved with social sues, uninvolved with crime.

Killing Fajardo himself would ve been risky, given his promiince in the region, but no such otections applied to those close him. I said, "I am truly sorry I ve to ask you this. Do you susct he was killed because of you? a threat? To frighten you off?"

Fajardo's Spanish is very clear. e said, "I would like to think that was just a regular crime. Those ys were the hardest in my life. e chief of military intelligence Shushufindi told one of my others that I was being followed, d that the killers had made a istake. I don't want to believe at. And I wouldn't if . . . No, I just n't want to. But I do know that terward I was followed. A lot."

For safety he sent his wife and ughter to live with his wife's parts in Sacha. He left his house for small rented room above a store, xt door to the room of a friend, d began to live like a hunted an, sleeping in a different location ery night. His watchers were not btle; they were thugs on motorcles and in cars, and they wanted eir presence known. The pressure ntinued well into 2005. One night med men came to his rented om, when he was not there. His end saw it all. They waited for while in the hallway and then lurked outside until dawn. He later heard that on another occasion he escaped death only by chance, because two women happened to be with him. For six months he stayed off the streets and moved whenever possible by taxi. At work he tried never to be alone. He carried a gun. Every time he said good-bye to someone, he thought that it might be for the last time. Ultimately, though, he learned to live with the risk. He became fatalistic. He thought, Whatever God wants. Gradually he emerged onto the streets. For a while the pressure eased. The shock of his brother's death did not leave him, but he carried on as before.

He was deeply involved in the trial. In June 2005, he assumed the lead for the plaintiffs. His wife remained in Sacha, now also with an infant son. He sold the house in Shushufindi. He made statements to the press. Two years after the start of the trial, in October 2005, a judicial inspection just south of Lago Agrio was canceled at the last moment when the local military intelligence informed the judge that the Cofán Indians, a particularly docile group, were a threat to Chevron. The information was unsubstantiated and has never been shown to be even remotely true. Fajardo believed it was calculated to delay the inspection, because it was adjacent to Indian land, and many reporters had come to town to observe the show. Callejas denied that he knew anything about it. Fajardo and others on the legal team demanded an investigation, and were quietly passed a contract exposing the financial alliance between Chevron and the local military, embarrassing both of them badly. Soon afterward the pressure mounted again. Fajardo received a phone call in which an anonymous man predicted that a cleanup would indeed soon occur, and it would cleanse the land of people like him. Those were no small words along the Aguarico. Around the same time, a leader of the Front, Luis Yanza, was repeatedly threatened, as was

SKETCHBOOK BY ANITA KUNZ



Chevron in the Amazon

his family. Up in Quito, the law offices of an associated attorney were burglarized—and the only things that disappeared were computers and backup files. The spokesperson for the legal team, a woman named Guadalupe De Heredia, came under a sustained assault while driving with her daughter on a steep mountain road. An S.U.V. with dark windows and no plates tried repeatedly to force her over the side, and desisted only when other vehicles appeared on the scene. A friend of De Heredia's was mistaken for her in front of De Heredia's house and brutally assaulted by men who then drove away, again in a vehicle with dark windows and no plates. The legal team appealed to international commissions on human rights, including of the United Nations, and the commissions responded with pro forma requests that the Ecuadorean government provide protection.

The government? Which part of it? In the summer of 2006, a case was opened in the office of the public prosecutor in Shushufindi, charging Fajardo himself with terrorism and sabotage. Others were charged at the same time. Fajardo was said to be their mastermind. Arrest warrants had still not been issued several months later, when we met, but the threat was hanging over Fajardo's head. He seemed just to mix it in with all the other threats.

South of Shushufindi one day, I came by chance upon a settler who lived in an unusually solid house near an oil well long inactive. He was a middle-aged man with shoulders squared by heavy labor, and was wary at first, because in recent years North Americans have been rare. As we talked, he gradually opened up. He had lived most of his life in that house, which had been built by his father in the 1970s, and expanded by the generation that followed. I asked him how things were for him now. He showed me a plastic cistern that he had recently acquired, and said that he hoped to fill it with clean water, if he co find it somewhere, maybe out in the fore This was his big project and hope: he wo do this for his children. He said that in the l few years alone he had lost four family me bers to cancer. He had no doubt that pollut was the cause, though he knew nothing ab the relevant medicine or science. I noticed t he had an outhouse whose door was ajar, a a toilet in there without any sort of plumbi I did not ask him about the water his child now drank, but I am reasonably sure tha contained fecal matter. He himself did seem well, and he moved with difficulty, a he were in pain. I feared that perhaps he had developed cancer. But when I delicat inquired, he said that he had just been kic by a cow. If I were a paid consultant reacti to the epidemiological studies, and open to ploring alternatives to petroleum-induced health, it would have been a moment to rep anecdotally, and a reminder meanwhile bear down with questions about cancer. The

Environmental Portfolio

FOR PHOTOGRAPH, SEE PAGES 260–61



1. Scott Parkin, RAN
2. Peter Illyn, Restoring Eden
3. Aditya Nochur, S.S.C.
4. Willie Dodson, S.A.C.E.
5. Kim Teplitzky, S.S.C.
6. Anjali Helferty, S.Y.C.
7. Kassie Rohrbach, E.A.C.
8. Jihan Gearon, I.E.N.
9. Matt Stern, CCAN
10. Michael Crawford, E.A.C.
11. Mike Ewall, E.J.N.
12. Zoë Caron, S.Y.C.
13. Levana Saxon, RAN
14. Liz Veazey, S.A.C.E.
15. Michael Cox, C.S.S.C.
16. Yochanan Zakai, S.S.C.
17. Jessy Tolkan, E.A.C.
18. Brandon Knight, G.X.
19. Shadia Wood, E.J.C.C.
20. Nia Robinson, E.J.C.C.
21. Alison Carpenter, SURGE
22. Faye Bibeau, SEAC
23. Sarah Coppinger, E.J.N.
24. Katy Healey, SEAC
25. Tom Owens, CCAN
26. Dave Rosenfeld, the Student PIRGs
27. Billy Parish, E.A.C.
28. Kandace Vallejo, SEAC
29. Brandon Armstrong, S.A.C.E.
30. Jamie Pottern, the Student PIRGs
31. Mary Nicol, the Student PIRGs
32. Mike Hudema, G.X.
33. Nina Rizzo, G.X.
34. Eliza Simon, S.S.C.
35. Wahleah Johns, B.M.W.C.

id, were they smokers, did they drink, did y X-ray welds on the pipelines? Did they ndle solvents, or spray for weeds? Wait! Did y ever work in a chemical factory, live in an ustrial zone, pump gas in Quito, or peddle ds in heavy traffic? By chance were any of m flight attendants? Was there a history cancer in the family before? If it was cervi- cancer they had, were they promiscuous? re they obese? No? O.K., then how well did u really know them?

But these questions might give the wrong idea. In fact, there is no evidence that evron (or Texaco, before it) has ever direct- nquired into the health of the residents by erviewing them or delving into their medi- records, however meager such records are. t during the 30 years of operations, not ring the 10 years of legal maneuvering in w York, not during the 4 years of the trial far. Not once. It has conducted what it calls ealth-risk assessments" by extrapolating ex- sively from its own analysis of its own soil nples taken during the partisan sampling rs of the judicial inspections, and in conclu- n has issued a carefully worded statement t "current drinking water and soils that re previously remediated by Texpet do not sent a significant oil-related health threat to al residents." For clarity, the soils it refers to remediated are only those at the waste-pit s that Texaco agreed to clean up.

Instead of funding an independent, peer- iewed epidemiological study in order to k new knowledge, Chevron has publicized funded critiques of the few such studies that ve actually been conducted, in an attempt discredit them. The epidemiological studies extremely thin, but they raise the possibil- that the residents of the concession area fer from abnormally high rates of cancer, ildhood leukemia, miscarriages, gastritis, n fungi and irritations, and a host of lesser dical problems. Admittedly the studies are omplete, and based on a paucity of data, t would seem to indicate at the very least need for the sort of serious inquiry that so has not been done. The truth is that neither evron nor the plaintiffs have a solid basis the claims they make about the residents' lth or the legacy of Texaco. It would be con- vative to assume, however, that there may genuine problems, given the known toxic- of crude oil, and some of the associated terials and waste products, and evidence obvious on the ground of widespread con- nination, whether it is Texaco's fault or not.

To get a sense for a place it is essential to lk the ground and poke around, unencum- red by itineraries and expectations. The set- r led me down a short muddy trail to the ste pits from the old oil well. There were ee of them there. One lay open to the sky in se to its original condition—a pond of thick, ck, evil-looking liquid in which somehow a bird had just drowned. We walked along a dike to where liquid from an old siphon pipe still trickled down a slope and into a small stream below. The two other pits lay a little farther on. They were covered with dirt and overgrown by grasses. In places the wastes oozed up from below and formed asphalt patties that were hard on top and gooey on the underside. The area was suffering from a drought.

The settler noted that in the rains the pit oozed more actively. He was a simple man, without an obvious agenda. He said, "A year ago, men from Texaco came to take samples, and when they did, they went deep, like they were trying to poke all the way through and get samples from the dirt underneath. But they came up with a lot of oil anyway."

By "Texaco" he clearly meant Chevron, which in the region is still widely referred to by the old name. I asked him, "What did they say?"

"I think they were surprised. So they said to me, 'Well, this is not our fault. Yes, there is oil here, but it is not our fault. This was done by Petroecuador after we left.'

"And I said, 'No no, I lived here then. This oil was dumped in 1982 by Texaco—I remember. And later it was supposed to be cleaned up. They came in here and said they cleaned it up, but all they did was shove dirt on top. So you see, why are you talking about Petroecuador? It was Texaco all along.'"

With that the Chevron men, as he described the scene, got in their truck and drove away. The settler had no idea what they did with the samples, or what the samples contained.

Were Chevron to settle out of court, it could probably get away for a lot less than the $6 billion the plaintiffs are seeking. And the truth is that Chevron could afford the bill, which would be spent over a decade or more. In 2005, a single year, Chevron posted earnings of $193.6 billion and cleared $14.1 billion in profit. The first figure is more than six times the entire gross domestic product of Ecuador. But Chevron shows no sign of giving up.

Fajardo said, "One of the problems with modern society is that it places more importance on things that have a price than on things that have a value. Breathing clean air, for instance, or having clean water in the rivers, or having legal rights—these are things that don't have a price but have a huge value. Oil does have a price, but its value is much less. And sometimes we make the mistake."

One morning I drove to Lago Agrio No. 2, a well that had been drilled in 1967 and went active a few years later when the pipelines came in. Over the following 20 years it produced five million barrels of crude and made a fortune now residing in California. Eventually it was shut down and stripped of its machinery and pipes; it was nothing at this point but a leveled clearing in the forest, past a hamlet of settlers, at the end of a dirt road. Woodward-Clyde remediated its pits in 1996. Apparently, a subcontractor took the waste, dumped it in the forest, covered over the scar with 150 truckloads of red dirt, and planted 31 trees at intervals of nine feet. A T.P.H. of 5,000 or less? You bet. Lago Agrio No. 2 passed the test with flying colors, and the government of Ecuador did not challenge the results. Nine years later the circus came to the site: during the judicial inspection, in November 2005, the plaintiffs found contamination off the scale. In the remediated pit No. 1, for instance, they measured a T.P.H. of 324,771. They also measured levels of dangerous polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons (P.A.H.) more than four times greater than present Ecuadorean standards, and of excessive levels of carcinogenic chromium 6, one of the additives used in well maintenance. Chevron found much less. When it measured for T.P.H., it came up with a value of only about 960, indicating that the remediation had been performed extremely well.

I got out of my truck and went down into the forest, chasing the roar of a chain saw. It was an old man, cutting wood; he turned out to be the original settler. He took me to see what had happened to his land, and to the pits that were said to have been remediated. The 31 trees were stunted or dead, and oil seeped through the dirt all around. The old siphon pipe was there, as filthy as ever, and now sheltering a wasps' nest. He said, "If you go down two feet, you'll find nothing but oil and drilling muds." We followed a stream wasted by oil and completely dead. That stream led to a larger one, where the only fish that survive are tough, scrawny things that taste of diesel when they're fried. The settler said, "I used to have 50 acres for grazing. But then my livestock would emerge from the forest all covered in oil. They didn't die, but they wouldn't fatten up anymore, or give milk, and they aborted too. They drank this water. It's kind of salty, and they got poisoned and sick. So I lost all my livestock. When I complained to Texaco, this gringo said, 'Go complain to your government, not to us.'"

I said, "And did you go to the government?"

"What government? How am I supposed to go to the government?"

I asked him about Petroecuador and reinjection. He said, "Now finally they're doing something. But what are they going to do? There's just too much pollution. This used to be a paradise. A real paradise. The waters were clear and full of fish. We used to see all sorts of wild animals. Birds, parrots, and everything. It was beautiful. A paradise. But then it was all gone. The oil company came. And we have to admit that we have destroyed a lot of it, too."

I said, "How far do you have to go to see paradise now?"

"Far away."

"But if we just start walking that way, how long would it be?"

He said, "Very long," and meant forever. □

L'ORÉAL® PARIS

BODY EXPERTISE

360 DEGREES OF GLOWING HYDRATION.



NEW

SUBLIME GLOW™

Moisturizing MicroFine Mist
+
Natural Skin Tone Enhancer

Now a superior way to glow at the touch of a button.

Works with your body's natural chemistry for 100% natural-looking gradual color

- Instant, sheer hydration
- Quick, hands free application
- Dries quickly. No rubbing. No waiting.



Hands free no-rub application works at every angle.



Discover Sublime Body.
Log on to **www.lorealsublimebody.com**
to get application tips and tricks.

Doutzen Kroes is wearing Sublime Glow MicroFine Mist

©2007 L'Oréal USA, Inc.

Because You're Worth It.
L'ORÉAL PARIS

FAIRGROUND

AROUND THE WORLD, ONE PARTY AT A TIME

MAY 2007



OSCAR'S STARRY NIGHT

Jennifer Hudson, Forest Whitaker; Daniel Craig; and Helen Mirren at the *Vanity Fair* Oscar party.

WHAT
Vanity Fair's 14th annual Oscar party at Morton's restaurant in West Hollywood.

WHEN
February 25, 2007.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
Jonathan Becker, Eric Charbonneau, Billy Farrell, Larry Fink, Patrick McMullan, and Richard Young

FAIRGROUND



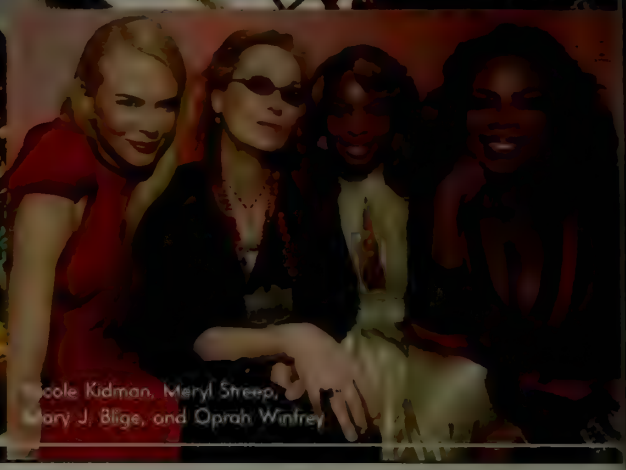
Portia de Rossi and Ellen DeGeneres



Outside of Mortons



Betsy Bloomingd and Burt Ba



Nicole Kidman, Meryl Streep, Mary J. Blige, and Oprah Winfrey



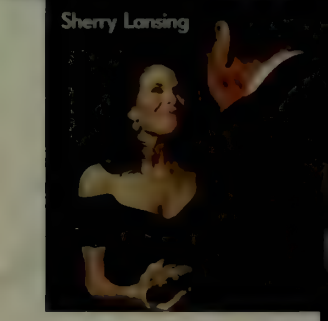
Katie Holmes and Tom Cruise

At five P.M. on the dot, Mortons restaurant was transformed into a room lush with glamour and power—**Oprah Winfrey, Bette Midler, Barry Diller, Diane von Furstenberg, Ron Howard, David Geffen, David Hockney, Mary J. Blige, Les Moonves,** and **Donna Karan** all took their seats for dinner. **Hugh Jackman** dashed off after his beet-salad appetizer to present at the Kodak Theatre, but returned in time for dessert, and Agent 007, **Daniel Craig,** waltzed through the doors seemingly only minutes after he and **Nicole Kidman** were seen on television standing at the podium. This year's Oscar party was a standout if only for the sheer star power in the room. Under a gossamer canopy of ever changing colors, a capacity crowd that included **Meryl, Madonna, Gwyneth, Gwen, J.Lo, Travolta, Wahlberg, Orlando, Harvey, TomKat, Penn, Hopper, Penélope, Helen, Beyoncé, Anderson,** and **Prince** mingled and lounged on custom-made King Furniture, from Australia. Even **Elton John** skipped his famous post-awards bash and took up residence at Mortons. As the Priuses arrived, so did *An Inconvenient Truth*'s beaming **Al Gore** with buddy **Leo**—both with their families in tow. Oprah, **Gayle,** and *Dreamgirls*' **Jennifer (J.Hud) Hudson** held court in a cozy corner shared by Kidman and husband **Keith Urban.** In another corner, fellow Aussie **Naomi Watts** celebrated her pregnancy with friends **Clive Owen, Isla Fisher,** and **Sacha Baron Cohen,** while the Three Amigos, **Guillermo del Toro, Alfonso Cuarón,** and **Alejandro González Iñárritu,** created a centripetal force. A second wave brought **Martin Scorsese** and his multi-Oscar-winning posse. They were followed by the most jubilant entry of the evening, *The Last King of Scotland*'s **Forest Whitaker.** Thankfully short on text-messaging celebutards, the golden crowd continued to swell until a three A.M. curfew forced the Oscar-wielding party to head for the door. —KRISTA SMITH

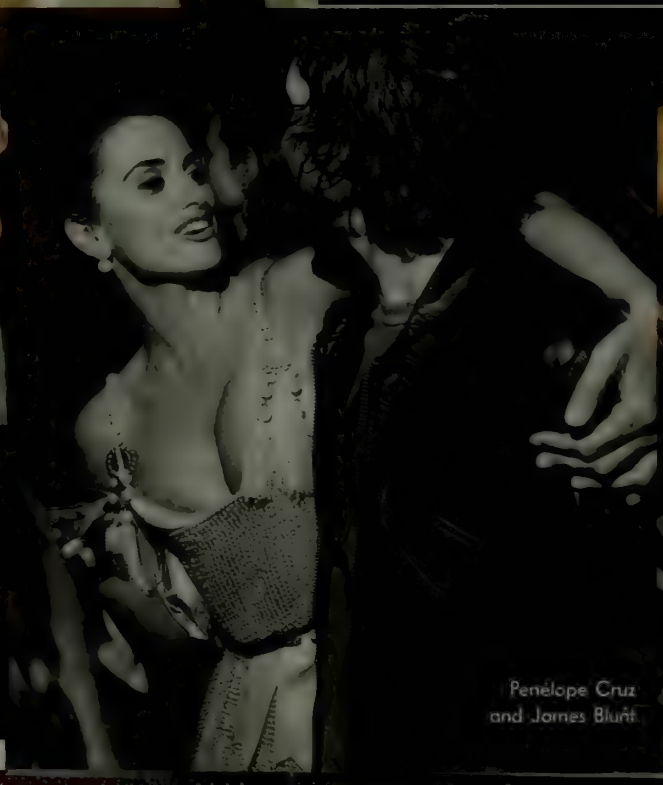
FOR MORE PHOTOS FROM INSIDE THE PARTY, VISIT VF.COM.



Marisa Tomei and Kirsten Dunst



Sherry Lansing



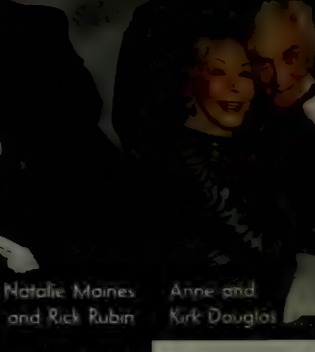
Penélope Cruz and James Bluñt



Elizabeth Banks and Abigail Breslin



Tom Freston, Brian Grazer, and Brett Ratner



Natalie Maines and Rick Rubin

Anne and Kirk Douglas


truer color.
payoff.
longer color
impact.
hip
high intensity pigments
A New Cosmetics Line by L'Oreal Paris.
Show off the color
that shows up on you.
The Revolution?
More pigment is packed
in every shade.
The Result?
Color that's intensified
so it always goes on true.
Stays on you.
Now that's impact.
Aren't you worth it?
L'ORÉAL
PARIS
hip
BLENDABLE
BLUSHING CRÈME
L'ORÉAL
PARIS
Scarlett is wearing blush #888, shadow #404,
shadow pigment #918 and lip gloss #438.
For more color advice visit www.hipcolor.com
©2007 LOreal USA, Inc.

FAIRGROUND



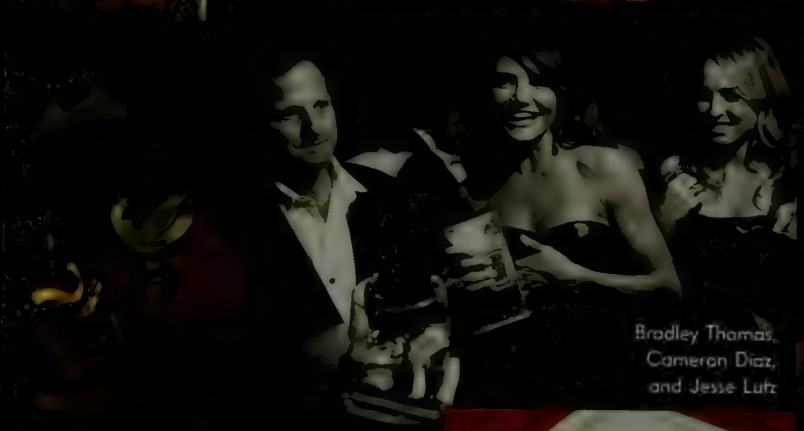
Diane von Furstenberg and Alek Keshishian



Anderson Cooper and Aerin Lauder Zinterhofer

and Tom Freston





Bradley Thomas, Cameron Diaz, and Jesse Lutz

Tom Ford and George Hamilton

Gwyneth Paltrow and Georgina Chapman



Vanity Fair matchbox.



Lauren Hutton and Lapo Elkann



Melissa Etheridge



Djimon Hounsou and Quincy Jones

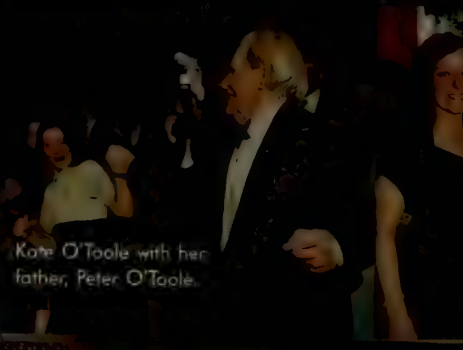


Damon Dash and Rachel Ro



Liv Tyler and Helena Christensen

Mark Wahlberg, Thelma Schoonmaker, and Martin Scorsese



Kate O'Toole with her father, Peter O'Toole.



Maureen Dowd and Arianna Huffington



Jessica and Jerry Seinfeld and Alexandra Kotu

L'ORÉAL PARIS

Colour Riche®

NURTURING AND PROTECTIVE LIPCOLOUR

presents a new collection

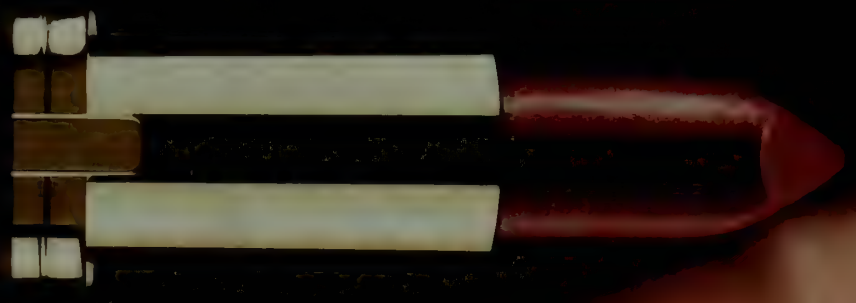
Star Secrets

7 marvelous shades that reveal
7 unique personalities.

Eva Longoria:

"My latest crush? It's a color. And it's as tempting as it sounds. Just say it, Caramel. It's rich and coppery and very dreamy. It brings out the most beautiful tones in my skin. I've finally found the one for me. Which shade will you fall for?"

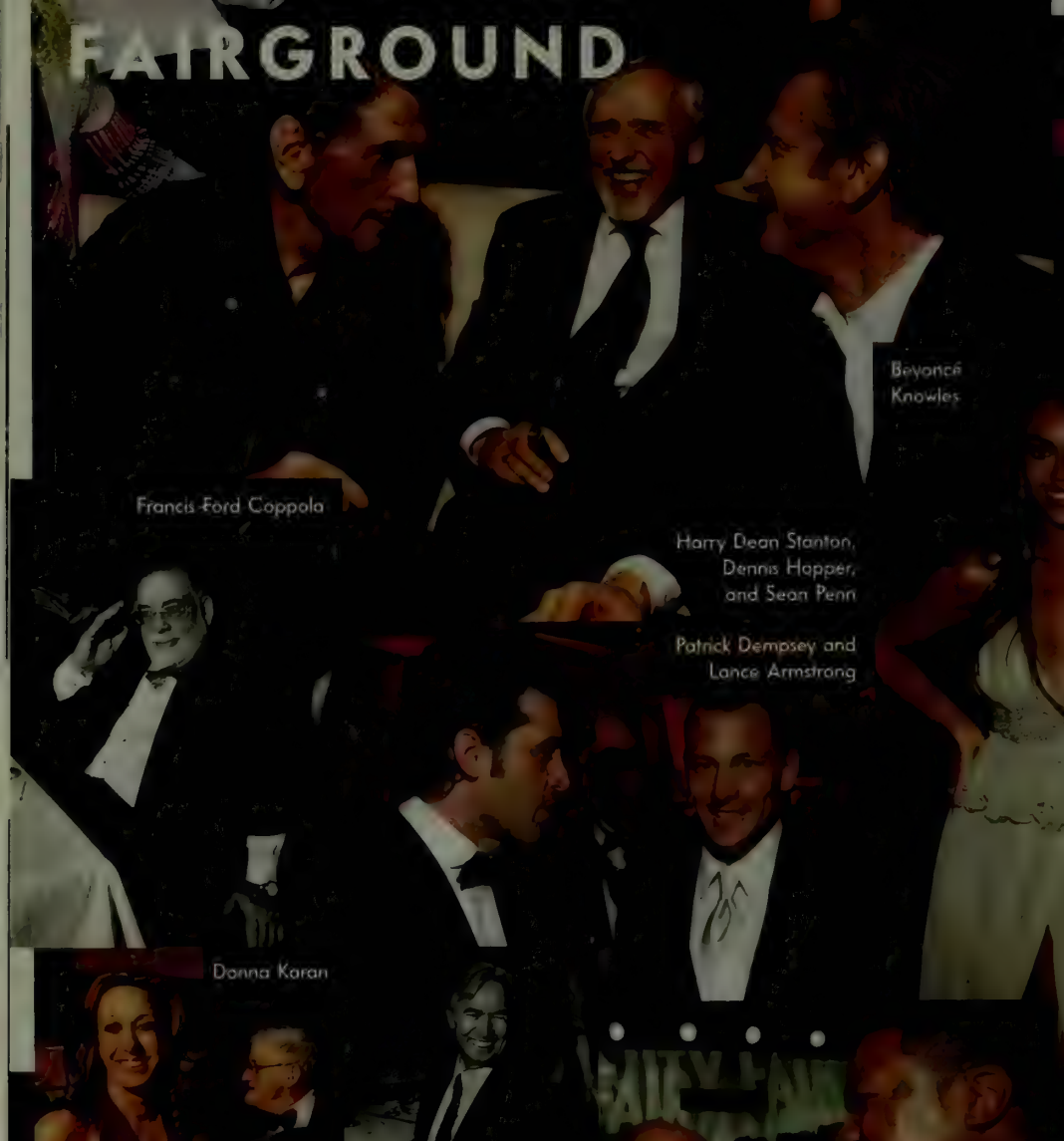
BECAUSE YOU'RE WORTH IT™



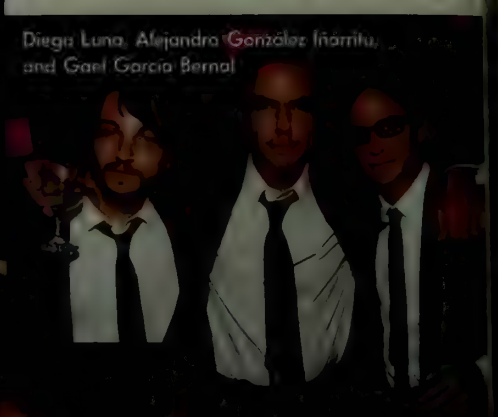
L'ORÉAL PARIS

Eva is wearing Colour Riche Star Secrets Caramel #836
Find your shade at lorealparis.com
©2007 L'Oréal USA, Inc.

FAIRGROUND



Beyoncé Knowles



Diego Luna, Alejandro González Iñárritu, and Gael García Bernal

Francis Ford Coppola

Harry Dean Stanton, Dennis Hopper, and Sean Penn

Patrick Dempsey and Lance Armstrong

Donna Karan

David Steinberg



Richard Parsons and Chris Tucker



Isla Fisher and Sacha Baron Cohen



David Geffen and Lynn Wyc



Giorgio Armani

David Hockney

Helen Mirren and her sister, Kate Mirren.



Hayden Panettiere

L'ORÉAL® PARIS

Why risk artificial, when you can go natural?

Natural Match™

No Ammonia Permanent Color Calibrated Crème

Discover L'Oréal's most natural-looking color.

SO NATURAL,
it complements your skintone.

SO EASY,
the color you want is the color you get.

SO GENTLE,
it conditions with aloe vera & green tea.



Not a drop of ammonia.

Because You're Worth It
L'ORÉAL PARIS

UNIQUE SHADE-SELECTOR SERVICE
organized by levels and tones:
Cooler - minimize
Natural - enhances natural
Warmer - adds soft gold
Red - adds sheen

Log on to www.natural... Natural Match shade and ge... florist.



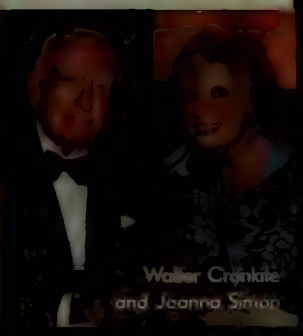
Penelope Cruz uses Natural Match shade 5W, Medium Golden Brown.
Also Wearing: L'Oréal Paris Couleur Riche Lipcolour in Sandstone.

©2007 L'Oréal USA, Inc.

FAIRGROUND



Late-night sweets: cookies and lollipops.



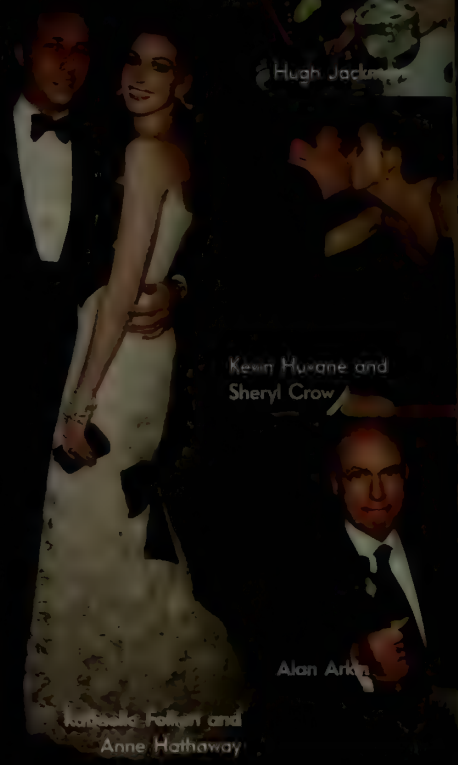
Walter Cronkite and Joanna Simon



Hugh Jackman



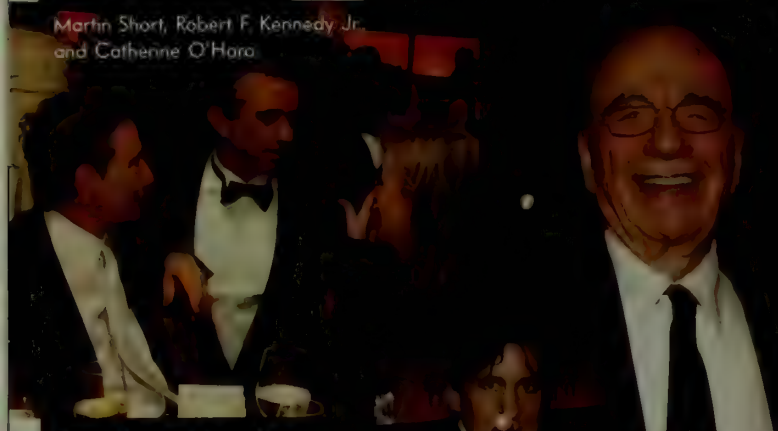
Gwen Stefani



Kevin Huvane and Sheryl Crow



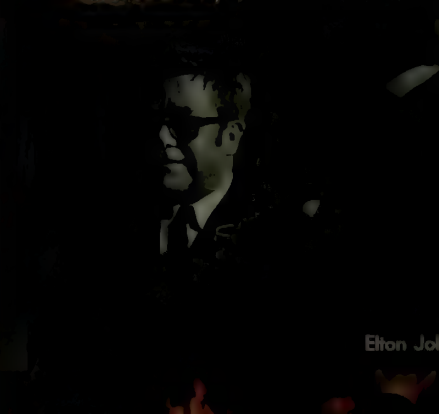
Spike Lee



Martin Short, Robert F. Kennedy Jr. and Catherine O'Hara



Rupert Murdoch and Jennifer Lopez



Isabelle Fuhrman and Anne Hathaway

Alan Arkin



Sergey Brin and Larry Page

Cameron Crowe

Elton John



Vivi Nevo and Ziyi Zhang



Laurie and Larry David

David La[illegible] and Lauren E[illegible]

L'ORÉAL PARIS

DERMO EXPERTISE



Smoothes Wrinkles Under Eyes.
Instantly Lifts* On The Eyelids.

When One Step Is
No Longer Enough.

NEW

Advanced
REVITALIFT®
DOUBLE EYE LIFT

INNOVATION

2 steps to stop the signs of aging where it settles in, around the eyes.



STEP 1
Under Eye
Anti-Wrinkle Cream with Fortified Pro-Retinol A.® Actively smoothes wrinkles and deflates puffiness.

STEP 2
Upper Eye
Lifting Gel with Pro-Tensium E. Instantly lifts* sagging lids for tightening of the eye area.

FOR 40ISH SKIN

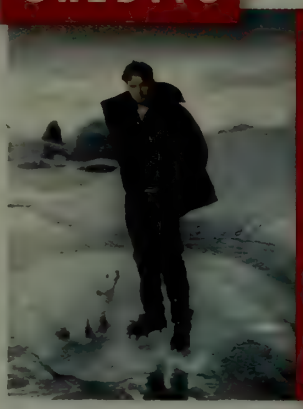
"Younger looking eyes in a blink."
Andie MacDowell - 48 Years Old -

Andie MacDowell

...ish skin at revitalift.com
...hour. ©2007 L'Oreal USA, Inc.

L'ORÉAL PARIS
Because You're Worth It™

CREDITS



ON THE COVER

Leonardo DiCaprio wears a jacket by Alpha Industries, a sweater by Generra, a T-shirt by Calvin Klein, a T-shirt by Giorgio Armani, jeans by Rag & Bone, and vintage boots. Hair products by Aveda. Grooming products by Origins. Hair and grooming by Sally Hershberger. Set design by Mary Howard. Produced on location by True North. Air travel for the crew provided by Iceland Air. Styled by Bill Mullen. Photographed by Annie Leibovitz on Jökulsárlón glacier lagoon, Iceland. Knut the polar bear photographed by Annie Leibovitz at his home in the Berlin Zoo, in Germany.



213



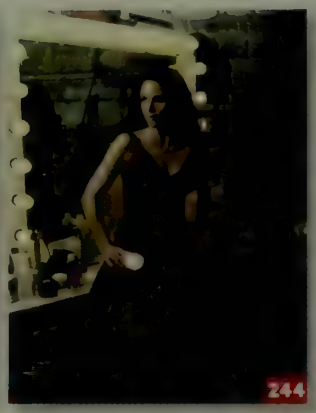
FASHION

COVER: For **LEONARDO DiCAPRIO'S ALPHA INDUSTRIES** jacket, go to alphaindustries.com; **GENERRA** sweater from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; **CALVIN KLEIN** T-shirt from Bloomingdale's and Macy's stores nationwide, or call 877-362-1715, or go to cku.com; **GIORGIO ARMANI** T-shirt from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C., or call 212-988-9191; **RAG & BONE** jeans from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; vintage boots from What Comes Around Goes Around, N.Y.C., or call 212-343-9303. PAGE 78: Top right, styled by Anita Salerno for R. J. Bennett. PAGE 82: **LAUREN BUSH** styled by Christine Hahn. PAGE 86: Top, **SYDNEY TAMIIA POITIER, MARLEY SHELTON, ROSE McGOWAN, JORDAN LADD, VANESSA FERLITO, ROSARIO DAWSON, TRACIE THOMS, MARY ELIZABETH WINSTEAD,** and **ZOE BELL** styled by Deda Coben for celestineagency.com. Poitier's shirt by **BROOKS BROTHERS,** from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide, or call 800-274-1815; skirt by **CLUB MONACO,** from Club Monaco, N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to clubmonaco.com. For Shelton's shirt by **GAP,** call 800-GAPSTYLE, or go to gap.com; customized skirt by Brooks Brothers, from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide, or call 800-274-1815. For McGowan's shirt by Gap, call 800-GAPSTYLE, or go to gap.com; bra by **VICTORIA'S SECRET,** from Victoria's Secret stores nationwide, or call 800-888-8200, or go to victoriassecret.com; briefs by **PRADA,** from Prada boutiques nationwide, or call 888-977-1900. Ladd's shirt by Club Monaco, from Club Monaco, N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to clubmonaco.com; briefs by Prada, from selected Prada boutiques, or call 888-977-1900. Ferlito's shirt and skirt by Club Monaco, from Club Monaco, N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to clubmonaco.com. Dawson's shirt by **DOLCE & GABBANA,** from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide, or call 877-70-DGUSA; shorts by **VALENTINO,** from Valentino boutiques nationwide, or call 800-997-0410. Thoms's shirt by Brooks Brothers, from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide, or call 800-274-1815; bra by Victoria's Secret, from Victoria's Secret stores nationwide, or call 800-888-8200, or go to victoriassecret.com; shorts by **BLUMARINE,** from Voga Trading, N.Y.C., or call 212-319-2222. Winstead's shirt by **BOSS BLACK,** from Hugo Boss, N.Y.C., or go to hugoboss.com; shorts by Dolce & Gabbana, from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide, or call 877-70-DGUSA. Bell's shirt by Club Monaco, from Club Monaco, N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to clubmonaco.com; briefs by Prada, from selected Prada boutiques, or call 888-977-1900. All shoes by **CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN,** from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C., or call 212-396-1884. PAGE 92 **MARION COTILLARD** styled by Loci Masi. PAGE 94: Top, **CONN IGGULDEN** styled by Sophia Hesketh. Bottom, **AARON BONSALL, BEN FLANAGAN, MAX BERNSTEIN,** and **JEREMY BONSALL** styled by Paul & Isabelle at Luxe. Aaron Bonsall's shirt by **JUICY COUTURE,** from Juicy Couture, N.Y.C., or call 646-336-8151; jeans by **DIESEL,** from Diesel stores nationwide, or go to diesel.com. Bernstein's coat by Juicy Couture, from Juicy Couture, N.Y.C., or call 646-336-8151. Flanagan's jacket by Juicy Couture, from Juicy Couture, N.Y.C., or call 646-336-8151; jeans by Diesel, from Diesel stores nationwide, or go to diesel.com. Jeremy Bonsall's blazer and jeans by Juicy Couture, from Juicy Couture, N.Y.C., or call 646-336-8151; shirt by **CORPUS,** from Collage, L.A., or call 310-482-3701. PAGE 96: **ELETTRA ROSSELLINI WIEDEMANN** styled by Christine Hahn; dress by **BOTTEGA VENETA,** from Bottega Veneta boutiques nationwide, or call 877-362-1715, or go to bottegaveneta.com; shoes by **LANVIN,** from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. PAGE 213: For **RACHAEL TAYLOR'S PRINGLE** blouse, go to pringlescotland.com; for **BETSEY JOHNSON** shorts, go to betseyjohnson.com; **MIU MIU** shoes from selected Miu Miu boutiques, or call 888-977-1900; **MIKIMOTO** pearls from selected Mikimoto stores, or call 888-701-2323; Deda Coben for celestineagency.com. PAGE 237: Leonardo DiCaprio's jeans by **ROGAN,** from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; for other fashion details, see credits for cover. PAGE 241: **SIMRAN SETHI'S MALO** jacket from Malo, N.Y.C.; **VINCE** tank top from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; **LOOMSTATE** jeans from Barneys New York stores nationwide, or go to loomstate.org; **DEAN HARRIS** jewelry from Barneys New York stores nationwide, or call 212-826-8900. PAGES 242–43: For **JACK JOHNSON'S PATAGONIA** jeans, go to patagonia.com. For **ALANIS MORISSETTE'S THE FAMILY HEMP** jacket and jeans, go to thefamilyhemp.com; for top by **AMERICAN APPAREL,** go to americanapparel.net; **CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN** shoes from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C. **CHUCK LEAVELL'S** jacket by **ANDREW MARC; VERSACE** jeans from Versace boutiques worldwide, or go to versace.com; boots by **R. M. WILLIAMS. JACKSON BROWNE'S JOHN VARVATOS** jacket and shirt from John Varvatos stores nationwide, or go to johnvarvatos.com, or call 212-965-0700; **EDUN** jeans from Nordstrom stores nationwide; **GIORGIO ARMANI** shoes from selected Giorgio Armani boutiques, or go to giorgioarmani.com. **PERRY FARRELL'S** Edun sweater from Nordstrom stores nationwide; for shirt by **GILDED AGE,** go to gildedage.net; pants by **THEORY.** For **KEB' MO'S** shirt and tie by **BAND OF OUTSIDERS,** go to bandofoutsiders.com; John Varvatos vest from John Varvatos stores nationwide, or call 212-965-0700, or go to johnvarvatos.com; for **BANANA REPUBLIC** boots, go to bananarepublic.com. **DAVE STEWART'S BALENCIAGA** jacket from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; **JOHN GALLIANO** shirt from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; pants by **VERONIQUE BRANQUINHO,** from Jeffrey, N.Y.C.; necklace and ring by **DEVON PAGE McCLEARY,** from Maxfield, L.A. **BONNIE RAITT'S MANOLO BLAHNIK** shoes from Manolo Blahnik, N.Y.C.; necklace by **KATE LINDSAY.** David Thomas for Luxe; Leesa Evans for magnetny.com; Matt Goldman for margaretmaldonado.com. PAGE 244: **JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS'S MIU MIU** tank top from selected Miu Miu boutiques, or call 888-977-1900; for **STUART WEITZMAN** shoes, go to stuartweitzman.com; Deda Coben for celestineagency.com. PAGES 248–49 AND 254: Janine Israel for celestineagency.com. PAGE 255: **ADAM LOWRY'S REISS** shirt from the Reiss Store, L.A., or go to reiss.co.uk; **JAMES PERSE** pants from James Perse, L.A. **ERIC RYAN'S** Reiss jacket, shirt, and jeans from the Reiss Store, L.A., or go to reiss.co.uk; for **CLARKS** shoes, go to clarks.com. **JEFFREY HOLLENDER'S POLO RALPH LAUREN** shirt from selected Ralph Lauren stores, or call 888-475-7674; **ARMANI JEANS** jeans from Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide; for **CONVERSE** sneakers, go to converse.com. Janine Israel for celestineagency.com. PAGES 262–63 **ROBERT REDFORD'S RRL RALPH LAUREN** clothing from selected Ralph Lauren stores; Sean Spellman for magnetny.com. PAGE 266: For **ELON MUSK'S BANANA REPUBLIC** jacket, go to bananarepublic.com; **PERSOL** sunglasses from Joel Name Optique de Paris, N.Y.C.; Sean Spellman for magnetny.com.

BEAUTY

COVER: **LEONARDO DiCAPRIO'S** hair styled with **AVEDA** Custom Control Gel-Wax; on his lips, **ORIGINS** Lip Remedy Soothing Lip Saver; Sally Hershberger for Downtown Salon. PAGE 52: Robert F. Kennedy Jr.'s grooming by Kat James for Contact. Cullen Murphy's grooming by Naomi Warden for artistsbytimothypriano.com. PAGE 56: Sara Marks's and Matt Ullian's hair, makeup, and grooming by Naomi Warden for artistsbytimothypriano.com. PAGE 60: Adam Spangler's grooming by Naomi Warde for artistsbytimothypriano.com. PAGE 82: **LAUREN BUSH'** hair by Stephen Ramsey for Vavoom; makeup by Meredith Baraf for the Wall Group. PAGE 86: Top, **SYDNE TAMIIA POITIER'S, MARLEY SHELTON'S, ROSE McGOWAN'S, JORDAN LADD'S, VANESSA FERLITO'S, ROSARIO DAWSON'S, TRACIE THOMS'S, MARY ELIZABETH WINSTEAD'S,** and **ZOE BELL'S** hair by Ian James for Matrix/The Wall Group, and Andy LeCompte and Rod Ortega for Redken/soloartists.com; their hair styled with **MATRIX** Amplify Foam Volumizer and **REDKE** Spray Starch 15 Heat Memory Styler. Makeup by Steve Aturo for avantgroupe.com, Jake Bailey for soloartists.co and Kim Carrillo for Giorgio Armani/soloartists.com. O their lips, **GIORGIO ARMANI** lipstick; on Poitier's lips, Bl Gem Shine Lipstick in No. 34; on Shelton's lips, Matte Sil Lipstick in No. 1; on McGowan's lips, Armanisilk Spring in No. 31; on Ladd's, Ferlito's, Winstead's, and Bell's lips, Shine Lipstick in No. 4; on Dawson's and Thoms's lips, Lipstick Mania in No. 4. Manicures by Marsha Bialo for China Glaze/artistsbytimothypriano.com and Beth Frick for OPI/artistsbytimothypriano.com. PAGE 88: **MURRAY MOSS'S** and **FRANKLIN GETCHELL'S** grooming by Leslie Marnett for Aartist Loft. PAGE 92: **MARION COTILLARD'S** hair by Karim Mitha; makeup by Marco Latte. PAGE 94: Top, **CONN IGGULDEN'S** grooming by Kit Hall. Bottom, **AARON BONSALL'S, BEN FLANAGAN'S, MAX BERNSTEIN'S,** and **JEREMY BONSALL'S** grooming by Da Cox for celestineagency.com. PAGE 96: Top, **ELETTRA ROSSELLINI WIEDEMANN'S** hair by Rebekah Forecast a makeup by Christy Coleman, both for the Wall Group. **LANCÔME** products from Lancôme boutiques and count nationwide, or go to lancome-usa.com. Bottom left, **CHANTECAILLE** products from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Bottom right, for **EARTHWORKS** Almond Bath Truffles, go to earthworksproducts.com; **JOHN MASTERS ORGANICS** Lavender Rosemary Shampoo from Whole Foods Mark stores nationwide, or go to johnmasters.com; **AVALON ORGANICS** Moisture Plus Bar Soaps from Whole Foods Market, Wild Oats, and fine natural-food retailers nationwide, or go to avalonorganics.com; **L'ARTISAN PARFUMEUR** Jatamansi Body Oil from L'Artisan Parfume boutiques nationwide, or go to artisanparfumeur.com; **KORRES** Fig Shower Gel from Sephora stores nationwide, go to sephora.com; **L'OCCITANE** Almond Apple Sweet Pe from L'Occitane boutiques, or go to usa.loccitane.com. PAGES 142 AND 158: Nicci for T.H.E Artist Agency. PAGES 20 204, AND 207: Marina Anderson for I Group. PAGE 213: **RACHAEL TAYLOR'S** hair styled with **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI** Full Volume Mousse, and Luscious Curls Curl Enhancing Lotion; Andy LeCompte for Frédéric Fekkai/soloartists .com. On her face, **LANCÔME** Maquicomplet in Cameé, a Photôgenic Sheer Loose Powder in Translucent; on her eye **LAURA MERCIER** Caviar Eye Liner in Black, and Thickeni and Building Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Laura Mercier Cheek Colour in Orange Blossom; on her lips, Lancôme Le Rouge Absolu in Satin Fuchsia; Jake Bailey f soloartists.com. Deborah Lippmann for lippmanncollectio .com/The Wall Group. PAGE 237: See credits for cover. PAGES 238–39: Howard Fugler for Kérastase/Marek and Associates. Jodie Boland for Dior/See Management. PAGE 241: **SIMRAN SETHI'S** hair styled with **REDKEN** Rewin 06 Pliable Styling Paste; Rod Ortega for Redken/soloartist .com. On her face, **CHANEL** Double Perfection Fluide in Pétale, and Poudre Universelle in Clair; on her eyes, Inimitable Multi-Dimensional Mascara in Noir; on her cheeks, Joues Contraste in Rose Pétale; on her lips, Rouge







ure in Surprise; Mai Quynh for Chanel/The Wall Group. GES 242–43: **ALANIS MORISSETTE'S** hair styled with **EDA** Be Curly Curl Enhancer, and Firmata Firm Hold irspray. On her face, Aveda Inner Light Tinted Moisture F. 15 in Sweet Tea, and Inner Light Loose Powder in nslucent; on her eyes, Mascara Plus Rose in Raven; on cheeks, Petal Essence Face Accents in Bronze Glow; on lips, Lip Glaze in Pepino; Tracey Levy for iTalent mpany. On **BONNIE RAITT'S** face, **VISIORA** Crème Face keup in No. 010, and Compact Powder in No. 010; on eyes, **MAC** Pandamonium Eyes 4 Shadow, and Pro nglash Mascara in Pitchblack; on her cheeks, Powder sh in Pinch Me; on her lips, MAC Couture Lipstick in uture; Rachel Dwyer for Trim Classic Barber & gendary Beauty. Gina Monaci for Kérastase; Hee Soo on for Matrix. PAGE 244: **JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS'S** hair ed with **MATRIX** Biolage Curl Defining Crème and mplete Control Hairspray; Robert Vetica for Matrix/ gnetla.com. On her face, **CHANEL** Double Perfection ide and Poudre Universelle, both in Naturel; on her eyes, Crayon Kôhl in Noir; on her cheeks, Joues Contraste in se Pétale; on her lips, Aqualumière Sheer Colour Lipshine F. 15 in Bora-Bora; Lisa Storey for Chanel/See nagement. April Foreman for cloutieragency.com. GES 248–49: Adam Markarian, Wallett Luburich, and Erin llagher for Koko Represents. PAGE 251: Anthea King for istsbytimothypriano.com. PAGES 252–53: **SUMMER RAYNE KES'S** hair styled with **BUMBLE AND BUMBLE** Styling eme, and Classic Hairspray; Ben Skervins for Jed Root for mble and Bumble. On her face, **MAC** Studio Fix undation in C3; on her eyes, Pro Longlash Mascara in chblack; on her cheeks, Raquel Welch Powder Blush in ddess; on her lips, Raquel Welch Lipstick in Legendary nme; Darlene Jacobs for frankreps.com. Ashlie Johnson the Wall Group. PAGE 254: Erin Gallagher and Melissa ott for Koko Represents. PAGE 255: Erin Gallagher for ko Represents. PAGE 257: Birgitte Philippides for Kiehl's/ non Jolly. PAGE 262: Sarah Potempa for the Wall Group. GE 266: Kayleen McAdams for the Wall Group. PAGE 312: **NNY MARSHALL'S** hair by Matthew Monzon for rastase/Exclusive Artists Management; makeup by Justin nry for Dior/artmixbeauty.com.

ERE TO FIND BEAUTY PRODUCTS:

EDA, Aveda stores nationwide, or go to aveda.com. **MBLE AND BUMBLE,** Bumble and Bumble salons, N.Y.C., go to bumbleandbumble.com. **CHANEL,** Chanel utiques and counters nationwide, or go to chanel.com or hora.com. **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI,** Frédéric Fekkai salons, Y.C. and L.A., or go to sephora.com. **GIORGIO ARMANI,** orgio Armani, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue stores ionwide. **KÉRASTASE,** selected hair salons, or go to rastase.com. **LANCÔME,** major department stores ionwide, or go to lancome.com. **LAURA MERCIER,** rgdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Barneys New York and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. **MAC,** MAC stores and department stores nationwide, or go to maccosmetics.com. **MATRIX,** call 800-6-MATRIX, or go to matrix.com. **ORIGINS,** Origins stores and department stores nationwide. **REDKEN,** Redken Gallerie, N.Y.C., or go to redken.com. **VISIORA,** go to screenface.com.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

COVER: Crew and talent accommodations provided by Hotel 101, Reykjavik. PAGE 52: Top, props styled by Meaghan Duran. PAGE 68: From Warner Bros. PAGE 75: © by Tony Sarg from *Up & Down New York* (Universe). PAGE 78: From the Everett Collection (*Vertigo*); photograph by Billy Jim, courtesy of the Dia Art Foundation, © by Stephen Flavin/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York (*Untitled: To Henri Matisse*); by Wright and Brian Franczyk Photography (vanity seat). PAGE 80: Top left, © by Francisco Cerezo from *¡Mas! Cine Mexicano*, by Rogelio Agrasánchez Jr. (Chronicle Books); top right, photograph by Steve White, © by Harland Miller, *International Lonely Guy* (Rizzoli); center, © by Eugene de Salignac from *New York Rises* (Aperture); bottom right, © by Cecil Castellucci and Jim Rugg (*The Plain Janes*). PAGE 82: By Stefan Hagen (*Hatched!*), courtesy of Lilly Pulitzer (ties). PAGE 86: Top, production by Giovanni Jance; bottom, by Matt Nettheim/Rogue Pictures. PAGE 92: Top, from H&K/Art & Commerce. Bottom, from left: by Nicolas Bazzani/Courtesy of Thea Grant, Matthew Zucker, Basil Childers, courtesy of Alex Woo, courtesy of John Hardy. PAGE 94: Bottom left, courtesy of Collins. PAGE 96: Bottom right, large photograph by Ken Kassem. Insets: top right, by Nicolo Majocchi; bottom right, by Christian Perthen. PAGE 98: Clockwise from top left: by Mark Mainz/Getty Images, Tomasso DeRosa/Corbis, Bobby Bank/wireimage.com, Jesse Grant/wireimage.com, Guillaume Horcajuelo/EPA Corbis, Frank Micelotta/Getty Images, Jean-Paul Aussenard/wireimage.com, Stephen Shugerman/Getty Images, from Bettmann Corbis, by James Devaney/wireimage.com, Ferdaus Shamim/wireimage.com, Tim Graham/Corbis. PAGE 102: From Zuma Press. PAGE 106: From Cal Sport Media/Newscom. PAGE 108: From Getty Images (Kravis), by Robin Platzer/Twin Images (Rattner, Schwartzman). PAGE 112: From Getty Images (Bronfman Jr.), by Robin Platzer/Twin Images (Dolgen, Pearlstine). PAGE 118: By Lauren Victoria Burke/Corbis (Capitol building), Dennis Cook/A.P. Images (Stickler), courtesy of Crowell and Moring (Klee), by David Grubbs/*Billings Gazette*/A.P. Images (Griles), Gerald Herbert/A.P. Images (Scarlett), Mandel Ngan/AFP/Getty Images (Norton). PAGE 120: By John Bazemore/A.P. Images (Blake), Dennis Cook/A.P. Images (Watson), Chris Gardner/A.P. Images (Sansonetti), Joe Marquette/AFP/Getty Images (Wehrum), B. Mathur/Reuters (Connaughton), from U.S. Department of the Interior (Jarrett), from veer.com (factories), by Mark Wilson/Getty Images (Myers III). PAGE 146: From Bloomberg News/Landov. PAGES 164 AND 166: All maps © 2006 by SASI Group (University of Sheffield) and Mark Newman (University of Michigan), worldmapper.org. PAGE 168: From Art & Commerce. PAGE 170: From the Hulton-Deutsch Collection Corbis. PAGE 177: Top, from *The New York Times*/Redux, courtesy of Robert F. Kennedy Jr.; bottom, from Art & Commerce. PAGE 180: From Art & Commerce. PAGE 182: From EPA Corbis. PAGE 184: From top: from Nunn Syndication, from Corbis, from Sipa Press, from A.P. Images. PAGE 186: From top: from Reuters Corbis, from Gamma, from Reuters/Landov, from Corbis. PAGE 188: From DPA/Landov. PAGE 190: From Getty Images. PAGE 192: From Bettmann Corbis. PAGE 195: From Getty Images. PAGE 196: From Bettmann Corbis. PAGE 199: From A.P. Images. PAGE 206: Both from Corbis. PAGES 208–9: All from Corbis. PAGE 213: Derek Hughes for Photogenics. PAGE 214: Top right, by Evan Agostini/Getty Images (David), from Bettmann Corbis (pies, left and right), by Jacques del Conte (deodorant), from Design Pics Inc./Alamy (clothespin), from Jupiter Images Corbis (bicycle), by Craft Alan King/Alamy (LSD), courtesy of Levi's (jeans), by Sean Masterson/EPA Corbis (Gore), Harley McCabe/IstockPhoto (bird illustration), from Nissan Motor Corp./Getty Images (electric car), by Andrea Renault/Globe Photos (Cheney), Art Stein/Zuma Press (Watt), from Toyota/Getty Images (Prius), by Graham Whitby-Boot (Attenborough); center, by Audrey Chiu/Globe Photos (Belushi), from Commonwealth United/Photofest (Dennis), from the Everett Collection (Russell), from Globe Photos (Peck), from the John Kobal Foundation/Getty Images (Marx), by Jeffrey Mayer/wireimage.com (Black), Jamie McCarthy/wireimage.com (Damon), from NBC/Photofest (Kovacs), by Albert Ortega/wireimage.com (Swank), from Rogue Pictures/Photofest (Chucky), by Adam Scull/Globe Photos (Farley), Amy Sussman/Getty Images (Colbert), by Jeff Vespa/wireimage.com (Caron). PAGE 225: From ImageState/Alamy. PAGE 228: From A.P. Images. PAGES 230–31 AND 235: From Gamma. PAGES 236–37: See credit for cover. PAGES 238–39: Production by Rhoda Boone. Marguerite for Mary Howard Studio. PAGES 240–41: Produced on location by Cat Burkley for Portfolio One. Thomas Thurnauer for supercube.net. GEM eL XD, from San Francisco Chrysler Jeep GEM. PAGES 242–43: Produced by Rhoda Boone and Ruth Levy. PAGE 244: Produced on location by Giovanni Jance. Lisa Bazadona for Mary Howard Studio. PAGE 246: Produced on location by Cynthia Bechet. PAGE 247: Produced on location by Giovanni Jance. PAGES 248–49: Produced on location by Joanne Davidson for Producit. Thomas Thurnauer for supercube.net. PAGES 252–53: Production by Portfolio One. PAGE 255: Thomas Thurnauer for supercube.net. PAGES 258–59: Chad Tucker for Marek and Associates. For Maverick 15-foot Mirage HPX boat, go to maverickboats.com. PAGES 266–67: Produced on location by Giovanni Jance. PAGES 268–69: Courtesy of Commuter Cars Corporation (3), courtesy of Courreges (2), courtesy of Toyota (4), courtesy of Venturi (1). PAGES 270–71: Courtesy of American Honda (6), from Ron Kimball (5, 10), courtesy of Norm Lamar (7), courtesy of U.E.V. (9), courtesy of Zap (8).

VANITY FAIR IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC.
COPYRIGHT ©2007 CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

VOLUME 49, NO. 5. VANITY FAIR (ISSN 0733-8899) is published monthly by Condé Nast Publications, which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE: The Condé Nast Building, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. S. I. Newhouse, Jr., Chairman; Charles H. Townsend, President/CEO; John W. Bellando, Executive Vice President/COO; Debi Chirichella Sabino, Senior Vice President/CFO; Jill Bright, Executive Vice President/Human Resources. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. 123242885-RT0001. Canada post: return undeliverable Canadian addresses to P.O. Box 874, Station Main, Markham, ON L3P 8L4.
POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO VANITY FAIR, P.O. Box 37714, Boone, IA 50037-0714. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, ADJUSTMENTS, OR BACK-ISSUE INQUIRIES: ease write to VANITY FAIR, P.O. Box 37714, Boone, IA 50037-0714, call 800-365-0635, or e-mail subscriptions@vf.com. Please give both new and old addresses as printed on most recent label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Send all editorial, business, and production correspondence electronically to vfmail@vf.com. For permissions requests please call 212-630-5656 or fax the request to 212-630-5883. For reprints of articles please contact Scoop ReprintSource at 800-767-3263 or via e-mail at sales@scoopreprintsource.com. Visit us online at www.vf.com. To subscribe to other Condé Nast magazines on the World Wide Web, visit www.condenet.com. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services that we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at P.O. Box 37714, Boone, IA 50037-0714 or call 800-365-0635.

ANITY FAIR IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RETURN OR LOSS OF, OR FOR DAMAGE OR ANY OTHER INJURY TO, UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS, UNSOLICITED ART WORK (INCLUDING, BUT NOT LIMITED TO, DRAWINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND TRANSPARENCIES), OR ANY OTHER UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. THOSE SUBMITTING MANUSCRIPTS, PHOTOGRAPHS, ART WORK, OR OTHER MATERIALS FOR CONSIDERATION SHOULD NOT SEND ORIGINALS, UNLESS SPECIFICALLY REQUESTED TO DO SO BY VANITY FAIR IN WRITING. MANUSCRIPTS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND OTHER MATERIALS SUBMITTED MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE.



PENNY MARSHALL

The same New York chutzpah that made Laverne a household name has certified Penny Marshall as an enduring presence in Hollywood. The wisecracker shares her thoughts on chastity, pizza, and quaaludes

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Multiple orgasms and the veal at Ago.

What is your greatest fear?
Clowns, the Rally Monkey at Anaheim, and boredom.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn.

Which living person do you most admire?
My brother, Garry.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
That I smoke.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Helpfulness, especially when people try to break me of my smoking habit, or not being on time.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Basketball season tickets and sports memorabilia.

What is your favorite journey?
Hitching a ride on a private plane where smoking is allowed.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Chastity.

On what occasion do you lie?
To get an actor out of the Winnebago and onto the set.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
You name it, I hate it.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Liar" and "Yo!"

What is your greatest regret?
That when I was a size 0 there was no size 0.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Pizza and my daughter.

Which talent would you most like to have?
To be able to play a musical instrument well.

What is your current state of mind?
A little logy.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
Better teeth and gums.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Having the ladies of the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League get recognized by making *A League of Their Own.*

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
Michael Jordan or a Fudgsicle, though I call it a "fudgicle."

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
A rock 'n' roll star.

What is your most treasured possession?
My sports collection.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
When they stopped making quaaludes.

What is your favorite occupation?
Doctors Without Borders.

What is your most marked characteristic?
A *slight* New York accent.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Sense of humor and stamina.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Sense of humor and weight problems.

What do you most value in your friends?
Sense of humor and honesty.

Who are your favorite writers?
Richard Yates, Richard Price, and Jack Olsen.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Peter Pan, and Raskolnikov of *Crime and Punishment.*

What is it that you most dislike?
Cheapness and greed.

How would you like to die?
Professionally, onstage with the rest of my friends. Privately, alone and quickly.

What is your motto?
"Live fast and die middle-aged" or "Every day could hopefully be your last."

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN BOWEN SMITH


As I See It, #2 in a photographic series by Sanjay Kothari.
The earth is two-thirds water; it deserves a beautiful spout. The fluidly designed Symbol™ Tall faucet with Spun Glass™ Vessels lavatory.
1-800-4-KOHLER, ext. TG5
kohler.com/symbolfaucet
THE BOLD LOOK OF KOHLER®
©2007 Kohler Co.

LA[illegible]ÔME
[illegible]RIS



FIGHT WRINKLES, DARK CIRCLES, PUFFINESS.
48-HOUR COLLAGEN RENEWAL* FOR EYES!

NEW HIGH RÉSOLUTION EYE WITH COLLASER-48™

DEEP COLLAGEN ANTI-WRINKLE EYE SERUM – ANTI-DARK CIRCLES – ANTI-PUFFINESS

> IMMEDIATELY, EYES ARE NOTICEABLY SMOOTHER AND PUFFINESS IS VISIBLY REDUCED.

> IN 3 WEEKS, SEE CROW'S FEET RETREAT: WRINKLES VISIBLY DIMINISH. DARK CIRCLES APPEAR REDUCED.**

> IN 4 WEEKS, BE AMAZED: 100% FEEL FIRMNESS RETURN, 84% SEE BRIGHTER EYES.**

SHOP AT LANCOME-USA.COM



lancôme

Burlingame Public
2 07389240 5

y Fair
June

VANITY FAIR

JUNE 2007/$4.50
WWW.VANITYFAIR.COM

N-KILLABLE!

RUCE WILLIS IS BACK AND TAKING AIM AT ERYTHING AND EVERYONE...

PLUS: EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS F HIM VACATIONING WITH DEMI AND ASHTON! P. 168

BY PETER BISKIND

a public entertainer
nderstood his time."
ABLO PICASSO

EXCLUSIVE!
REAGAN'S UNSEEN WHITE HOUSE DIARIES
EDITED BY DOUGLAS BRINKLEY

HOW SUSHI CONQUERED THE WORLD
BY NICK TOSCHES

EEN ELIZABETH
FOR ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

THE CAMPAIGN:
YOUTUBE GOTCHAS
BY JAMES WOLCOTT

RUDY GIULIANI'S SECRETS
BY MICHAEL WOLFF

PAGES
THE WORLD'S
EATEST
GA MASTERS
OGRAPHED BY MICHAEL O'NEILL

LONDONISTAN
BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS P. 88

K EXCERPT
ME BURNED...
MERICA NEXT? BY CULLEN MURPHY P. 180

SKYLINE SENSATION!
FRANK GEHRY'S SOARING NEW YORK DEBUT
BY PAUL GOLDBERGER P. 170

BURLINGAME
MAY - 9 2007
LIBRARY

Realities are better.

What if today were Someday?

The day you got to buy your dream house.

The day you got to take your company global.

Or the day you got to start your own business.

Well, today is Someday.

Because no matter what your dream is, or how seemingly impossible, we have the resources to help get it done: financial advice, capital, loans, credit cards, innovative ideas and services.

Together, these resources add up to one Citi, with one goal — turning your dreams into realities.

Today is Someday. Citi. Let's get it done.

citi.com/letsgetitdone













citi let's get it done℠

SHAPE



Available May 2007. Not responsible for third-party content. Service and features vary by location, device, and conditions. Service is subject to Helio's Membership
Other restrictions apply. See your Helio representative for details. Helio, the Helio logo, Ocean, and "Don't Call It a Phone" are trademarks of Helio LLC and all other
are the property of their respective owners. ©2007 Helio LLC



SHIFTER

CALL IT OCEAN.™ DON'T CALL IT A PHONE.™

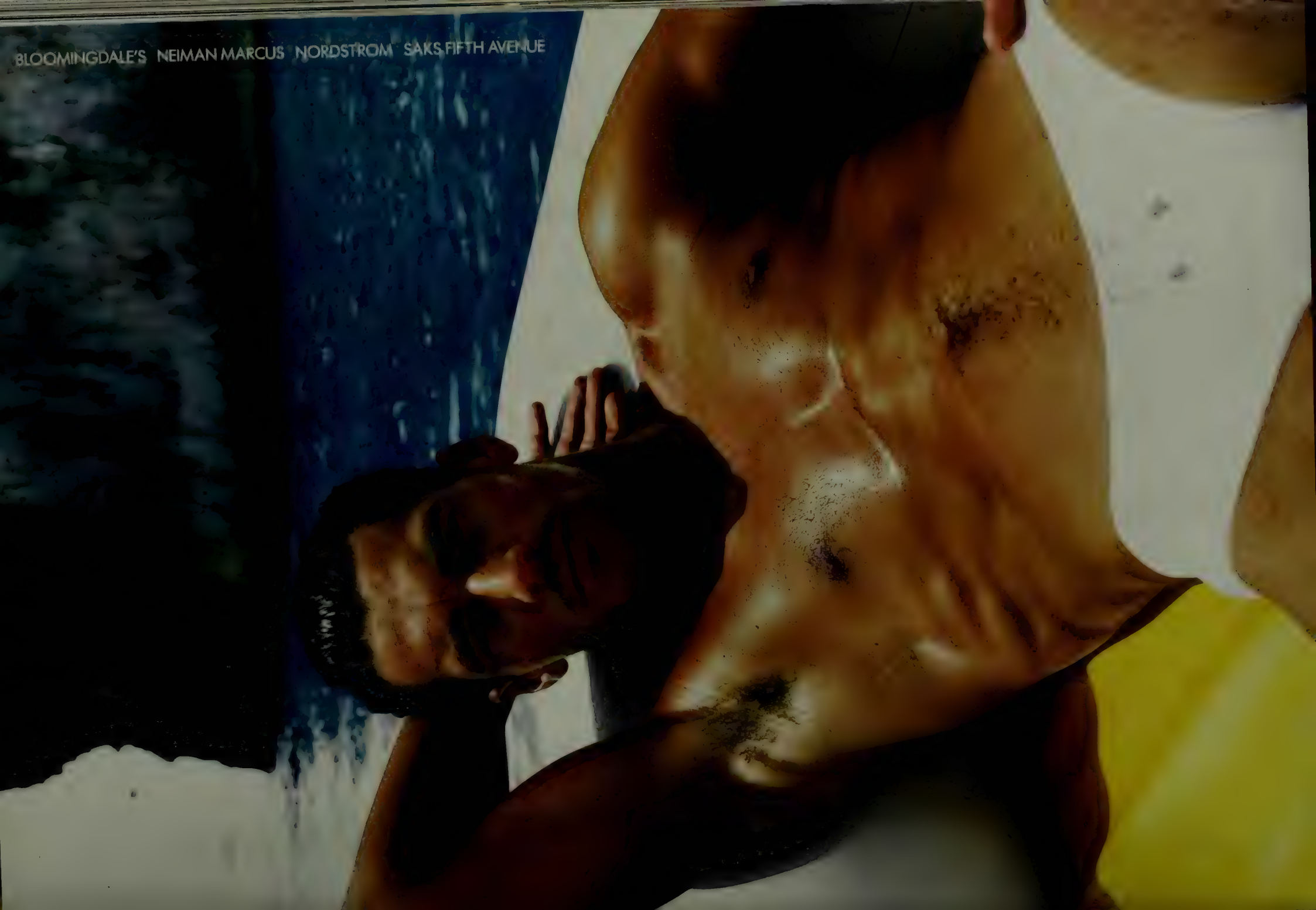
Ocean's innovative design makes it the world's first dual-slider with both a numeric keypad and a separate full QWERTY keyboard. Which means it's perfect for making a call, banging out an email or typing an instant message. And on Helio's nationwide 3G network, you'll truly enjoy Ocean's new HTML browser plus incredible access to all your IMs, text/pic messages and emails in one simple place. We're talking Yahoo!,® AOL,® Windows Live™ and Gmail™ right there on your Ocean. Which makes it clear. Two shapes really are better than one.

www.helio.com




BANANA REPUBLIC


DOLCE & GABBANA
light blue


BLOOMINGDALE'S NEIMAN MARCUS NORDSTROM SAKS FIFTH AVENUE


888 701 2323 WWW.MIKIMOTOAMERICA.COM
MIKIMOTO
THE ORIGINATOR OF CULTURED PEARLS. SINCE 189
NEW YORK • BEVERLY HILLS • SOUTH COAST PLAZA • LAS VEGAS


Brooks Brothers
Generations of Style




UMAN


Brooks Brothers
Generations of Style

available at movado boutiques
and select fine retailers nationwide.
visit movado.com for locations.



MOVADO

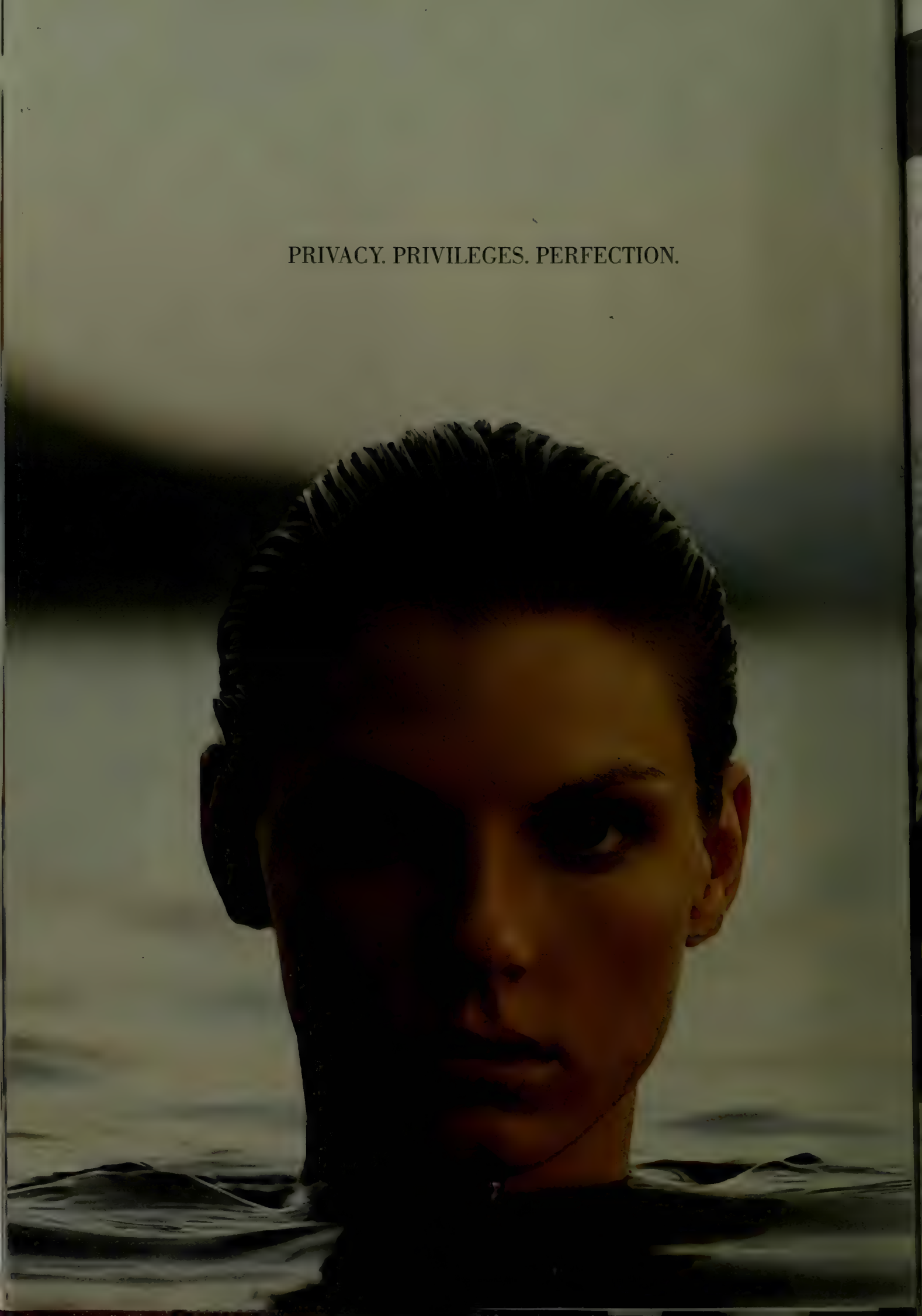
the art of design



rry washington, acclaimed actress.
ovado se stainless steel with diamonds. swiss made. water resistant.
ovado is proud of its longtime association with the arts.

xplore the world of movado design at movado boutiques.

PRIVACY. PRIVILEGES. PERFECTION.





HOME FOR GENERATIONS. A LIFETIME OF PRIVILEGE.

troducing Tuhaye, Talisker's Newest Community. Enjoy the best of home ownership with all the nenities of a private club. Talisker's 10,000 acres of pristine mountain wilderness in Park City, Utah fer top-rated skiing at Deer Valley Resort and Talisker Golf At Tuhaye, a Mark O'Meara course. Build ur dream home on the ultimate fairway or a ski-in and ski-out residence on the slopes. Either way joy fine dining at Talisker Club Park, designed by Robert A.M. Stern, plus fly fishing, horseback ding, spa and fitness services. Homesites from just under an acre for $500K; custom homes from $1.3M.

366.333.9120 *talisker.com*

TALISKER

DEER VALLEY

VANITY FAIR

June 2007 No. 562



DIE HARD, LIVE EASY
BRUCE WILLIS STRUTS ON PARROT CAY..... 168

ON VANITYFAIR.COM THIS MONTH
• MORE PHOTOS FROM "REAGAN, UNSCRIPTED" AND "DILLER@GEHRY.NYC" • YOGA-PORTFOLIO OUTTAKES • VIDEO FROM THE BRUCE WILLIS SHOOTS

FEATURES

152 REAGAN, UNSCRIPTED Whether Ronald Reagan was blowing up at Gorbachev, embracing the weeping mothers of dead Marines, or stewing over his kids, he wrote about it all at the end of each day. In an exclusive excerpt from *The Reagan Diaries,* the book's editor, Douglas Brinkley, presents the president's own, unvarnished take on those world-changing White House years.

164 PORTRAIT IN MAJESTY Queen Elizabeth II sails steadfastly through several milestones this year, William Shawcross writes, not least the 60th anniversary of her union with Prince Philip. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz.

168 FREE WILLIS Two decades after shooting his way to box-office glory as John McClane in *Die Hard,* Bruce Willis stars in a fourth installment, *Live Free or Die Hard,* opening this month. Talking to Peter Biskind about profanity, political corruption, and an unlikely alliance with Susan Sarandon, Willis proves he sure hasn't mellowed with age. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz.

176 FAMILY ALBUM Annie Leibovitz and Lisa Robinson spotlight Patti Smith, as the rock 'n' roll doyenne's kids—Jackson on guitar, Jesse on keyboards—join the band.

178 DILLER@GEHRY.NYC That billowing, milky-white tower newly visible on New York City's western edge is a modern masterpiece. It's also a throwback to the era when a company's headquarters made a statement. Paul Goldberger reviews the unexpected partnership between Internet mogul Barry Diller and architect Frank Gehry. Photographs by Todd Eberle.

184 PROFILE WITH PEDIGREE Brigitte Lacombe and Amy Fine Collins spotlight Hollywood scion Mamie Gummer, who stars alongside her mother, Meryl Streep, in this month's *Evening.*

186 THE SACK OF WASHINGTON Forget about an over-extended army and a decadent society: the most ominous parallel between America 2007 and the crumbling Roman Empire is the outsourcing of public responsibilities to private contractors. In an excerpt from his forthcoming book, *Are We Rome?,* Cullen Murphy shows how the bond between citizen and government unravels. Illustrations by Edward Sorel.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24


HE MOTHER OF
ALL VODKAS FROM
THE MOTHERLAND
OF VODKA
GENUINE RUSSIAN VODKA
STOLICHNAYA
КЛАССИЧЕСКАЯ Р
STOLICHNAYA
IMPORTED RUSSIAN VODKA
Stolichnaya vodka
RUSSIAN VODKA
CHOOSE
AUTHENTICITY
STOLICHNAYA
RUSSIAN VODKA
NK RESPONSIBLY
ICHNAYA Russian Vodka. 40% Alc./Vol. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. ©2007 Imported by Pernod Ricard USA, Purchase, NY.



BE A GUEST NOT A PASSENGER. WE BELIEVE THE WAY YOU FLY IS JUST AS IMPORTANT AS WHERE YOU FLY. IT'S NOT SIMPLY ABOUT GETTING A SEAT, IT'S ABOUT GETTING SERVICE. NOT JUST FOOD BUT A MEAL. NOT JUST SOMETHING TO WATCH BUT SOMETHING WORTH WATCHING. IN SHORT, IT'S ABOUT UPGRADING FLYING FOR EVERY PASSENGER ON EVERY PLANE. NOW THERE'S AN IDEA

© 2007 British Airways Plc

book at ba.com

UPGRADE TO
BRITISH AIRWAYS


Geometric circle
print dress from ECI.
www.dillards.com
1-800-345-5273
Dillard's
The Style of Your Life.

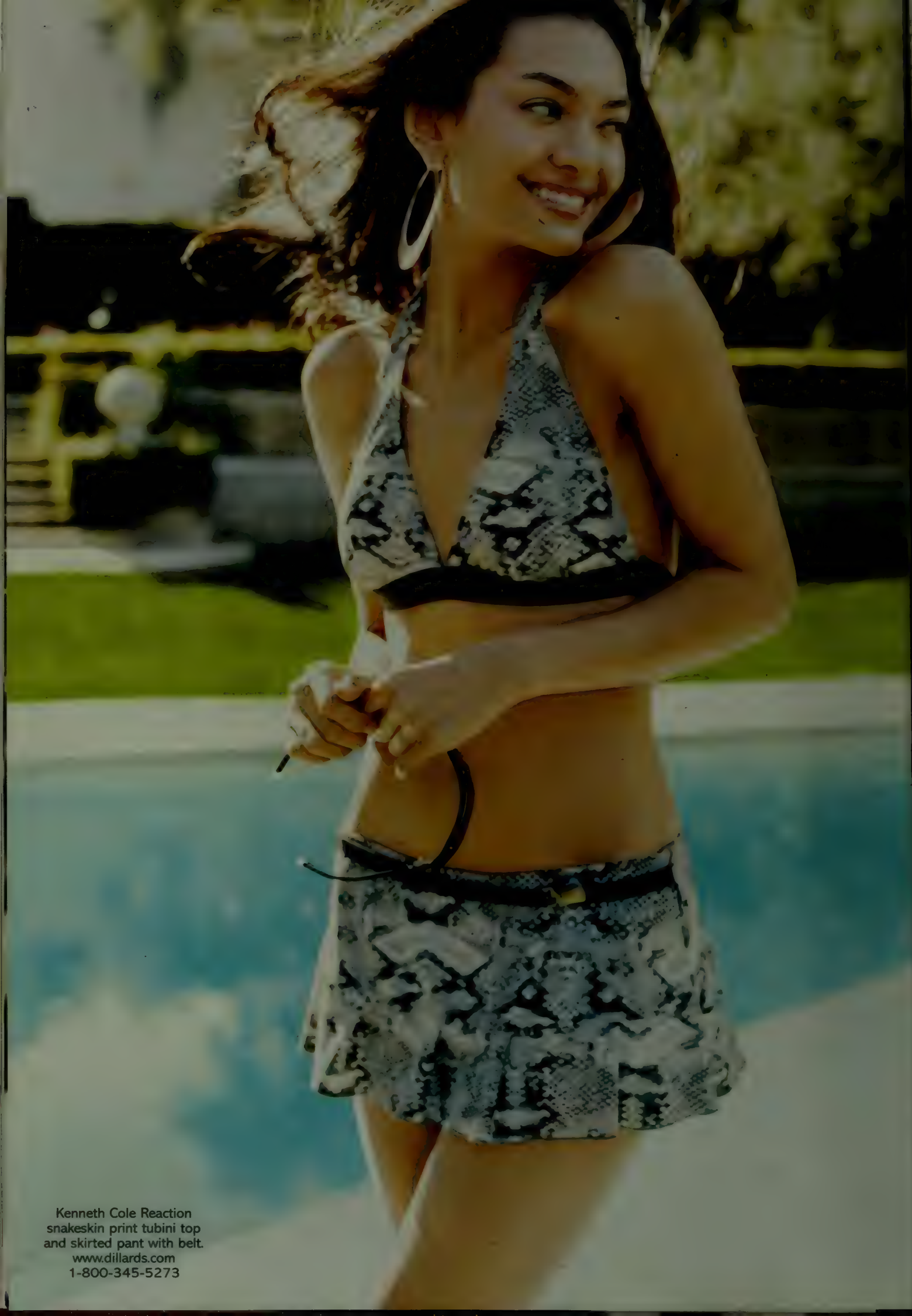

Anne Cole Collection
black plunge-front maill
www.dillards.com
1-800-345-5273


Kenzie black
n shirtdress. Tortois
ops from M. Haskell.
www.dillards.com
1-800-345-5273
Dillard's
The Style of Your Life



LaBlanca zebra
print bandini halter and
black hipster pant.
www.dillards.com
1-800-345-5273

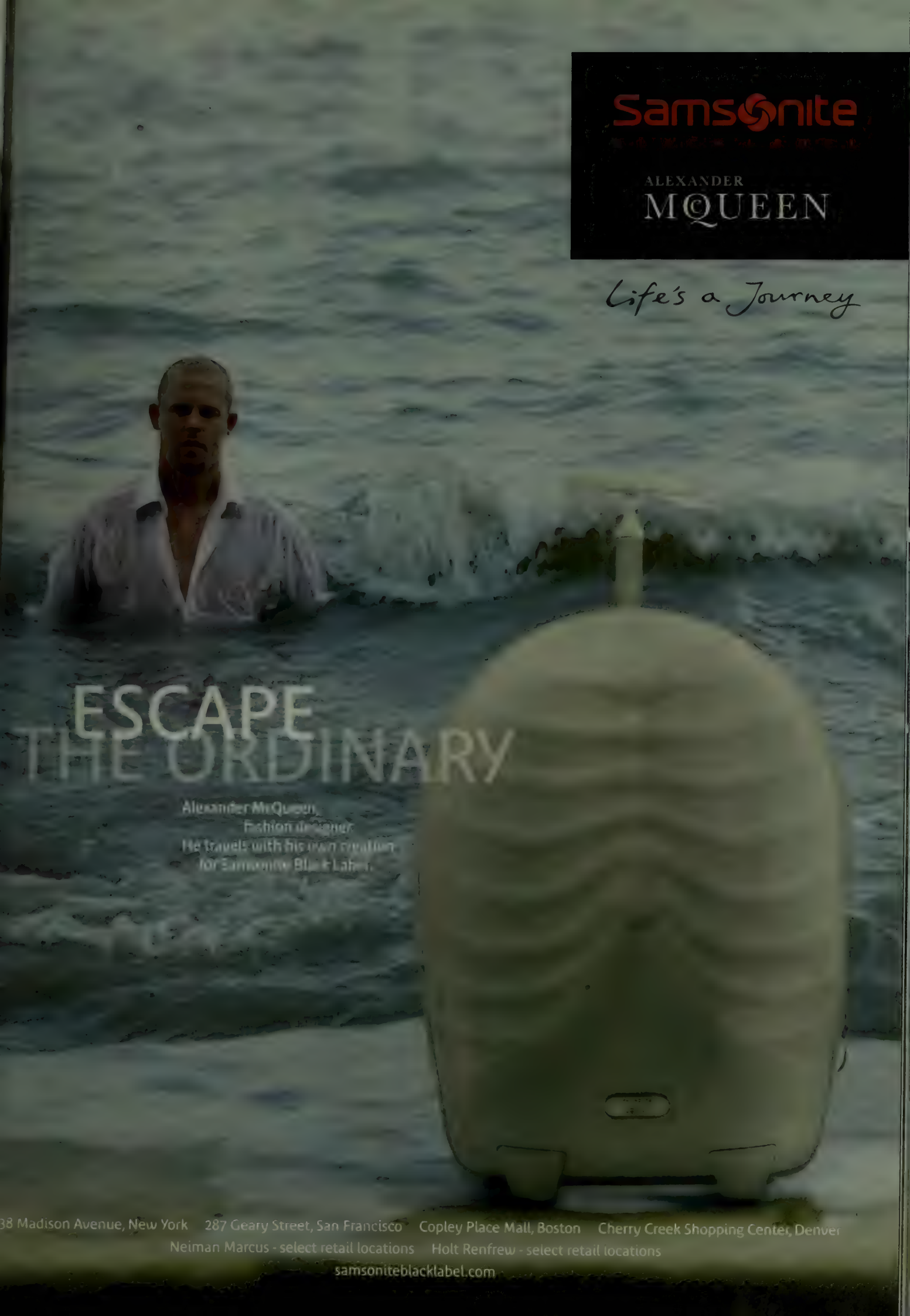

Rivana lace-trimmed knit
and Bee embroidered skirt,
with Bay Meadows haircalf
hobo and Caribbean sandal.
All from Antonio Melani.
www.dillards.com
1-800-345-5273
Dillard's
The Style of Your Life.

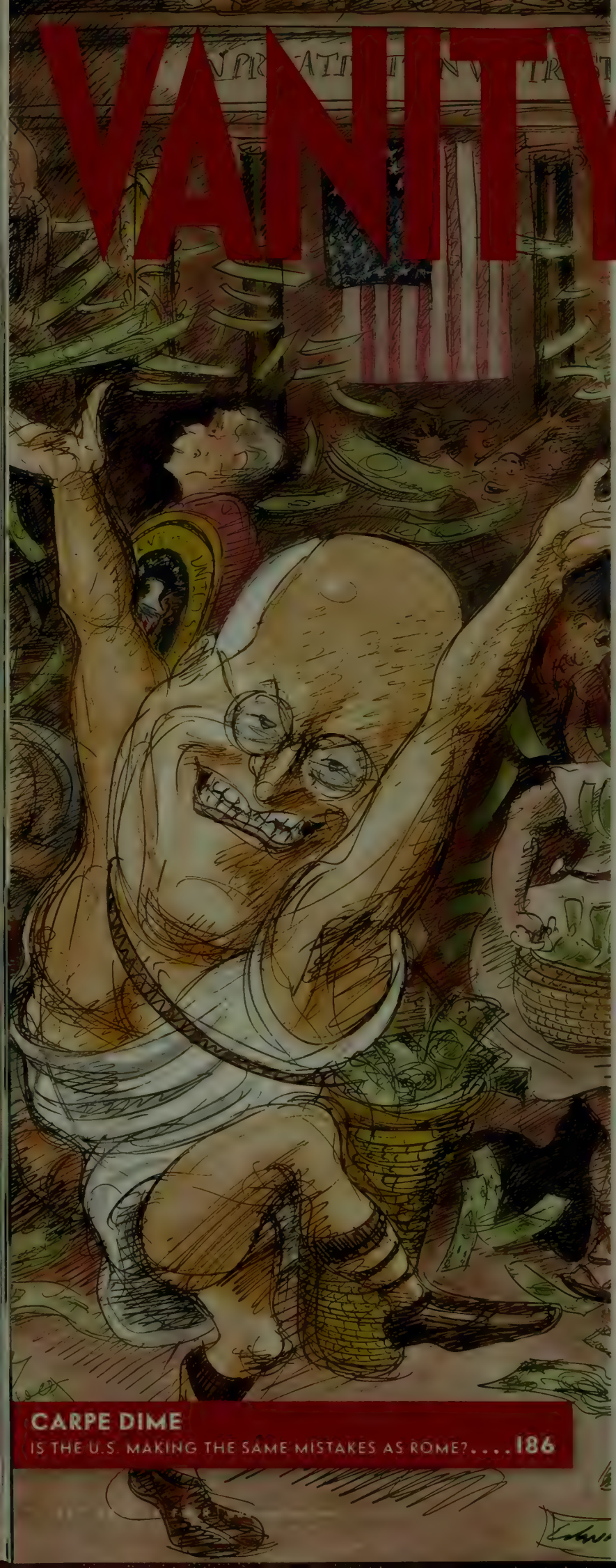


Kenneth Cole Reaction
snakeskin print tubini top
and skirted pant with belt.
www.dillards.com
1-800-345-5273


eVero Italian
her satchel in
with ivory trim.
w.dillards.com
00-345-5273
Dillard's
The Style of Your Life.


Scene black leather wedge
with ring detail and
Flashback brown patent
wedge slingback, both
from Antonio Melani.
www.dillards.com
1-800-345-5273
Dillard's
The Style of Your Life.


Samsonite
ALEXANDER
MCQUEEN
Life's a Journey
ESCAPE
THE ORDINARY
Alexander McQueen,
Fashion designer.
He travels with his own creation
for Samsonite Black Label.
38 Madison Avenue, New York
287 Geary Street, San Francisco
Copley Place Mall, Boston
Cherry Creek Shopping Center, Denver
Neiman Marcus - select retail locations
Holt Renfrew - select retail locations
samsoniteblacklabel.com



VANITY FAIR

June 2007 No. 56

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

190 THE SILVERS AGE Bruce Weber and John Richardson spotlight *New York Review of Books* co-founder Robert Silvers, whose cultural hegemony reaches far beyond the page.

192 PLANET YOGA No wonder Americans are Downward Dogging by the millions: yoga can work wonders on mind, body, and soul (not to mention a multi-billion-dollar accessories industry). As Amy Fine Collins examines the phenomenon, Michael O'Neill—who believes it helped heal his crippled right arm—photographs the movement's leading figures, from Sting, Ali MacGraw, and Donna Karan to the three apostles of Krishnamacharya.

FANFAIR

63 30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Leroy Grannis's surf photography. The Cultural Divide. David Friend flashes back on 60 years of Magnum photographers; Edward Helmore admires the art at the Four Seasons. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Punch Hutton explores Chicago's newest hot spots. Lisa Robinson's Hot Tracks. My Stuff—Kate Young; Bruce Handy compares *Knocked Up* and *Lady Chatterley;* Coke's new look. Victoria Mather checks into the hottest town houses. Summer beach essentials. Olivia Strand reports on Guerlain's Pucci makeover; Hot Looks; Eve Epstein admires Edward Bess's lipstick wardrobe.

COLUMNS

88 LONDONISTAN CALLING From the shoe-bomber to the July 2005 suicide attacks, terrorism has an unlikely new player: the British jihadist. Returning to the London streets of his youth, Christopher Hitchens finds a breeding ground for Islamic radicalism, in a country that may have to rethink its multicultural ideals.

96 THE YOUTUBE ELECTION YouTube has already caused an Obama-Clinton spat, embarrassed Newt Gingrich, and dissected Mitt Romney. Clicking through the incriminating outtakes and citizen campaign ads, James Wolcott downloads the future of presidential politics.

106 CRAZY FOR RUDY Polls say former New York mayor Rudy Giuliani, still riding on his 9/11 credentials, is a plausible front-runner in the battered Republican field. Will his crazy record—the marital dramas, the shady associates, the hissy fits—catch up with him, or simply fuel his popularity? Michael Wolff wonders.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

CARPE DIME
IS THE U.S. MAKING THE SAME MISTAKES AS ROME?....186



Eric Clapton is one of music's most lasting figures, with a career spanning four decades. The power of Clapton's playing has garnered him fans from every generation, and helped him outlast nearly all of his contemporaries. And while Clapton always explores new genres and textures in his songs, the passion he puts into each note remains constant, making him as compelling today as the first time he took the stage.



OYSTER PERPETUAL DAY-DATE
IN PLATINUM
ROLEX.COM

ROLEX

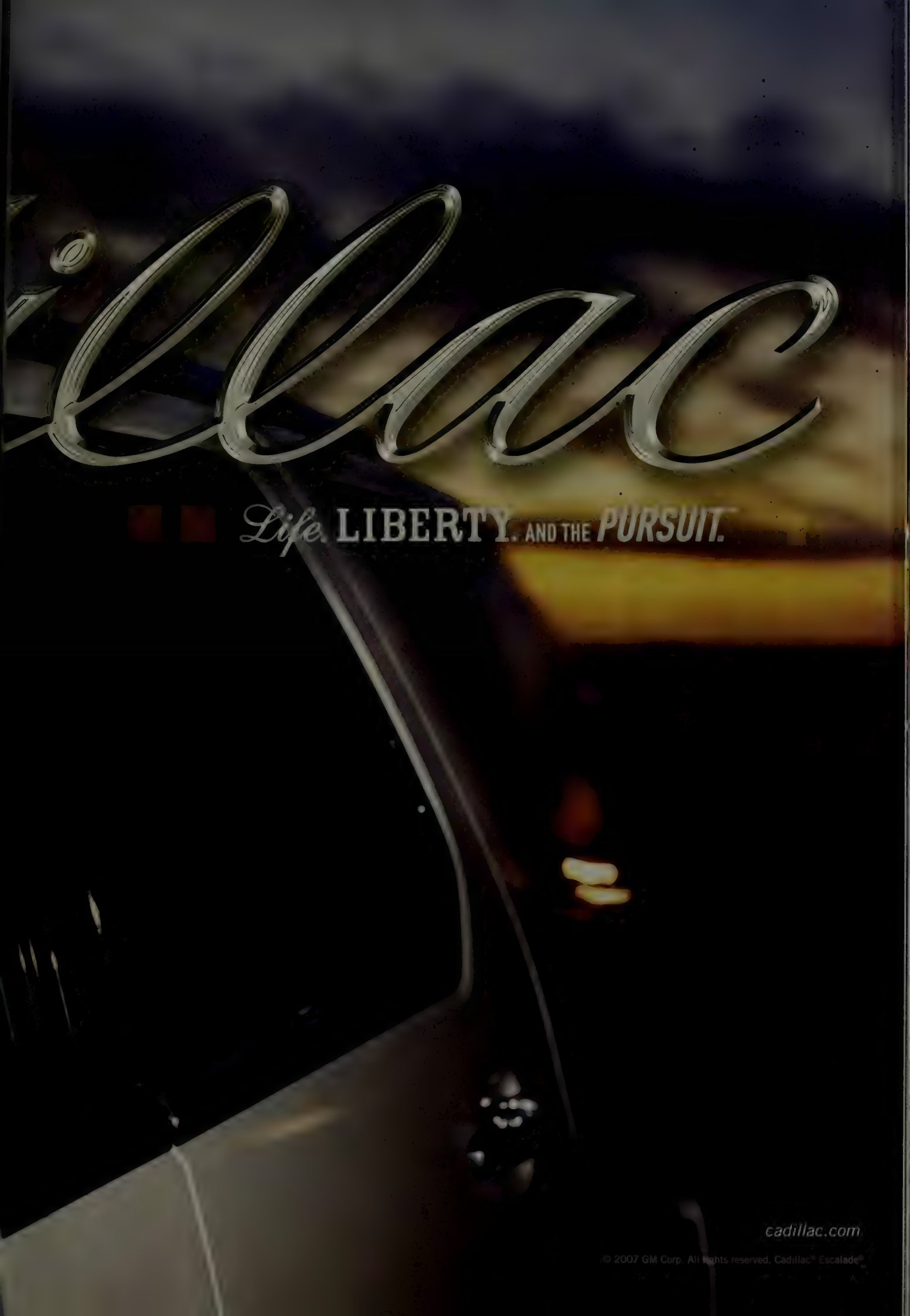
FOR AN OFFICIAL ROLEX JEWELER CALL 1-800-367-6539. ROLEX ♛ OYSTER PERPETUAL AND DAY-DATE ARE TRADEMARKS.
NEW YORK

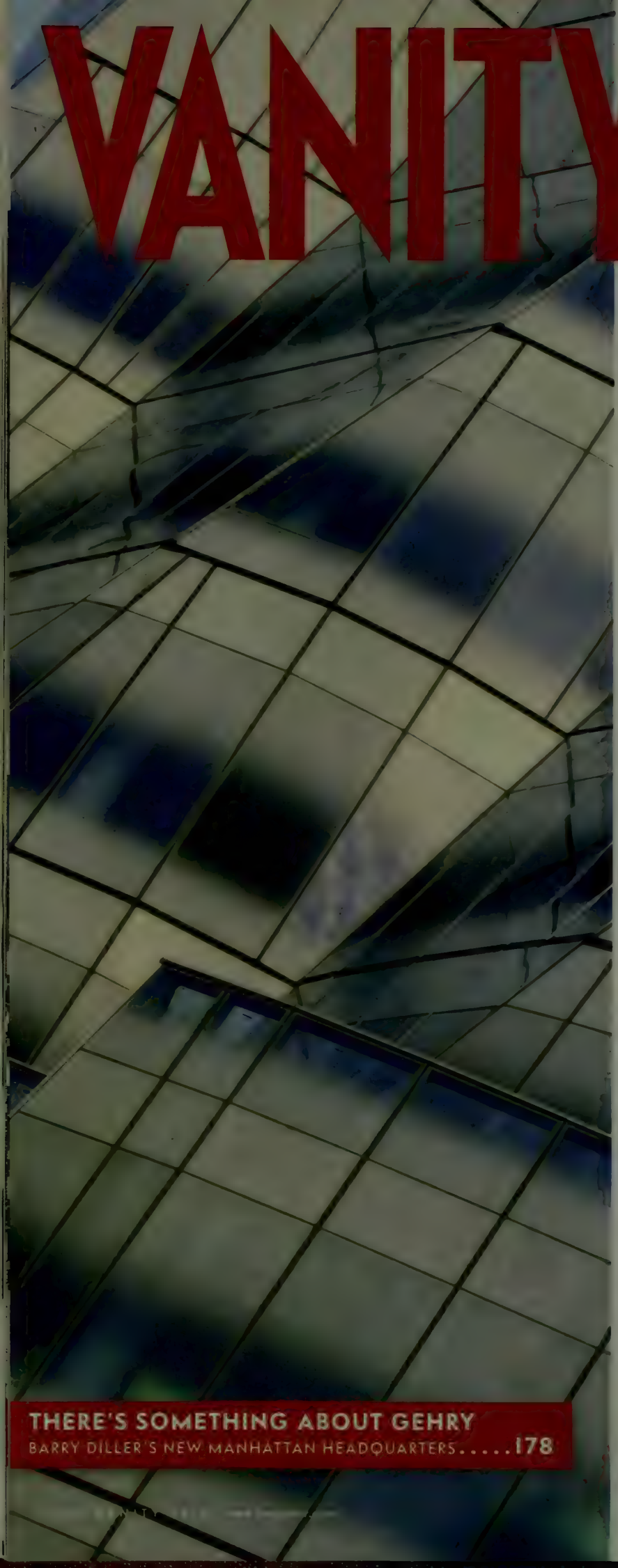


2007 CADILLAC ESCALADE

"It's important, when going after a goal, to never lose sight of the integrity of the journey."
–Andy Garcia, Actor/Director

Hear Andy's story at mycadillacstory.com


illac
Life. LIBERTY. AND THE PURSUIT.
cadillac.com
© 2007 GM Corp. All rights reserved. Cadillac® Escalade®



VANITY FAIR

June 2007 No. 56

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

114 MYSTERY TEEN Bruce Weber and Evgenia Peretz spotlight 16-year-old Emma Roberts (yep, Julia's niece) as she takes on the intriguing role of Nancy Drew.

116 MRS. TROLLOPE'S AMERICA For its third annual essay contest, *V.F.* asked readers to define the U.S.'s grasp on reality. Exploring a national disconnect between self-image and behavior, winner Kipling Buis channels an infuriated 19th-century immigrant: Frances Trollope, the famous novelist's mother.

118 HALL OF FAME Deepak Chopra nominates Tara Guber, founder of the Yoga Ed school program. Photograph by Michael O'Neill.

120 IF YOU KNEW SUSHI A single tuna auctioned for more than $170,000, sake flavored with snake venom, a Moonie consortium—the sushi business is wilder than gourmet wasabi. From the back alleys of Tokyo to New York's most expensive Japanese restaurant, Nick Tosches uncovers the real, raw world behind an epicure's delight.

142 FAIRY-TALE COMEBACK Mary Ellen Mark and Laura Jacobs spotlight Gelsey Kirkland, whose prodigal flight from American Ballet Theatre has a magical ending.

VANITIES

145 MANN ABOUT TOWN Prince Charles discusses modern innovation with Craig Brown. Adam Leff and Richard Rushfield compare TV's crankiest reality judges; Howard Schatz catches John Leguizamo in character. Bono seeks out Ed Coaster.

ET CETERA

38 EDITOR'S LETTER

40 CONTRIBUTORS

54 LETTERS All the Presidents' Men

86 PLANETARIUM Hold steady, Gemini

225 FAIRGROUND Toasting the planet

228 CREDITS

230 PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE David Steinberg

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT GEHRY
BARRY DILLER'S NEW MANHATTAN HEADQUARTERS.....178

TO FIND CONDE NAST MAGAZINES ONLINE, VISIT www.condenet.com.
TO FIND *VANITY FAIR*, VISIT www.vanityfair.com.

PRINTED IN THE U S A JUNE 2007


CHANEL
CHANEL
J12
AUTOMATIC
Superleggera
CERTIFIED CHRONOMETER
SWISS MADE
BASE 1000
J 12
Superleggera
AVAILABLE AT CHANEL BOUTIQUES AND FINE RETAILERS. PLEASE CALL 800.550.0005

VANITY FAIR®

Editor GRAYDON CARTER

Managing Editor CHRIS GARRETT
Design Director DAVID HARRIS
Executive Literary Editor WAYNE LAWSON
Features Editor JANE SARKIN
Photography Director SUSAN WHITE
Deputy Editors DOUGLAS STUMPF, AIMÉE BELL, BRUCE HANDY
Senior Articles Editors DANA BROWN, ANNE FULENWIDER, MICHAEL HOGAN, PETER NEWCOMB
Fashion and Style Director MICHAEL ROBERTS
Associate Managing Editor ELLEN KIELL
Fanfair Editor PUNCH HUTTON Senior Editor HEATHER HALBERSTADT
National Editor TODD S. PURDUM
Legal Affairs Editor ROBERT WALSH
Director of Special Projects SARA MARKS
Copy Editor PETER DEVINE Research Director JOHN BANTA
London Editor HENRY PORTER Senior West Coast Editor KRISTA SMITH
Special Correspondents DOMINICK DUNNE, BOB COLACELLO, MAUREEN ORTH, BRYAN BURROUGH, AMY FINE COLLINS, MATT TYRNAUER

Editor-at-Large CULLEN MURPHY
Writer-at-Large MARIE BRENNER International Social Editor ELIZABETH SALTZMAN WALKER
International Correspondent WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE

Art Director JULIE WEISS Photography Research Director JEANNIE RHODES
Deputy Art Director CHRIS MUELLER Senior Photography and Beauty Editor SUNHEE C. GRINNELL
Production Directors DINA AMARITO-DeSHAN, MARTHA HURLEY
Market Director MARY F. BRAEUNIG Executive Fashion Editor ALEXIS BRYAN Senior Style Editor JESSICA DIEHL
Online Editor ANDREW HEARST Deputy Director of Special Projects MATT ULLIAN
Editorial Business Director DORI AMARITO Associate Legal Affairs Editor CHRISTOPHER HICKMAN
Associate Copy Editor DAVID FENNER Research Editor MARY FLYNN Deputy Research Editors KATHRYN BELGIORNO, DAVID GENDELMAN
Reporter-Researchers BRENDAN BARR, JUSTIN BISHOP, JAMES BUSS, SUE CARSWELL, MICHELLE CIARROCCA, JUDY DeYOUNG, BEN KALIN,
KRIS McNEIL, MICHAEL SACKS, TED TRAVELSTEAD, CALLIE WRIGHT Associate Research Editor ALISON FORBES Assistant Copy Editor ADAM NADLER
Associate Art Directors LEE RUELLE, ANGELA PANICHI Senior Designer PIPER VITALE
Senior Photography Producer KATHRYN MacLEOD Senior Photo Research Editor ANN SCHNEIDER Senior Associate Photo Editors SASHA ERWITT, SUSAN PHEAR
Photo Research Editor KATHERINE BANG Photojournalism Editor ROSANNA SGUERA Deputy Online Editor JESSICA COEN
Senior Art Production Manager CHRISTOPHER GEORGE Copy Production Manager ANDERSON TEPPER
Executive Assistants to the Editor JONATHAN KELLY, CLAIRE HOWORTH
Editorial Promotions Associate EVA MAOUT Paris Editor VÉRONIQUE PLAZOLLES U.K. Associate Editor KATIE SHARER
U.K. Production Manager CARL GERMANN Production Associates LESLIE HERTZOG, MOLLY MITCHELL
Assistant Photo Editors IAN BASCETTA, JESSICA DIMSON Assistant Editors CAROLYN BIELFELDT, EMILY POENISCH (WEST COAST)
Features Associate REBECCA SINN Art Assistant JOCELYN SELIG Editorial Associates JESSICA FLINT, KEENAN MAYO, MATTHEW PRESSMAN, JULIAN SANCTON
Editorial Assistants CHRISTOPHER BATEMAN, CASSANDRA HANDLEY, LINDSEY KEENAN, ADAM KLAPPHOLZ, LAUREN SOZIO, ADAM SPANGLER
Photo Associate JESSICA CHATFIELD Beauty and Photo Associate LAURA KATZENBERG Photo Assistant GENEVIEVE CORTINOVIS
Fashion Assistants CHASE ROBINSON, LOUISINE FRELINGHUYSEN
Assistant Business Manager AMANDA MEIGHER Financial Analyst SUSAN WEIN

Editor, Creative Development DAVID FRIEND

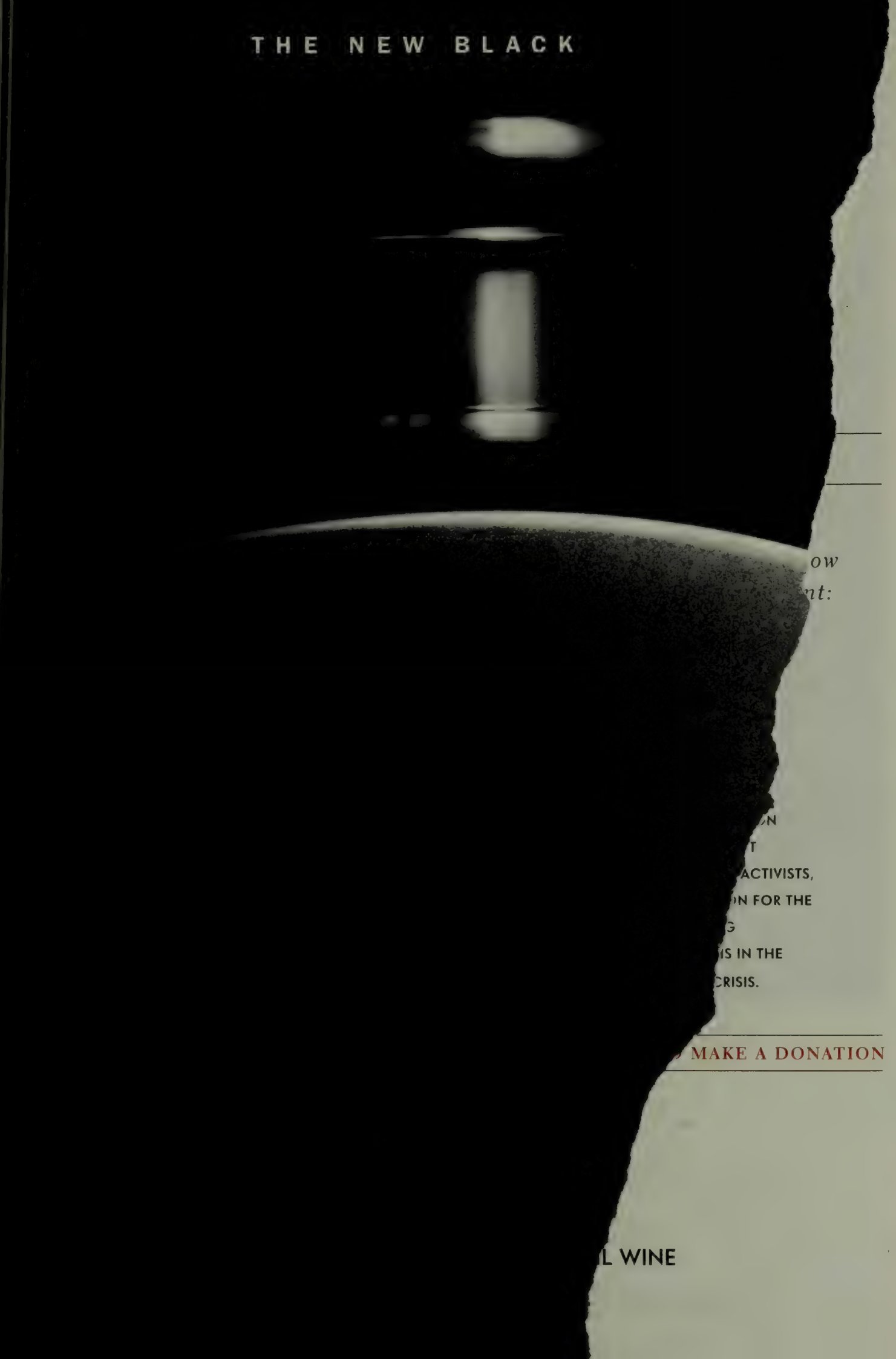
Contributing Editors
HENRY ALFORD, SUZANNA ANDREWS, ROBERT SAM ANSON, JUDY BACHRACH, DONALD L. BARLETT, LESLIE BENNETTS, CARL BERNSTEIN, PETER BISKIND, BUZZ BISSINGER,
HOWARD BLUM, PATRICIA BOSWORTH, DOUG BRINKLEY, MARINA CICOGNA, EDWIN JOHN COASTER, RICH COHEN, JOHN CONNOLLY, STEVEN DALY, BEATRICE MONTI DELLA CORTE,
FRANK DiGIACOMO, JANINE DI GIOVANNI, LISA EISNER, RUPERT EVERETT, BRUCE FEIRSTEIN, STEVE GARBARINO, A. A. GILL, LOUISE GRUNWALD,
DAVID HALBERSTAM, REINALDO HERRERA, CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS, SARAJANE HOARE, A. M. HOMES, LAURA JACOBS, SEBASTIAN JUNGER, DAVID KAMP, SAM KASHNER, EDWARD KLEI
FRAN LEBOWITZ, ADAM LEFF, DANY LEVY, GEORGE LOIS, MICHAEL LUTIN, DAVID MARGOLICK, VICTORIA MATHER (TRAVEL), BRUCE McCALL,
PATRICK McMULLAN, RICHARD MERKIN, SETH MNOOKIN, FREDERIC MORTON, NINA MUNK, DEE DEE MYERS, ELISE O'SHAUGHNESSY, EVGENIA PERETZ,
WILLIAM PROCHNAU, KATE REARDON, JOHN RICHARDSON, LISA ROBINSON, DAVID ROSE, RICHARD RUSHFIELD, NANCY JO SALES, ELISSA SCHAPPELL,
MARK SEAL, GAIL SHEEHY, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON, INGRID SISCHY, SALLY BEDELL SMITH, JAMES B. STEELE, NICK TOSCHES, CRAIG UNGER, DIANE VON FURSTENBERG,
VICKY WARD, HEATHER WATTS, GEORGE WAYNE, JIM WINDOLF, JAMES WOLCOTT, MICHAEL WOLFF, NED ZEMAN

Contributing Photographers
ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
BRUCE WEBER, MARK SELIGER, PATRICK DEMARCHELIER
HARRY BENSON, LARRY FINK, TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS,
JONAS KARLSSON, DAVID LaCHAPELLE, MICHAEL O'NEILL, SNOWDON, FIROOZ ZAHEDI
Photographers-at-Large JONATHAN BECKER, TODD EBERLE
Contributing Artists TIM SHEAFFER, ROBERT RISKO, HILARY KNIGHT, ROSS MacDONALD

Contributing Editor (Los Angeles) WENDY STARK MORRISSEY Contributing Stylist KIM MEEHAN Contributing Photography Producers RON BEINNER, RICHARD VILLANI
Contributing Photography Associate ALEXA HELSELL Contributing Production Associate SUSAN M. RASCO
Contributing Credits Editor LESLIE ALEXANDER Contributing Promotions Assistant ARI BERGEN Contributing Associate Fashion Editor REBECCA O'NEILL
Contributing Accessories Associate SAMANTHA MILNER Contributing Men's Wear Associate SAM BROEKEMA Contributing Editorial Researcher CAITLIN McNARY

Executive Director of Public Relations BETH KSENIAK
Deputy Director of Public Relations SARA SWITZER
Associate ELIZABETH HURLBUT Contributing Associate DARRYL BRANTLEY

Editorial Director THOMAS J. WALLACE


THE NEW BLACK
ow
nt:
N
T
ACTIVISTS,
N FOR THE
G
IS IN THE
RISIS.
MAKE A DONATION
L WINE

nutmeg-infused
spiced woods.
g powerful and
r men.

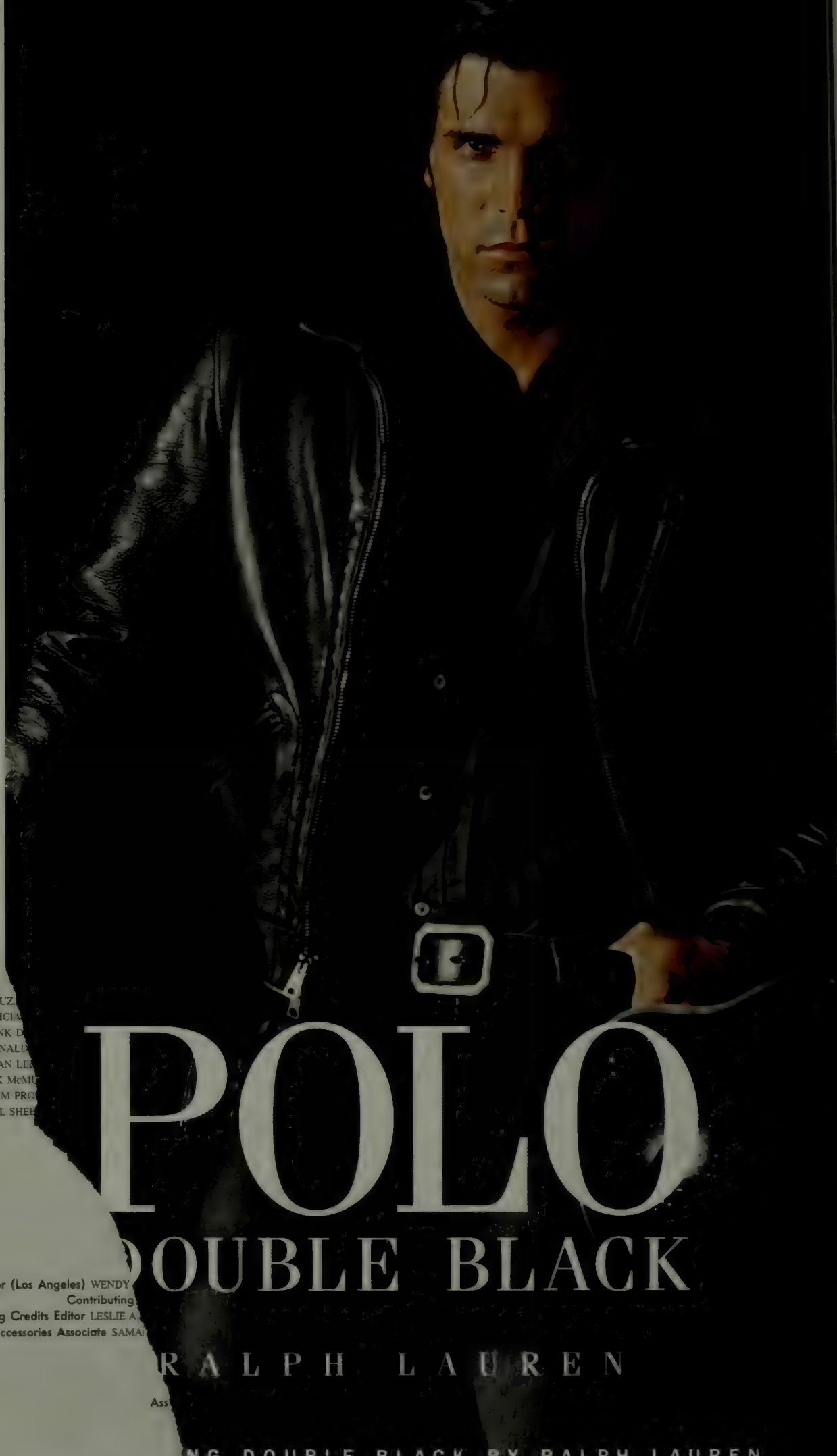
Senior

Featur

HENRY ALFORD, SUZ
HOWARD BLUM, PATRICI
FRANK D
DAVID HALBERSTAM, REINALD
FRAN LE
PATRICK McM
WILLIAM PRO
MARK SEAL, GAIL SHE

Contributing Editor (Los Angeles) WENDY
Contributing
Contributing Credits Editor LESLIE A
Contributing Accessories Associate SAMA

Ass



ADVERTISEMENT

VF BIG PICTURE SHOW

presents

REEL RELIEF

A film premiere gala featuring Ocean's Thirteen *and benefiting the International Rescue Committee for*

NOT ON OUR WATCH

For one night only, Vanity Fair, Warner Bros. Pictures, Village Roadshow Pictures, and Jerry Weintraub are joining forces for a star-studded event:

THE CHICAGO PREMIERE OF

OCEAN'S THIRTEEN

ALL PROCEEDS FROM **REEL RELIEF** WILL GO TOWARD **NOT ON OUR WATCH**, AN ORGANIZATION WHOSE MISSION IS TO FOCUS GLOBAL ATTENTION AND RESOURCES TO STOP AND PREVENT MASS ATROCITIES. **NOT ON OUR WATCH** DRAWS ON THE POWERFUL VOICE OF CITIZEN ARTISTS, ACTIVISTS, AND CULTURAL LEADERS TO GENERATE LIFESAVING HUMANITARIAN ASSISTANCE AND PROTECTION FOR THE VULNERABLE, MARGINALIZED, AND DISPLACED. **NOT ON OUR WATCH** IS PARTNERING WITH THE **INTERNATIONAL RESCUE COMMITTEE**, WHOSE HUMANITARIAN AID PROGRAMS IN THE DARFUR REGION AND AROUND THE WORLD ARE A LIFELINE TO PEOPLE UPROOTED BY CRISIS.

ISIT VFBIGPICTURESHOW.COM/REELRELIEF TO LEARN MORE AND MAKE A DONATION

Presented by

CITI

Special thanks to

BUICK HERSHEY'S YELLOW TAIL WINE

VANITY FAIR®

Vice President and Publisher EDWARD J. MENICHESCHI

Associate Publisher, Advertising AGNES B. CHAPSKI
Associate Publisher, Creative Services ANJALI LEWIS
Executive Director of Brand Development SARAH MURPHY
Advertising Director MICHAEL H. PROVUS
Director of Finance and Business Operations MARC LEYER
Advertising Director, International Fashion JUDE PÉREZ
Executive Fashion Director EMILY DAVIS
Executive Beauty Director LUCILLE DURAN
Executive Director, Spirits and Entertainment KATHRYN BANINO BANO
Executive Director, Luxury Goods and Retail DANIEL T. BORCHERT
Fashion and Beauty Director SHANNON REILLY
Travel, Home, and Financial Director SUSAN SAGAN LEVITAN
Account Directors MICHELE CHICOINE, KERI COSTELLO MAHE
Assistant to the Publisher SUSAN FALLETTA **Assistant Business Manager** MARTINA NAVRATIL **Advertising Coordinator** SHAKEELA SUBRAMANY

Los Angeles Director
RUTH TOOKER
6300 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90048
323-965-3400

Detroit Manager
KELLIE A. MacALOON
2600 West Big Beaver Road
Suite 440
Troy, Michigan 48084
248-458-3100

Midwest Director
KATHRYN M. HERRICK
875 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611
312-649-3517

San Francisco Director
JESSICA JONES
50 Francisco Street
Suite 400
San Francisco, California 94133
415-955-8270

Southeast
MICHELE CHICOINE
212-286-5476

New England
KERI COSTELLO MAHE
212-286-2191

Dallas
LEWIS STAFFORD COMPANY
5000 Quorum Drive
Suite 545
Dallas, Texas 75240
972-960-2889

Hawaii
LOREN MALENCHEK
Malenchek & Associates
379 Holopuni Road
Kula, Hawaii 96790
808-283-7122

Canada
DODD MEDIA SALES
3121 Theatre Road North, RR4
Cobourg, Ontario
K9A 4J7 Canada
905-885-0664

Milan
MIRELLA DONINI
VALENTINA DONINI
Mia S.R.L.
Via Hoepli, 3
20121 Milan, Italy
3902-805-1422

Paris
ELISABETH BARBOSA
Go Media Sales Ltd.
26 Rue de l'Église
53200 Menil, France
33-1-243-70-45-74

London
FRAN BERRICK
Go Media Sales Ltd.
61 Grosvenor Street
London, England W1Y 9DA
44-20-7409-2616

Hong Kong
PETER JEFFERY
Asian Integrated Media Ltd.
Suites 2308–9, 23rd Floor
Two Chinachem Exchange Square
338 King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong
852-2850-4013

Executive Director of Creative Services BRENDA OLIVERI
Directors, Merchandising and Promotional Development JUDY MATZ, SHELBY TOMPKINS **Senior Merchandising Managers** ERIN BRENNAN, TERRENCE CHARLES
Associate Merchandising Managers KELLY SON, K. QUINN STUEBE
Creative Development Director JENNIFER ORR KELMAN **Entertainment Marketing Consultant** JENNIFER PARKER VAN ZYL
Director of Special Events JULIE MOORE **Creative Services and Marketing Coordinator** MATT McCUE
Creative Director, Advertising JAQUELINE BACICH **Associate Art Director** JANE O'CONNOR
Directors, Creative Projects Development ANNE DiBENEDETTO, JENNIFER PRODAN HENDERSON **Associate Director, Creative Projects Development** KAREN JENSEN
Marketing Director ERIC A. KARP **Associate Marketing Director** DAVID SORANNO **Marketing Associate** TONI CAVALIERE
Advertising Assistants DANYA HAKIMIAN, JANE LEVIN, DIANA NOBLE, JULIA RANSOM, TONI PAUWELS (Detroit); MATT OWENS (Chicago), STACI CAZENAVE (Los Angeles), MICHELLE SALVADOR (San Francisco)

PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS

Chairman S. I. NEWHOUSE, JR.

President and CEO CHARLES H. TOWNSEND

Chief Operating Officer JOHN W. BELLANDO
Chief Marketing Officer RICHARD D. BECKMAN
Chief Financial Officer DEBI CHIRICHELLA SABINO

Group Presidents–Publishing Directors DAVID CAREY, MITCHELL B. FOX

Executive Vice President–Human Resources JILL BRIGHT
Senior Vice President–Chief Information Officer JOHN BUESE
Senior Vice President–Operations and Strategic Sourcing DAVID ORLIN
Senior Vice President–Manufacturing and Distribution KEVIN G. HICKEY
Managing Director–Real Estate ROBERT BENNIS
Senior Vice President–Corporate Controller DAVID B. CHEMIDLIN
Senior Vice President–Chief Communications Officer MAURIE PERL
Senior Vice President–Planning and Development PRIMALIA CHANG
Senior Vice President–Market Research SCOTT McDONALD
Vice President–Editorial Assets & Rights EDWARD KLARIS
Vice President–Editorial Business Manager LINDA RICE
Vice President–Corporate Creative Director GARY VAN DIS **Vice President–Editorial Operations** RICK LEVINE

CONDÉ NAST MEDIA GROUP

Senior Vice President–Corporate Sales AMY CHURGIN **Senior Vice President–Finance** ROBERT A. SILVERSTONE
Vice President–Integrated Marketing LINDA MASON **Vice President–Corporate Sales, Detroit** PEGGY DAITCH **Vice President–Creative Marketing** CARA DEOUL PERL
Vice President–Marketing MATT ROBERTS **Vice President–Interactive** JASON R. KREBS **Vice President–Creative Services** DANA MILLER

CONSUMER MARKETING

Executive Vice President ROBERT A. SAUERBERG, JR. **Vice President–Retail Marketing** JAMES J. MATE
Vice President–Business Development JULIE MICHALOWSKI **Consumer Marketing Director** TAMMY LASPALAKIS

Published at 4 Times Square, New York, New York 10036

Subscription inquiries: Please write to *Vanity Fair*, Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714, or call 800-365-0635.
For permissions and reprint requests, please call 212-286-8349 or fax requests to 212-286-8628.



STORE LOCATIONS 877.6 SHOP CK
SPORTSWEAR, SUITS, DRESS SHIRTS, NECKWEAR, FOOTWEAR, ACCESSORIES

Calvin Klein


GORGEOUS IS JUST
THE BEGINNING


JAGU

Murder on Denial



Imagine this: The world's premier military and economic superpower (let's call it Country A) gins up a war against a faraway opponent (Country B) after it refuses to kowtow to Country A's wishes. Country B, it should be said, is rich in the essential resources that A requires to continue its expansion. A showers B with name-calling invective and then, with war imminent, A's leaders predict that B will collapse almost immediately. But not only does B not fold—it rallies and fights back guerrilla-style. Meanwhile, in Country A the war's architects and proponents are accused of misjudging the enemy. Country A's leader (let's call him George) is accused of being ill informed and downright ignorant of the people and customs of Country B. Within A, tensions rise and the nation divides on the issue of the war. Country A throws everything it can at B—including a number of "surges"—and still B fights back. After eight long years of warfare, Country A concedes defeat, and from those ashes, B rises to become the next great sphere of influence in the world.

If you're thinking Country A is the U.S., you'd be wrong. A is late-18th-century Great Britain under the reign of another failed George, George III. Country B is the formative United States of America. In a chilling essay in *The Spectator* about the decline of empires, David Selbourne, author of *The Losing Battle with Islam,* quotes the silver-tongued British parliamentarian Edmund Burke as warning that "a great empire and little minds go ill together." Apt words, indeed, given the U.S.'s current leadership and standing in the world. "As historical processes quicken," says Selbourne, "the longevity of empires is diminishing: the American imperium, like the Soviet, has entered on its decline after only some six decades. There will be no future Pax Americana." (For a look at another parallel to the state of American decline, do read Cullen Murphy's "The Sack of Washington," beginning on page 186. In this excerpt from his new book, *Are We Rome?,* due out in May, Murphy examines one of the underlying causes of the fall of the Roman Empire: privatization. Similarly, Murphy says, the U.S. "has embarked on a privatization binge like no other in its history." The firms the work is being outsourced to, he says, not only are taking over nearly every vital function of government, but also are unregulated and unaccountable to the public.)

It could fairly be said that America, during the Bush years, has entered an Age of Denial—arguably the first stage of a nation's decline. A country in which a mentally unstable 23-year-old armed with semi-automatic weapons can slaughter 32 students and teachers on a university campus a week after presidential hopeful Mitt Romney has to *exaggerate* his attraction to guns in an effort to woo the National Rifle Association is a country sorely in need of new gun laws.

Romney's fellow Republican candidates are thrashing around in their own cones of denial. John McCain strolls through a Baghdad market wearing a Kevlar vest and protected by helicopter gunships, dozens of U.S. troops, and armored Humvees, and declares the area safe. The next day, according to the London *Times,* 21 workers from the same market are ambushed and killed north of Baghdad. Ten days later a suicide bomber sets off an explosion in the heavily fortified parliament within the heavily fortified Green Zone, killing one person, a lawmaker, and wounding two dozen more.

Rudy Giuliani is in as much denial about his chance to win the Republican nomination as he was about the convincingness of his mayor-era comb-over. Of special interest to voters will be the slow drizzle of details about his past and present domestic arrangements—for more on this see Michael Wolff's "Crazy for Rudy," beginning on page 106. Across the divide, Democratic steamroller Hillary Clinton is in denial over the rumored, er, friskiness of her husband, Bill. If journalists are aware of this apparent friskiness, you can be damned sure Karl Rove and the Republican intelligence machine know about it, too. They're just holding back in the event that Clinton gets the nomination. Should that happen they can grind her campaign into the gutter with all the lurid specifics. John Edwards's hair is getting in the way of his own chances for victory. The $400 Beverly Hills trim was bad enough. The two-minute YouTube vignette of him fluffing before a TV interview to the tune "I Feel Pretty" is a career-killer. For more on this, see James Wolcott's "The YouTube Election," beginning on page 96.

Paul D. Wolfowitz, principal architect of the Iraq war and President Bush's handpicked choice to head the World Bank ("Heckuva job, Wolfie!"), has been in denial over whether he will keep his job. In the wake of the scandal surrounding his wangling a plum transfer for his girlfriend from the bank to the State Department, he has become such a source of ridicule within the international organization that employees have published a satirical monograph called *La Banca Swirlla* (Bank Swirled). The magazine reports that Wolfowitz was booed by bank employees when he tried to explain to them his reasoning behind the transfer (and his girlfriend's $60,000 raise). Another anecdote in the volume centers on an 18th-century map of the Middle East that was dropped off at Wolfowitz's office when he first joined the bank. In the area that is now Iraq, World Bank members had drawn in red *X*'s where weapons of mass destruction could be located.

Alberto Gonzales, President Bush's former White House counsel and current attorney general ("Heckuva job, Gonzo!"), has been in a constant state of denial over whether he will keep his post. The hoo-ha over the firing of the eight United States attorneys on political grounds has confirmed once and for all that Gonzales is incompetent, untruthful, and generally unfit for command.

The King of Denial—or "the Denialer in Chief," as he might put it—is, of course, our very own president, who refuses to accept reality with regard to almost anything that crosses his desk. Poor thing, he's even having trouble finding a place to dump his stuff once he's out of office. His plan for the Bush presidential library is nothing if not immodest—a $500 million facility that would be not just a library (all those copies of "The Pet Goat") but an, ahem, *think tank.* Reading and thinking—not activities that one immediately associates with this president. His hopes of placing his legacy at Laura's alma mater Southern Methodist University, in Texas, have hit a snag. A January letter to S.M.U. president R. Gerald Turner, signed by more than five dozen past and present faculty members, is an indication of the sentiment around the campus. The letter described the Bush legacy as the "erosion of habeas corpus, denial of global warming, disrespect of international treaties, alienation of long-time U.S. allies, environmental predation, disregard for the rights of gay persons, a pre-emptive war based on false premises, and other perceived forms of disrespect for the created order and global community." Perhaps the president should look to something more in keeping with his legacy—a bookmobile, for instance.

—GRAYDON CARTER



OD. DG 4018 713/45
w.dolcegabbana.it

OMEGA

AVAILABLE AT

BACHENDORF'S
PLAZA AT PRESTON CENTER
DALLAS
214-692-8400

GALLERIA LEVEL I
DALLAS
972-392-9900

PRESTON PARK VILLAGE
PLANO
972-596-2090

LEE MICHAELS
FINE JEWELERY
MALL OF LOUISIANA
BATON ROUGE, LA
225-766-6000

LONDON JEWELERS
MANHASSET, NY
516-627-7475

TRADITIONAL JEWELERS
FASHION ISLAND
NEWPORT BEACH, CA
949-721-9010





Douglas Brinkley

When Nancy Reagan and the Ronald Reagan Foundation invited contributing editor Douglas Brinkley to edit the former president's diaries, he eagerly accepted the challenge. "It has been a work in progress for the last three years," Brinkley says. "In order to finish the book, last June I moved my family from New Orleans to Simi Valley, California, and we lived right by the Reagan Library." Reagan kept a daily diary, and by the end of his two terms in office, the pages—handwritten, on unlined paper—numbered in the thousands. "It's a wonderful and unique window into his presidency," says Brinkley, "and you're living it in real time." *The Reagan Diaries,* with an introduction by Brinkley, is out this month from HarperCollins.



ALEX GOLDBERGER

Paul Goldberger

In "Diller@Gehry.nyc," page 178, Pulitzer Prize–winning author and architecture critic Paul Goldberger reports on the new IAC building, overlooking the Hudson River in Manhattan, the result of two highly regarded figures working together: executive Barry Diller and architect Frank Gehry. "It is less common than it once was for companies to achieve identities architecturally," Goldberger says. "Museums and universities are more inclined to commission a building like this. In a way, when Diller hired Gehry, he was reaching back to an earlier time when, as with the Woolworth Building, corporations were important patrons of architecture." According to Goldberger, the structure is a welcome addition to the Chelsea neighborhood. "For various reasons, Frank Gehry has never built a freestanding building in the city—it's great to have one at last."

Michael O'Neill

This month, *Vanity Fair* contributing photographer Michael O'Neill celebrates a group that has no trouble holding poses: yogis. O'Neill, a Kundalini devotee himself, suggested the idea of a yoga portfolio to *V.F.* and spent a year capturing everyone, from the field's top gurus to sinewy celebrities, in practice. For the 20-page portfolio on the global phenomenon, which begins on page 192, he traveled more than 100,000 miles. O'Neill professes "intense, heartfelt love" for the practice. And as an artist and student, he recognizes the "long learning curve ahead" and is attempting to "study and absorb the energy of the masters."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42





WHY CO-AXIAL?
YOU'LL HAVE ALL THE TIME TO FIND OUT.

THE EXCLUSIVE OMEGA CO-AXIAL TECHNOLOGY REDUCES FRICTION AND OFFERS GREATER ACCURACY OVER TIME

OMEGA

www.omegawatches.com 866-382-8214

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

vanity fair agenda

special promotion



Selma Blair, Matthew Felker, and Krista Smith

GUESS Celebrates the Legacy of Herb Ritts

GUESS and *Vanity Fair* joined forces for an exclusive cocktail party to honor the photographic legacy of Herb Ritts on February 21. Hosted by *Vanity Fair* West Coast editor Krista Smith, the Herb Ritts Foundation, and GUESS, the evening was held at the Los Angeles club Area. The celebration drew more than 225 guests, including Elizabeth Banks, Camilla Belle, Naomi Campbell, Chris "Ludacris" Bridges, Troy Garity, Russell Simmons, Ritts family members, and many others. London-based DJ Kris Bones spun tunes as guests mingled and enjoyed a digital installation of images of Oscar-winning celebrities photographed by Ritts for *Vanity Fair* between 1986 and 2002.



Alice Eve and Natalie Marciano



Naomi Campbell and Russell Simmons



PAUL ARMIGER

William Shawcross

This month, internationally renowned writer and broadcaster William Shawcross spotlights the Queen of England (page 164) and reveals the softer side of Her Majesty. Having written the book *Queen and Country* and the *V.F.* feature story "The Last Icon," both in 2002, Shawcross was able to use his extensive connections to reach out to the Queen's closest confidants and friends. Says Shawcross, "In her photographs she appears restrained, less so now than in past years. But certainly in private, at smaller occasions, she's much more relaxed and jokey; with her husband she's almost coquettish. They both work incredibly hard; they are both in their 80s, still they seem years younger." Shawcross's next project is the official biography of the Queen Mother.

Brigitte Lacombe



Capturing the beautiful and famous is in the job description for photographer Brigitte Lacombe, but shooting Mamie Gummer ("Profile with Pedigree," page 184) had special significance. "It was a touching experience to photograph Mamie as a confident young actress. I am very close with her mother, Meryl Streep, so, for years, I have casually photographed Mamie in the context of her family life," says Lacombe. Comparing Gummer to Streep, Lacombe relates, "One can see the similarities between mother and daughter. From one angle I will see a young Meryl; the next second Meryl has vanished and all I see is Mamie. These photographs capture Mamie." Gummer, an actress on the rise, will appear with an all-star cast, including Streep, in the film *Evening,* in theaters this month.



GASPER TRINGALI

Cullen Murphy

Editor-at-large Cullen Murphy has written a number of books, from an anthropological study of human garbage to a groundbreaking look at feminism and the Bible. In his new book, *Are We Rome?* (Houghton Mifflin), he takes a fresh crack at the title question. "Skeptics may snort, but some important comparisons between modern America and ancient Rome really do hold up," Murphy says. "It's not just 'bread and circuses.'" In an excerpt, "The Sack of Washington," page 186, he focuses on a dangerous trend in the United States that similarly bedeviled ancient Rome: the privatization of the government's authority and functions. "Over time," Murphy observes, "public power becomes powerless, and private power becomes paramount. When there's a crisis, nobody's in charge." Prior to coming to *Vanity Fair,* Murphy was for many years the managing editor of *The Atlantic Monthly.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



NEW

MIDNIGHT SWIRL™
lip lustre

put a spin on sexy

A twist of deep, high gloss color, kissed with a black pearl shine. Make it last with **New** Revlon ColorStay® Clear Lipliner and illuminate your lips to sheer seduction. In 5 head-turning shades.

REVLON

LIMITED EDITION COLLECTION

vanity fair agenda

advertising • promotion • events • opportunities



[illegible]

BLT Burger presents the ultimate in gourmet comfort food—signature burgers, fries, floats, milkshakes, and more. The casual West Village burger joint is the newest venture from chef Laurent Tourondel, of BLT Restaurants, the group behind New York's cherished BLT Steak, BLT Prime, and BLT Fish. For more details, visit bltrestaurants.com.

A Shopper's Dream: Europe

Be sure to check out the Shopaholic's Guide that accompanies this issue of *Vanity Fair*. Inside the definitive, annual guide to the world of Chic Outlet Shopping® in Europe you'll find advice from prominent travel and fashion writers, coupled with hotel, restaurant, spa, culture, and travel tips. Europe's best outlet villages are a great addition to your summer itinerary. For more information, visit chicoutletshopping.com.





Dillard's
The Style of Your Life.



CLINIQUE

Clinique's Summer Refresher Event

You're invited to cool down at Clinique's Summer Refresher workshop, from May 16 to 26. Get personalized advice from a Clinique expert, including tips on stay-cool skin care, melt-proof makeup, and smart-sun strategies. Plus, receive a free gift from Clinique with your consultation.* Exclusively at:

Carson Pirie Scott
at Orland Square Mall
4 Orland Square Drive
Orland Park, IL 60462
10 A.M. – 9:00 P.M.

As a bonus, when you schedule your consultation for **Saturday, May 19** from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M., you'll receive a fabulous complimentary gift from *Vanity Fair* with any Clinique purchase of $30 or more.*

To make an appointment call, 708-349-1900, ext. 4308.

*Quantities are limited. One gift per customer, while supplies last.

Bridal Elegance from Vera Wang

Vera Wang is the most influential authority on bridal elegance. Celebrate your special day with her fragrance of desire, filled with femininity and sensuality. The Vera Wang scent is a modern floral bouquet of Bulgarian rose, calla lily, and mandarin flowers, topped with gardenia, lotus, iris, and white stephanotis. The fragrance is to be possessed by a woman but embraced by a man. The Vera Wang fragrance collection, priced from $35 to $165, is available at Dillard's stores, dillards.com, or by calling 800-345-5273.

BVLGARI

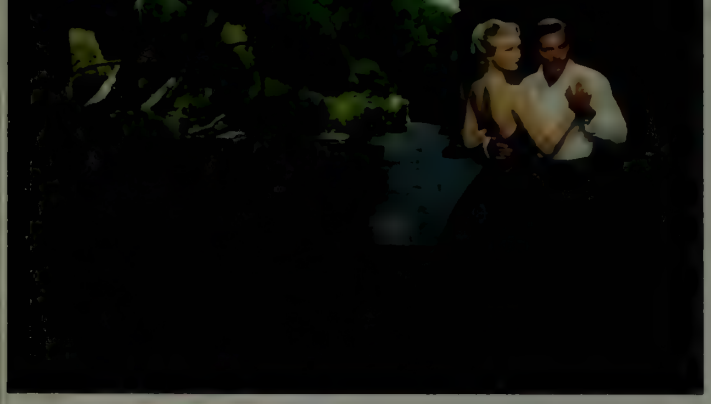


ASSIOMA

D

THE NEW WATCH COLLECTION

ASPEN • BAL HARBOUR • BEVERLY HILLS • CHEVY CHASE
CHICAGO • HONOLULU • HOUSTON • LAS VEGAS • NEW YORK
PALM BEACH • SOUTH COAST PLAZA • SAN FRANCISCO • 1 800 BVLGARI









THE PARTY CONTINUES ON vanityfair.com



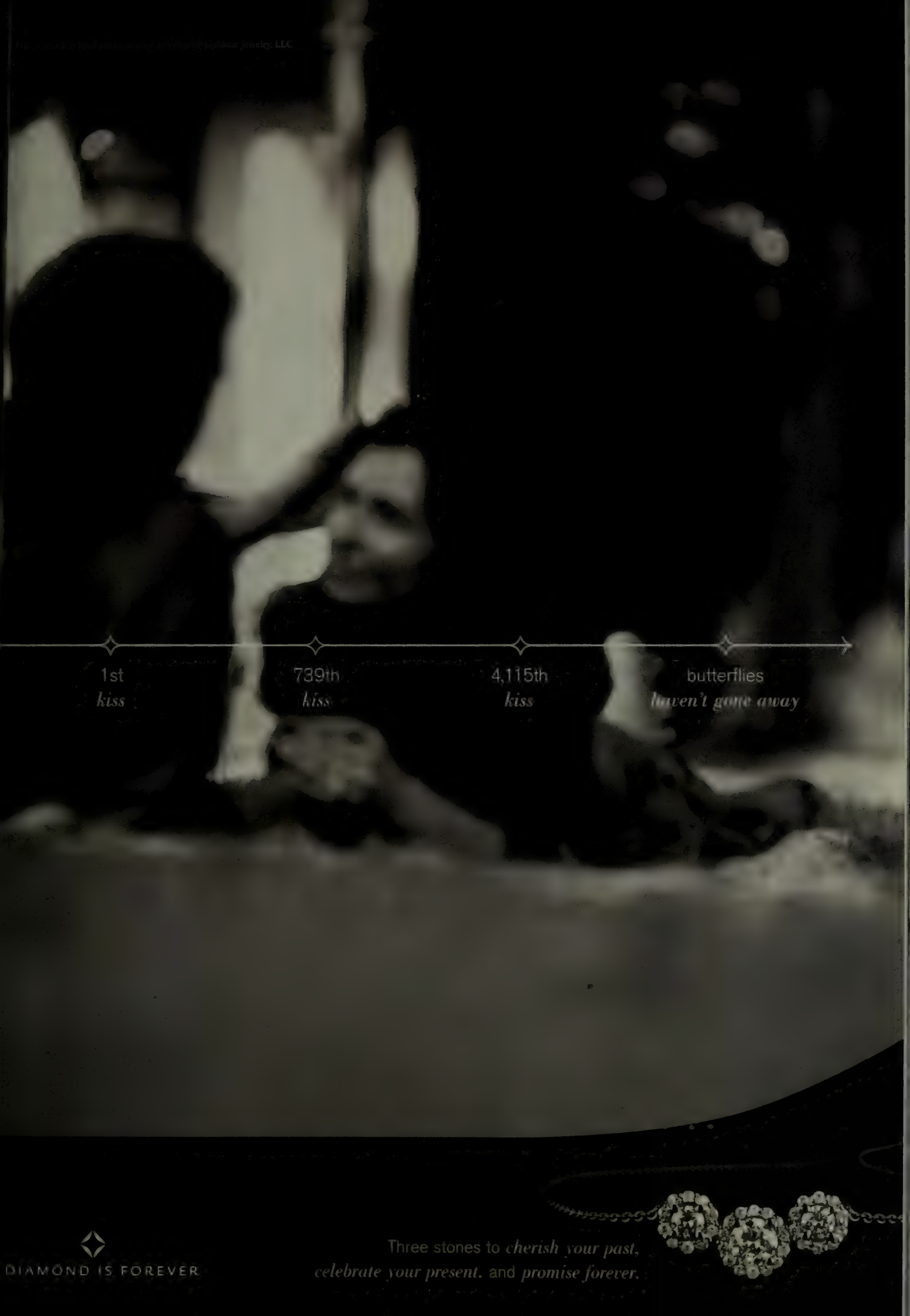



For an assortment of original stories and videos, pop-culture reviews and interviews, photo-essays, outtakes, and James Wolcott's blog, plus links to 250 great sites, go to VF.com.

It's "the best party on the Web." U.K. *Independent*.







1st
kiss
739th
kiss
4,115th
kiss
butterflies
haven't gone away
DIAMOND IS FOREVER
Three stones to cherish your past,
celebrate your present, and promise forever.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

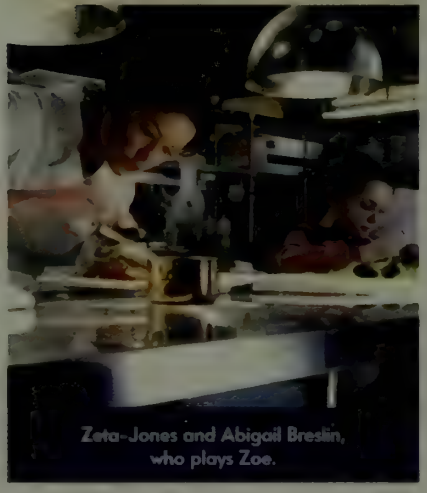
PHOTOS BY DAVID LEE



Aaron Eckhart as Nick and Catherine Zeta-Jones as Kate.

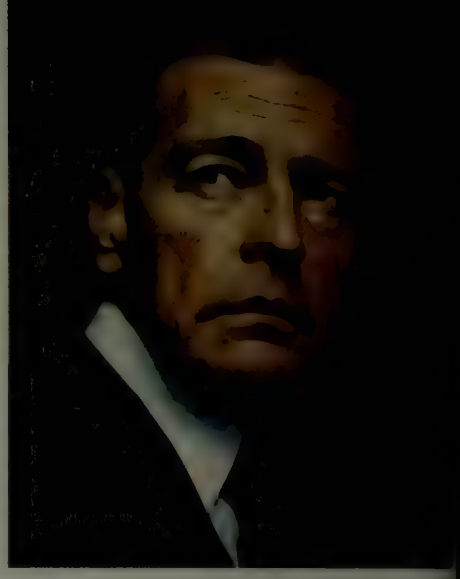
No Reservations

From Warner Bros. and Village Roadshow Pictures, the new romantic drama *No Reservations* stars Catherine Zeta-Jones as master chef Kate Armstrong, who lives life and runs her trendy Manhattan restaurant with no-nonsense intensity. Kate's perfectionist nature is tested when a brash, freewheeling sous-chef joins her staff (Aaron Eckhart starring as Nick Palmer), and her young niece, Zoe (Abigail Breslin), comes to live with her. To find true happiness with Nick and really connect with Zoe, Kate will have to express herself beyond the kitchen. *No Reservations* will hit theaters this summer.



Zeta-Jones and Abigail Breslin, who plays Zoe.

Nick Tosches



"I never thought there could be so much to a dead fish," says contributing editor Nick Tosches, who writes about sushi's inexorable conquest of America in "If You Knew Sushi," on page 120. As in a previous piece for *V.F.*, on the mind-boggling capitalist free-for-all that is Dubai, Tosches's story this month takes him to a mecca of global commerce: Tsukiji, the world's largest fish market, in Tokyo. "It's surprising that a fish market could be so fascinating and that there could be rainbows of fables and history and information behind a single piece of sushi," he says. Tosches is currently working on a history of the post-atomic age, with Keith Richards as the central figure, to be published by Doubleday.

MICHAEL JOHN MURPHY



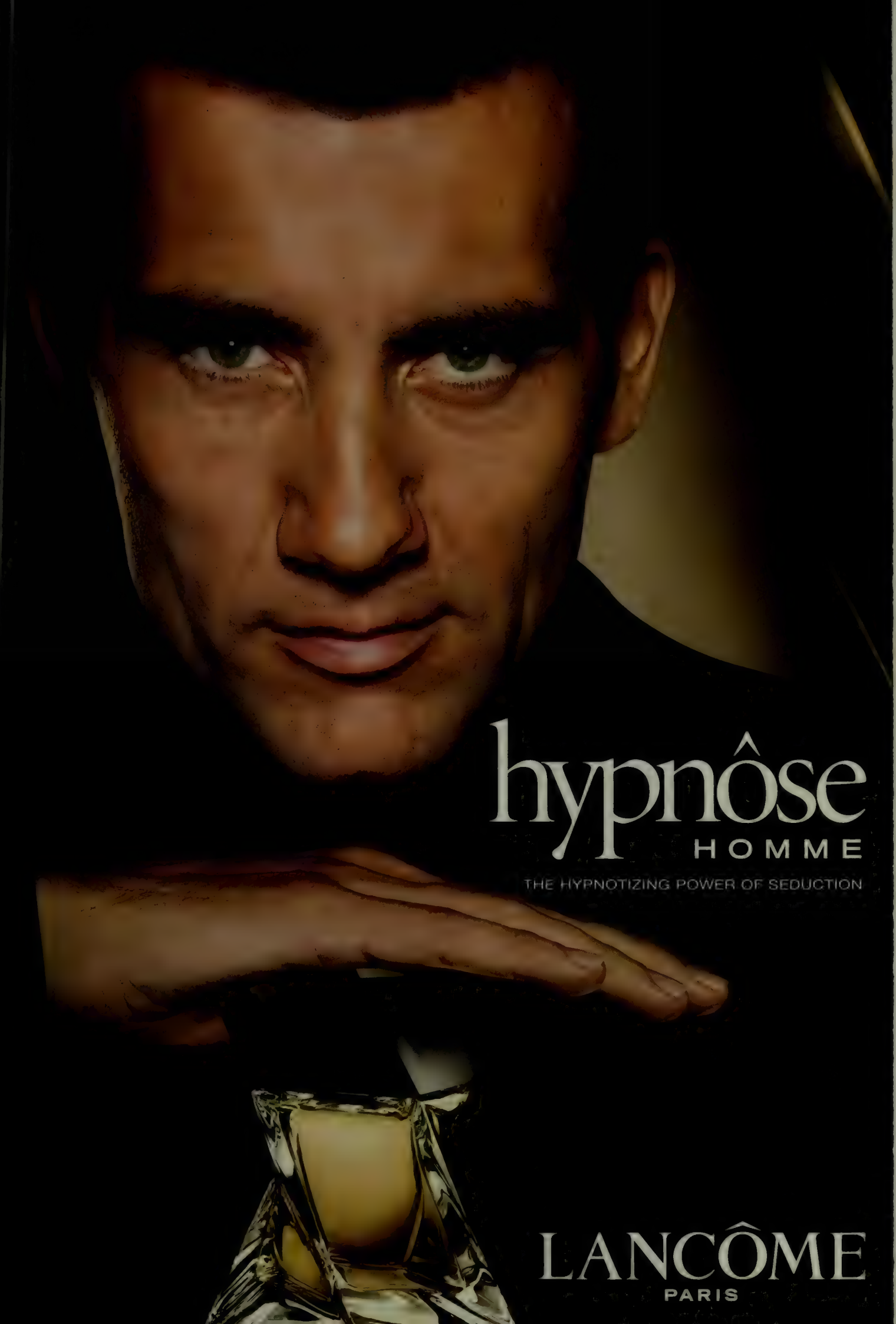
Bruce Weber

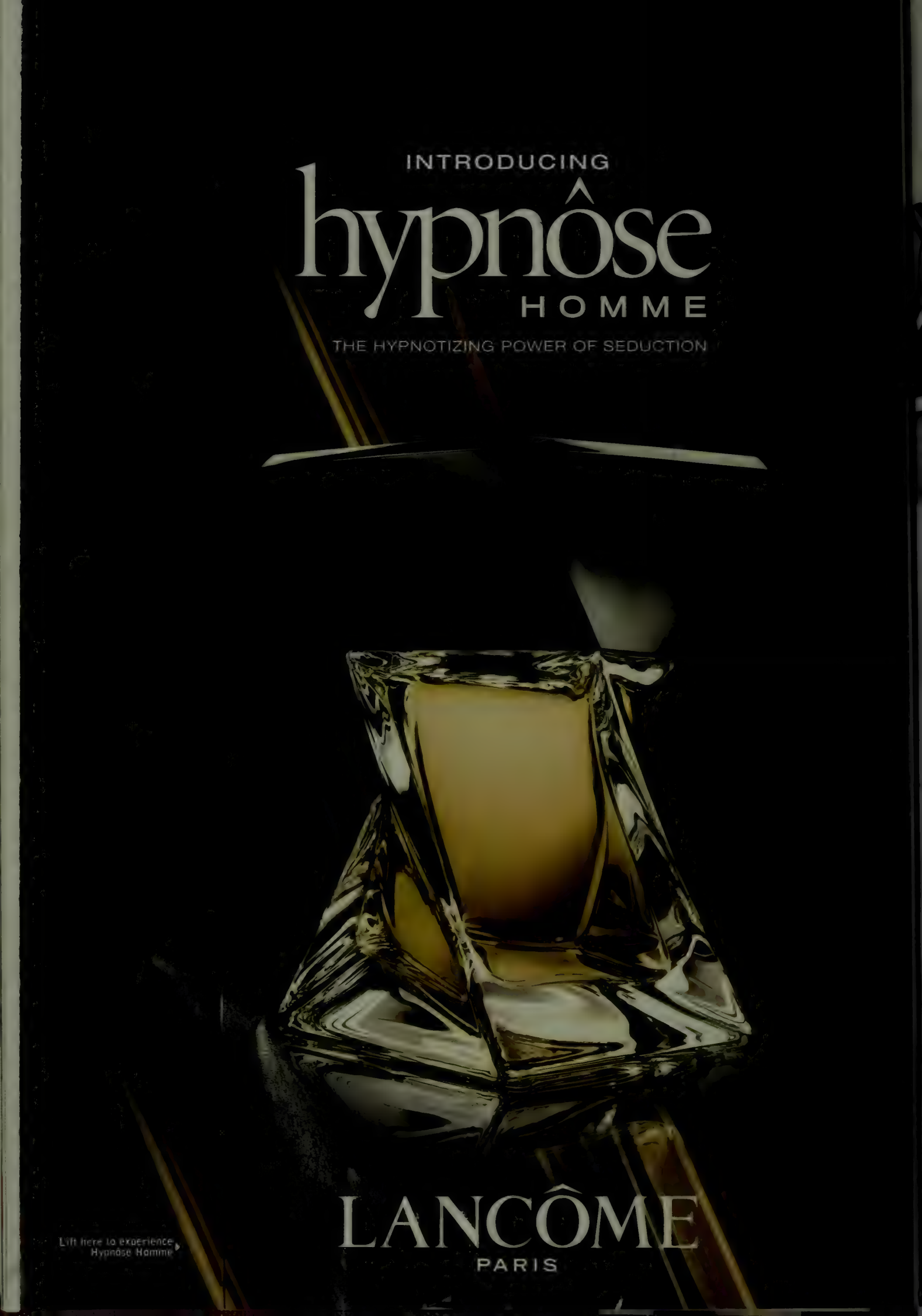
Contributing photographer Bruce Weber combines beauty and brains, the young and the old, as he turns his lens toward editor Bob Silvers and actress Emma Roberts. "The incredible thing about Bob Silvers," Weber says, "is that he's really read each and every one of the books in his office, the way one eats a great meal at La Grenouille." In contrast to Silvers, Roberts inspired Weber on a more personal level with her combination of beauty and intelligence. Weber's new short film, *Wine and Cupcakes,* premiered at the South by Southwest Film Festival, in Austin, Texas, earlier this year, and a restored print of *Let's Get Lost,* his Oscar-nominated documentary on Chet Baker, will have a special June engagement in New York City.

Jonathan Kelly



For nearly three years, Jonathan Kelly has been executive assistant to the editor of *Vanity Fair.* Kelly, who says he's considered changing his name to "Graydon Carter's office," sees the magazine's goings-on from an unusually lofty perch. "My job is fast-paced journalism grad school, in which you get a bird's-eye view of all the components that make up a magazine." Kelly also serves as deputy editor of the Vanities section, under David Kamp, Carter's former protégé from his *Spy*-magazine days. Of his professional lineage, Kelly says, "When you work for Graydon you join a new family, with all these surrogate aunts and uncles who have worked for him over the years. It's an incredible structure to be part of, in and outside of work." Speaking of lineage, Kelly's mother, Sheila Weller, is a contributor to the magazine.


hypnôse
HOMME
THE HYPNOTIZING POWER OF SEDUCTION
LANCÔME
PARIS


INTRODUCING
hypnôse
HOMME
THE HYPNOTIZING POWER OF SEDUCTION
LANCÔME
PARIS
Lift here to experience
Hypnôse Homme

vanity fair agenda

advertising • promotion • events • opportunities





Lexus 460 Degrees

On February 8, Lexus and *Vanity Fair* joined forces for a benefit evening of art, design, and automobiles at the Lexus 460 Degrees Gallery, in Chicago. More than 100 guests turned out to enjoy cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, view an installation of artwork, and meet influential painter Jeremiah Goodman, who signed copies of his new book, *Jeremiah: A Romantic Vision*. The exhibition, entitled "Light and Speed," featured sculptures by Arne Quinze, photographs by Miranda Lichtenstein, and video pieces by Pascual Sisto.

Hampton Luxury Liner

Keep your Hamptons weekends stress-free by traveling from Manhattan aboard the Hampton Luxury Liner's spacious, relaxing bus service, departing hourly. Each elegant coach offers beverages, snacks, music, movies, and a newsstand library. Stretch out in oversize seats. Arrive refreshed. Only $24.90 each way when you purchase a 10-trip value pack for $249. For reservations, call 631-537-5800, or visit hamptonluxuryliner.com.



VISIT

VFACCESS.COM

for an

EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW

of

CHRIS CORNELL'S LATEST ALBUM, *CARRY ON*.

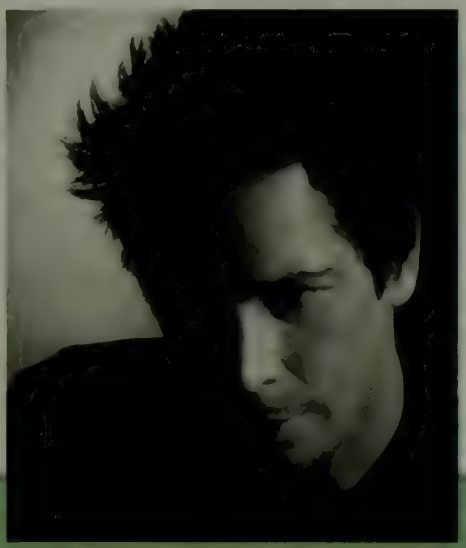


PHOTO BY MAX VADUKUL

Chris Cornell Rocks

In stores June 5, Grammy®-winning singer-songwriter Chris Cornell releases the 13th album of his career, *Carry On*. The album features the current hit "No Such Thing" (the theme song to *Casino Royale*), "You Know My Name," and a stirring rendition of Michael Jackson's "Billie Jean." On May 11 at the Third Annual MAP Fund benefit concert, the MusiCares Foundation presented Cornell with the Stevie Ray Vaughn Award for his efforts in helping addicts with their recovery. The fund provides members of the music community with access to addiction-recovery treatment regardless of their financial situation.

Two More Ways to Make Life Simpler

The Simplicity Concierge and Simplicity Sweepstakes feature a host of inspired prizes designed to simplify life. Enter online at philips.com/entertainment or by mobile device, between May 8 and June 26. Simply text "Win Philips" to 82222. By texting you agree to receive a text message that will include a toll-free number for full rules. Upon receipt of reply, text "Win" and your e-mail address (e.g., Win name@youremail.com). Standard text-message rates apply.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Sweepstakes begins at 5:00 P.M. ET on 5/8/07 and ends at 11:59 P.M. ET on 6/26/07 when all entries must be received. Open to legal residents of the 50 United States/D.C. who are at least 18 years of age as of the date of entry, except employees of Sponsors and immediate families. Void outside the 50 United States/D.C. and where prohibited. A total of thirty-nine (39) potential winners will be selected in a random drawing. The approximate retail value total of all prizes: $335,000. By texting users agree to receive two (2) confirmation messages from Philips to complete entry. Standard text-messaging rates apply. Sponsors: Condé Nast Publications, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036 and Philips Electronics North America, 1251 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. See official rules at philips.com/entertainment.


For an
enlightened
child

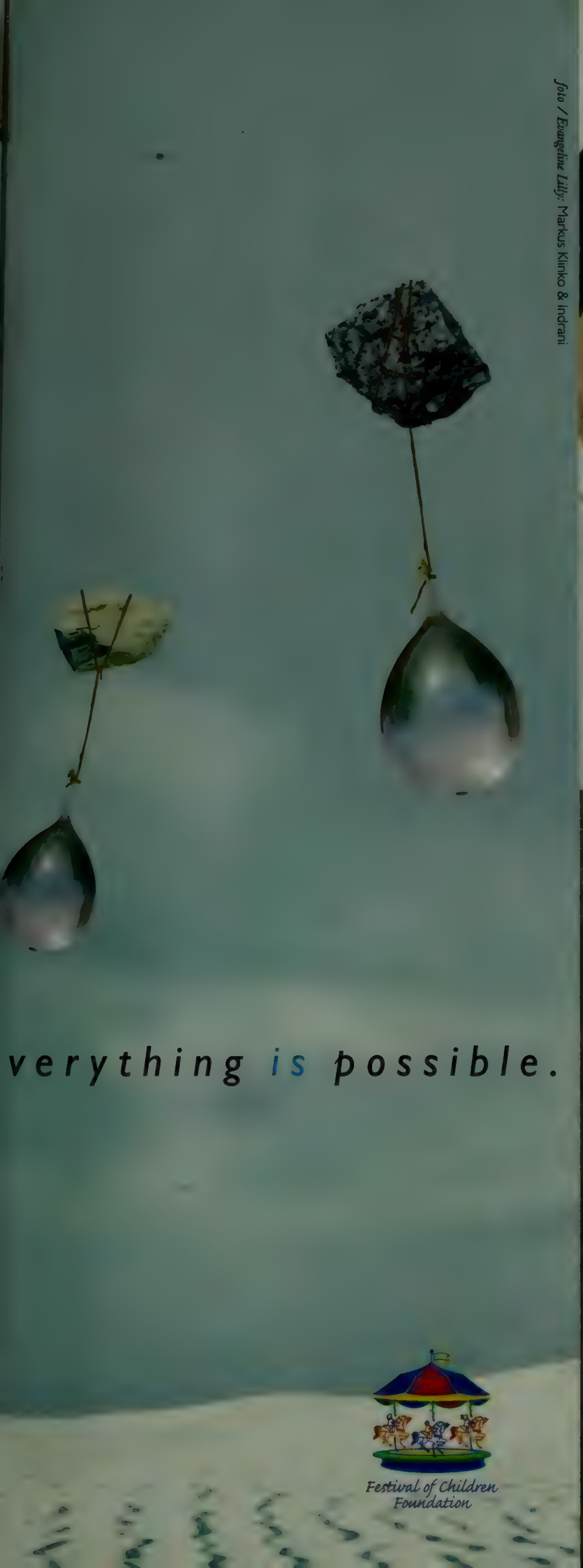


foto / *Evangeline Lilly*: Markus Klinko & Indrani

verything is possible.

Festival of Children Foundation



Could opening the mind of one child lead to the possibility of ending world drought forever?"

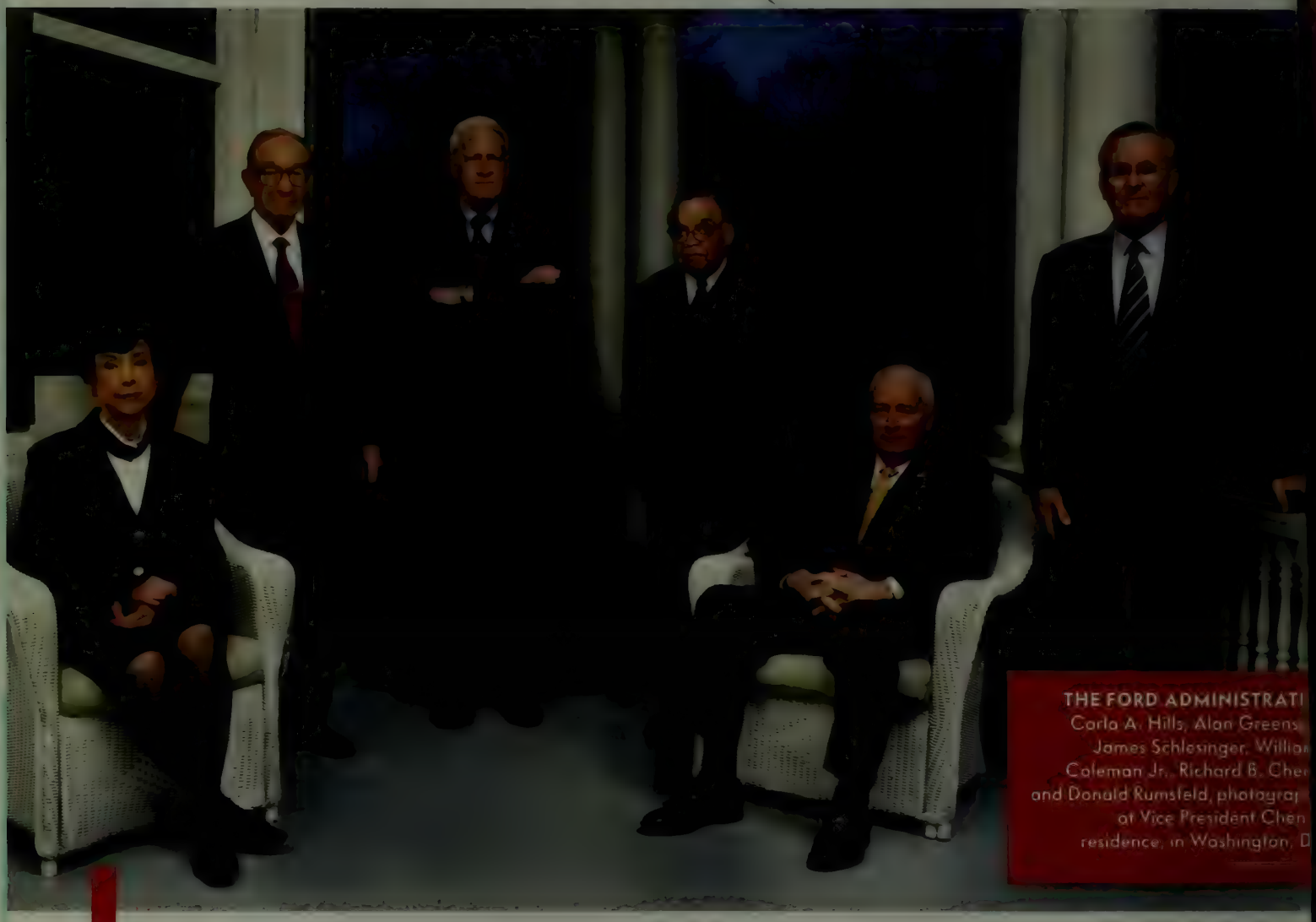
-Evangeline Lilly

Festival of Children Foundation believes in an unlimited future for every child. From the smallest non-profit to the largest, Festival of Children Foundation gives much needed support to organizations that provide health care, social services, child safety, art and education. Every dollar we raise directly provides programs, resources and financial assistance to children's charities. ***I'm asking you to support Festival of Children Foundation*** to create better lives and futures for our children and the communities in which they thrive. The charities that help our kids need our help. Join us today at ***festivalofchildren.org/dreams***

Together we can make a difference.

ALL THE PRESIDENTS' MEN

Juxtaposing presidential staffs and mobsters; cover flak; A. A. Gill, racist?; haute strokes; cutting through Spicer's past; and a general humiliation



THE FORD ADMINISTRATI
Carla A. Hills, Alan Greens
James Schlesinger, Willia
Coleman Jr., Richard B. Che
and Donald Rumsfeld, photograp
at Vice President Chen
residence, in Washington, D

Looking at the picture of the denizens of the executive branch in the Gerald Ford administration on pages 216 and 217 of the April issue, it struck me once again how good leadership brings out the best in people ["Yes, Mr. President!," by Todd Brewster]. Dick Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld dominated the photo and were well-respected public servants under Ford. The fact that they are considered failures today by a majority of our citizens has to be an indictment of the leadership abilities of our current "decider."

JOHN FREDERICKSON
Clayton, California

I HAVE never read a more inaccurate summary of the John F. Kennedy presidency than the text accompanying the marvelous picture you published of the surviving members from that team. To say that "Kennedy was a hawk . . . [whose] presidency reeled from calamity to predicament, [including] the Cuban missile crisis," ignores virtually everything the man said and did, including his refusal to bomb the Soviet missiles in Cuba, tear down the wall in Berlin, or send combat troops to Vietnam, and overlooks as well his landmark speech on peace at American University. And to say that "his leadership on civil rights was compromised by his need to court voters in the South" ignores the comprehensive civil-rights legislation sent to the Congress by Kennedy in 1963, following the first presidential declaration in a century that our nation could no longer permit discrimination and segregation based on race.

THEODORE C. SORENSEN
Special counsel and adviser to
President John F. Kennedy
New York, New York

I FOUND it fascinating that you featured portraits of *The Sopranos* cast and members of previous presidential administrations in the same issue. Would anyone like to guess which of the two groups was responsible for the most lying, cheating, deception, backbiting, and deaths? I believe the administrations win hands down.

BARRY ROSS PARNELL
Palm Desert, California

FAMILY VALUES AND THE BOSS'S LADY

AS HAS LONG BEEN SUSPECTED, the impetus behind David Chase's *The Sopranos*—a show which proudly, exuberantly exploits Italian culture—was a festering sense of self-loathing, nurtured by parents eager to escape their feelings of Italian inferiority ["An American Family," by Peter Biskind, April].

There is a familiar pattern to shifting one's ethnic identity, a pattern not exclu-

DAVID HUME KENNERLY

La Doña de *Cartier*



Cartier

1-800-cartier • www.cartier.com

sively limited to Italian Americans. Step One: Americanize your name (in his case, from DeCesare to Chase). Step Two: Become a practicing Protestant (instead of a Catholic). Step Three: Change your language (from the beautiful vowels of Italian to the harsh consonants of English). And Step Four: Hang on, if you must, to only the shallowest and most rudimentary elements of your classical culture (food!).

Thanks a lot, Mr. and Mrs. Chase. You chased your son away from developing a truly healthy appreciation for the Italian heritage. As the Romans would have said, Chase is genuinely *nullius filius,* or no one's son.

BILL DAL CERRO
Chicago, Illinois

ENOUGH ALREADY with the covers of bored-looking, fully dressed men with nude or near-nude women posing seductively on or next to them. It is *un*sexy, *un*sophisticated, and smacks of disrespect—all things I never used to associate with *Vanity Fair.*

KIRSTEN I. FISHLER
Riverside, California

I LOVE the woman on the cover of the April issue! She's got gams! She's soft and round, the way a woman is supposed to be! She's invited over to my house to eat pasta, lots of bread, and something deliciously rich for dessert. You know she will enjoy it.

KAREN E. MURRAY
Astoria, Oregon

DAVID CHASE'S FATHER ran a hardware store in Verona, New Jersey, when *The Godfather* was being filmed, in the early 1970s. A casting agent for the movie lived in Verona, and many townspeople were hired as extras, including my father. Shortly thereafter, I went with my father to the hardware store. "How," Henry Chase snapped at my father, "could you do something that perpetuates the negative stereotypes of Italian Americans?" I laugh every time I think of him watching *The Sopranos.*

VIRGINIA CITRANO
Verona, New Jersey

IN THE GOOD ARTICLE on *The Sopranos* and David Chase, there is a glaring error that all fans of the show would immediately spot. The quote that begins, "All due respect, you got no fucking idea what it's like to be number one . . . " is attributed to Johnny Sack, when in fact this speech was delivered by Tony to Silvio in the episode titled, not surprisingly, "All Due Respect."

JAMES KEYSER
Louisville, Kentucky

LITTLE BRITAIN IN THE BIG APPLE

A. A. GILL has finally exposed these boors for who they really are ["Brits Behaving Badly," April]. As a newly arrived immigrant from London in the mid-60s, I was intrigued by my American friends' insistence that I meet English people already settled here. It took me no time at all to learn to distance myself from these clods. I found most of them to be boring, snooty neo-colonialists, forever making snide comments about their American hosts, while at the same time milking their generosity at every turn. I have seen this exact same behavior in East Africa, India, and Singapore. Clearly these people have not recognized that the sun has set on the British Empire and maybe it is time for them to go home—and good riddance to them.

MANDY DEGIGNAC
Leesburg, Virginia

I ACKNOWLEDGE there may be certain truths in Gill's description of the British enclaves that exist in particular parts of Manhattan. However, may I suggest that, next time, Gill venture forth from the relative safety of the cultural Green Zone of Soho House and Greenwich Village? His descriptions reek of bourgeois myopia. There are a multitude of British immigrants who never fall into that "Jeeves and Wooster" camp with whom Gill appears to run exclusively.

KAREN ELLIOT
New York, New York

"BRITS BEHAVING BADLY" was hilariously cruel and well aimed. As a 40-year British expat, I have met at one time or another all the culprits A. A. Gill speaks of.

But I do have to disagree with him about

POSTSCRIPT

In November 2002, Liesel Pritzker, then a freshman at Columbia University, filed a $6 billion lawsuit in Chicago accusing her father, Robert Pritzker, and his family of looting $1 billion from her trust funds. Her suit set off an explosion of publicity, not only because of her willingness to publicly attack her ailing, 76-year-old father, or the staggering amount of money involved. No, the most stunning revelation was that Liesel's cousins had made an agreement, kept secret for nearly a year, to sell off the family's $15 billion business empire and divide the spoils among themselves. As contributing editor Suzanna Andrews would learn during her reporting for "Shattered Dynasty" (May 2003), the gutting of one of America's great fortunes—one that had taken 100 years to build—seemed to have little to do with business and everything to do with anger, greed, and sibling rivalry.



Liesel Pritzker exits a courtroom at the Daley Center, in Chicago, 2003.

JOHN ZICH

The infighting had begun once family patriarch and well-known investor Jay Pritzker died, in 1999. Accusations of financial mismanagement and squabbling over the family's Falcon 900 jet soon tore apart the once closely knit clan. In an attempt to restore peace, in 2001, Jay's eldest son, Tom, who was left to run the family business with Jay's niece and cousin, agreed to do what Jay Pritzker had asked the family never to do: split open the trusts and grab the family's fortune for themselves. Liesel and her older brother, Matthew, were left out of this secret pact. That brought another round of attorneys, who alleged that in 1994, in the aftermath of his divorce from their mother, Robert—their father and Jay's brother—had moved some $2 billion out of his youngest children's trust funds. Robert's lawyer told *Vanity Fair* that his client had done nothing wrong. Three weeks after *V.F.* went to press, Matthew also sued the family. Which *finally* brings us to what has happened since.

After heated negotiations, Liesel and Matthew—now 23 and 25—were each given close to $500 million, in January 2005. As part of the settlement, the two gave up any further claim to the family fortune—which will be divided among the 11 older cousins, who, when the family's assets are liquefied, by 2011, will probably get around $1.3 billion apiece.

Today, the breakup of the empire is under way: Conwood, its smokeless-tobacco company, was sold last year for $3.5 billion; Presidential Towers, downtown Chicago's largest apartment complex, was sold this March; and Hyatt Hotels, the family's crown jewel, is probably being prepared for an I.P.O.

But the price the Pritzkers paid for their new wealth is their family. The agreement brought no peace. Even now, five and a half years later, cousins and siblings don't speak. "Nothing's changed," says one friend.

To read the original story, please visit **VANITYFAIR.COM.**


CHROME
REFLECTIONS OF MEN
CHROME
AZZARO
MACY'S

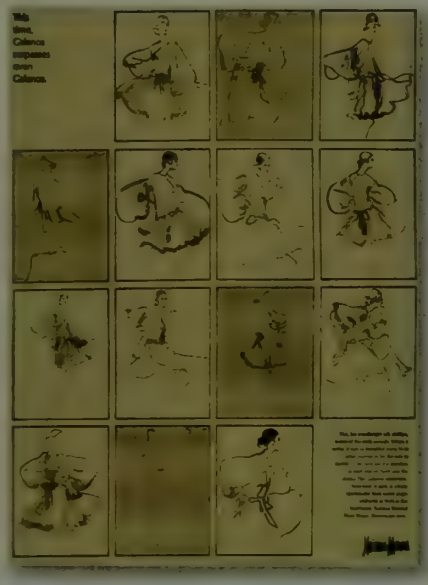
the groceries that Englishmen are "supposed to yearn for." Even after 40 years, I still crave the glorious meat pies and kippers from Myers of Keswick, the "film set" shop that Gill fails to name. Indeed, I would seriously doubt Gill's parentage were he to refuse to admit to an occasional lust for steak-and-kidney pud.

TOM COURTENAY-CLACK
Jefferson, New York

MIGHT WE EXPECT follow-up stories on how Jews have prominent noses, Asians have slanty eyes, and African Americans have curly hair, and how they are all awful because they don't behave the way A. A. Gill wants them to? Just because Gill is British doesn't magically or ironically elevate his remarks to a position where this piece of literary incontinence, based solely on race, is somehow not racist.

MICHAEL COLLINS
Toronto, Ontario

THE POWER OF GALANOS



A Neiman Marcus ad from 1969 displays 14 drawings of the same Galanos dress.

AMY FINE COLLINS'S tribute to James Galanos conjured up warm memories of a time when class and craftsmanship still prevailed ["When Galanos Spelled Glamour," April]. During the 1960s, before photographs replaced illustrations in newspaper advertising, I was one of four fashion artists on staff at Neiman Marcus in downtown Dallas. Because the store carried all the great fashion designers—from Beene to Balenciaga—the advertising department was rarely impressed by another dress to draw. Galanos was always the exception. Usually each artist was assigned a specific ad. But on one occasion the Galanos dress we received was so extraordinary that we all wanted the assignment; so we pulled our drawing boards around the model and created some 75 drawings, from which 14 were selected to run checkerboard-style in *The Dallas Morning News*. The ad copy simply stated the facts: "When it came, it was so beautiful every N-M artist wanted to be the one to sketch it . . ." Our ad was talked about for days. The maestro himself has, of course, been talked about for more than 50 years.

PHIL FRENCH
Hemet, California

THE SHADOW COMMANDER

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that Robert Baer, in his article "Iraq's Mercenary King" [April], romanticizes the world of private military corporations and the individuals whose business is war, the essence of which is the suffering of other human beings.

Baer merely glides over the "scandal" of 1997 when Tim Spicer's company, Sandline International, contracted with the Papua New Guinea government (P.N.G.), "which wanted a mercenary force to protect a copper mine in Bougainville, in a rebellious part of the country." This so-called rebellion was actually an ongoing response by poor Papua New Guineans against the pollution, labor conditions, and health problems resulting from their work in the Bougainville mining operations, which were sponsored by the London-based corporation Rio Tinto.

When the Papua New Guineans resisted through their uprising, Rio Tinto sought the help of the government. A 10-year civil war ensued wherein the P.N.G. and Rio Tinto committed serious human-rights abuses and war crimes. This is the context within which Sandline operated.

Baer, however, discloses none of this information but characterizes Sandline's work there as simply the protection of the Bougainville copper mine. By focusing solely on the life of Spicer, Baer shows his military-oriented sympathies but does little to seriously inform *Vanity Fair* readers.

JOYCE SONG
New York, New York

ROBERT BAER RESPONDS: Romanticizing Tim Spicer was not my intention, and I would be surprised if most readers came away with a romantic view. But I'm grateful to Ms. Song for the elaboration she provides.

THE GENERALS' REVOLT

"THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS" [by David Margolick, April] is an unsettling account of the dilemma faced by those now retired generals who have recently attacked the handling of the Iraq war. Conflicted by obedience to the civilian leadership while realizing the incompetence of those leaders, and intimidated by the humiliation of army

GET 10 YEARS BACK*
BE PROUD TO CELEBRATE YOUR AGE
Find out how at RoCchallenge.com
TAKE THE RoC CHALLENGE



RoC® RETINOL CORREXION®

DEEP WRINKLE SERUM

CLINICALLY
PROVEN TO GIVE **10 YEARS BACK** TO THE LOOK OF YOUR SKIN*

- concentrated moisturizing fluid contains a unique mineral complex
- pure, active Retinol helps to stimulate skin renewal
- in 12 weeks, even deep wrinkles are visibly diminished
- works under makeup or while you sleep

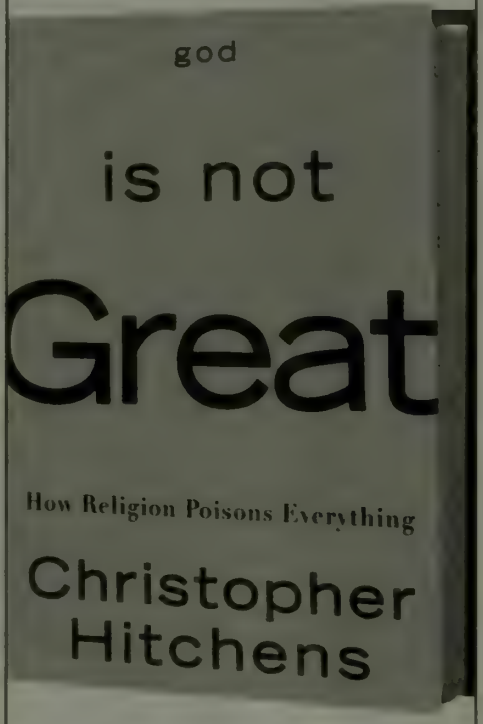
RoC
FRANCE 1957

Available at a drugstore near you. For more information visit [illegible]

*diminished appearance of wrinkles after 12 weeks use in clinical testing

WE KEEP OUR PROMISES.

"Thank God for Chistopher Hitchens. For he has written the finest of the down-with-God books."
—*Esquire*



"Effortlessly witty and entertaining as well as utterly rational."
—*Booklist*

"Pleasingly intemperate."
—*Kirkus Reviews*


Photo: Christian Witkin

"An intellectual willing to show his teeth in the cause of righteousness."
—*The New Yorker*

Available in hardcover and from Hachette Audio
www.hbgusa.com

TWELVE
Hachette Book Group USA

chief of staff General Eric Shinseki, they could only hope someone more senior would speak out. And what better spokesman than Secretary of State Colin Powell, another (retired) general at odds with the war planners, and to many the most respected member of the administration. But instead, he too followed orders, presenting the administration's case for war to the United Nations. As much as I admire him, I believe Secretary Powell owed allegiance to the country, not the White House. It is clear that if he had resigned in protest he would have had strong support from the military, making it difficult for Bush-Cheney-Rumsfeld to take the country to war. Could this one man have prevented the Iraq fiasco?

J. RICHARD GASKILL
Los Gatos, California

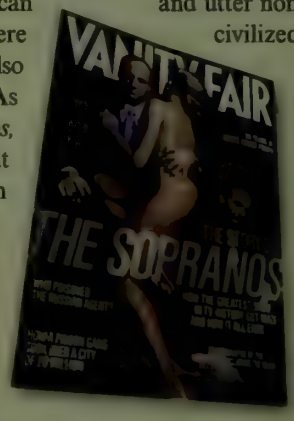
YES, the six generals are, indeed, entitled to their opinions and voices of dissent upon their retirement. The only problem I have is the methods they chose: using the northeast leftist-elitists who are only too willing to hype "dissent" among military professionals—particularly when they fly in the face of their peers and erstwhile superiors. Better they had stayed within their respective professional journals and circles—they might have accomplished something much more positive. Now, they are, sadly, paying the price. Nonetheless, I honor their service to our nation.

JAMES P. FAZEKAS
Chief warrant officer 4 (retired), U.S. Army
Smyrna, Delaware

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.

MORE FROM THE V.F. MAILBAG

"How refreshing and exciting to see a woman on your cover who has curves and exudes sex appeal!" writes Jane Atkisson, from Glen Allen, Virginia, regarding the April cover. As for the story itself ("An American Family," by Peter Biskind), Rosemary Garro Tanfani, of Fair Oaks, California, would like the record to show that "the Italian American women of my experience were strong-willed, but they were also warm, nurturing mothers. As much as I love *The Sopranos*, I've always wondered what neighborhood those hard-bitten Italian women come from."



"I was very upset to see a nude woman sitting on a man's lap at the checkout stand at my local grocery store," says Stacy Franks, of Fort Worth, Texas. And who can blame you? We don't understand how you folks conduct yourselves on checkout lines down in Fort Worth, but here in New York security would have hustled those two out the door in no time flat.

"Like most parents, I do not want my family assaulted with eroticism and explicit images," begins Lyn Walker, of Hickory, North Carolina, and (as it happens) scores of other people from scores of other places feel similarly. And they continue, using many identical phrases: "normal standards of decency," "strongly urge," "and"... you get the idea. We detect a coordinated letter-writing campaign! Which is fine, but isn't that a bit like finding term papers online?

"As a Scotsman I was riled by A. A. Gill's assertion [in "Brits Behaving Badly"] that if an Englishman were to walk into a Scottish bar during an England-Scotland Rugby match they'd 'leave wearing their nose as an earring,'" writes Dr. Gareth Thompson, of Glasgow. "This is complete and utter nonsense. Rugby fans are very civilized. It isn't soccer." And yet, Dr. Thompson, you describe yourself as "riled"—riled by a wee magazine article! Interesting. Was Gill's article a "nasty, back-stabbing rant," as Anthony Ross, of Santa Monica, would have it, or was it, on the other hand, a "putrid article" by a "poisonous scribbler" (Andrew Cole, Boston)? Let's give transplanted-to-Charlotte Brit Emma Smith the last word: "The author is referring to the type of chinless, interbred, arrogant Englishman who is very much (and thankfully) a dying breed. Most of my fellow countrymen (myself included) moved here precisely wishing to leave them back at home."

Finally, regarding the new photo of the editor in chief: "I like it," writes G. Wasko, from Rochester, Minnesota. "I was really tired of thinking that Mr. Carter was wearing high heels every time I looked at the 'jeans and blazer' photo." The irony, G. Wasko, is that—strictly between us—Graydon did wear high heels for the *new* photo.

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ


Tommy Bahama
RUM
WHITE SAND
Tommy Bahama
RUM
PRODUCT OF BAHAMAS
GOLDEN SUN
Tommy Bahama
RUM
. . . TASTE PARADISE.
DRINK RESPONSIBLY
www.tommybahamarum.com



LONDON, NOVEMBER 18–21 2006
Lindsay Lohan
ART. SMU07G

miu miu
eyewea

FANFAIR

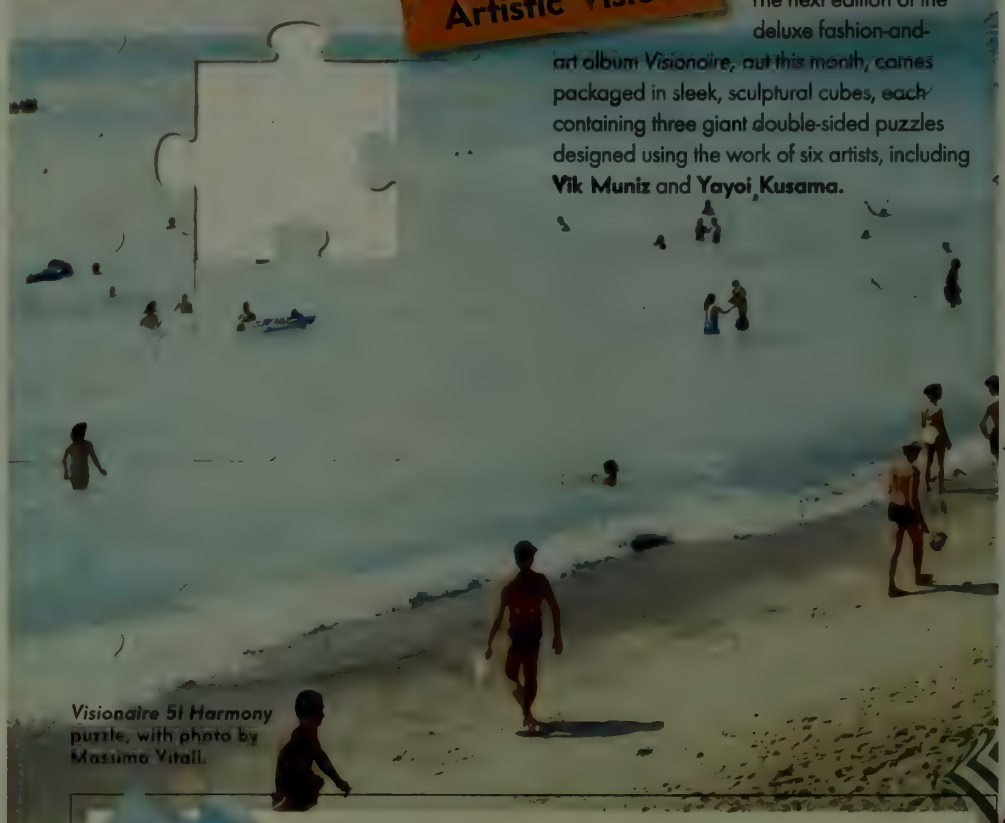
30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE

JUNE 2007



Artistic Vision

The next edition of the deluxe fashion-and-art album *Visionaire*, out this month, comes packaged in sleek, sculptural cubes, each containing three giant double-sided puzzles designed using the work of six artists, including **Vik Muniz** and **Yayoi Kusama.**



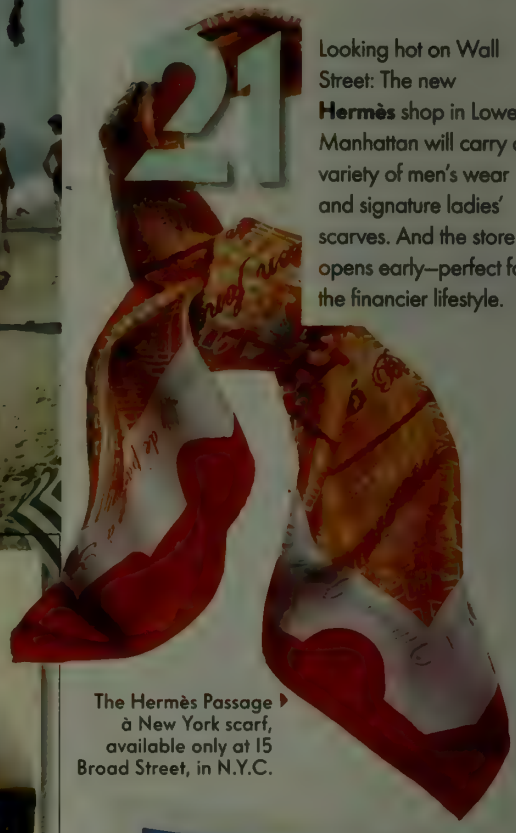
Visionaire 51 Harmony puzzle, with photo by Massimo Vitali.

UNSPOOLING IN THE SUN

More than 50 films from local and international filmmakers will screen at the 2007 **Maui Film Festival,** in Wailea, Hawaii. In lieu of traditional gift bags, the organization makes donations in the names of its honorees to several charities, including the Surfrider Foundation. (6/13–6/17, mauifilmfestival.com)

21

Looking hot on Wall Street: The new **Hermès** shop in Lower Manhattan will carry a variety of men's wear and signature ladies' scarves. And the store opens early—perfect for the financier lifestyle.



The Hermès Passage à New York scarf, available only at 15 Broad Street, in N.Y.C.

THE CULTURAL DIVIDE

June



Joan Crawford, circa 1940.

"People want to see the girl next door,' Louis B. Mayer told Joan Crawford. And she said, Louis, if they want to see the girl next door, tell them to go next door!' And Joan Crawford lasted for more than 50 years." This and other pop-culture tidbits are included in ***Chasing Cool,*** from Atria.



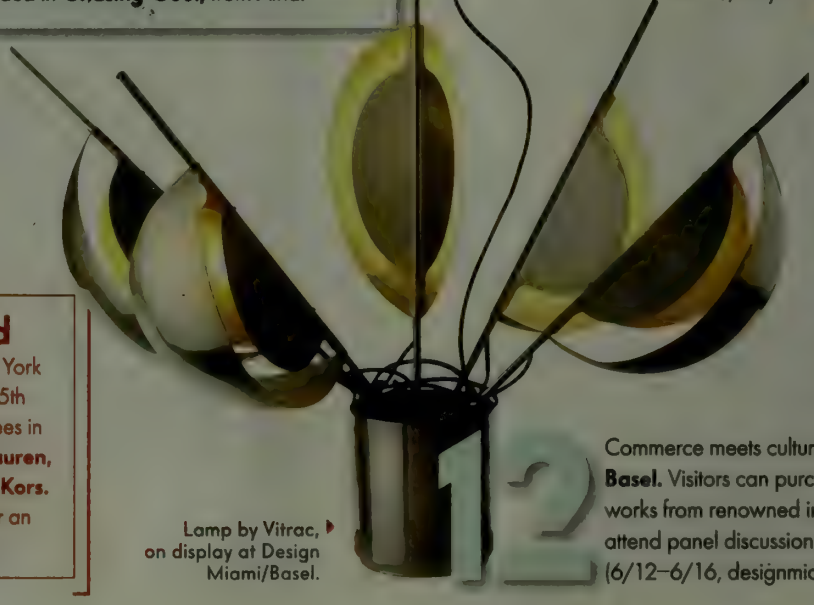
Venice, Italy.

10

Tim Burton, Brian Eno, and **Rob Storr** are among the hundreds of musicians, artists, and thespians applauding an array of piazza productions, midnight screenings, and exhibitions at the **Venice Biennale.** (6/10–11/27, labiennale.org)

Fashion Forward

The fashion set gathers at the New York Public Library on June 4 for the 25th annual **C.F.D.A. awards.** Nominees in various categories include **Ralph Lauren, Oscar de la Renta,** and **Michael Kors.** And **Thakoon Panichgul** is up for an Emerging Talent honor.

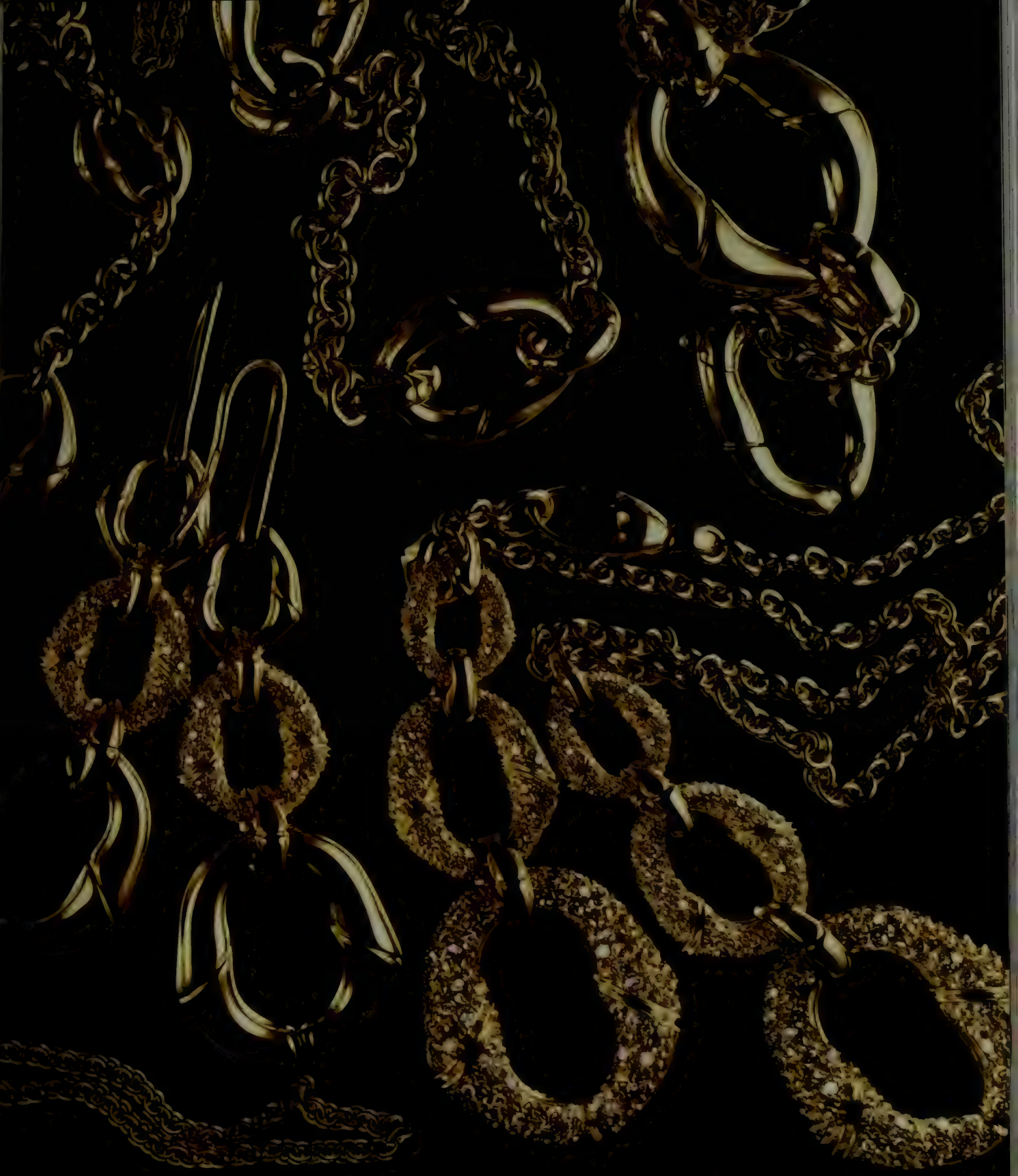


Lamp by Vitrac, on display at Design Miami/Basel.

12

Commerce meets culture at **Design Miami/Basel.** Visitors can purchase limited-edition works from renowned international galleries and attend panel discussions with noted art scholars. (6/12–6/16, designmiami.com)

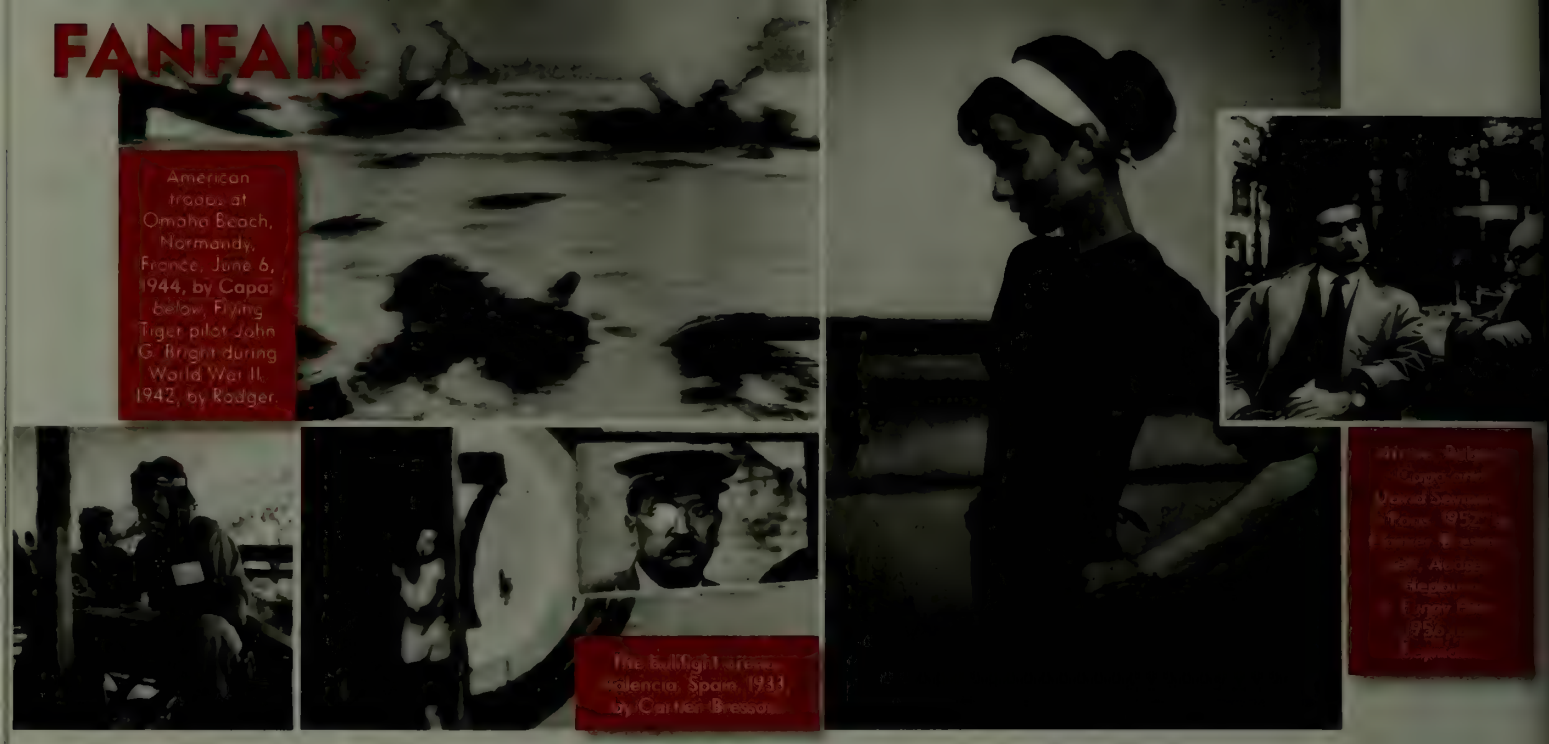
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF HARRIS (PUZZLE, SCARF)



GUCCI

BAMBOO COLLECTION

Earrings, bracelets, necklaces and pendants in 18kt yellow gold and brown diamonds

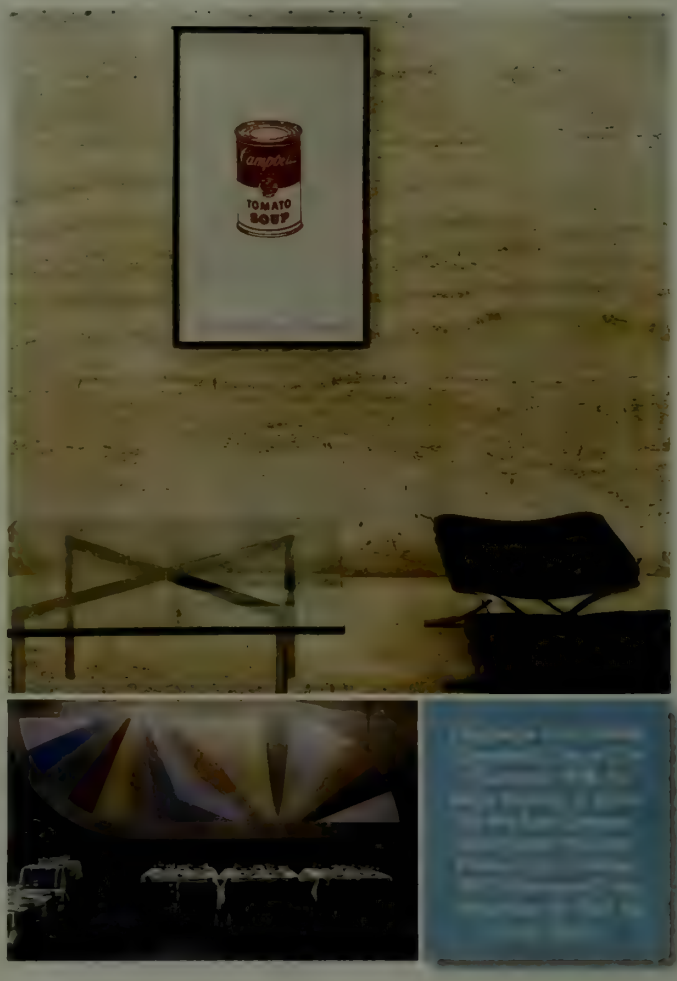


American troops at Omaha Beach, Normandy, France, June 6, 1944, by Capa; below, Flying Tiger pilot John G. Bright during World War II, 1942, by Rodger.

The bullfight arena, Valencia, Spain, 1933, by Cartier-Bresson.

MAGNUM OPUS

The end of the last World War ushered in a period of promise, and four friends—all key figures in photojournalism, all touched by war's ravages—decided to form a photo cooperative, one that would become the most esteemed picture agency of the age. They called it Magnum Photos, the name alluding to Roman nobility, firearms, and champagne. The quartet: **Robert Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, David "Chim" Seymour,** and **George Rodger.** For years, the first three had shared a Paris studio, often frequenting the nearby Café du Dôme. ("We never, never talked about photography," recalled Cartier-Bresson. "It would have been monstrous, presumptuous.") Capa, who in 1938 had hatched the notion of a picture collective dedicated to humanistic ideals, formalized it in 1947 over a lunch at New York's MoMA, adding photographer **William Vandivert** to the original group, whose ranks, in time, would grow to include scores of committed visionaries. Within a decade Capa and Seymour would die on Mideast battlefields. They would be survived by their comrades and an agency with a peerless archive. This month, as Magnum Festival '07 celebrates 60 years in pictures, through a slate of New York exhibitions and events, the founders' Digital Age descendants still roam the globe as vital witnesses. —DAVID FRIEND



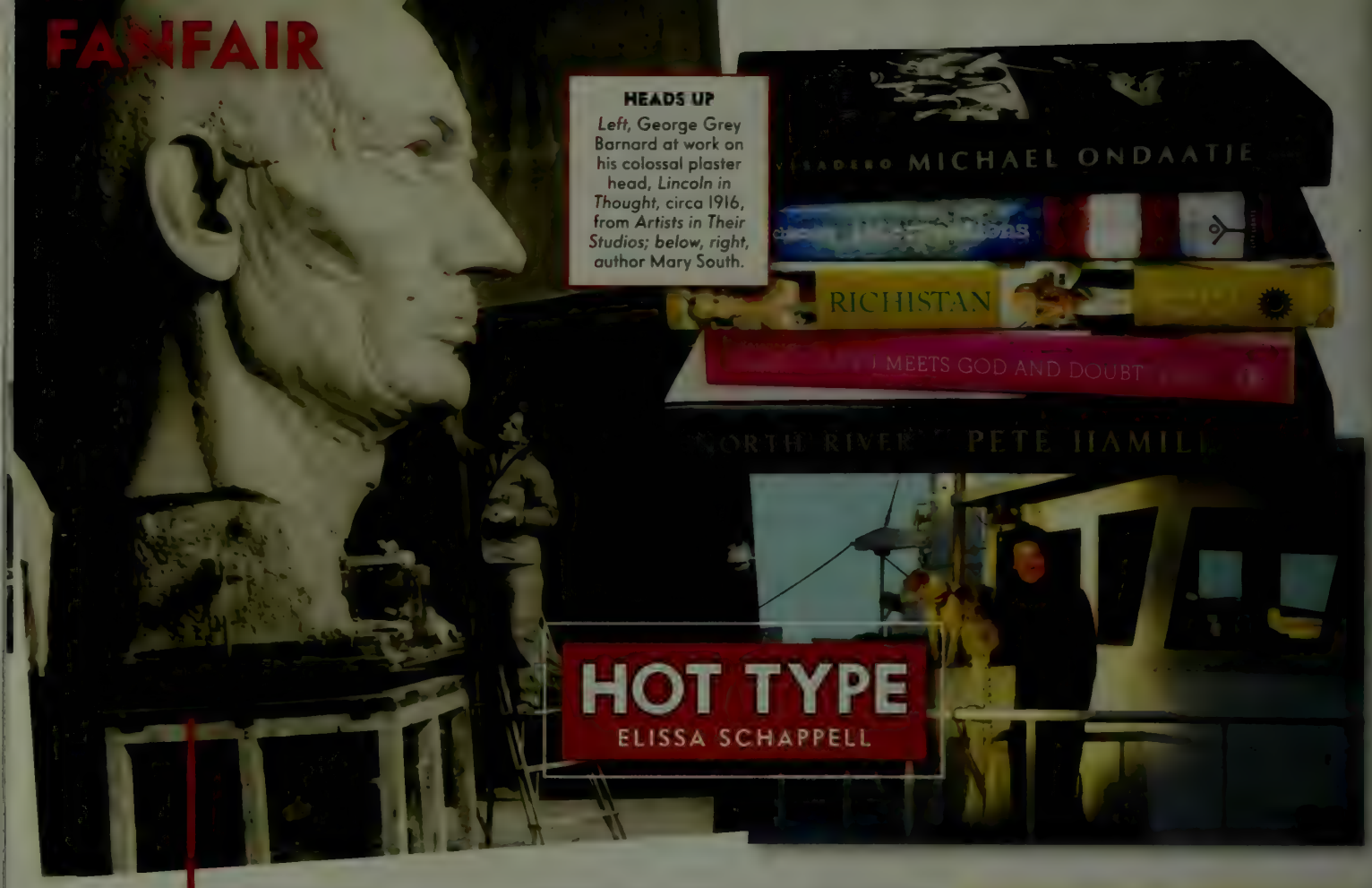
Art for All Seasons

Of the many good reasons to dine at the **Four Seasons** restaurant in Manhattan's historic Seagram Building, art is often overlooked by its clientele of power-lunchers. No longer. Private dealer **Andrew Terner** and **Alex von Bidder,** one of the proprietors, have set about rekindling the affair between modern art and modernist design, a relationship that architect **Philip Johnson** envisioned as integral to the restaurant's immaculate, landscaped interior. While a 22-foot-tall curtain painted by **Picasso** in 1919 for Diaghilev's ballet *Le Tricorne* (with the painter himself depicted in courtly drag) still separates the Grill and Pool Rooms, and **Richard Lippold's** Constructivist-inspired sculpture hangs over the bar, much of the original art, including **Jackson Pollock's** *Blue Poles,* is long gone. "There was always great art here, and my hope is that there can be again," says von Bidder. So far, Terner has installed works by **Rauschenberg, Warhol, Judd,** and **Dubuffet**—turning the space into the ultimate blue-chip gallery—with more to come. But with the Four Seasons' 50th anniversary, in 2009, von Bidder has hopes for the loan of a series of **Mark Rothko** murals originally commissioned for the private dining room. The idealistic artist accepted the commission but confided to a friend that he had done so "as a challenge, with strictly malicious intentions," since the room would be used to feed the "richest bastards in New York." After a change of heart, he kept the paintings and returned Seagram's $35,000 commission. Five decades later, the paintings are still wanted. —EDWARD HELMORE



PHOTOGRAPHS, BOTTOM, ALL BY DOUGLAS FRIEDMAN


BURBERRY
BURBERRY
ESTABLISHED 1856
BURBERRY.COM



HEADS UP
Left, George Grey Barnard at work on his colossal plaster head, *Lincoln in Thought,* circa 1916, from *Artists in Their Studios; below, right,* author Mary South.

HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL

June, glorious June!

A new day is dawning in America. In *Richistan* (Crown), **Robert Frank** charts the surprisingly volatile power of the burgeoning American multi-millionaires, blue-collar workers turned fur-collared swells who increasingly and often uneasily wield their newfound influence like a club.

Across the sea: In *The Angry Island* (Simon & Schuster), *V.F.* contributor **A. A. Gill** gleefully boxes the ears of his English countrymen, insisting that while Brits appear polite they are actually consumed with hideous rage. Nosy **Jeremy Paxman's** *On Royalty* (Public Affairs) professes to be only a "polite inquiry into some strangely related families."



Khaled Hosseini, photographed at his home, in San Jose, California.

Also this month: From H. L. Mencken on the hot dog to Langston Hughes on soul food, **Molly O'Neill** whips up an anthology of *American Food Writing* (Library of America). In her debut novel, *Lulu Meets God and Doubts Him* (Viking), **Danielle Ganek** captures the absurdity of the New York art scene with wide and witty brushstrokes. **Bridget Kinsella** explains how she got sucked into the *Visiting Life* (Harmony) and forged friendships with women who love men behind bars. Edward Sheriff Curtis, photographer of the Old West, is *The Shadow Catcher* (Simon & Schuster) of **Marianne Wiggins's** new novel. In **Diana Abu-Jaber's** gripping mystery, a fingerprint expert pursues a serial infant killer and the startling *Origin* (Norton) of her own childhood. Master of maximalist prose and human minutiae **Rick Moody** spins out three sensational novellas in *Right Livelihoods* (Little, Brown). The nervy **Lucy Kaylin** bravely dares to confront the emotionally fraught relationship between mothers and *The Perfect Stranger* (Bloomsbury) they pay to nurture their children. Editor **Ellen Sussman** collects essays from *Bad Girls* (Norton) such as Erica Jong (zip!), Daphne Merkin (spank!), and Pam Houston (giddyup!).

Sit in the corner with: **Jack Pendarvis's** comic debut, *Your Body Is Changing* (MacAdam/Cage), **Hilma Wolitzer's** *Summer Reading* (Ballantine), **Khaled Hosseini's** *A Thousand Splendid Suns* (Riverhead), **Nicholas Coleridge's** *A Much Married Man* (St. Martin's), **Michael Ondaatje's** *Divisadero* (Knopf), *The Collected Stories* of **Leonard Michaels** (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), **Pete Hamill's** *North River* (Little, Brown), **Deepak Chopra's** *Buddha* (Harper San Francisco), **Eliza Griswold's** *Wideawake Field* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), **Liza Kirwin** and **Joan Lord's** *Artists in Their Studios* (Collins Design), **Charles J. Hynes's** *Triple Homicide* (St. Martin's), **Tatiana de Rosnay's** *Sarah's Key* (St. Martin's), **Mary South's** *The Cure for Anything Is Salt Water* (HarperCollins), **Penny Vincenzi's** *Sheer Abandon* (Doubleday), and **Kate White's** *Lethally Blonde* (Warner).

Unwavering political contrarian **Noam Chomsky** smart-bombs the U.S. military's global *Interventions* (City Lights). *Shock and awe!*

IN THE AIR

This month, two of America's most psychologically astute and darkly comic fiction writers publish novels about the 2001 attack on the World Trade Center. On the surface **Don DeLillo's** *Falling Man* and **Helen Schulman's** *A Day at the Beach* are remarkably similar, from their blue-sky covers to their main characters, estranged couples—each with a small child—living in downtown Manhattan, to their central haunting image of the man who, realizing that rescue was impossible and death imminent, chose to jump. While Schulman's couple flees to the Hamptons, and DeLillo's stays in Manhattan, neither can escape the psychic reverberations of the attack. Each writer captures the moment when tragedy drew the world together, and leaves the reader with the bittersweet knowledge that we did come together, and then fell apart. —E.S.



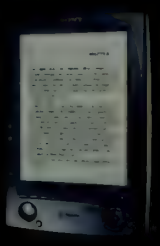
SONY



Fit 80 books in your carry-on.

The nine-ounce Reader from Sony® holds about 80 books, or hundreds more with a removable memory card.* So now, you can travel with your favorite books without having to check them at the gate.

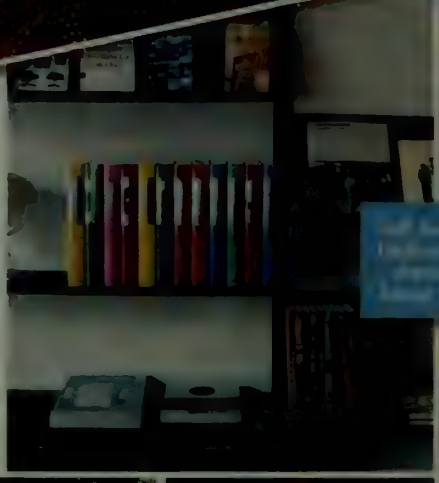
Get your Summer reading started on us with $149 worth of eBooks!
With purchase and registration of Reader by 7/31/2007.**



sony.com/reader

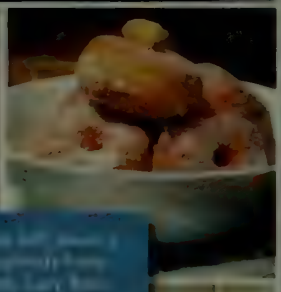
[illegible]

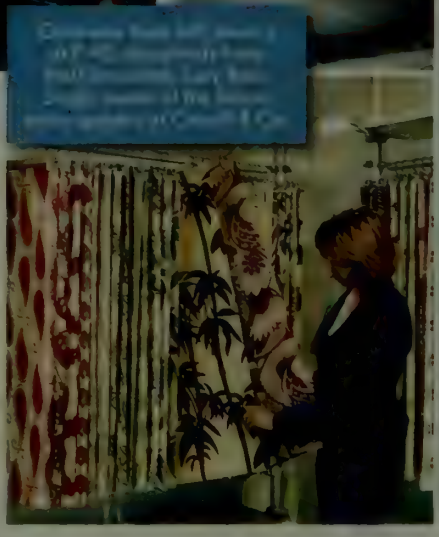












Taste of Chicago

BOUTIQUES BLOOM IN WICKER PARK–BUCKTOWN

Chicago is everyone's kind of town. It's a city filled with great shopping and fantastic restaurants, from the award-winning Charlie Trotter's to the hot-dog haven the Wiener's Circle. You'll find the Art Institute, Shedd Aquarium, the Field Museum, theater companies such as Steppenwolf and the Second City, and great old jazz clubs like the Green Mill. In addition, June brings sailing on Lake Michigan and warm afternoons watching the Cubs play at Wrigley Field—all this against the spectacular Chicago skyline.

The city also offers myriad neighborhoods to explore. The latest burgeoning pocket is **Wicker Park–Bucktown,** where Milwaukee, Damen, and North Avenues intersect. (This is where slacker-movie favorite *High Fidelity* was shot.) Over the past few years, this run-down area has blossomed into a square mile pulsing with sassy boutiques, such as **P. 45, Helen Yi, Apartment Number 9,** and **Raizy,** and heavenly restaurants like the **Bongo Room** and **HotChocolate**—don't miss James Beard nominee **Mindy Segal's** homemade doughnuts, caramel popcorn, and chocolate-soufflé tart. There are novelty and furniture stores, such as **Crosell & Co., Stitch,** and **Hejfina,** where you can find fabulous wood pieces by local designer **Michael Koehler.** And at day's end, go relax at one of two old-fashioned bars: the **Northside,** for beer and burgers, or **Piece,** for thin-crust pizza.

—PUNCH HUTTON



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADLEY KANARIS

MAPPING IT OUT

ON NORTH DAMEN AVENUE

1. **Raizy**
1944 N. Damen Ave.

2. **Veruca Salt**
1937 N. Damen Ave.

3. **Crosell & Co.**
1922 N. Damen Ave.

4. **Lucy Rose Design**
1922 N. Damen Ave.

5. **Michelle Tan**
1872 N. Damen Ave.

6. **Apartment Number 9**
1804 N. Damen Ave.

7. **HotChocolate**
1747 N. Damen Ave.

8. **The T-Shirt Deli**
1739 N. Damen Ave.

9. **Stitch**
1723 N. Damen Ave.

10. **Tangerine**
1719 N. Damen Ave.

11. **Riley**
1659 N. Damen Ave.

12. **Helen Yi**
1645 N. Damen Ave.

13. **P. 45**
1643 N. Damen Ave.

14. **Northside Bar & Grill**
1635 N. Damen Ave.

ON NORTH MILWAUKEE AVENUE

15. **Scoop N.Y.C.**
1702 N. Milwaukee Ave.

16. **Language**
1537 N. Milwaukee Ave.

17. **Saint Alfred**
1531 N. Milwaukee Ave.

18. **Hejfina**
1529 N. Milwaukee Ave.

19. **Bongo Room**
1470 N. Milwaukee Ave.

20. **U.S. #1**
1460 N. Milwaukee Ave.

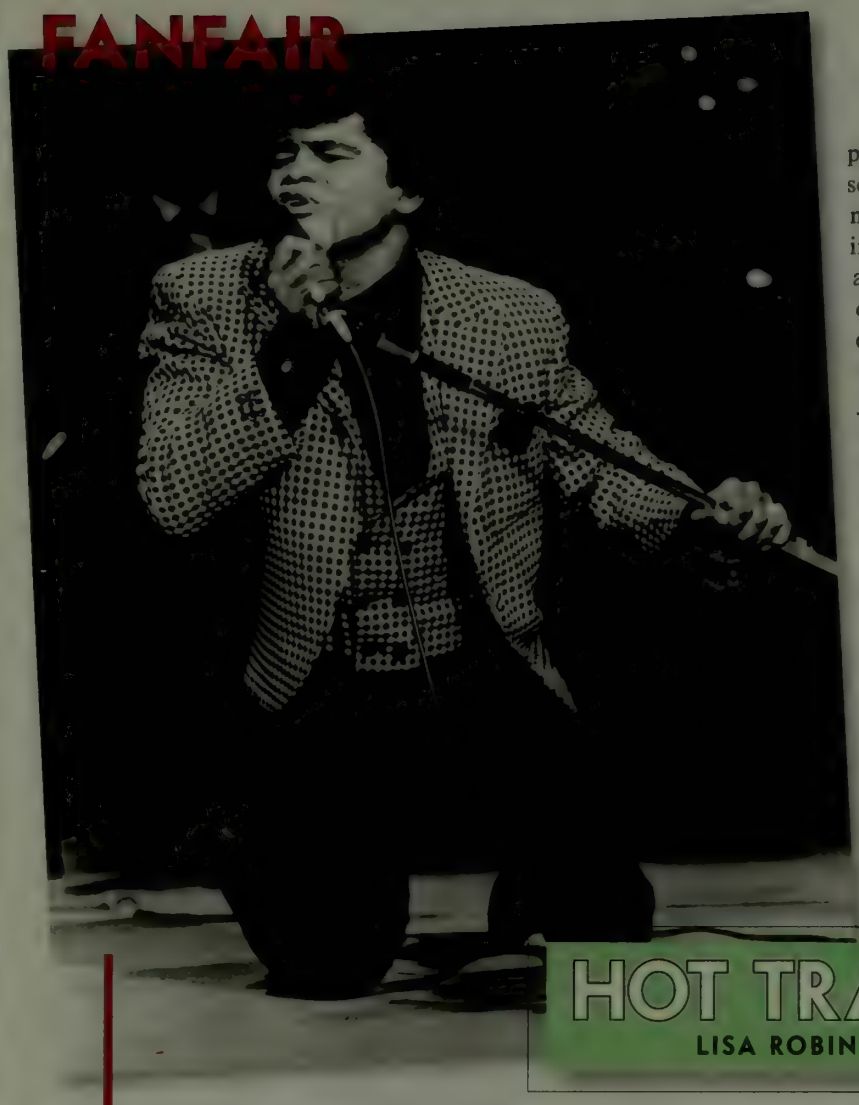
21. **Decibel Audio**
1429 N. Milwaukee Ave.

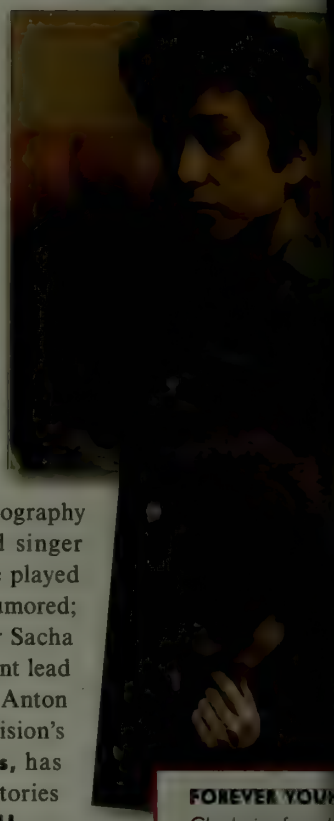
ON WEST NORTH AVENUE

22. **Piece**
1927 W. North Ave.




CD 3694
Dior
Dior
WWW.DIOR.COM





HOT TRACKS

LISA ROBINSON

In its long-playing gamble for pre-written stories, Hollywood has hit the jackpot with the world of music. While **Lenny Kravitz** will not portray **Jimi Hendrix,** as was rumored, and there still is no confirmation about **Mary J. Blige** starring in that **Nina Simone** movie, those may be the only two biopics currently not in "talking stages" or being filmed this year. Since the success of *Ray* and *Walk the Line,* producers have been lining up to mine the lives—to say nothing of the deaths—of the denizens of the college of musical knowledge.

The most anticipated is the Spike Lee movie about the recently deceased Godfather of Soul, **James Brown.** Then there's the Todd Haynes–directed, authorized **Bob Dylan** film—with Cate Blanchett playing the 60s-era Dylan. We'll soon find out if Zooey Deschanel has been hopelessly miscast in Penelope Spheeris's movie about **Janis Joplin;** previously rumored Janis pretenders were Renée Zellweger and **Pink.** Mike Myers—who could just as convincingly portray Janis Joplin—will take on the role of the Who's late drummer, **Keith Moon.** Years ago Wesley Snipes was in the running, but now Don Cheadle will star in the long-awaited biography of **Miles Davis.** Queen lead singer **Freddie Mercury** will not be played by Johnny Depp as has been rumored; instead, the movie could star Sacha Baron Cohen as the flamboyant lead singer—if he likes the script. Anton Corbijn's film about Joy Division's vocalist, the late **Ian Curtis,** has completed filming, and life stories about **Rick James** and **Debbie Harry** are in various stages of, as they say, development.

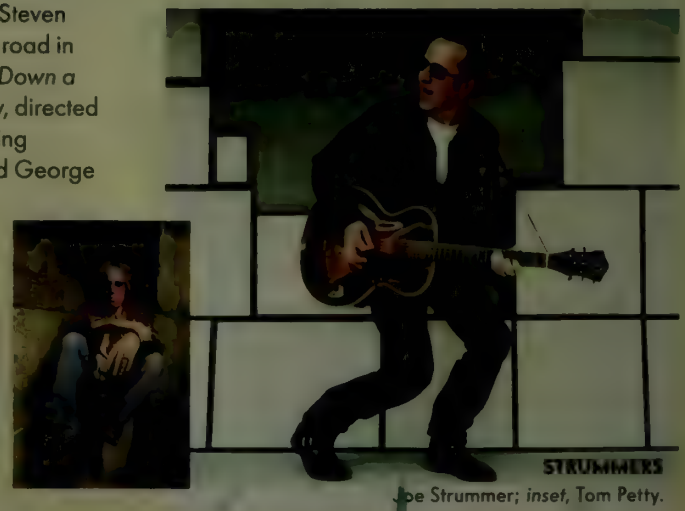
FOREVER YOUN

Clockwise from le James Brown, 196 Bob Dylan, 196 Cate Blanchett as Dylan in *I'm Not Th*

Then there are the musicians who will try to talk the talk. **Eminem,** who earned raves for *8 Mile,* will star in an updated, urban take on *Have Gun—Will Travel.* **Tom Waits** acts in the offbeat comedy *Wristcutters.* **Ludacris** joins Vince Vaughn in *Fred Claus.* **André "3000" Benjamin** stars with Will Ferrell and Woody Harrelson in *Semi-Pro,* and with Charlize Theron in *Battle in Seattle.* **Kanye West** is working on both a feature film for New Line and an HBO series to be directed by Larry Charles and produced by Rick Rubin. The Frames' **Glen Hansard** (who starred in *The Commitments*) is featured in *Once.* **Norah Jones** joins Jude Law and Natalie Portman in *My Blueberry Nights.* And **Mariah Carey,** who almost made up for the bomb that was *Glitter* with her role as a waitress in *WiseGirls,* is waitressing again, in the Lee (*Monster's Ball*) Daniels–produced *Tennessee.*

The rock documentaries keep on coming. Finished at last is Steven Sebring's movie about **Patti Smith,** filmed on and off the road in various parts of the world over the past 11 years. *Running Down a Dream* is the tentative title for the **Tom Petty** documentary, directed by Peter Bogdanovich and produced by George Drakoulias, featuring interviews with Johnny Depp, Roger McGuinn, Jackson Browne, and George Harrison. *The Future Is Unwritten* is the Julian Temple–directed movie about the life of the lead singer of the Clash, the late **Joe Strummer.** And Oscar winner Martin Scorsese's "concert" film about **the Rolling Stones,** out this fall, may feature interview and archival footage. (Scorsese fans still wish the director would make that Rat Pack movie he talked about years ago; adapted from Nick Tosches's fantastic book *Dino,* it would be the best movie that could be made about the best singers—**Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra**—by the best director.)

When you've loved and lost the way Frank has, then you know what life's about.



STRUMMERS

Joe Strummer; *inset,* Tom Petty.

LONGINES



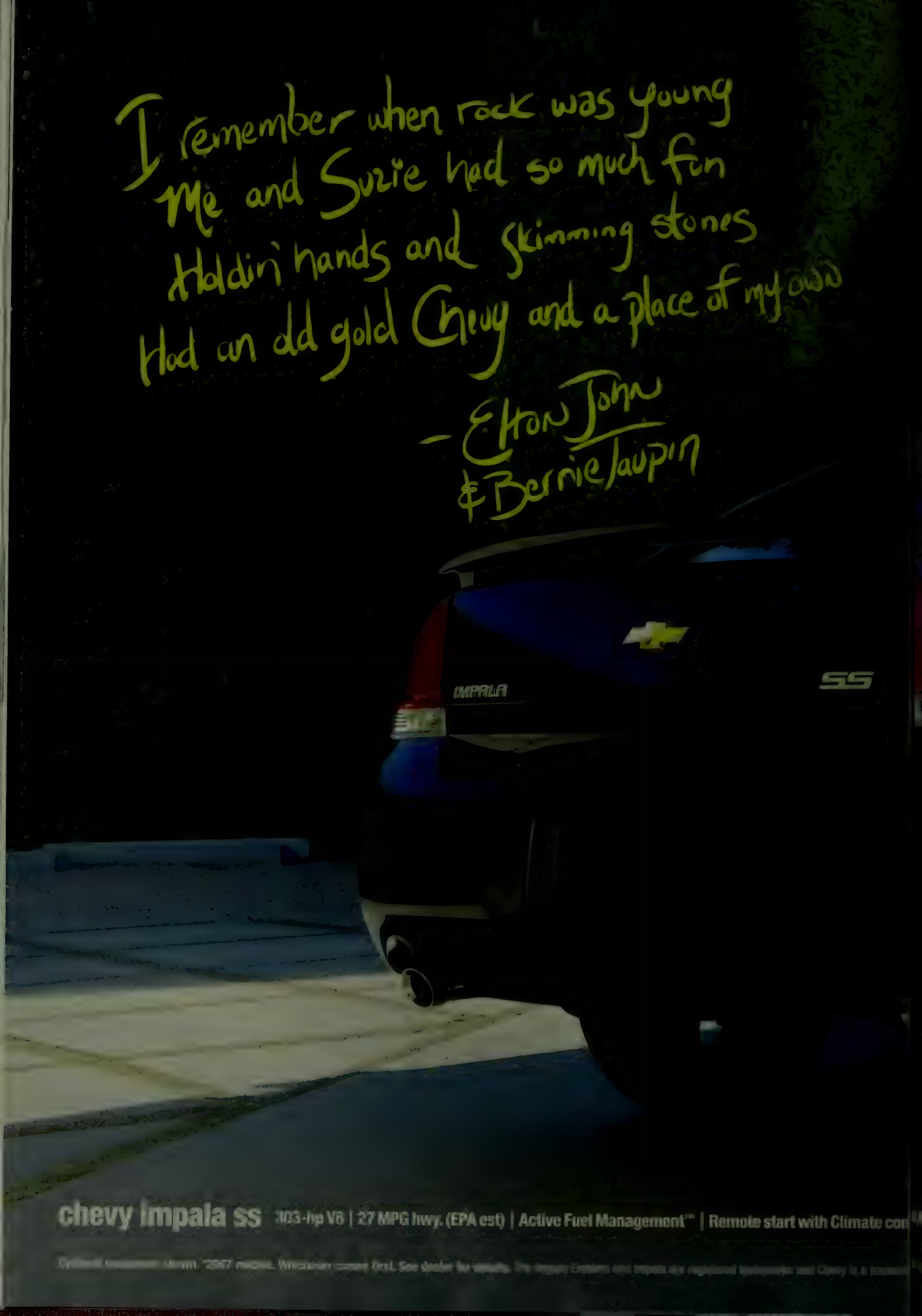
Westime
Los Angeles, CA
310.470.1388

Tourneau
tourneau.com
800.348.3332

Wempe
New York, NY
800.513.1131

I remember when rock was young
Me and Suzie had so much fun
Holdin' hands and skimming stones
Had an old gold Chevy and a place of my own

– Elton John
& Bernie Taupin



chevy impala ss 303-hp V8 | 27 MPG hwy. (EPA est) | Active Fuel Management™ | Remote start with Climate con

Optional equipment shown. 2007 models. Whichever comes first. See dealer for details. The names Chevrolet and Impala are registered trademarks and Chevy is a trademark


,000 mile/5-year Powertrain Limited Warranty* | chevy.com
AN AMERICAN REVOLUTION
Corp. ©2007 GM Corp. Buckle up, America!



Kate Young, photographed at her New York office.

MY STUFF

KATE YOUNG

As *Vogue* fashion-department alum, stylist **Kate Young** has collaborated with top photographers such as Ellen von Unwerth, Pamela Hanson, and Terry Richardson. She is a favorite among Hollywood's glam set and has been responsible for making Rachel Weisz, Hilary Swank, and Selma Blair, among others, look spectacular on the red carpet. Herewith, her favorite things...

JEANS **Tsubi.** UNDERWEAR **Andres Sarda.** SNEAKERS **Converse.** WATCH **Cartier Santos.** T-SHIRT **The Row or Yigal Azrouel.** DAY BAG **Derek Lam.** EVENING BAG **Alexandra Knight.**

LIPSTICK **Lipstick Queen Red Sinner.** MASCARA **Chanel.** SHAMPOO **Kérastase.** MOISTURIZER **Pat Wexler.** HAIR PRODUCT **Egyptian Magic.** PERFUME **Jar Golconda.** TOOTHPASTE **Tom's of Maine, peppermint.** SOAP **Dr. Bronner's.** NAIL-POLISH COLOR **Essie Jelly Apple.** HAIR COLORIST **Andre at Orlo.**

WHERE DO YOU LIVE **Chelsea, N.Y.C., and Ruby, N.Y.** FAVORITE NEIGHBORHOOD RESTAURANT **Tia Pol.** FAVORITE COCKTAIL **Jack on the rocks.** FAVORITE EMERGING DESIGNERS **Derek Lam, Jean Yu, Camilla Staerk, Victor Glemaud, Alyssa Norton, Acne Jeans.** WHOSE LINE CAN YOU ALWAYS COUNT ON FOR GREAT PIECES **Dresses from Derek Lam, gowns from Chanel, tailored jackets from Dior Homme, knits from Rick Owens, jewels from Fred Leighton...** BEST VINTAGE **In N.Y.: My Cherry, What Comes Around Goes Around, and No. 6. In L.A.: I love the flea market at the Rose Bowl.** OBSOLETE FOR FURNITURE. FAVORITE CITY TO SHOP IN **Tokyo.** FAVORITE CELEBRITIES TO DRESS **Michelle Williams, Natalie Portman, and Rachel Weisz. They're all really smart and inspiring women.** FAVORITE DISCOVERY **Anthologyrecordings.com.** WHO INSPIRES YOU **My husband, Keith Abrahamsson.** NECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE **Acupuncture and chiropractic with Dr. Sharon Zadanoff.** FAVORITE PLACES TO TRAVEL **Stockholm, Kyoto, and Tulum, Mexico.**

POP FAVORITE

I'd like to teach the world to... drink Coke, and in fact they do. With more than a billion servings of Coca-Cola products consumed globally each day, Coke is perhaps the world's most recognizable brand, and now it's a major tourist attraction. The **New World of Coca-Cola,** opening at Atlanta's Pemberton Place, features a pop-culture gallery with Coke-themed works by artists from **Andy Warhol** to **Norman Rockwell** along with folk art and computerized "make your own pop art" kiosks. An advertising theater plays classic commercials along with a commissioned film by acclaimed documentarian **D. A. Pennebaker.** And perhaps most exciting is the tasting bar, where visitors will sample more than 70 Coke-brand beverages from around the world—even some that have not yet been released. To cap it off—an on-site bottleworks allows visitors to grab a fresh collector's-edition Coke right off the line. —A. M. HOMES



A Coca-Cola advertising poster used in Egypt, circa 1947.

Love, Actually

TWO FILMS, ONE BIG BANG

Lady Chatterley, **Pascale Ferran's** adaptation (in French) of *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* and *Knocked Up* share an unusual frankness regarding love scenes. Depicting lovers who can enjoy themselves and each other despite their own awkwardness and imperfect bodies, the two films also shatter one taboo that even porn won't touch.

Of course, there's an inherent problem with a French Lady Chatterley: you expect her and the gamekeeper to start going at it right off the bat. The actor playing the gamekeeper, **Jean-Louis Coulloc'h,** has one of those splayed, ugly-handsome French faces—think **Powers Boothe** after being hit in the face with a shovel—that for some reason drive women nuts. As Lady Chatterley, **Marina Hands** looks lithe and twitchy even under layers of woolly frocks.



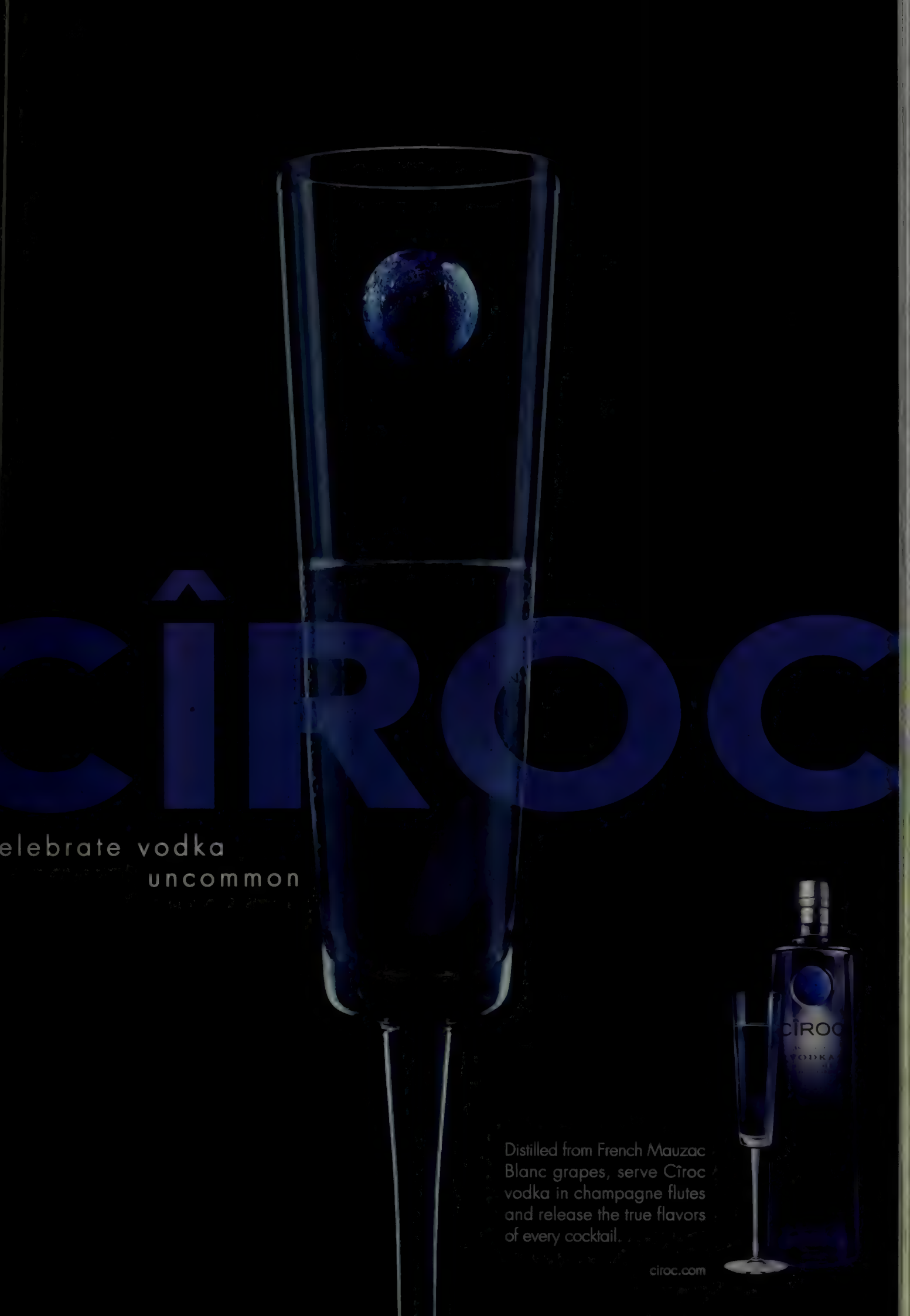


Above: Katherine Heigl and Seth Rogen in *Knocked Up*; right: Marina Hands as Constance Reid in *Lady Chatterley.*

But the challenge of adapting Lawrence's iconically randy novel isn't so much in sustaining sexual tension as it is in keeping the relationship between the two lovers from becoming risible as their furtive early grapplings blossom into genuine intimacy. Nevertheless, Ferran has made a great, intoxicating, moving, and romantic film.

While *Knocked Up* won't be as scandalous in its day as Lawrence's novel was, it may prove ever so faintly risqué; its dirty talk pushes the envelope a centimeter or two past where last we left it with Borat. The saga of a halting, mismatched romance that issues from a fateful one-night stand, per the title, is too long but still very, very funny. While **Katherine Heigl** (*Grey's Anatomy*) is fine in the good-sport-girl role, **Seth Rogen** (one of Steve Carell's poker buddies in *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*) has the chops, and the bod, to be the next Will Farrell. —BRUCE HANDY

PHOTOGRAPH, TOP, BY JULIANA SOHN


CÎROC
elebrate vodka
uncommon
Distilled from French Mauzac Blanc grapes, serve Cîroc vodka in champagne flutes and release the true flavors of every cocktail.
ciroc.com

CHANGE IS: SNEAKING FOOD OFF YOUR FLIGHT RATHER THAN ON

Who says flying has to be the way it is? Something has to change. Hey, everything has to change.

Let's start with airline food: is there any excuse for what it's become? We asked Michelle Bernstein to create a BusinessElite® menu we can serve at 30,000 feet. She came back with a selection that will redefine the meaning of airline food.

That's not all. We have an updated website. We introduced flight-status text alerts. We installed more kiosks for smoother check-in. We offer 24 channels of live TV, over 1600 mp3s, video games and movies on-demand on select flights. Shaken cocktails have a place, and that place is now 30,000 feet above sea level.

This is just the beginning. We're rethinking every moment of your travel experience. The time is ripe to shake up the airline industry, and Delta is leading the charge. Be a part of the air travel revolution – visit delta.com/change to pitch your new ideas.

BusinessElite® available on select international flights


DELTA
SKYTEAM
delta.com/change



Above, the new Haymarket, in London; below, one of its rooms.





The William Kent House, opened by the Ritz, London.

Home Sweet Hotel

Just when you thought luxury in hotels could not get any more luxurious, there is a whole new definition of glamour: the town house with a hotel attached. It is the ultimate in intimate.

In 1996, **Tim** and **Kit Kemp,** the lovely people who redefined so much in hip hoteldom, introduced the "wow" factor at the **Covent Garden Hotel,** in London, which had the first private cinema with chairs covered in Ferrari-red leather; their **Charlotte Street Hotel** has two.

The Kemps' **Soho Hotel,** also with two cinemas, added a penthouse with a wraparound terrace and views of the Gherkin and the London Eye. To get an idea of what gives the Kemps' bo-bo (bohemian-bourgeois) hotels their star appeal, think of the Chateau Marmont fused with the Mercer, with service thrown in.

The new **Haymarket** is classic-contemporary, in a building designed by the definitive Regency architect, **John Nash.** Herein lies the hottest private dining room in town; there's an 18-meter swimming pool that's the centerpiece of the bar, which has a zany music-and-lighting system, and the original architectural details of the Shooting Gallery—where Regency bucks used to practice their dueling skills—are intact. The most impressive innovation is the four-story town house. Its first-floor drawing room has two fireplaces and overlooks the stage door of the Theatre Royal Haymarket.

To have a town house, with your own front door, is like playing dollhouse. Throbbing with staff, but no staff problems, room service here is to the power of 100. There is total privacy and an expandable number of bedrooms, as suites can be closed off for bodyguards, nannies, assistants, personal trainers: the essential paraphernalia of smart travel. Children can have their own nursery; it is cozy-world, and the town house is on Suffolk Place—quiet, calm, the rooms' rich textures and colors suffused with light.



TRAVEL

VICTORIA MATHER

Fashion is about synergy, and a mere half a mile from the Haymarket is the town house at the **Ritz** on Piccadilly—the 18th-century building formerly owned by **Lord Wimborne.** Restored, and renamed for the original architect, the **William Kent House** is superbly opulent. Decorated with gold leaf and Adamesque pilasters, the interior has a music room; a dining room in ornate, rich red with a Renaissance-style ceiling; and five utterly beautiful interconnecting reception rooms—the perfect party zone, with butlers and champagne cocktails made with gold leaf (hopefully not fallen from the ceiling). Up the grand staircase, bedrooms and suites and the Prince of Wales apartment (the Ritz carries his Royal Warrant) overlook Green Park and Buckingham Palace, but are so much more comfortable. You can take bits of the William Kent House, but the grand gesture is the whole shebang, the definition of Sir Noël Coward's *mah-velous* party.

Town houses are not merely a London quirk. Think Cape Town, where for years the **Ellerman House** was the rest home where the swallows (those in search of sun) went to winter. Now the Ellerman Villa has provided what might be called "hotel Viagra." There is a color-therapy spa, a private art gallery, an icy plunge pool, a library, and a heated infinity swimming pool, with views over the city. At the right time of year, whales might spout past. There are private chefs, maids, drivers, and spa therapists for 10 guests in five suites. The food and wine at the Ellerman have always been epic, but now the old place has a spring in its step. If this veteran can embrace the latest trend, town houses are going global: the new ultimate until the next ultimate. —VICTORIA MATHER



The Ellerman Villa, Cape Town, South Africa.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIMON UPTON (HAYMARKET); ILLUSTRATION BY RYAN HUSHA


BVLGARI
EYEWEAR

HOT FUN
SUMMER ESSENTIALS

BIG AND
Hermès Mr. Butterfly beach towel, $465, hermes.com.

SHADY LADY
Patricia Underwood sheer hat, $575, 619-269-6644; Shoshanna navy-and-white bandeau, $116, shoshanna.com.

BEACH TUNES
Lifepod Podblaster iPod stereo travel case, $60, flight001.com.

ANCHORS AWEIGH
Alexis Bittar silver Lucite bangle, $225, alexisbittar.com; AE Cabana Striped Rollup Short, $34.50, ae.com.

BEST-LAID PLAN
Janus et Cie cross-folding cot, $2,818, janusetcie.com.

Albert Finney and Audrey Hepburn in *Two for the Road* (1967).

BACK IN BLACK
Roger Vivier Black Patent Ma Boule thong, $500, rogervivier.com; Tom Ford Anouk sunglasses, $300, saksfifthavenue.com.

BAG IT
Kate Spade Cape Cod straw tote, $195, katespade.com; *Drop Dead Beautiful*, by Jackie Collins, $24.95, amazon.com; Apple iPhone, $499, apple.com; Frédéric Fekkai Sun Bandana, $20, neimanmarcus.com; Clarins Intense Bronze Self Tanning Tint, $28.50, clarins.com; Dermalogica Multivitamin Bodyblock, $35, dermalogica.com.

SAILCLOTH CARRYALL
Sea Bags Custom Ship's Wheel medium tote, $145, seabags.com.

CLASSIC COOL
Stirrings Cocktail Sodas, $4.99 for four, stirrings.com.

HAVANA STYLE
Rag & Bone blue box-pleat shirt, $165, odinnewyork.com; Etro swim shorts, $180, 212-317-9096.

BEACH CRUISER
Jorg & Olif Oma Citybike, $895, jorgandolif.com.

FLYING HIGH
First Flyer II kite, $29.95, kitesrus.com.

HANG TEN
EvolutionSurf 12-foot Olo board, $50,000, evolutionsurf.com; Rainbow flip-flops, $49, rainbowsandals.com.



SPIRATION PULLED FROM YOUR LIFE. THAT'S PROFESSIONAL GRADE

- ne easiest form of turn-by-turn navigation available.*
- etter fuel efficiency than any 8-passenger SUV.**
- nparalleled safety features.
- ual sunroof with breathtaking sky views available.
- tabiliTrak® for multiple road surfaces.
- VD entertainment system available.
- 2 cupholders.

GMC ACADIA

WELCOME TO ACADIA. THE CROSSOVER FROM GMC.

year of directions and connections standard. Visit www.onstar.com for system limitations and details. Not available in certain areas. **EPA est. 18 mpg city, 26 mpg hwy (2WD) and 17 mpg city, 24 mpg hwy (AWD). ludes other GM vehicles. ©2007 General Motors Corp. All rights reserved. Acadia, GMC, StabiliTrak and GMC logo are registered trademarks of General Motors Corp.



Vibrant Visage

Pucci, fashion's first name in color, is brightening up women's faces for summer. Image director **Laudomia Pucci,** the daughter of the Italian designer who's put psychedelic prints on the jet set for more than 50 years, has teamed with Guerlain creative director **Olivier Echaudemaison** to create a fresh range of cosmetics that are sure to be sought after by house loyalists. "Pucci is very collectible," explains Milan native Echaudemaison. "It's in its DNA."

It all started with a scarf, whose vibrant pattern adorns the cases of the **Guerlain by Emilio Pucci Limited Edition** eye set and Météorites box and brush pouch, as well as the boxes of lip gloss and blush mousse. The colors are softer takes on the Pucci hues—sheer, pearly coral, lavender, aqua, and white. "The whole collection is very Pucci. It represents lightness, transparency, elegance, color," says Laudomia Pucci. "For me it's also the Mediterranean and the good old swinging 60s," adds Echaudemaison, who was inspired by the letters of **Truman Capote:** "He was in Ravello, Capri—the classic resorts for *la dolce vita,* where it's vacation and everything looks beautiful." After all the natural looks of seasons past, he adds, "you need fresh color! Life is color, you know." **Emilio Pucci** would have agreed.

—OLIVIA STRAND

Hot Looks

1. *Dress yourself in* **Versace's** *new, eponymous floral fragrance....* 2. **Shiseido's** *pastel Summer Color Collection 2007, which was inspired by the colors of crayons, includes eye shadow, multi-shade enhancer, and lip gloss....* 3. *Wear* **Fresh's** *Mamaku Night Serum while you get your beauty sleep and you'll wake up with smoother skin and fewer fine lines....* 4. **Bobbi Brown's** *Surf and Sand Collection includes eye-shadow colors in pearly aqua shades inspired by Bahamian oceans....* 5. **Givenchy's** *No Surgetics Plasti Sculpt Lifting Mask is a surgery-free way to get a face-lift....*

—JESSICA FLINT





LIP LOCKED

Loose lips may sink ships elsewhere, but at Bergdorf Goodman word of mouth is everything. So when **Edward Bess's** $350 Lip Wardrobe—a sleek, lacquered box of five glosses and 10 lipsticks—spawned a wait list upon its launch there, the beauty world knew it had a hit.

"I really love the concept that everyone can wear them and everyone should own them," says the lithe 21-year-old from South Carolina, who nonetheless envisions a particular sort of worldly woman as his muse. "She's a kept woman who lives a fantasy life—**Catherine Deneuve, Charlotte Rampling,**" he says. Bess also cites model **Kate Moss** and the work of architect **Philip Johnson** as influences behind his lip product, which he sees as the "ultimate accessory" for a woman. "It's such a sexy, seductive gesture to apply lipstick. I hoped that it would evoke for the woman wearing it what she evokes for me."

This month, Bergdorf's will begin selling the lipsticks and glosses individually, so fans can replace favorites while newcomers can test the waters. In the fall, Bess will debut an eye palette which will, no doubt, sell out, too. But he seems in no danger of becoming jaded. "I find," he says, "that I'm pinching myself daily."

—EVE EPSTEIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF HARRIS (PRODUCTS); BEN HOFFMANN


PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE
You don't just wear
a Patek Philippe.
You begin an
enduring love affair.
Thirty six rare white diamonds complement
the polished steel case. The bracelet
wraps itself sensuously around the wrist.
The Twenty-4® is eminently capable
of capturing any woman's heart. Collection
includes matching white gold ring
and earrings. Ref. 4910/10A.
Tel: (1) 212 218 1240. www.patek.com

PLANETARIUM

MICHAEL LUTIN

Paul Bettany



GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

You'll be way ahead of the game if you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you—even if the old Kipling poem does make you retch. When Chiron and Neptune go retrograde in your 9th house, you can expect both your sanity and your ethics to be called into question, but don't start second-guessing that brain of yours. Just have faith in your own perceptions and count on the help of Mercury, your ruling planet, in its own sign. Work may be a drag, but it's still the only way out.

Adrian Grenier



CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

There's no doubt you want to make a lasting contribution to the human race—at least you do when there's a lunation in your 11th house. But given your fiscal obligations, you can't just roll up your sleeves and move to Africa. Besides, no self-respecting Cancer would visit any foreign country without first establishing that all the hotels have nice fluffy towels. For now, stay home and focus on love, passion, and creativity. And your kids.

Melanie Griffith



LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

Do let us know when you finally figure out how to balance your need for a deep, warm relationship with the reality that you've got more trust issues than all the Corleones and Sopranos combined. What's making everything so complex? Just this aspect of the Saturn-Neptune dilemma: as hard as you try to maintain boundaries and stay steady, sober, and on course, you feel an equally powerful urge to break your own rules and escape from the fact that you are boring yourself to death.

Amy Winehouse



VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Chances are that when Saturn moves into an earth sign this fall, you'll sort out your emotions and stop suffering in secret over personal issues that seem to have no resolution. Believing they do takes faith, and you can never be sure if you're being guided by a higher force or just making a damned fool of yourself. Since you can't solve the riddle now anyway, maybe you should just let your fertile, restless mind wander where it will, indulge the occasional naughty impulse, and keep hiding all the turmoil you feel inside.

Dizzy Gillespie



LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Stereotypically speaking, Libras are supposed to concern themselves only with color schemes and floral arrangements, but this is not the moment for aesthetics. No matter what tensions you're grappling with, your best bet for releasing the pressures and finding renewed energy is in the arena of money and finance. The two retrogrades in your solar 5th house can cause you all kinds of heartache and bliss, but financial survival has to be your top priority now. There are things to buy and bills to pay.

Gemma Ward



SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

It must seem as if the entire world is on your case right now. They're either pouring their hearts out or dumping their troubles on you. This is what usually happens when one sign of the zodiac (in this case yours) becomes the focal point of a planetary T square. Tauruses had it bad last year, and this month it's your turn. Don't sweat it. It's just a testament to the confidence people have in you as someone who is strong, resilient, and equipped with countless ways to solve problems. If they only knew.

Lesley Stahl



SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

You're diligent, loyal, generous, optimistic, and supportive, so why should you have to be hassled and bear the anguish of being told you've got mental problems, just because you prefer to keep some things private and don't feel obliged to report your every move, thought, and desire to those who think they own your mind? Candid communication and honesty in relationships are certainly virtues, but what's going on in your head is your only escape, so screw it. If they want to call you crazy, let them.

Heather Mills



CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

No matter how romantic you'd like to be, there are moments when love is linked to money. With the sun transiting your 5th house and squaring planets in your 2nd and 8th, now is one. Emotional intimacy is difficult enough to maintain when you *aren't* being bombarded by housing bills and health-care payments, but try to keep things in perspective. Meditating on the plight of all mankind could help.

Vladimir Guerrero



AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

You're not as wacko as you think you are. What's happening is that planetary retrogrades of Chiron and Neptune are toying with you, causing your mind and your body to play tricks on you. As a result, you don't trust yourself or your perceptions, which in turn leads others to question your reliability. You've always been good about showing up and playing the professional, but now it seems to require a herculean effort just to haul yourself into the shower. On second thought, maybe you are nuts.

Mitt Romney



PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

If you could just beam yourself over to some distant spot for a while, you'd be able to see your life from the vantage of your 9th house. Then you might not let work or health issues bother you so much, or feel so darned conflicted about things you don't want to discuss with even your closest friends. Maybe you'd throw yourself into philosophy or education and live the life of the higher mind. There's even a chance you might resolve the dance you keep doing between the fear of being abandoned and the fear of being trapped.

Brooke Astor



ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

For all your bitching and moaning, you actually enjoy duking it out in the marketplace. Try as you might to be civilized, you still bear traces of those primitive early humans whose main objective was to attain dominance over a hostile world, and beating the competition is your version of slaying a dinosaur and dragging it home for dinner. Never do you feel more stimulated than now, when all your drives and ambitions find their outlet in your solar 8th—the house of survival, creativity, and, best of all, sex.

George Lopez



TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

Will the universe never leave you alone long enough to enjoy a plate of carbohydrates in peace? It probably seems that the infernal Saturn-Neptune opposition will go on forever, forcing you to spend all your energy handling seductive but impossibly controlling people. And all because of money. Go ahead and blame the planets—including this month's 7th-house T square—but consider this: if you feel drained by others, think how tough it is for them to deal with *your* brand of bullying. And all because of money.


It's not just the sun on the beach that harms the skin... The sun can cause damage wherever you are. Wrinkles can appear, along with dark spots. That's why Clarins created UV Plus Protective Day Screen, an invisible shield specifically designed for daily life that protects skin against UVA rays, UVB rays and pollution. With 100% mineral screen protection and a featherlight texture that is invisible on the skin, it keeps you perfectly protected...wherever you are.
NEW
UV PLUS SPF 40
Protective Day Screen
The remarkable power of White Tea.
Rich in flavonoids and antioxidant molecules that trap free radicals, White Tea offers the best protection against pollution. With maximum protection against UVB and UVA.
CLARINS
PARIS
UV PLUS
Protective
Day Screen
SPF 40
OIL FREE
Ecran
Protecteur Jour
Dermatologist tested
CLARINS
PARIS
It's a fact.
With Clarins, life's
more beautiful.
Macy's
www.clarins.com



PROTESTING TOO MUCH
Muslims at the French Embassy in London complain about cartoons, February 3, 2006

Londonistan Calling

The London neighborhood of the author's youth, Finsbury Park, is now one of the breeding grounds for a new phenomenon: the British jihadist. How did a nation move from cricket and fish-and-chips to burkas and shoe-bombers in a single generation?

They say that the past is another country, but let me tell you that it's much more unsettling to find that the present has become another country, too. In my lost youth I lived in Finsbury Park, a shabby area of North London, roughly between the old Arsenal football ground and the Seven Sisters Road. It was a working-class neighborhood, with a good number of Irish and Cypriot immigrants. Your food choices were the inevitable fish-and-chips, plus the curry joint, plus a strong pitch from the Greek and Turkish kebab sellers. There was never much "bother," as the British say, in Finsbury Park. Greeks and Turks might be fighting in Cyprus, but they never lifted a hand to one another in London. Many of the Irish had republican allegiances, but they didn't take that out on the local Protestants. And, even though both Cyprus and Ireland had all the grievances of partitioned former British colonies, it would have seemed inconceivable—unimaginable—that any of their sons would put a bomb on the bus their neighbors used.

Returning to the old place after a long absence, I found that it was the scent of Algeria that now predominated along the main thoroughfare of Blackstock Road. This had had a good effect on the quality of the coffee and the spiciness of the grocery stores. But it felt odd, under the gray skies of London, to see women wearing the veil, and even swathed in the chador or the all-enveloping burka. Many of these Algerians, Bangladeshis, and others are also refugees from conflict in their own country. Indeed, they have often been the losers in battles against Middle Eastern and Asian regimes which they regard as insufficiently Islamic. Quite unlike the Irish and the Cypriots, they bring these far-off quarrels along with them. And they also bring a religion which is not ashamed to speak of conquest and violence.

Until he was jailed last year on charges of soliciting murder and inciting racial hatred, a man known to the police of several countries as Abu Hamza al-Masri was the imam of the Finsbury Park Mosque. He was a conspicuous figure because, having lost the use of an eye and both hands in an exchange of views in Afghanistan, he sported an opaque eye plus a hook to theatrical effect. Not as nice as he looked, Abu Hamza was nonetheless unfailingly generous with his hospitality. Overnight guests at his mosque's sleeping quarters have included Richard Reid, the man in whose honor we now all have to take off our shoes at the airport, and Zacarias Moussaoui, the missing team member of September 11, 2001. Other visitors included Ahmed Ressam, arrested for trying to blow up LAX for the millennium, and Nizar Trabelsi, a Tunisian who planned to don an explosive vest and penetrate the American Em-

LEFTERIS PITARAKIS


ONLY
GOLD
IS DIVINE
gold
gold jewelry available at Saks Fifth Avenue and other luxury retailers.
store locations visit www.onlygoldisdivine.com
TEMPLE ST CLAIR

bassy in Paris. On July 7, 2005 ("7/7," as the British call it), a clutch of bombs exploded in London's transport system. It emerged that one of the suicide murderers had been influenced by the preachings of Abu Hamza, as had two of those attempting to replicate the mission two weeks later.

In fact, the British jihadist is becoming quite a feature on the international scene. In 1998, six British citizens of Pakistani and North African descent along with two other British residents were arrested by the government of Yemen and convicted of planning to kidnap a group of tourists and attack British targets in the port of Aden (scene of the near-sinking of the U.S.S. *Cole* two years later). One of the youths was the son of the tireless Abu Hamza, and another was his stepson. In December 2001, Richard Reid made his bid on the Paris–Miami flight. By then, two or three Britons had been killed in Afghanistan—fighting on the side of the Taliban. The following year came the video butchering of *Wall Street Journal* reporter Daniel Pearl, whose abduction and murder were organized by another Briton—a former student at the London School of Economics—named Ahmed Omar Saeed Sheikh. And the year after that, two British-passport holders, Asif Mohammed Hanif and Omar Khan Sharif, took part in a suicide attack on Mike's Place, a Tel Aviv bar.

THE BRITISH JIHADIST IS BECOMING QUITE A FEATURE ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCENE.

The British have always been proud of their tradition of hospitality and asylum, which has benefited Huguenots escaping persecution, European Jewry, and many political dissidents from Marx to Mazzini. But the appellation "Londonistan," which apparently originated with a sarcastic remark by a French intelligence officer, has come to describe a city which became home to people wanted for terrorist crimes as far afield as Cairo and Karachi. The capital of the United Kingdom is, in the words of Steven Simon, a former White House counterterrorism official, "the *Star Wars* bar scene," catering promiscuously to all manner of Islamist recruiters and fund-raisers for, and actual practitioners of, holy war.

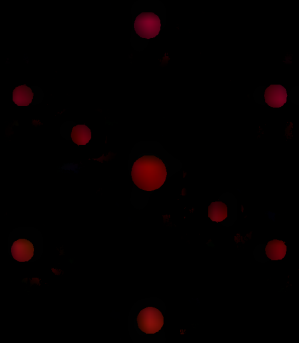
In the aftermath of the 7/7 bombings, which killed 52 civilians (including a young Afghan, Atique Sharifi, who had fled to London to escape the Taliban) and injured hundreds more, I found that American television interviewers were all asking me the same question: How can this be? Britain is the country of warm beer and cricket and rain-lashed seaside resorts, not a place of arms for exotic and morbid cults. British press coverage struck the same plaintive note. One of the murderers, Shehzad Tanweer, was a cricket enthusiast from Leeds, in Yorkshire, whose family ran a fish-and-chips shop. You can't get much more assimilated than that. Yet Britain's former head of domestic intelligence, Dame Eliza Manningham-Buller (and you can't get much more British than *that*, either), said last year that there are more than "1,600 identified individuals" within the borders of the kingdom who are ready to follow Tanweer's example (including those in whose honor we now all have to part with our liquids and gels at the airport). And, according to Manningham-Buller, "over 100,000 of our citizens consider the July 2005 attacks in London justified."

I told those who were interviewing me to go back and review the 1997 film of Hanif Kureishi's brilliant short story "My Son the Fanatic," and then to reread Monica Ali's 2003 novel, *Brick Lane*. The film is set in a dilapidated Yorkshire mill town very like the ones that spawned the 7/7 bombers, and the book is named for an area of East London that is now mainly Bengali and Muslim but has been home to successive waves of Huguenot and Jewish immigration. I remember leaving the cinema after seeing *My Son the Fanatic*, and feeling a heavy sense of depression, along with a strong premonition of trouble to come. In the figures of Parvez, the Pakistani cabdriver, and his morose son, Farid, Kureishi had captured the generational essence of the problem. In the 1960s, many Asians moved to Britain in quest of employment and education. They worked hard, were law-abiding, and spent much of their time combating prejudice. Their mosques were more like social centers. But their children, now grown, are frequently contemptuous of what they see as their parents' passivity. Often stirred by Internet accounts of jihadists in faraway countries like Chechnya or Kashmir, they perhaps also feel the urge to prove that they have not "sold out" by living in the comfortable, consumerist West. A recent poll by the Policy Exchange think tank captures the problem in one finding: 59 percent of British Muslims would prefer to live under British law rather than Shari'a; 28 percent would choose Shari'a. But among those 55 and older, only 17 percent prefer Shari'a, whereas in the 16-to-24 age group the figure rises to 37 percent. Almost exactly the same proportions apply when the question is whether or not a Muslim who converts to another faith should be put to death ...

"They remind me of the 60s revolutionaries in some ways," said Hanif Kureishi as we sat in one of London's finest Indian restaurants. "A lot of romantic talk, but a hard-core faction who will actually volunteer to go to training camps." Making a rather sharp distinction between the new young fundamentalists and the 1960s rebels, he added that he had never met a jihadist who wasn't militantly anti-Semitic. Monica Ali, whose lovely novel also emphasizes the generational divide and captures the Third World–type pseudo-revolutionary rhetoric, independently told me the same thing. She had seen British television cave in to extremists who did not want her book made into a film, and who threatened trouble if the cameras were brought to the East End, but this did not alarm her as much as "the way that hatred of the Jews has become absolutely standard, all across the community."

It's interesting that it should be authors from Muslim backgrounds—Salman Rushdie, Hanif Kureishi, Monica Ali, the broadcaster and co-author of the Policy Exchange report Munira Mirza—who are issuing the warnings. For the British mainstream, multiculturalism has been the official civic religion for so long that any criticism of any minority group has become the equivalent of profanity. And Islamic extremists have long understood that they need only suggest a racial bias—or a hint of the newly invented and meaningless term "Islamophobia"—in order to make the British cough and shuffle with embarrassment. Prince Charles himself, the heir to the throne and thus the heir to the headship of the Church of England, has announced his sympathy for Islam and his wish to be the head of all faiths and not just one. This may sound good, if absurd (a chinless prince who becomes head of a church because his mother dies?), but only if you forget that it was Prince Charles who encouraged the late King Fahd, of Saudi Arabia, to contribute more than a million pounds to build ... the Finsbury Park Mosque! If you want my opinion, our old district was a lot better off when the crowned heads of the world were busy neglecting it.

Anyway, you can't be multicultural and preach murderous loathing of Jews. Britain's oldest and most successful (and most consistently anti-racist) minority. And you can't be multicultural and



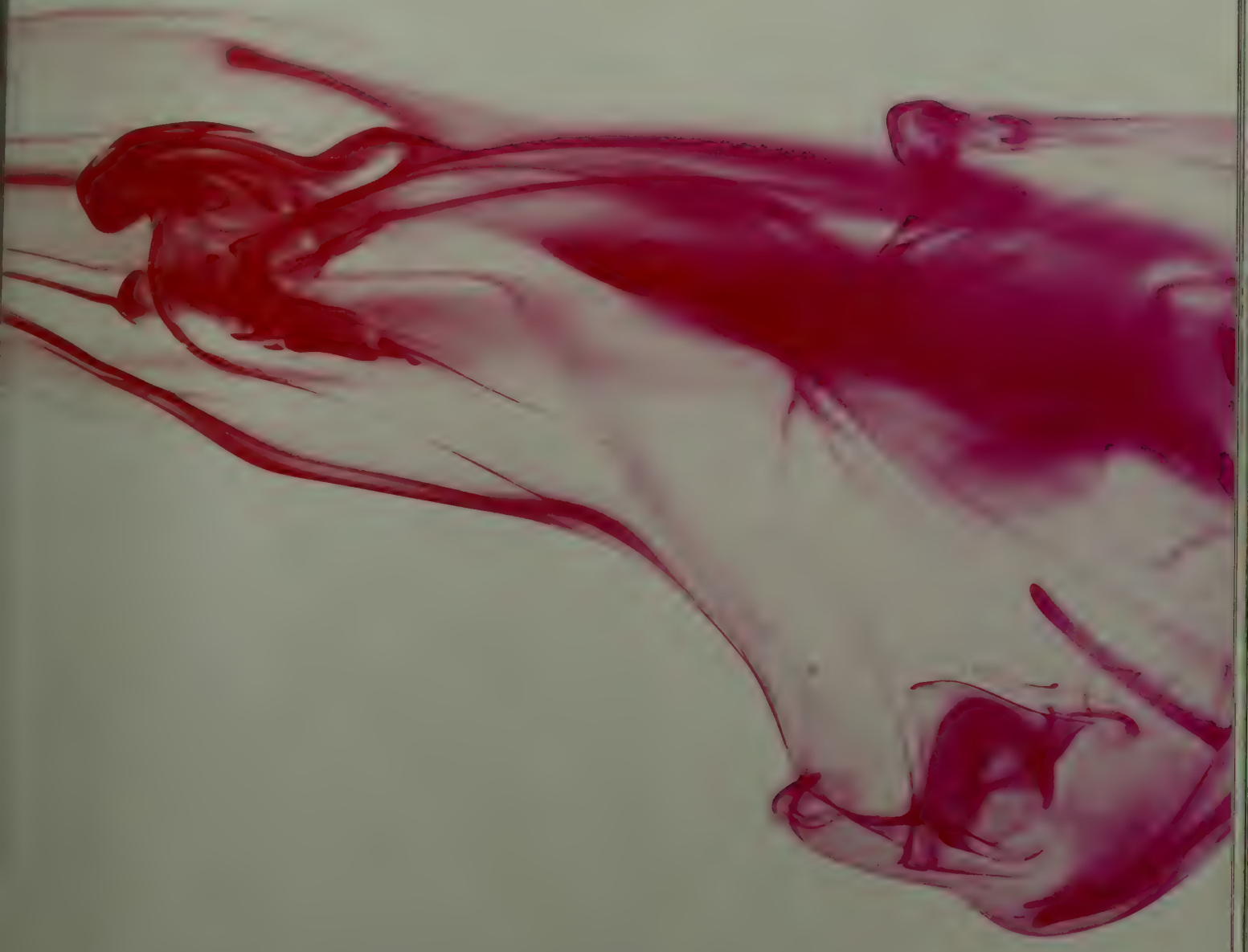

zune

sync pink

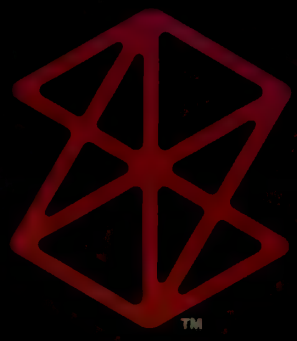
limited edition

wireless digital media player*

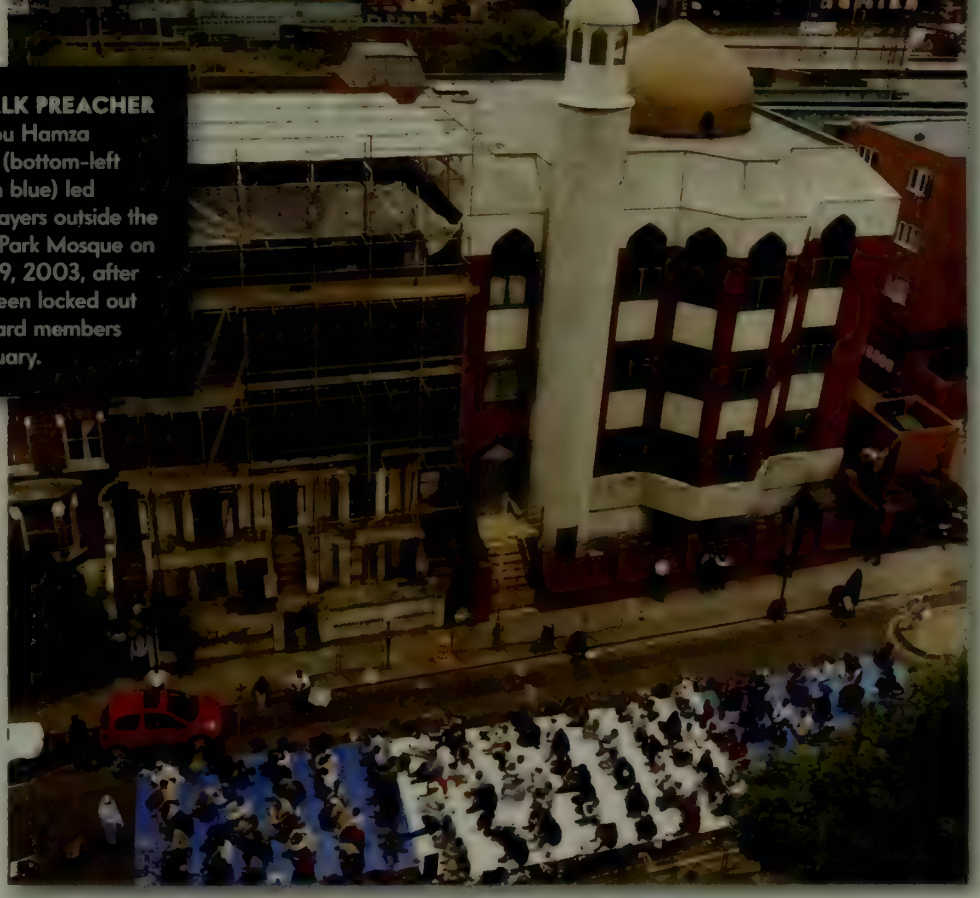
up to:
30 GB
7,500 songs
25,000 pictures
100 hours of video
FM tuner



* 3 days



zune.net



SIDEWALK PREACHER Imam Abu Hamza al-Masri (bottom-left corner, in blue) led Friday prayers outside the Finsbury Park Mosque on August 29, 2003, after having been locked out by its board members that January.

preach equally homicidal hatred of India, Britain's most important ally and friend after the United States. My colleague Henry Porter sat me down in his West London home and made me watch a documentary that he thought had received far too little attention when shown on Britain's Channel 4. It is entitled *Undercover Mosque,* and it shows film shot in quite mainstream Islamic centers in Birmingham and London (you can now find it easily on the Internet). And there it all is: foaming, bearded preachers calling for crucifixion of unbelievers, for homosexuals to be thrown off mountaintops, for disobedient and "deficient" women to be beaten into submission, and for Jewish and Indian property and life to be destroyed. "You have to bomb the Indian businesses, and as for the Jews, you kill them physically," as one sermonizer, calling himself Sheikh al-Faisal, so prettily puts it. This stuff is being inculcated in small children—who are also informed that the age of consent should be nine years old, in honor of the prophet Muhammad's youngest spouse. Again, these were not tin-roof storefront mosques but well-appointed and well-attended places of worship, often the beneficiaries of Saudi Arabian largesse. It's not just the mosques, either. In West London there is a school named for Prince Charles's friend King Fahd, with 650 pupils, funded and run by the government of Saudi Arabia. According to Colin Cook, a British convert to Islam (initially inspired by the former crooner Cat Stevens) who taught there for 19 years, teaching materials said that Jews "engage in witchcraft and sorcery and obey Satan," and incited pupils to list the defects of worthless heresies such as Judaism and Christianity.

BRITAIN IS THE COUNTRY OF WARM BEER AND CRICKET . . . NOT A PLACE OF ARMS FOR MORBID CULTS.

What this shows is the utter futility of the soft-centered explanations of the 7/7 bombings and other outrages. It was argued for a while that the 7/7 perpetrators were victims of unemployment and poverty, until their remains were identified and it became clear that most of them came from educated and reasonably well-off backgrounds. The excuses then abruptly switched, and we were asked to believe that it was Tony Blair's policy in Iraq and Afghanistan that motivated the killers. Suppose the latter to be true. It would still be the case that they belong to a movement that hates Jews and Indians and all *kuffar,* or "unbelievers": a fanatical sect that believes itself entitled to use deadly violence at any time. The roots of violence, that is to say, are in the preaching of it, and the sanctification of it.

If anything, Tony Blair is far too indulgent to this phenomenon. It is his policy of encouraging "faith schools" that has written sectarianism into the very fabric of British life. A non-Muslim child who lives in a Muslim-majority area may now find herself attending a school that requires headscarves. The idea of separate schools for separate faiths—the idea that worked so beautifully in Northern Ireland—has meant that children are encouraged to think of themselves as belonging to a distinct religious "community" rather than a nation. As *Undercover Mosque* also shows, Blair's government has appeased leading Muslim apologists by inviting them to join "commissions" to investigate the 7/7 attacks, and thus awarding them credibility well beyond their deserts. A preposterous and sinister individual named Inayat Bunglawala, assistant secretary general of the Muslim Council of Britain and a man with a public record of support for Osama bin Laden, was made a convener of Blair's task force on extremism despite his stated belief that the BBC and the rest of the media are "Zionist controlled."

It's impossible to exaggerate how far and how fast this situation has deteriorated. Even at the time of the *Satanic Verses* affair, as long ago as 1989, Muslim demonstrations may have demanded Rushdie's death, but they did so, if you like, peacefully. And they confined their lurid rhetorical attacks to Muslims who had become apostate. But at least since the time of the Danish-cartoon furor, threats have been made against non-Muslims as well as ex-Muslims (see photograph), the killing of Shiite Muslim heretics has been applauded and justified, and the general resort to indiscriminate violence has been rationalized in the name of god. Traditional Islamic law says that Muslims who live in non-Muslim societies must obey the law of the majority. But this does not restrain those who now believe that they can proselytize Islam by force, and need not obey *kuffar* law in the meantime. I find myself haunted by a challenge that was offered on the BBC by a Muslim activist named Anjem Choudary: a man who has praised the 9/11 murders as "magnificent" and proclaimed that "Britain belongs to Allah." When asked if he might prefer to move to a country which practices Shari'a, he replied: "Who says you own Britain anyway?" A question that will have to be answered one way or another. □

FOR A Q&A WITH CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS ABOUT THIS COLUMN, GO TO VF.COM.

SIMON ROBERTS

JAMES WOLCOTT

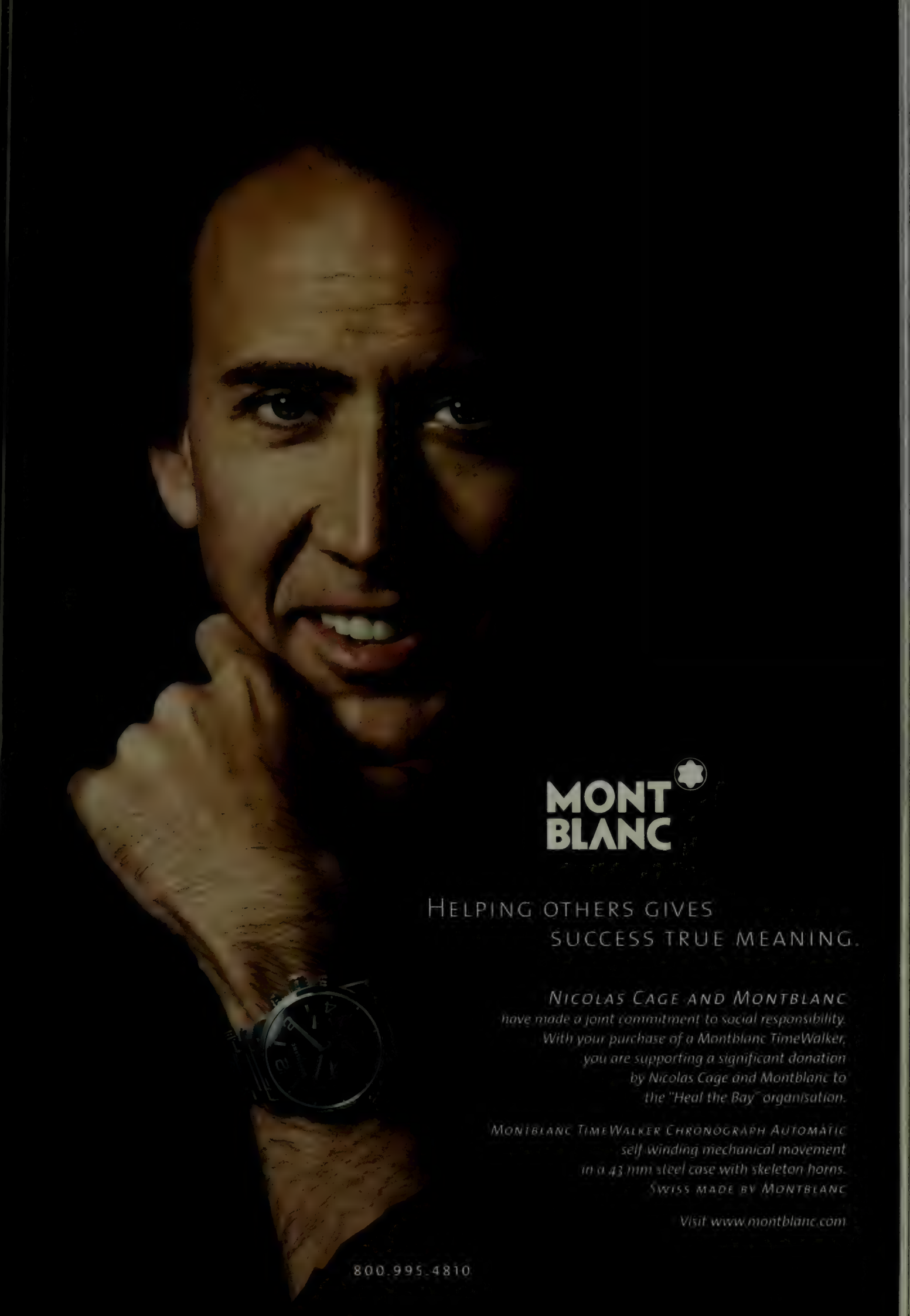


COMPUTER GAMES Images of Hillary Clinton from a spoof based on a 1984 Apple TV ad, uploaded to YouTube.com by a Barack Obama supporter.

The YouTube Election

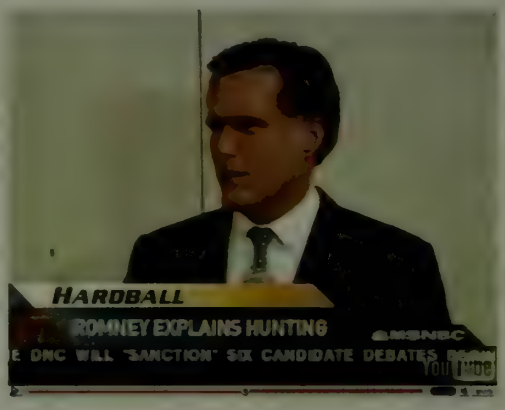
The "Vote Different" anti-Hillary ad, Newt Gingrich's Spanish apology, Mitt Romney's trail of flip-flops—this is the mouse-click mayhem of the 2008 campaign, in which anyone can join. It's the end of the old-fashioned, literary presidential epic, and the dawn of YouTube politics

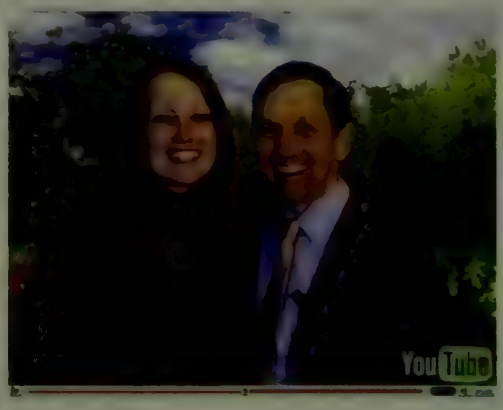
The presidential epic is poised to become a quaint relic, like the concept album and the comic operetta. Those who love words and lots of them will miss its dramatic heaves and reverses, mourn the loss of its grandiose scale. The presidential epic dramatizes the race for the White House as a cattle drive, with all the cunning intrigue, betrayal, coloratura, tainted ambition, and bluster of a Shakespearean saga. Consider the gargantuan gulp of *What It Takes,* Richard Ben Cramer's thousand-plus-paged, tunnel-visioned account of the 1988 campaign, a rollicking Tom Wolfe–ish probe of the political right stuff with a cast of characters (Richard Gephardt, Joe Biden, Michael Dukakis, Robert Dole) that in lesser hands might have come across as painted dummies; the spewing, drug-lashed delirium of Hunter S. Thompson's influential *Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72;* Norman Mailer's *Miami and the Siege of Chicago,* with its high-definition portraits of Richard Nixon as a jerky robot out of rhythm with himself, Eugene McCarthy's Jesuitical face ("hard as the cold stone floor of a monastery at five in the morning"), and the brute force of Mayor Richard Daley's jowly constituency; and the one that started it all, the granddaddy of the tarmac chronicles, Theodore H. White's *The Making of the President: 1960.* Consider, too, those classic tributaries to the presidential epic, instructive treats such as Timothy Crouse's *The Boys on the Bus,* Joe McGinniss's *The Selling of the President: 1968,* and Joe Klein's bacon-flavored *roman à clef, Primary Colors.* If the old-fashioned, bookish presidential epic depended upon intimate access or hovering proximity to the candidates as they work an endless series of rooms and stages, the newfangled campaign narrative is a peep-show collage—a weedy pastiche of slick ads, outtakes, bloopers, prankster spoofs, unguarded moments captured on amateur video, C-SPAN excerpts, grainy flashbacks retrieved from the vaults, and choice baroque passages of Chris Matthews venting. YouTube, the free video-sharing bulletin board founded in 2005 by three former PayPal employees, is where it all happens. Mouse clicks and video clips, they go together like a nervous twitch. Where the presidential epic entails reams of psychological interpretation, nov-

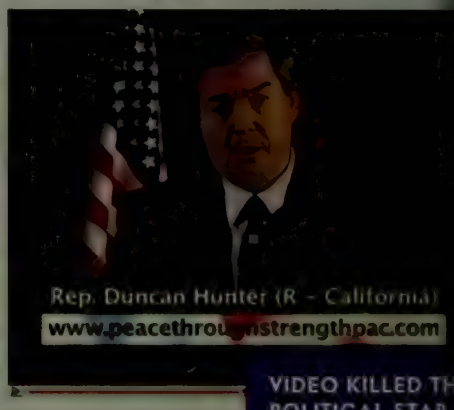

MONT BLANC
HELPING OTHERS GIVES SUCCESS TRUE MEANING.
NICOLAS CAGE AND MONTBLANC
have made a joint commitment to social responsibility.
With your purchase of a Montblanc TimeWalker,
you are supporting a significant donation
by Nicolas Cage and Montblanc to
the "Heal the Bay" organisation.
MONTBLANC TIMEWALKER CHRONOGRAPH AUTOMATIC
self-winding mechanical movement
in a 43 mm steel case with skeleton horns.
SWISS MADE BY MONTBLANC
Visit www.montblanc.com
800.995.4810

elistic scene setting, and historical placement, YouTube puts politics literally at one's fingertips in the active present, making it a narrative any mutant can join.

The 2008 presidential campaign had barely cracked its first yawn when a mischievous imp created a sensation with an update of the famous 1984 Apple TV commercial showing a buff, blonde *Über*-babe shattering a giant screen with a sledgehammer, liberating the slave drones from their indoctrinated trance. Only, in this revised version it was Hillary Clinton hobgoblinized as the looming commandant in the Orwellian nightmare, her bossy specter hectoring the flour faces of the bedraggled inmates. I didn't find the "Vote Different" ad particularly inspired or persuasive as anti-propaganda in its invocation of Fascism, but the whoosh it caused in the media portray Clinton as totalitarianism's dour answer to Miss Jean Brodie, plugging into the right wing's witchiest caricature of her, and insist there's no ill will. It'd be like depicting Rudy Giuliani as Mussolini on the balcony, a malevolent bullfrog exhorting the masses, then disavowing it by saying, "Hey, don't get me wrong, I dig the guy." The most salient point in de Vellis's fess-up was not *why* he did what he did but how easily it was done: "I made the ad on a Sunday afternoon in my apartment using my personal equipment (a Mac and some software), uploaded it to YouTube, and sent links around to blogs." No muss, no fuss, no brainstorming sessions with the creative team, no sending out for coffee and Danish, just a little quality time on the computer and voilà. Given the editing tools available to even a modest laptop and the ultra-low point of entry into the last thing I need is more crap to watch, no matter how ingenious or buzz-worthy it may be. I spend enough zombie time staring at screens without access to a supplemental pair of eyeballs. Between cable-news chat shows, regular news shows, and *Law & Order: Criminal Intent* reruns, I already clock so many hours watching TV on my TV that watching even more TV on my laptop is like giving myself extra homework. We're reaching the saturation point of what the social critic Paul Goodman called "spectatoritis." Not only do we (especially Me) face the dismal prospect of being bombarded by professional spot ads every time we turn on the radio or TV until the '08 election, but now, for fear of not being in the loop, we're compelled to keep up with an inundation of personal commentaries, fake ads, newsclips set to music,







VIDEO KILLED TH
POLITICAL STAR
On YouTube: Mitt Romney "explains hunting"; Elizabeth and Dennis Kucinich send Easter greetings; Duncan Hunter toss a football while discussing China's trade policy.

Who knew Elmer Fudd would displace John Wayne as the Republican Party's masculine ideal?

fed off the Hillary fatigue felt by many, that calcified, sanctified aura of lockstep inevitability. After a speculative tizzy in the political chatsphere as to the secret identity of the "Vote Different" *auteur,* Phil de Vellis surfaced at the Huffington Post to take credit and have his personal say. A supporter of Barack Obama's and a staffer at Blue State Digital (a pro-Democratic technology firm, from which he departed after the ad was sprung), de Vellis laid out his rationale for the mashup, insisting that he intended Hillary Clinton no disrespect. With a Nixonian clearing of the throat, he wrote, "Let me be clear: I am a proud Democrat, and I always have been. I support Senator Obama. I hope he wins the primary. (I recognize that this ad is not his style of politics.) I also believe that Senator Clinton is a great public servant, and if she should win the nomination, I would support her and wish her all the best." What's less clear is how you can the YouTube marina, de Vellis is no doubt correct when he signs off, "This ad was not the first citizen ad, and it will not be the last. The game has changed."

I have just been sent a link to an Internet site that shows me delivering a speech some years ago. This is my quite unsolicited introduction to the now-inescapable phenomenon of YouTube. It comes with another link, enabling me to see other movies of myself all over the place. What's "You" about this? It's a MeTube, for me.

—Christopher Hitchens, *Slate,* April 9, 2007.

More creative involvement in the democratic process—how can this not be healthy? "Citizen journalists" and "citizen ad-makers," united in idealistic purpose—what's not to like? Yet inwardly I groan. Speaking for Me-self, and homemade amateur guerrilla sorties from the Tarantinos of tomorrow.

To avoid brain-logged fatigue, I limit my intake to a single Web depot, tuning in daily to YouTube's You Choose '08 channel, where each presidential candidate has his or her own peep-show booth. Click on GoHunterGo, for example, the official page for congressman and presidential aspirant Duncan Hunter (a choleric Republican who looks as if he could moonlight as a billy-clubbing guard in *The Shawshank Redemption*). Then select the clip of Dunc fondling a football in a wholesome, manly way as he draws an analogy between China's trade policy and the gridiron: "Americans start a football game with a clean scoreboard. But China starts a game against our businesses with a 74-point advantage." Those scheming Chinese bastards! We might as well not even show up for the coin toss. As this is being written, Duncan Hunter has a measly six videos up. Mitt Romney has 81. That may be more Mitt than anyone needs, even if his videos carry racy titles such as "I Like Vetoes" and "Romney on the Need

EXUS invites you to Robert Redford's

THE GREEN

new weekly primetime destination on Sundance Channel dedicated to green living



REMIERING
PRIL 17 at 9 PM ET/P

his April, Sundance Channel
ill premiere a new weekly night
programming dedicated to
nvironmental issues, titled
HE GREEN. Every Tuesday
ight, viewers eager to see
nvironmental challenges and
olutions put front and center
ill welcome this breakthrough
rogramming, sponsored in
art by Lexus, that brings
xceptional depth and breadth
o tough issues facing business,
overnment, and citizens. Crowded
ith charismatic thinkers like
obert F. Kennedy, Jr., president
f Waterkeeper Alliance, this is
rogramming that understands the
ole the environment plays in our
ves and ongoing history. "There is
o more important human right than
he right to a clean environment,"
ays Kennedy. "The law is strong.
ollution is theft. But law enforce-
nent is weak. Citizens must
xercise our rights as owners and
tewards of the environment. On
56 waterways around the world
Waterkeepers take ownership –
atrolling our waterways and
rotecting our communities."

Robert F. Kennedy, Jr.
in New York's Central Park



big ideas for a small plan

A 13-episode Sundance Channel original series takes viewers on explorations near and far to find people, products, and processes that are on the leading edge of a green wor and that have the potential to change our everyday lives. These features on imaginative fashion and product design, first-time inventors and entrepreneurs are likely to inspire "I can do that, too" thinking in viewers. A recurring cast of colorful, expert commentato including activists, scientists, and writers will provide context.

Five segments are highlighted here:

THE ECOISTS

This short-form series harnesses the energy of celebrity by showcasing 13 big personalities and their signature causes. You'll see our world through the eyes of Robert F. Kennedy, Jr., Ed Begley, Woody Harrelson, Daryl Hannah, Laird Hamilton, Gabby Reece, Josh Lucas, Laura Dern, Amber Valletta, Tim Robbins, Moby, Morgan Freeman, and Ted Danson.

One ECOISTS highlight is a look at the changing tides with Robert. F. Kennedy, Jr., whose Waterkeeper Alliance connects, supports, and champions local clean water advocates: Waterkeepers act as investigator, lawyer, educator, and scientist – the voice of their waterway. Waterkeeper Alliance is a grassroots organization dedicated to protecting the planet's water, and our communities, from polluters.

FUEL

Tuesday, April 17, 9 PM E/P

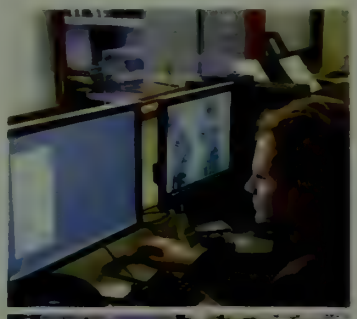
An alternative-fuel enthusiast and inventor of Veg Powered Systems, Joel Woolf drag-races a truck powered by the vegetable oil from a fried-chicken tailgate party; Colette Brooks, a fanatic for muscle cars and designer shoes, leads a bio-diesel PR campaign that pairs clients with diesel-powered cars around the country; and Indy Racing League's Jeff Simmons prepares for the 2007 season by suiting up to test-drive a car that runs on 100% ethanol.





BUILD

Tuesday, April 24, 9 PM E/P





Visionary architect Michelle Kaufmann builds an ultra-sustainable modular prefab "Glidehouse" for a couple looking to enjoy life off the grid; architect Carlton Brown defies the odds to build a low-income sustainable housing project in Harlem; and MIT genius Mitchell Joachim creates a spectacular futuristic living space with his "Fab Tree Hab" living house, made from intertwined trees.

CITIES

Tuesday, May 1, 9 PM E/P

Portland real-estate develope Dennis Wilde is the pioneerin force behind the South Wate front project, which is turning polluted brown field into a flourishing sustainable commu Heather Flores and her band of guerrilla gardeners work overnight to beautify blighted urban plots of unused land wi local plants and flowers; and Taylor, co-founder of Verdan Power, hopes to light up the Manhattan skyline using rene able energy when he subme the first two underwater turbi in the East River.





the GREEN™

"Tune in. Take action. Let's commit to th

sundance CHANNEL

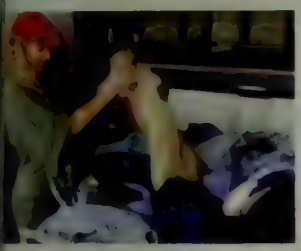
FUEL Tuesday, April 17, 9 PM E/P	CITIES Tuesday, May 1, 9 PM E/P	EAT Tuesday, May 15, 9 PM E/P	FURNISH Tuesday, May 29, 9 P
BUILD Tuesday, April 24, 9 PM E/P	WEAR Tuesday, May 8, 9 PM E/P	DRIVE Tuesday, May 22, 9 PM E/P	CREATE Tuesday, June 5, 9 P

AR

day, May 8, 9 PM E/P



couture designer Linda
dermilk creates an outfit for
ert Downey Jr. and prepares
New York fashion show
ring her eco-friendly luxury
gns; as head of Patagonia's
onmental products division,
umain spearheads the
pany's cutting-edge sports-





r line, which recycles soda
tles and worn-out garments
produce high-quality active
r; and Lori Petitti, hosting
first Swap-O-Rama-Rama,
tes people to channel their
ative energies into construc-
new fashion statements
n used garments that would
erwise have been discarded.

EAT

Tuesday, May 15, 9 PM E/P

"It" chef Kris Morningstar takes us on a tour of his new green restaurant, Blue Velvet, where the food is grown locally, the decor is created from sustainable products, and the rooftop doubles as a high-concept produce garden; Local Burger owner Hilary Brown buys sustainable meat and produce from farms within



100 miles of her restaurant and challenges a fast-food addict to eat off the Local Burger menu for a month; Tom Szaky, young entrepreneur and CEO of Terra-Cycle, finds treasure in the dirt with his 100% green fertilizer line made from surprising stuff.



ECO IDEAS
FROM LEXUS

Lexus believes that one needn't choose between luxury and social conscience, and is committed to constantly evolving sustainable practices. Witness: Lexus Luxury Hybrids.







The following are just a few other practices that are both rewarding and sustainable, that fulfill the desire for quality, comfort, and style without compromising the needs of the earth.

- Explore wines from organic or bio-dynamic wineries that practice innovative farming techniques that not only are eco-friendly and sustainable but produce superior results.
- Shop clothing brands that cleave to the highest standards in design and craftsmanship while extracting the bare minimum from the earth's precious capital. Couture designs made of organic cotton, bamboo, wool, or silk are the new luxe look.
- The next time you need a chauffeur service or taxi, consider a luxury car service that relies on a fleet of hybrids. Choose a roomy RXh or a racy GSh.
- When you redesign or redecorate your home, look at raw materials such as bamboo, rattan, abaca, and recycled glass. These materials are being exploited to sophisticated and award-winning results.
- Set your travel sights on Eco-Luxury. The Pacific coast of Costa Rica's rural Guanacaste province features a host of eco-luxury resorts, mixing sophisticated accommodations and luxurious amenities with environmentally rich surroundings.
- Take a page from what many Europeans have known all along: that organic and locally-grown foods make any dish dishier.

Explore the growing world of eco-conscious luxury at **lexus.com/hybridliving.**

Robert Redford

y, June 12, 9 PM E/P	SPORTS Tuesday, June 26, 9 PM E/P	PRAY Tuesday, July 10, 9 PM E/P
ER or PLASTIC y, June 19, 9 PM E/P	WORK Tuesday, July 3, 9 PM E/P	For more information, visit sundancechannel.com

GIVES MORE TO THE DRIVER. TAKES LESS FROM THE WORLD.

INDULGE YOUR SENSES

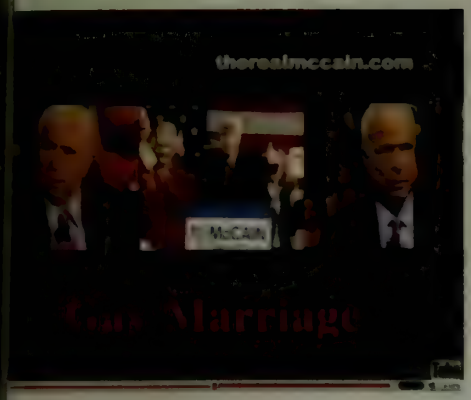
RESPECT THE PLANET

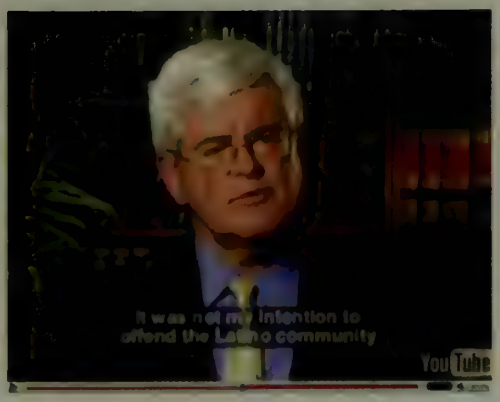


The Lexus LS 600h L. The world's first full-hybrid vehicle with a V8 powertrain. Boasting 438 horsepower,* inspired acceleration and ultra-low emissions. Proof that you can be conscious of the earth's needs while fulfilling your own.

This groundbreaking vehicle will arrive in June. In the meantime, learn about other ways we can reduce our impact on the earth's resources at lexus.com/hybridliving.

LEXUS MOTOR CONSUMER DRIVE OF TAKE SUCCESS FROM THE WORLD







THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET YouTube showcased John McCain's gay-marriage flip-flop, Newt Gingrich's Spanish apology, and George Allen's "Macaca" outburst.

Gingrich's taped apology *in Spanish* became must viewing on YouTube . . . and made for one irresistible *mea culpa.*

to Restrain Spending." Instead, my ever curious cursor moseys over to Democrat Dennis Kucinich's booth, where his lustrous, British-accented wife, Elizabeth, is discussing Iraq-war appropriations, the fiscal numbers she rattles off from a cue card upstaged by the silken wonder of her windswept hair. In another video, the Kuciniches unite to wish viewers a happy Easter, the infectious couple grinning as if about to break into giggles. His presidential candidacy may be a distant long shot, but I look forward to each video from this populist scamp.

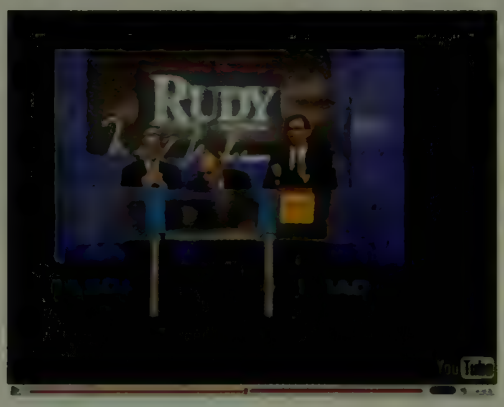
Though not yet officially a candidate (he intends to parade himself up and down the boardwalk until he drives uncommitted voters mad with desire), former Speaker of the House Newt Gingrich has set up his own YouTube channel. It's a repository—a living library—for his reflections on the daunting challenges facing the Republic, and what he proposes to do to make things worse. Advocating the abolition of "bi-lingual education," Gingrich argued that such programs perpetuated "the language of living in a ghetto." In any debate over bi-lingual ed, it's implicit that Spanish is considered the chief culprit, and Hispanics were understandably peeved over their mother tongue's being denigrated as ghetto dialect. Nobody bought Gingrich's subsequent jive explanation on Fox News's *Hannity & Colmes* that he was actually alluding to the shtetls of the Old World. None too coherently, he tried to explain, "Now, I'll let you pick—frankly, 'ghetto' historically had referred as a Jewish reference originally." (Veteran Gingrich observers know that whenever he prefaces a statement with the word "frankly," it signals a big fat lie coming down the pike.) Unable to contain the furor over his remarks and recognizing that alienating millions of Hispanic voters wouldn't be the wisest move should he declare his candidacy, Gingrich taped an apology *in Spanish* that became must viewing on YouTube; the marriage of his stilted delivery—he didn't exactly caress the consonants or make sweet music with the vowels—and the English subtitles ("I have never believed that Spanish is a language of people of low income") made for one irresistible *mea culpa.*

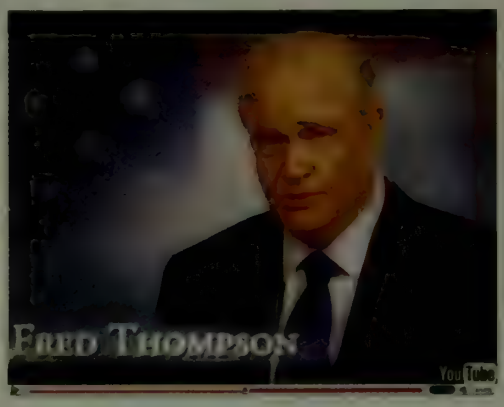
Swiveling his attention to international affairs, Newt addressed the capture of British sailors by Iran in remarks made before a live audience. His solution for bringing home the hostages was bold and ballsy, appealing to the armchair commando in every arrested adolescent. "They have one refinery that produces gasoline in Iran," he said. "And I think our strategy should be very direct. There should be a covert operation to sabotage the one refinery. [Audience applause.] We should say to the Iranian dictatorship: 'We're prepared to withhold gasoline for as long as you're prepared to be stupid.'" I'm not sure how covert an operation can be if you announce it in advance, or why the U.S. should have risked escalating a crisis by dispatching a *Mission: Impossible* team while negotiations were ongoing between Iran and our plucky ally Great Britain, but the professorial Newt made it plain that the Iranians needed to be taught a harsh lesson—to have their privileges revoked. Without gas, they'd have to walk. "The morning they want to be reasonable, they get to drive a car again." Unfortunately for Newt (and veteran neoconservative agitators such as Michael Ledeen, who rhetorically targeted the gas refinery as well), Iran, unprepared to be stupid, pre-empted Newt's bold stratagem by freeing the captives shortly thereafter and sending the laddies and lass home with lovely parting gifts. It's hard to blow up the gas refinery of a country that doles out goody bags to its departing guests. Overtaken by events, that Newt clip was destined for the discard pile.

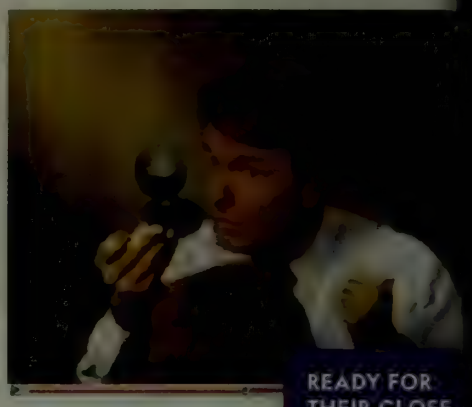
Yet nothing on the Internet is ever truly discarded. Everything's recyclable, dormant, ready to be summoned from the murky bottom of the fishbowl. Yesteryear's embarrassment is almost certain to resurface someday and bite one on the tender behind. One of the most valuable roles YouTube plays is as a preservation society for gaffes, flip-flops, surreal tableaux (such as the picture of Dick Cheney planted in the bushes like the world's scariest garden gnome during President Bush's press conference), acts of contrition, career-ending hara-kiri, and barefaced moments of burlesque. (A Belgian socialist budget minister—it doesn't get more beige than that—became a fluke YouTube celebrity after excerpts of him appearing merrily sloshed during a televised interview widely circulated.) A video on PoliticsTV's all-time Hall of Shame list is George Allen's "Macaca" outburst, a smirking, finger-pointing moment of intemperance on the campaign trail that dashed whatever presidential fantasies the senator from Virginia once had and set into motion his mortifying reelection defeat. Hubris has seldom been served so neatly on a plate. YouTube is also a pestilential nuisance for politicians attempting to talk out of both sides of their yap. It's one thing to leave a paper trail, but a video trail is even more incriminating, especially in the Digital Age. Brave New Films, the documentary house co-founded by documentarian Robert Greenwald (who directed *Outfoxed* and *Uncovered*), has posted a clip on YouTube devoted entirely to John McCain's "Double Talk Express,"

its catalogue of contradictory sound bites filed under titles such as "John McCain Flip Flops on Gay Marriage," "John McCain Flip Flops on the Religious Right," and "John McCain Flip Flops on the Confederate Flag." Couple these with the footage of McCain in a bulletproof vest making his way through a Baghdad market with a military escort and what you have is a composite portrait of a candidate crumbling.

As a former prisoner of war who has comported himself with pained dignity and incurred his party's wrath in the past (if only he hadn't made the fatal mistake of suturing himself to the Bush doctrine), McCain retains a stoic residue of respect. Not so Mitt Romney, everyone's new figure of fun. For viral entertainment, even Rudy Giuliani's drag routines on YouTube can't compete. Romney's supple acrobatics on the issues could earn him a pair of spangled leotards in Cirque du Soleil; he's reversed himself on so many issues—abortion, stem-cell research, gay rights, tax cuts, illegal immigration—that he's like a butterfly trying to revert to the pupa stage. If drastic de-evolution is what it takes to appeal to the Republican base, Mitt's the right mannequin for the job. He might have slicked by with his policy do-overs if he hadn't made himself ridiculous by pandering to the gun lobby, claiming he was a lifelong hunter. "To hear Mitt Romney talk on the campaign trail, you might think the Republican presidential candidate had a gun rack in the back of his pickup truck," Glen Johnson reported for the Associated Press. "Yet the former Massachusetts governor's hunting experience is limited to two trips at the bookends of his 60 years: as a 15-year-old, when he hunted rabbits with his cousins on a ranch in Idaho, and last year, when he shot quail on a fenced game preserve in Georgia." Those rabbits are now haunting Romney as surely as Jimmy Carter's killer rabbit. Tune in to YouTube and there's Mitt Romney, clarifying his record as a noble backwoodsman with the shaky assertion "I've always been, if you will, a rodent- and rabbit-hunter, all right—small varmints, if you will. And I began when I was, oh, 15 or so, and have hunted those kinds of varmints since then." First Dick Cheney perforating a hunting-mate and now Mitt Romney chasing varmints—who knew Elmer Fudd would displace John Wayne as the Republican Party's masculine ideal?







READY FOR THEIR CLOSE-UP YouTube clips of presidential hopefuls Rudy Giuliani, Fred Thompson, and John Edwards.

Republicans are several caveman steps behind Democrats in understanding and exploiting the outreach of YouTube.

It may appear that I am singling out Republicans as ripe specimens of YouTube boobery. It's true. I am. I wish them all heartwarming unsuccess. But I believe that an impartial observer would second my impression that so far this extended political season Republicans are several caveman steps behind Democrats in understanding and exploiting the outreach of YouTube and in avoiding its sand traps. When Rudy Giuliani is represented on YouTube by a five-minute video of the former mayor ringing the opening bell at NASDAQ, it hardly seems like the most imaginative grasp of this new medium. Liberal blogs and blue-state challengers out-mobilized Republicans in online fund-raising and organizing in 2006 and have maintained their advantage, tapping into the bottom-up energy, and fine-tuning a potent, interlocking, activist-oriented machine; meanwhile, Republicans cling to their top-down, one-way-message, corporate model as once militant conservative bloggers retire their Jedi-warrior robes to take up their new hobby, whining. Those carefree days when they had Al Gore's bark to gnaw on are gone. The cheap fun has flown. Apart from a parody video of John Edwards being dolled up for a TV appearance to the mocking strains of "I Feel Pretty" (a spoof that exploits the rap on Edwards as just a pretty face—a Breck girl), leading Democrats haven't provided the comic fodder that has made Gingrich, Romney, and presidential adviser Karl Rove (doing his dorky white-guy "MC Rove" rap routine at the Radio & Television Correspondents' Association dinner) so downloadable. Even Democratic hopeful Joe Biden, whose mouth churns up huge yardage every time he answers a question the long way around, hasn't "beclowned" himself, to borrow a word much beloved in the conservative blogosphere. Someone with a worried mind might wonder if Democrats were in danger of being so resolutely on-message—so perpetually in-character, conscientiously tucked-in, mistake-averse, and overscripted—that the internal pressure of reining in every stray, errant impulse could produce an implosion later down the line, closer to the primaries, when it counts. Another worry would be if Fred Thompson lumbered into the race. After five seasons of ponderously digesting his dialogue as the southern-fried district attorney on *Law & Order,* this actor-politician knows what it's like to live his life before the camera and drop bits of nourishment down viewers' beaks. Being on the tube is second nature for him—this big lug couldn't be more tubular. But Thompson also behaves as if he's grumpily used to having his own way and isn't about to change, and with the rise of YouTube, nobody gets to have his own, exclusive way. When everyone in the audience is a potential auteurist, prepare to kiss your autonomy good-bye. So bring him on. Now pardon me while I log on to YouTube to see what those two crazy lovebirds Dennis and Elizabeth Kucinich are up to. □


Where will the next great movie director come from?
A nationwide search.
A million-dollar movie deal.
Your vote decides who wins!
?
ON THE LOT
Executive Produced by Mark Burnett & Steven Spielberg
Tuesday May 22 9/8c FOX
TheLot.com

trol, was palliative (David Dinkins, his more modest predecessor, always seemed overwhelmed). And, of course, his hysteric nature was part of what enabled him to appear so reassuring on 9/11: When everyone is crazy, he, being actually crazy, is calm. When everyone is stunned, he's expressive. (He may be the best off-the-cuff speaker in politics—conversational, witty, personal.)

Here Newfield went on, during lunch, to harangue me about the willful blindness, the consensus cowardice of the media. We (that is, we in the media) quite refuse to acknowledge the possibility that an entirely inappropriate character (a "nutso" was, I believe, Newfield's term) might be able to navigate all the hurdles and scrutiny of a campaign and actually become president. (The instances—e.g., Howard Dean, Wesley Clark—when oddball candidates do get dinged reinforces the belief that, if you make it, you deserve to make it.) The better your poll numbers are, and the closer you get to being president, the more that certifies you as being sane enough to be president (the Bush and Cheney example notwithstanding).

New York magazine, for instance, has been covering Rudy's antics for a generation. The magazine was, itself, subject to a famous blitz of Rudy loopiness: he banned from city buses an ad for the magazine with a tagline saying it was "possibly the only good thing in New York Rudy hasn't taken credit for." But its recent cover story on the Rudy presidential phenomenon was written by a neophyte political journalist rather than one of the legions of New York reporters who've been gobsmacked over the years by Rudy (there's a whole new generation of reporters who don't know the real Rudy). So instead of being a story about the sheer preposterousness, the zaniness and lunacy, of the notion of Rudy as president—the exceptionalness of the whole enterprise—it was about, in essence, the logic of perception. Rudy is, necessarily, what others see him as—that was the magazine's eminently politic point. Similarly, *Newsweek,* in its Rudy cover story, made the case for transformation by polls—you are what an unexpected number of people are willing to believe you are, no matter how outside the realm of credibility and reason that might be. In both critiques, Rudy is far along in the process of making himself into a realistic presidential being, a legitimate, if curious, front-runner, a man for all seasons, a plausible model—this character famous for his dramatic mood swings—of steadfastness and determination. If he doesn't implode, then, in fact, he's sound.

Neither reporter—both of whom accompanied Rudy on his campaign trips—appeared to have asked the obvious question (it's a reasonable question for all politicians, but it's professional negligence not to ask it of Rudy): whether he's on antidepressants or any other pharmacological mood stabilizers.

The developing view among tolerant Republicans and receptive independents seems to be that what happened in New York concerning Rudy ought to stay in New York (except for 9/11, which is an officially nationalized experience, and the Disneyfication of Times Square, which plays in the heartland as well). Even that the city, because it was crazy (and nasty), full of not only criminals but the liberal elite, deserved Rudy. It was beast against beast.

His reign in New York—cutting his opponents dead while micro-managing or attacking the media as he sped off to cop shootings, fires, and water-main breaks—was all about his passions and personality. It was all dramatic persona, a governing style much closer to that of a banana-republic potentate than to your average city administrator's. (This has a structural explanation: The mayors in most municipalities are constrained by county authorities. The anomalous condition in New York is that the city subsumes five counties, making it a kind of duchy, and giving its chief executive wide discretion and, if he is so inclined, the freedom to act out grandly.)

This translates into a certain kick-assness (of the criminals as well as the liberals). What's lost in the translation is the neurosis and eccentricity and ludicrousness and hubris of Rudy as supreme ruler. That's in the finer details.

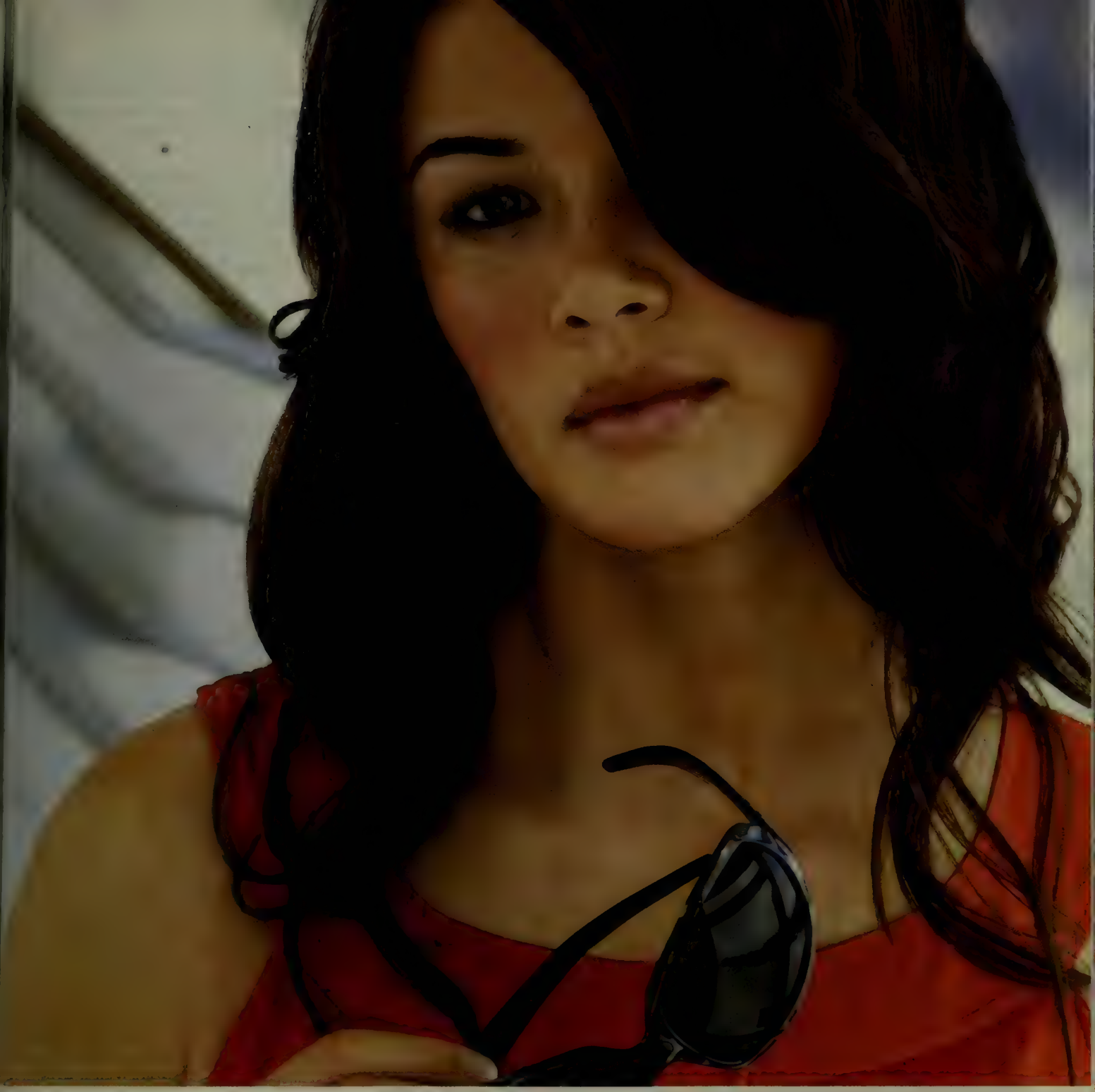
It's always worth recapping Giuliani's famous riposte to a ferret owner who called in to the mayor's weekly radio show to protest the city's ban on them as pets: "There is something deranged about you.... The excessive concern you have for ferrets is something you should examine with a therapist.... There is something really, really very sad about you.... This excessive concern with little weasels is a sickness.... You should go consult a psychologist.... Your compulsion about—your excessive concern with it is a sign that there is something wrong in your personality.... You have a sickness, and I know it's hard for you to accept that.... You need help."

There were, memorably, his bitter fights with anybody in his administration who got more publicity than he did (especially his police commissioner William Bratton, whom he fired because Bratton got credit for the drop in crime); his refusal (more childish and foot-stamping than strictly racist) to meet with virtually any elected black official during his tenure (justified with a series of odd ruminations: "If you engage in dialogue with political leaders that pander ... then you end up watering down your change so much that nothing changes"); his jihadish campaign against the Brooklyn Museum of Art over a painting that mocked the Virgin Mary; and his authoritarian campaign against jaywalkers (resulting in formidable street barricades).

His own children end up, too, as forlorn figures in his imperial city. Given their parents' marital discord and the mayor's nonstop parenting of the city, they were often left in the care of the police (at 37,000 strong, the N.Y.P.D., commanded by the mayor, is the largest force in the U.S.). A subject of both humor and concern among Rudy's closest aides, the children—Caroline, 18, and Andrew, 21—were on a police diet, too. To keep them happy and quiet, the police stuffed them full of food. Father and children are now estranged—his son pointedly says he won't campaign for his father, because of his demanding golf-training schedule (he learned the game from a member of his police detail); his daughter seems disinclined to speak of her father at all. (On the other hand, there are, perhaps, so many bad fathers in American politics that it might not damage you even if you turn out to be the worst. Even when the children themselves—and I believe this is the first time this has ever happened in a modern presidential campaign—disavow you.)

And Bernie Kerik. There is no circumstance under which a politician with any sense of vulnerability or accountability or merely the need to maintain a sense of appearances hires Bernie Kerik (no less as the police commissioner). Kerik is from Paterson, New

It's a reasonable question—whether Rudy's on antidepressants or any other pharmacological mood stabilizers.



contact lenses from LensCrafters.

the perfect way to expand your eyewear wardrobe.

LENSCRAFTERS®

open your eyes

rames D&G 8018 ©2007 LensCrafters Inc. All Rights Reserved
rom Independent Doctors of Optometry Next to LensCrafters
alid contact lens prescription required.

lenscrafters.com

Jersey, where I'm from. He came to live in a house in the suburb just down the road from where my parents lived. I knew or had heard the same stories everyone else—my parents and my parents' friends—had heard. Which it seems impossible Rudy would not have heard, too. And if, somehow, he hadn't heard them, we know now from Rudy's own grand-jury testimony that he was, in fact, officially told—though, he says, it didn't quite register. In other words, one of the most experienced prosecutors of organized-crime figures has spelled out for him what is widely rumored—that his corrections chief and prospective police commissioner might be Mobbed up—and he doesn't get it. Yup. And then goes on to become business partners with the guy. And then becomes his sponsor for high federal office.

Let's not even get into the nature of Rudy's tolerance for whatever Kerik was into, and just focus on Rudy's sense of impunity—he's got no sense of caution. (A likely implosion point for the Rudy campaign is Kerik's anticipated trial for tax fraud and providing false information to federal authorities when he was vetted for the job of homeland-security chief, which Rudy sponsored him for.) It's about getting away with it. It's waving the red flag. It's his assumption that everybody is a pantywaist, except him.

And, speaking of banana republics, there was Rudy's extra-legal plan to set aside the 2001 mayoral election (after his term limit had been reached, so he couldn't run again) and, by legislative acclamation (thwarted only at the last minute), extend his term.

Still, say what you want, Rudy's fearlessness or kookiness does break through the political clutter and leave a powerful impression—that may be the biggest part of the political job.

The wives: if Rudy's marital history isn't crazy, it's surely way over the line of middle-class domestic political norms. You can't marry your second cousin (Regina Peruggi, now president of Kingsborough Community College) and, on top of that, annul the deal, as though this were the 18th century. You can't, in a public snit, break up with your wife in a news conference (provoking that wife, Donna Hanover, to call a counter–news conference where she suggested he was a public liar and adulterer). You can't carry on, as we used to say, in front of everybody, not without some major contrition—not if you want a political future.

There is no circumstance under which a politician with any sense of accountability hires Bernie Kerik.



FAMILY TIES Giuliani's loyalty to Bernard Kerik, still under federal investigation, has raised eyebrows.

Or can you?

Bill Clinton's sexual life (which now helps make Rudy's politically viable) is about shame and need, whereas Rudy's seems to be about an entirely different conception of marriage and family. It's a resistance to modern marriage—to the man-woman parity thing. He's unreconstructed, and proudly so. He's shameless. There's no apology about Rudy doing what Rudy wants to do. He appears to have had two public relationships as mayor. One was, according to his wife, with Cristyne Lategano, his former communications director, which he made few efforts to hide, and which, even after his wife made the accusation public, Cristyne and he blithely denied. Doubly defying standards of convention, he continued to keep Lategano on a city-related payroll. And then there's Judi, the current wife. There's a small effort on Rudy's part to suggest that one wife leaving and another simultaneously arriving has some wiggle room in the timing—but it's perfunctory. (In their recent Barbara Walters interview, the couple refused to say how and where they'd met.) He doesn't care.

This is the "goomah" issue. Rudy has expressed his belief to at least one prospective groom of my acquaintance that marriage is improved by a goomah (as rendered in *The Sopranos*)—the Italian-American dialect word for a significant other woman. His grandfather had had a goomah, Rudy said, with some sensitivity and depth of feeling, and his father had one, and what worked worked.

Rudy, arguably, is the most anti-family-values candidate in the race (this or any other). And yet, in some sense—which

could be playing well with the right wing—what he may be doing is going to the deeper meaning of family values, which is about male prerogative, an older, stubborn, my-way-or-the-highway, when-men-were-men, don't-tread-on-me kind of thing.

And then there are Rudy's people. Rudy has always been surrounded by concentric and sometimes intersecting circles of reasonable and professional people and greater and lesser inappropriate types. It is, however, in a way that has limited many local politicians trying to go national, the inappropriate ones that dominate his mind share, staffers who have tended him so long and enabled him so well—"Rudy doesn't really get along with outsiders" is how it's gently put—that they are, in their fashion, crazy, too.

"I know," says an aide in one of the outside circles, "how *meshugge* they are or worse. *Meshugge* is a friendly, loving word—some of them are way beyond *meshugge*."

There's a game that's played by staffers from the more or less reasonable and professional circles, about who might or might not get White House jobs. The game breaks everybody up.

Rudy's closest adviser, Peter Powers, whom handicappers mark as White House chief of staff, is a grade-school friend. Then there's Denny Young, often called the *consigliere* in the Rudy camp in a partly ironic and partly proud identification with Mafia lore. (Powers's and Young's marriages both broke up shortly after Rudy ended his.) Next in line is Tony Carbonetti, the son of one of Rudy's schoolhood chums, who has spent his entire career with Rudy, as aide and operative. "He'll be Karl Rove, which he isn't, but that's how Rudy will treat him," says a longtime Rudy adviser.

Then Sunny Mindel, his famously intemperate spokeswoman: she's been relieved of that job in his campaign—she still holds it for the Giuliani business—but is expected to get it back in the White House. No one in any circle has ever quite been able to explain Sunny—except to say that her hysteria matches Rudy's own, that together they do the things that make for rare, and peculiar, political media, which is Rudy's sweet spot. (She's credited with getting Rudy to go to war with the Brooklyn Museum of Art.)

The punch line (this is where everybody breaks up) to the Giuliani White House organization chart is that the intern will be Cristyne Lategano.

Except that now there is an even better East Wing joke. Rudy people tend, when they speak of the prospective First Lady, to use an exclamation point: Judi! (as they often use the exclamation point for Rudy!). Other than to hope that her unlikeliness somehow reinforces the idea of Rudy's Everyman authenticity, there is no real way that anybody can seem to rationalize Judi, the nurse whom he may or may not have met in a cigar bar (they did often, as the *New York Post* says, "rendezvous" at Cigars & Bar on West 58th Street in Manhattan). Even among Rudy's staunchest people, she's seen as the most likely implosion point. It is not just her hidden first marriage ("Rudy and Judi's wedding wasn't a small wedding," one aide notes. "This was, in New York terms, a royal wedding. There were thousands of stories written about it—and she didn't think she ought to correct her marital statistics?"), the dead dogs (in the late 1970s she worked for a surgical company that demonstrated its medical staplers on live dogs, which were cut open and stapled shut, pretty much killing them), her voluble discussion of how much money she's spending on her clothes and on the redecoration of their new house ("She's spending him dry," says an aide), the open war with his children (she is said to control access to Rudy), and now her hope to join in on Cabinet discussions (and his apparent hope to have her), but, most problematically, the fact that her interest in publicity is as great as his. "Definitely she'd be up there with Eleanor Roosevelt and Hillary Clinton as a First Lady who redefined the job—major redefinition" is the punch line.

And yet, so far, the gang that you wouldn't think could shoot straight has done remarkably well. They're even playing the crazy card—the card that, counter-intuitively, they seem to most like to play—deftly.

Partly, this is luck. The Republicans, so far, are struck pretty much dumb. Bush and Cheney have created a sense of something like guilt, or embarrassment, or, even, disgrace, among the faithful. Potential candidates on the traditional right seem to be hiding under a rock—they don't want the Bush-Cheney taint. So to find yourself a nationally admired figure (a kind of apple pie), in a field where something like 70 percent of likely voters (many your natural ideological enemies) still haven't expressed any opinion about the race, and where the opposition includes the 70-year-old John McCain, who both hates and sucks up to Bush (therefore getting neither advantage), and Mitt Romney, a Mormon from Massachusetts, that's luck. What's more, choosing a relative social liberal—just at the moment when the religious right seems to have lost its way—with supersonic national-security cred might be a way to combine independents with Reagan Democrats, along with the South (which you get anyway), and for the Republicans to actually, miraculously, win.

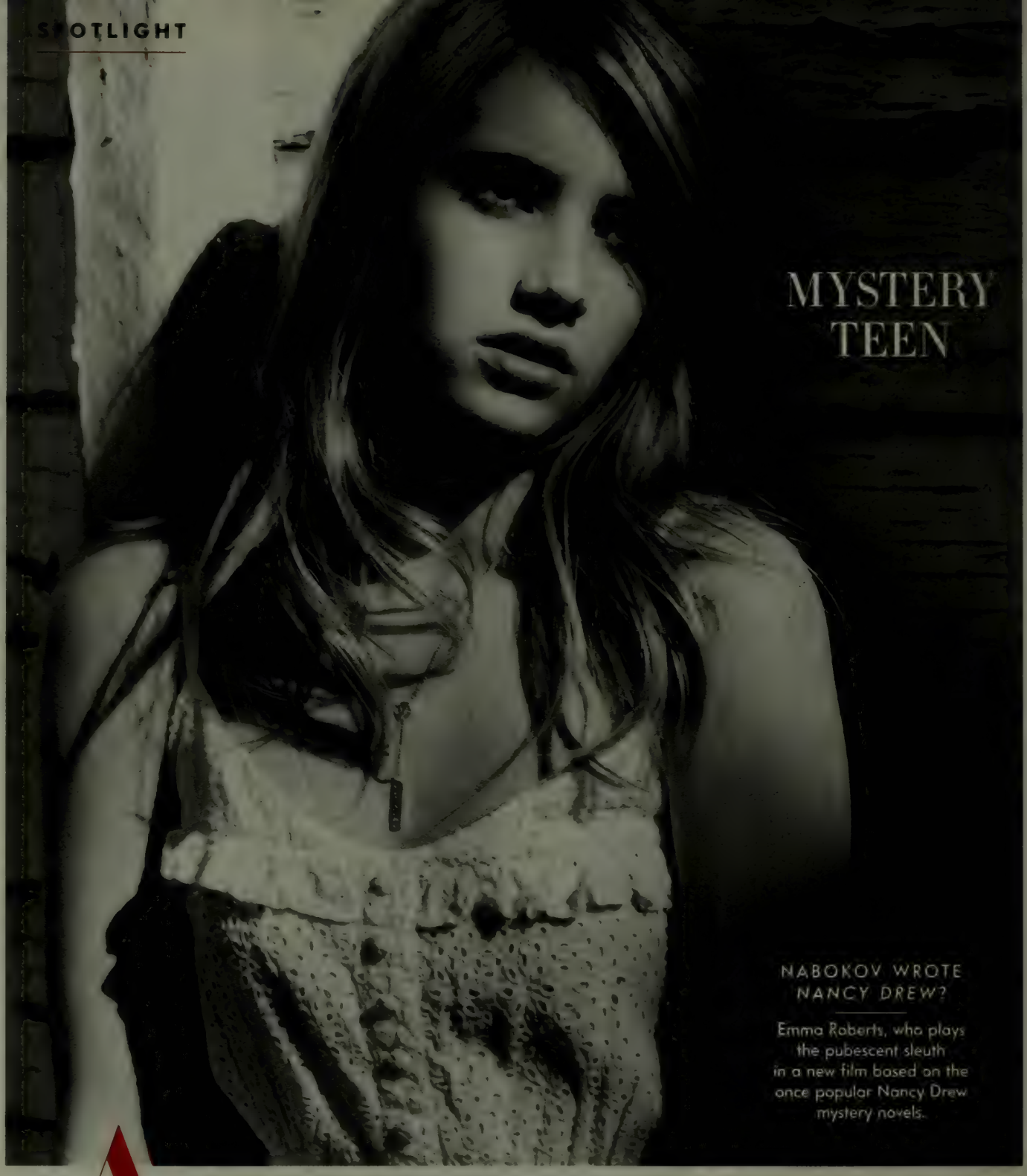
It's a different media algebra. . . . The nuttiness is the point. Rudy is reversing the basic political math, where likability = electability.

The other thing is that there is no one, including Hillary, who has as much direct experience dealing with the media as Rudy and his people do—they've played in New York.

Indeed, Rudy is long over the biggest media hurdle. He's famous in a way few politicians are. He sells papers. He moves the news. It's a different media algebra when you are already famous and you seem to screw up—that may make you even more famous. Your flaws are not so much flaws as a kind of cream on top. We're privileged to know more about you.

A famous person's nuttiness is of an entirely different order than an unfamous person's. The big issue with nuttiness is that it's secret or shameful. But, in a sense, publicity cleanses or absolves nuttiness. That is, it makes it normal. We're used to it. What's more, with Rudy, there's so much of it that sheer volume cancels the details out.

And, in some significant way, the nuttiness is the point. Rudy is reversing the basic political math, where likability = electability. Rather, it's Rudy's extremism, his vividness, the *joie de guerre* of his obsessions and fixations, his beastliness, that give him his chance. He ought to flee from his wife's advice and stay away from those necessarily mealymouthed Barbara and Oprah interviews—that's no place for a son of a bitch. These days the biggest Republican sin, bigger even than supporting abortion or gun control, may be the sin of the flip-flop. And that's the marvelous advantage Rudy has to offer his party. You can better trust a crazy man, lacking normal artifice and equivocations, not to shit you. □



MYSTERY TEEN

NABOKOV WROTE *NANCY DREW?*

Emma Roberts, who plays the pubescent sleuth in a new film based on the once popular Nancy Drew mystery novels.

After hanging out on the set of *Ocean's Twelve* with Aunt Julia (Roberts) and, more important, Matt Damon and Brad Pitt, what girl wouldn't dream of becoming an actress? But, as 16-year-old Emma Roberts tells it, this whole acting thing had nothing to do with her famous aunt. She broke into the business after begging her mother, Kelly Cunningham (ex-girlfriend of actor Eric Roberts, Emma's father), to let her have a go at auditioning, and landing a role as Johnny Depp's daughter in the 2001 movie *Blow*. Then, at the age of 11, her career hit a dry patch. "I kind of auditioned a lot but wasn't really getting anything, and then started getting things again, so it was kind of, like, *weird*." Specifically, Nickelodeon Networks fell in love with her coltish, tweener energy and cast her in the television show *Unfabulous*, as Addie Singer, who deals with the total embarrassment of junior high (you know, like falling into the punch bowl in front of all your friends) by writing and singing pop songs. Roberts parlayed that into a starring movie role, in *Aquamarine* (2006), in which she discovers a wish-granting mermaid in the local beach club's swimming pool.

This summer, she may well be propelled to the league of Anne Hathaway circa *The Princess Diaries* and Lindsay Lohan pre–party animal by playing the title role in *Nancy Drew*. Though the Nancy Drew books belong to a quainter, more innocent generation, Roberts is succumbing to their charms. "People keep giving them to me as gifts, so I have a nice collection," she says. "They're cute. They're written really old-fashioned-y." In it for the long haul, Roberts is getting home-schooled and lining up new projects. She'll soon start shooting *Wild Child*, in which she plays a bad girl who is sent to English boarding school to get her act together. But other than becoming a young movie star, nothing has changed at all, she insists. "At home, I have to clean my room and do all that stuff that most teenagers have to do. A lot of people ask me, 'Do you get special treatment?' I'm like, 'No, if anything I get worse treatment!' " —EVGENIA PERETZ

STYLED BY NAOMI DiLUCE WILDING. DRESS BY DIABLESS. HAIR PRODUCTS BY FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI. MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY [illegible]


Navigate life
INTRODUCING
THE DECK SHIRT
NAUTICA

MRS. TROLLOPE'S AMERICA

Frances Trollope, mother of the celebrated novelist, left England for the United States in 1827. She found a country that boasted of loving freedom, while enslaving Africans and killing its native people. To the winner of the *V.F.* essay contest, her criticisms still hit home

By Kipling Buis

In 1827, an Englishwoman named Frances Trollope—mother of the now more famous novelist Anthony Trollope—migrated to the United States, which was already billing itself as the land of opportunity. After various attempts to prosper in Cincinnati failed, she wrote a classic travelogue, *Domestic Manners of the Americans.* On the whole, she was not too impressed with us. Our social conduct, she reported, was a uniquely repellent mixture of vulgarity and prudery that involved copious handshaking, spitting, and expressions of self-righteousness. Furthermore, our buildings were makeshift and ugly. Our roads were untraversable. Our merchants were dishonest. Our scholars were ignorant. Our women were flat-chested. But what really galled Mrs. Trollope was our hypocrisy:

> They inveigh against the governments of Europe, because, as they say, they favour the powerful and oppress the weak. You may hear this declaimed upon in Congress, roared out in taverns, discussed in every drawing-room, satirized upon the stage, nay, even anathematized from the pulpit: listen to it, and then look at them at home; you will see them with one hand hoisting the cap of liberty, and with the other flogging their slaves. You will see them one hour lecturing their mob on the indefeasible rights of man, and the next driving from their homes the children of the soil, whom they have bound themselves to protect by the most solemn treaties.

Ouch. Mrs. Trollope rather cruelly poked us in both of our sore spots by invoking the two thoroughly repugnant crimes of our early history—namely, the enslavement of Africans and the massacre of the native population. (She would not have been surprised to learn that the U.S. government eventually violated nearly all of the innumerable "most solemn treaties" signed with various tribes.) Yet her criticism was (and is) easily dismissed with a version of the handy old saw about not being able to fry an omelet without breaking a few eggs. So today, nearly 200 years later, America continues to boast about its "exceptionalism" while Europe continues to resent hearing lectures about freedom and justice from a country founded on slavery and genocide.

This sort of contrast between one's self-image and one's public image has always been the stuff of comedy, but it's getting harder and harder to laugh about the gap between appearance and reality in America. The gap has widened into a chasm of make-believe that approaches schizophrenia. Hypocrisy is only part of the story. Ignorance plays an important role, too, as does sheer brutality. Together with greed and complacency, they feed our truly astounding capacity for denial. In fact denial, more than Christianity, is probably the true American religion. You need nothing short of religious faith—untainted by godless fact and logic—to slap a NO BLOOD FOR OIL sticker on the bumper of your S.U.V. and fail to see the irony.

Our aversion to book learning is often blamed for this notorious inability to put two and two together. Not that we are or were completely illiterate. Mrs. Trollope noted that whereas our appreciation of literature was very meager indeed (her Ohio neighbors considered Shakespeare obscene and Chaucer obsolete), Americans were great newspaper readers. Today we are great television watchers and Web surfers. Our knowledge of the outside world, therefore, has mainly come to us in sensationalized fragments that are never connected and thus quickly forgotten. Hence the famous American ignorance. Books, by imparting a sense of continuity and context, can enlarge the imagination and enable you to weigh evidence, compare, contrast, and make important connections—in short, to exercise skepticism. Without this skill, your grasp of reality is going to be at best superficial and your ability to challenge prevailing myths nonexistent.

Mrs. Trollope applied her skepticism to the primal American myth, the immigration experience, and found it wanting. Give me

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK FRASER



your tired, your poor, Emma Lazarus would later write, and if you work hard and keep your nose clean you will strike it rich. The reality, Mrs. Trollope soon discovered, was much more brutal. She herself sank into destitution while other immigrants, particularly the Irish (whom she found even more wretched than the African slaves), were ruthlessly exploited for cheap labor and did not even earn subsistence wages. After the so-called aliens did all the dirty work, they were indignantly told to go home and stop taking jobs away from real American citizens. This pattern has been repeated many times—as, for example, with the Chinese after they built our great railroads—and it's happening again today with Latinos, who are now being told to go home after picking our crops, nannying our children, and mowing our lawns.

Meanwhile, the terminology has changed in step with our increasing greed, which even Mrs. Trollope, who considered us money-grubbing, would find shocking. The American people, once deemed citizens, are now "consumers," consuming the lion's share of the world's resources. Old-fashioned imperialism operates under euphemisms such as "globalization," "outsourcing," and (my favorite) "spreading democracy," justifying situations in which Asian and Latin American slaves who are not called "slaves" sew our clothes and assemble the television sets that transmit the American Dream, a vision of universal prosperity that somehow always excludes images of the ubiquitous sweatshop.

Which brings us to the media, everyone's favorite scapegoat for our escapist, myth-promoting, reality-denying tendencies. Plugged into his entertainment console, the isolated, air-conditioned suburbanite wanders through a maze of alternative realities into a wilderness of nested electronic hallucinations until he loses his sense of identity as well as his sense of reality—like Walter Mitty trapped inside a Philip K. Dick novel. Or so the postmodernists tell us. Personally, I don't find junk television and video games as harmful as all that. Few Americans mistake them for reality.

Quite a few Americans mistake our "serious" news programs for reality, however, so this is where our denial of reality reaches outlandish heights. It is no longer possible for me to believe that any news programs show us what we need to know. There is no relationship between the importance of an event and the time CNN, say, devotes to its coverage, just as there is no longer much difference between tabloid news and mainstream news. (If you judged an event's importance strictly by the amount of media coverage it received, then the O. J. Simpson trial would be by far the most significant event in the history of the universe.) The press never challenges our president when he makes his bewildering statements, because journalists are committed to maintaining the fantasy that the man in charge is competent and intelligent. Can denial go any further?

Even so, the media couldn't help showing us a few glimpses of reality following Hurricane Katrina. We were able to see some of the gross Third World inequality that thrives in the last best hope on earth, as well as the shocking incompetence and indifference of our leaders. When Mr. Warmth himself, Dick Cheney, visited New Orleans, he proved himself to be a poor hypocrite. He could barely even pretend to act as if he cared about the destruction of the great city and its infra dig inhabitants.

TO READ THE SECOND- AND THIRD-PLACE ESSAYS, GO TO **VF.COM.**

If Mrs. Trollope had seen the vice president that day, she would have realized anew that there are worse things in the world than hypocrisy. As a Francophile, she was no doubt familiar with La Rochefoucauld's observation that hypocrisy is the compliment vice pays to virtue. When a miser pretends to be generous, he's at least acknowledging the fact that generosity is a good thing. The upper crust of Mrs. Trollope's day, in the spirit of noblesse oblige, would occasionally throw a few crumbs to the peasants. In today's climate of brazen greed and make-believe democracy, our leaders keep all the crumbs to themselves. They have dropped their masks. It is time for us to remove the scales from our eyes. □



KIDS MAKE THE DARNDEST YOGIS
Tara Guber, center, at the Accelerated School, in Los Angeles, with, from left: Dasia Salter, Abigail Candanedo, Yoga Ed program director Leah Kolish, Salvador Encino, Melanie Flores, and Patrique Alvior.

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES TARA GUBER

While schools in Western countries teach children almost everything about the world and nothing about themselves, wisdom traditions from the time of Socrates to the great Eastern traditions have maintained that self-awareness is the highest form of human intelligence. Self-awareness increases self-esteem and determines behavior, perception, cognitive skills, moods and emotions, personal relationships, creativity, and the environments that we create. Our biological functioning and its ability to self-regulate are also intimately related to our moods and feelings.

I have known Tara Guber for more than a decade, and her passion for, as well as expertise in, yoga found full expression when she created Yoga Ed in 2002. Yoga Ed has been designing health-and-wellness-program materials based on the psychological, emotional, and educational benefits of yoga and creative play, and distributing them to children, teachers, parents, and communities around the country and, increasingly, worldwide. With the tools provided by Yoga Ed, self-awareness, self-management, and self-care become the key contributors to lifetime health and wellness. The program began taking shape in 1998 when Tara Guber helped found the Accelerated School, an inner-city charter school in downtown Los Angeles, where she organized—and funded—a yoga program. She did this before yoga became a household word and when many people still regarded it as just another form of physical exercise and not a discipline that affects consciousness and self-awareness in the depth of our psyches. As more attention is given to the benefits of yoga and more data are collected, many schools will begin adopting these practices.

America is facing a crisis with its youngsters, an epidemic of childhood obesity, teenage depression, and attention-deficit disorders. Pharmacological approaches offer limited benefits with numerous side effects. Many recent studies have convinced scientists that physical fitness and mind-body coordination enhance not only physical well-being but also emotional stability and mental agility. The simple and effective tools offered by Yoga Ed and other yoga programs could prevent our nation from becoming populated with an entire generation of unhealthy adults. According to many surveys, the No. 1 interest in America today is well-being—of the individual, of society, of the eco-system. All of these have their beginnings in the well-being of our children. Healthy children today will create a healthy America for tomorrow. We must congratulate Tara Guber and Yoga Ed for being pioneers in the field of mind-body health for children.

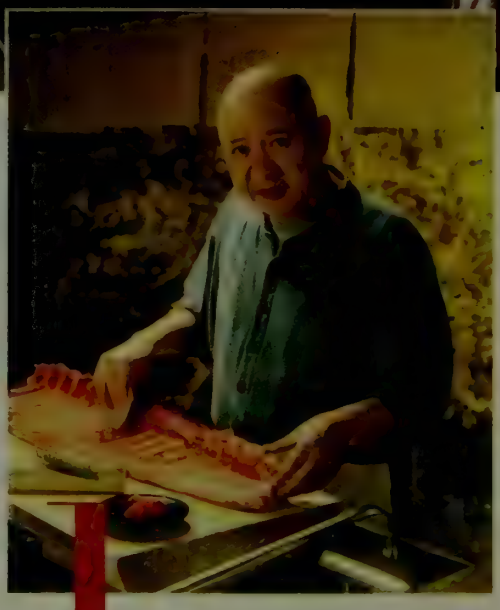
—DEEPAK CHOPRA, M.D.

HAIR, MAKEUP, AND GROOMING BY JUANITA LYON. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE


AYS MAKE TIME FOR AN ADVENTURE"
RON STONE
dior.com / eluxury.com 1800 328 3467
SPECIAL EDITION
CHRONOGRAPH 488 DIAMONDS
BLACK SAPPHIRE CRYSTAL
Dior
CHRISTAL



TOKYO BOWS
Bluefin for sale at the Tsukiji fish market, in Tokyo, which sells two million kilos of fish every day to buyers worldwide. *Left,* chef-owner Masayoshi Takayama of New York's Masa, where dinner for two is routinely more than $1,000.



If You Knew Sushi

In search of the ultimate sushi experience, the author plunges into the frenzy of the world's biggest seafood market—Tokyo's Tsukiji, where a bluefin tuna can fetch more than $170,000 at auction—and discovers the artistry between ocean and plate, as well as some fishy surprises

By Nick Tosches

It looks like a samurai sword, and it's almost as long as he is tall. His hands are on the hilt. He raises and steadies the blade.

Two apprentices help to guide it. Twelve years ago, when it was new, this knife was much longer, but the apprentices' daily hours of tending to it, of sharpening and polishing it, have reduced it greatly.

It was made by the house of Masahisa, sword-makers for centuries to the samurai of the Minamoto, the founders of the first shogunate. In the 1870s, when the power of the shoguns was broken and the swords of the samurai were outlawed, Masahisa began making these things, longer and more deadly than the samurai swords of old.

The little guy with the big knife is Tsunenori Iida. He speaks not as an individual but as an emanation, the present voice, of the generations whose blood flows in him and who held the long knife in lifetimes before him, just as he speaks of Masahisa as if he were the same Masahisa who wrought the first samurai sword, in the days of dark mist. Thus it is that he tells me he's been here since 1861, during the Tokugawa shogunate, when this city, Tokyo, was still called Edo.

Iida-san is the master of the house of Hicho, one of the oldest and most venerable of the *nakaoroshi gyosha,* intermediate wholesalers of tuna, or tuna middlemen, if you will.

The tuna that lies before Iida-san on its belly was swimming fast and heavy after mackerel a few days ago under cold North Atlantic waves. In an hour or so, its flesh will be dispatched in parcels to the various sushi chefs who have chosen to buy it. Iida-san is about to make the first of the expert cuts that will quarter the 300-pound tuna lengthwise.

His long knife, with the mark of the maker Masahisa engraved in the shank of the blade, connects not only the past to the present but also the deep blue sea to the sushi counter.

Everything around him seems to turn still for a breath as he draws the blade toward him and lays open the tuna with surgical

PHOTOGRAPHS (TOP) BY STEFANO DE LUIGI

Contact us at 1-800-PORSCHE or porscheusa.com.
©2007 Porsche Cars North America, Inc. Porsche recommends seat belt usage and observance of all traffic laws at all times. Model shown is Cayenne S with MSRP starting at $57,900. All prices shown are Porsche suggested retail prices only. MSRP excludes tax, license, registration, dealer prep, options, and destination charge. Dealer prices may vary. Specifications for comparison only



When do you tell it that it's not a sports car?

From conception it blurred the line between practical and thrilling. To that add a more muscular stance and a new, more powerful engine that heightens performance but uses less fuel. Perhaps some things are better left unsaid. Porsche Cayenne. There is no substitute.

The new Cayenne. Starting at $43,400.

PORSCHE

precision. And everything around him is a lot, for we are in the frantic heart of a madness unto itself: the wild, engulfing, blood-drenched madness of Tsukiji.

Until the summer of 1972, bluefin tuna was basically worthless to American fishermen. Nobody ever ate it, and its sole commercial use was as an ingredient in canned cat food. The only tuna that people ate, the white stuff, also in cans, was processed from smaller, albacore tuna, and even that probably would not have gotten into the American diet if a California cannery hadn't run out of sardines and begun selling it in 1903.

Theodore C. Bestor is the author of *Tsukiji: The Fish Market at the Center of the World,* the standard work on the subject. He, the chair of the Anthropology Department of Harvard, and I, the chair of nothing, spent some time together in Tokyo. It was Ted who taught me how to correctly pronounce the name of this place: "tskeegee." (In her new book, *The Sushi Economy,* Sasha Issenberg says it's "pronounced roughly like 'squeegee,'" but it's not. Her book, however, is an engaging one.)

"I grew up in central Illinois," Ted told me, "and as a kid I don't remember ever eating fresh fish. I'm not sure I ever even saw one. As far as I knew, fish came frozen, already breaded and cut into oblongs for frying. And tuna, of course, was something that appeared only in cans like hockey pucks and ended up in sandwiches. I had absolutely no idea of what a tuna looked like, its size or anything else."

Tuna is the main event at Tsukiji, but everything from the sea—fresh fish, live fish, shrimp—is auctioned and sold here. At five in the morning, preceding the tuna auction, in another hall, there's the sea-urchin-roe auction. The most prized *uni* come from Hokkaido and its islands, and it's said that if you want to taste the best, freshest *uni* you must go there and eat it straight from the sea. But much of the *uni* laid out here in little boxes, often repackaged in Hokkaido, comes from California or Maine. Only in July, when sea urchins from the United States aren't available, are these boxes of *uni* not present. Color means more than size, and men roam the hall before the auction, smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee from paper cups, searching for *uni* of the most vibrant orange-golden hues. The northern-Japanese *uni* can fetch about ¥7,000, or about $60, for a little, 100-gram box, while the Maine *uni* go for much less, from a low of about ¥800 to a high of about ¥1,500, or between $6 and $13. Being from Newark, I wonder if they ever douse these things with dye.

This place, the all of it—formally the Tokyo Metropolitan Government Central Wholesale Market, a name by which few know it—is, as Ted Bestor puts it, the "fishmonger for the seven seas." Its history reaches back 400 years, to the Nihonbashi fish market, which was located not far from the present site of Tsukiji, in the Chuo Ward. On September 1, 1923, Tokyo was devastated by the Great Kanto Earthquake, which killed more than 140,000 people. Nihonbashi was gone, and a new market came into being in the town of Tsukiji, within Tokyo. Tsunenori Iida, whose great-grandfather had a fish-selling stall at the old market, is one of only four men whose family businesses began at Nihonbashi and are still in operation at Tsukiji today.

TORO! TORO! TORO!
Maguro no kaiwa, the almost surgical process of disassembling tuna, is practiced by a tuna dealer. The average bluefin yields 10,000 pieces of sushi.



It's hard to say how much of what is sold at Tsukiji is exported to high-class sushi chefs abroad.

"My guess, and it is a guess," says Ted Bestor, "would be that the total amounts are probably on the order of a thousand or two kilograms worldwide each day. This is minuscule by comparison with the roughly two million kilograms of seafood Tsukiji handles every day."

Two million kilos is about four and a half million pounds, more than 2,000 tons. The Fulton Fish Market, in New York City, the second-largest fish market in the world, moves only 115 tons a year, an average of less than half a ton each working day.

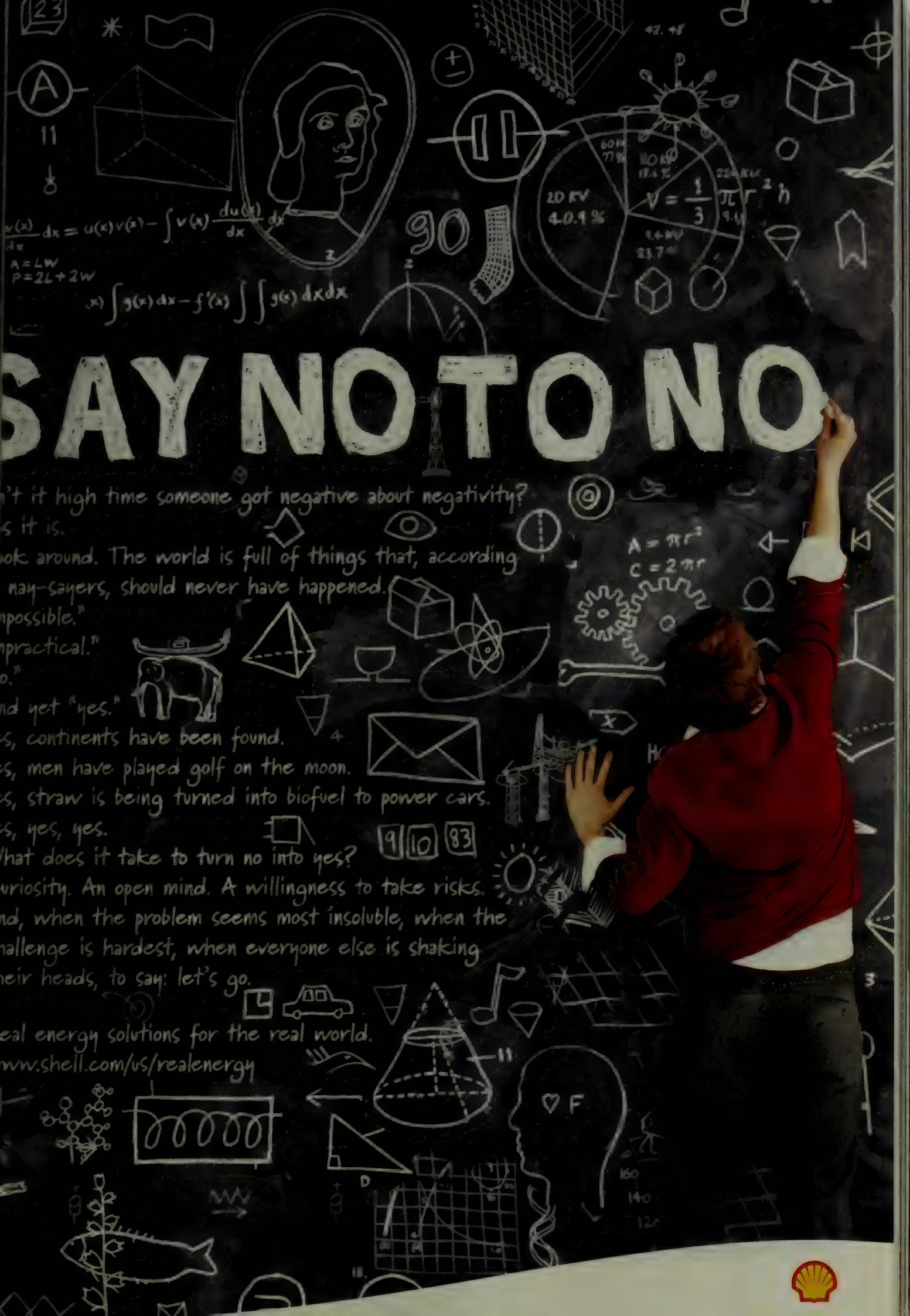
Tsukiji occupies about 22½ hectares on the Sumida River—about 55½ acres, or well over two million square feet: bigger than 40 football fields. Near the Kaiko Bridge entrance, tucked away in relative serenity, an altar bell is rung by rope at the Namiyoke Jinja, a small Shinto shrine whose name can be translated as the Shrine to Protect from Waves. Outside the shrine are stone monuments honoring the seafood that passes through Tsukiji: a big black sculpted fish, a big egg-like roe. Marketmen leave offerings of sake at these deific figures. And for a few yen a miniature scroll of oracular hoodoo can be had. It was thus, after I had genuflected before the *uni* god, that it was revealed to me that the last dangerous year that a man passes through in life is his 62nd, while a woman is free of danger after 38.

Until 1972, bluefin tuna was basically worthless to American fishermen. Its sole commercial use was in cat food.

At the main gate, not far from the shrine but far from serenity, a sign warns entrants to PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO THE TRAFFIC and WALK CAREFULLY because THE MARKET IS CROWDED WITH TRUCKS AND SPECIAL VEHICLES and THE FLOOR IN THE MARKET IS VERY SLIPPERY.

Big trucks, little trucks, forklifts. And, ev-

PHOTOGRAPH BY TETSUYA MIURA


SAY NO TO NO
't it high time someone got negative about negativity?
s it is.
ook around. The world is full of things that, according
nay-sayers, should never have happened.
mpossible."
mpractical."
o."
nd yet "yes."
s, continents have been found.
s, men have played golf on the moon.
s, straw is being turned into biofuel to power cars.
s, yes, yes.
What does it take to turn no into yes?
uriosity. An open mind. A willingness to take risks.
nd, when the problem seems most insoluble, when the
hallenge is hardest, when everyone else is shaking
heir heads, to say: let's go.
eal energy solutions for the real world.
ww.shell.com/us/realenergy

erywhere, these things called turret trucks: high-lift vehicles designed to negotiate narrow passages and aisles. Old, diesel-fueled turrets; new, battery-powered turrets: every one of them driven by a single standing man who seems invariably to have both hands occupied with lighting up a smoke rather than with steering as he careens round and among the other vehicles that lurch and speed every which way, a surprise at every turn, over the bloody cobblestones amid the pedestrian traffic of the rest of the 60,000 or so people who work at Tsukiji. While no-hands driving seems to be purely optional, smoking at times does seem to be obligatory, and smokers outnumber by far the many no-smoking signs that are posted everywhere. Only the lowly Chinese stevedores who push or draw carts are deprived of the option of no-hands driving, and they squint through the smoke of teeth-clenched cigarettes as they trudge.

Lethal Delicacy

Wandering through Tsukiji in the good company of Ted Bestor and Tomohiro Asakawa, the senior commercial specialist of the Fisheries Service of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) at the U.S. Embassy in Tokyo, I become aware that the full array of the Lord's fishy chillun on sale here is beyond knowing.

There are shrimp from everywhere and of every kind, live and sprightly, in open plastic sacks in Styrofoam boxes with bubbling aeration tubes: red Japanese shrimp, sweet Japanese shrimp (*ama-ebi*), striped Asian *kuruma* shrimp, along with Alaskan shrimp and Maine shrimp on ice, and frozen shrimp of every size and sort. Live lobsters in boxes of wood shavings; abalone; fresh and frozen marlin, fresh and frozen swordfish, from Japanese waters or caught off Cape Town or Iran. The swordfish, Tom tells me, is not too popular here for sushi. Most of it goes to mountain resorts that serve it as sashimi to tourists.

There are tanks of live fugu swimming madly about. These are the costly blowfish with neurotoxic poison in their genital areas, a sometimes lethal delicacy which a sushi chef needs a special license to prepare and serve. Tetrodotoxin, the poison in fugu, can also produce a sense of euphoria when ingested in less than lethal amounts. The best fugu is from the waters of Kyushu, in the South.

There are sardines and there are salmon, fresh from Norway and Japan. The salmon is not to be eaten raw, Tom explains, as its movement between freshwater and salt water renders it the host to many parasites. I ask him why I see no shark for sale. Shark, he says, can be eaten raw when fresh from the hook, but its muscle tissue is loaded with urea, which breaks down fast after death, releasing levels of ammonia that stink and can be toxic.

Eels: tanks, barrels, bushels, and bins of eels of all the shapes, colors, and sizes of slitheration, from the prized conger eel (*anago*) of

Wandering through Tsukiji, I become aware that the full array of the Lord's fishy chillun on sale here is beyond knowing.

In other tanks, live sea bass (*suzuki*), live sea bream (*tai*), and live flounder (*hirame*). There are flying fish (*tobiuo*), Pacific mackerel (*saba*), Spanish mackerel (*sawara*), and horse mackerel (*aji*).

From a profile of "the Controller in Charge of Horse Mackerel" in the corporate literature of Chuo Gyorui, one of the largest wholesalers here: "When Mitsuo Owada joined Chuo Gyorui in 1974, he became charmed by horse mackerel.... Owada used to eat several horse mackerel almost every day.... Both shippers and buyers ... say, 'Depend on this man for horse mackerel traded at Tsukiji.'" The honored controller moves about 25 tons of horse mackerel through the market every day.

the seas to the freshwater eel (*unagi*) of the rivers and lakes. All manner of squid—baby squid, big squid—and all manner of crabs—baby crabs, giant crabs; scallops and oysters and clams; periwinkles, cockles, and—what?—barnacles, yes, even barnacles, going for ¥1,600, or about 14 bucks, a kilo. I'd always thought these black footstalks were only an ugliness to be scraped from the hulls of old wooden ships.

"Broth," says Tom. "Some people make broth with them." He smiles, shakes his head. He apparently is not one of those people.

Giant oysters from Tsuruga Bay, with sea steaks of meat inside them; *tairagigai,* the enormous green mussels from the Aichi waters. Bizarre white fish laced with

TO MARKET
Clockwise from left: yet another tuna; samurai-sword-like knives used for slicing fish; *hoya,* or sea pineapple; fugu, the poisonous blowfish.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TETSUYA MIURA

black, *Paraplagusia japonica,* known colloquially as "black-tongues." Sunfish intestines—chitlins of the sea—priced at ¥1,000, or about $8.50, a kilo; grotesque scorpion fish; monkfish; freshwater turtles, which the Japanese much prefer to the saltwater kind. Amid sizzle and smoke, a guy is selling grilled tuna cheeks. From his tuna stall, Tsunenori Iida frowns on him. He says that the cheek of the tuna is eaten by poor young workers. It's their subsistence and it's not right to make money from tuna cheeks. Actually, he says, the head and tail of the tuna should be used for fertilizer.





NAME THAT TUNA *Left,* a just-bought bluefin waiting to be sectioned; *right,* knives for sale at Tsukiji.

Sheets of kombu (kelp) covered with herring roe; big white sacs of octopus roe. Among a biochromatic wealth of mysterious mollusks and other sea invertebrates of unknown nature, I see the weirdest creature I've ever seen. Now, that's a fucking organism. Tom Asakawa looks at it awhile, too.

"Sea pineapple," he says. "Attaches to rocks in the ocean. Tastes something like iodine. Sendai people like it."

It looks nothing like a pineapple. It looks like something that could exist only in a purely hallucinatory eco-system. It looks like, I don't know, maybe an otherworldly marital aid of inscrutable purpose for the brides of Satan.

"I need to eat that," I say.

"I'll see what I can do," Tom says.

And there, near the seaweed stalls, in those orange packages—yes, that's what the label says in Japanese: RESEARCH WHALING. And that's what it is: whale meat.

Twenty-four people have been to the moon. Only two have been to the deepest trench in the sea, and that was more than 45 years ago. They saw strange fish down there, and I'm sure that if those strange, abyssal fish could be brought to the surface they'd be here, at Tsukiji.

But as I said, tuna will always be the main event. The bluefin tuna, which can grow to more than 1,500 pounds and almost 12 feet in length, is a migratory fish that can be found in many parts of the world. According to Tsunenori Iida, the source of the best and most costly bluefin changes from season to season. In the winter, the most prized tuna is from the waters of northern Japan, near Oma and Hokkaido. But in the summer it is from the northeastern waters of the United States. This wasn't known in Japan until the summer of 1972, when the first such tuna was successfully brought fresh by air to Tokyo for sale at Tsukiji. (An account of the events leading up to that first successful tuna flight can be found in Sasha Issenberg's book.) Since then, fishers off the New England coast have seen the value of what used to be cat food rise to tens of thousands of dollars for a single fish. That's a lot of Puss 'n Boots.

The fish are auctioned in a squall of finger signals and utterances that are a language unto themselves.

And here, right here, let's stop trying to make sense, because very little of what is about to unfold harbors much sense.

A commercial trawler unloads its bluefin at a dock in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Awaiting the bluefin are agents of one or more of the five big fish wholesalers from Tsukiji, who set about examining the tuna.

"I tell you, Nicky, these Japanese guys, they take a little, thin slice from the tail, hold it to the light, look at it for a minute, then make an offer. God knows what they see."

This is what a Sicilian fish seller in New York once told me, describing a scene that occurs not only in Gloucester but also in ports throughout the world.

What the Japanese buying agent determines by his quick and practiced analysis of that sliver of tail is an indication of the tuna's inner color, its oil content, and the presence, if any, of parasitic disease. A smooth-grained and marbled tail is a prime indication of quality. The richness of the tuna's lipid content, its fat, can be gauged by how slippery the slice of tail feels between the fingers. Pockmarks reveal parasites. It's a complex diagnostic method that is mastered only with years of practice. The overall form and color of the tuna are also quickly assessed at the same time. The ideal of these qualities, inner and outer—the word for this ideal is *kata*—is also a bit of a mystery to outsiders.

If a tuna is deemed worthy, negotiations begin immediately. The buyer sees to it that the fish is properly gutted, packed with coolant, wrapped or sacked in polyethylene, and placed in an insulated box known as a "tuna coffin." In the case of a Gloucester catch, the tuna coffin is transported to John F. Kennedy International Airport, in New York, and secured in the refrigerated hold of the next flight to Narita International Airport, where it is unloaded and trucked to the Tsukiji market, in central Tokyo, a few days after having left the sea.

The five big fish wholesalers at Tsukiji are also the five big auction houses at Tsukiji. In the dark of early morning, their tuna are graded and laid out in long rows on aluminum pallets in pools of blood in the big tuna-auction hall, in a quay of the main building. These tuna are from everywhere. Some were caught off the Australian coast, others were farmed in Mexico. Every one of them has the number of its grading painted on it in red. The tuna that bears the number 1 this morning is from Boston and weighs 150 kilos. No. 2 is from Spain. No. 3 is from the seaport of Sakai, south of Osaka.

Prospective bidders and their bidding agents roam the ranks of the dead fish, hunkering down here and there to peer intently into belly cavities with flashlights, and take notes.

The fish are auctioned in a squall of finger signals and utterances that are a language unto themselves. Assistants to the auctioneer execute invoices with astounding rapidity as the auctioneer's bellowing voice moves the bidding with speed from one fish to another. Bids are in yen per kilogram. These auctions are closed to the public. Tom Asakawa has hung a special permit around my neck. As

we walk among the rows of tuna, Tom tells me that he has lived in Tokyo almost all his life and that, 30 or 35 years ago, long before he came to the U.S. Embassy, he worked here as a seafood importer. From the agents on the docks to the graders to the guys poking around in body cavities with flashlights, the challenge is the same: to evaluate through clues the inside of a fish that you can't simply cut open, because you don't yet own it.

Bluefin Madness

Occasionally tuna mania overtakes an auction. Hiroyasu Ito, the president of Chuo Gyorui, the biggest of the wholesalers and auction houses in terms of sales volume, tells me of a January morning in 1999 when an Oma tuna came to auction through his firm. It appeared to be the perfect tuna, a vision of true *kata*.

Ito-san remembers that the auction started modestly at ¥9,000, or about 75 bucks, per kilo. "And then ¥10,000, ¥20,000, ¥30,000, and ¥40,000. And then three men wanted that tuna very badly." The bidding among them escalated furiously. "At ¥50,000 per kilo, one of them gave up." The remaining two continued to compete. "Ninety thousand, and then ¥100,000 was the last."

A tuna's quality can't truly be judged until it is laid open with the long knife—that is, until after it has been bought. Iida-san isn't so impressed with this No. 1 tuna his man has brought him. He says that its quality isn't worth its price. Nonetheless, many of his regular customers, including some of the best sushi chefs and their apprentices, have already visited his stall, seen the tuna, and placed their orders. These include the owner of Nakahisa, in Roppongi, which Iida-san considers to be one of the three best sushi restaurants in Tokyo. (The others are in the Ginza district. They all have one thing in common: they are his patrons.)

With a smaller knife, the long quarters of the fish are cut into sections. Iida-san uses the breadth of four fingers to measure these sections before cutting.

"Generally speaking, Japanese man has eight centimeter."

The work area of the classic sushi counter is 26 centimeters deep. Three widths of Iida-san's hand equal 24 centimeters.

"Just right for the counter of 26."

Iida-san's is one of 1,677 stalls at Tsukiji, and his is one of 1,677 licenses to bid at the Tsukiji auctions and to resell what he has bought. Some of the other licensed buyers and resellers serve an international market, filling the orders of master sushi chefs in New York, Los Angeles, and elsewhere. And so it is that our bluefin tuna from Gloucester, Massachusetts, flown from New York to Tokyo, where it is auctioned, bought, and cut into pieces of three hand widths at Tsukiji, is flown back to New York and delivered—three to nine days after it has left the sea—to a sushi chef there, or even in Boston. The average bluefin can yield more than 10,000 half-ounce pieces of sushi tuna from cuts that, like cuts of beef, vary in kind, quality, and price.



The possessed bidder had paid more than $170,000 for a fish whose parceled meat could never recoup that amount.

"Big loss, big loss."

Tsunenori Iida remembers that unfortunate winner very well. He was a very wealthy man who was driven to have the most expensive tuna. He went bankrupt, Iida-san says, is out of the business, and is seen no more.

In December of 2005, Ito-san's company auctioned off a 285-kilo tuna from Oma for ¥39,000 per kilo: a total of ¥11,115,000, or about $95,000—the company's second-highest auction price.

As soon as a tuna is sold at auction, it is hauled off to the buyer's stall by cart. This morning the No. 1 tuna, the 150-kilo tuna from Boston, has been won by Iida-san, who paid ¥5,700 per kilo. Given the tuna's weight of 150 kilos, this comes to ¥855,000, or a bit over $7,250, a little less than $23 a pound.

The words of the late movie director Don Siegel come to mind. He once took me to a very fancy and very formal seafood restaurant in Beverly Hills. We ordered some kind of fish that was presented in phyllo pastry, into which the eyes, fins, gill lines, and scales of the fish within had been etched with exacting care. Siegel looked down at it and said, "Imagine going through all that trouble for a dead fish."

Some say that good tuna is like good beef, that aging enhances it, up to a point. As to the enhancement of the price, there is no question. From dock to auction to resale to restaurant, the price of the fish steadily increases. And, as we've seen in the case of Tsunenori Iida's No. 1 tuna of this morning, the quality of the "best" bluefin varies from day to day, and so the quality of the tuna offered by a sushi chef, be it in Tokyo or New York, who serves only the "best" is also bound to be better on one day than another. The greatest of the sushi masters will tell you that the quality of fish served as sashimi should be higher than the quality of the fish served as sushi. But this distinction seems rarely to be evident in practice, and slices from the same piece of fish are usually used for both, whether or not that piece is of the highest quality.

Frozen bluefin, from tuna boats with flash-freezers, are auctioned separately at Tsukiji. The hard, frost-covered tuna are inspected with the aid of *tekagi*, the hand hooks that, like rubber boots, seem to be an essential accessory among all who work here. And the subtle cutting art of *maguro no kaiwa*, "the conversation of the tuna," as practiced by Iida-san and others, is replaced by loud electric bandsawing in an outdoor area, where the frozen tuna are cut into icy five-kilo blocks and run under water to speed thawing. The auctions are smaller and less spectacular. A few buyers prefer frozen tuna, saying that flash-freezing captures the freshness of the fish at its peak.

While auction prices for fresh fish are more volatile, there is little difference in the bids for the fresh and for the frozen. Sushi eaters rarely know if what they are eating is "fresh" (having remained so on its long transoceanic journeys to and from market in and out of its coffin) or thawed. The same supplier will often provide different sushi chefs with different grades of fish, depending on what the chef wants, what sort of operation he's running. A piece of tuna sushi that goes for 6 bucks at one restaurant and a piece of tuna that goes for 20 bucks at another restaurant may be from the same supplier but of very different quality. Likewise, a $20 piece of sushi is not necessarily the same at one sushi restaurant as at another, if the sources are different. Some suppliers get better fish than others. As I think it says somewhere in the Bible, "He who knows dead fish shall know me." Beware always of those "spicy" rolls sold at lower-end sushi places. The spices are often used to disguise the taste of fish that is bad or going bad.

High-end retail food markets in major American cities have taken to describing their tuna as "sushi-grade." Judging by the wide range of quality represented by the fish auctioned off at a wide range of prices every day at Tsukiji, one can only ask: What *isn't* sushi-grade tuna? "The label 'sushi-grade' doesn't ensure that the fish is safe for raw consump-



Masquerading as Champagne...

might be legal, but it isn't fair.

In a country of consumer rights, a federal law tests our traditions.

There are many fine sparkling wines, but only those originating in the chalky hills of Champagne, France can bear that region's name. A legal loophole allows some U.S. wines to masquerade as "Champagne." Even names of American wine regions like Napa Valley and Walla Walla Valley are also misused.

Unmask the truth. Demand accurate labeling. Sign the petition at **www.champagne.us**.

Office of Champagne USA

Champagne *only* comes from Champagne, France.

tion," advises Hiroko Shimbo in her excellent book *The Sushi Experience*. "Most fishmongers *don't* sell sushi fish." I would go further and say that the label "sushi-grade" doesn't even ensure that the fish is any good whatsoever, raw *or* cooked. Be especially wary of tuna that has a fresh, rich crimson color but a dull, gelatinous texture. This is an indication of cat-food-grade tuna, no matter what it's called. It's likely that it has been gassed with carbon monoxide, which binds with hemoglobin to arrest the browning and graying of a fish whose time, even in death, has passed.

Evolving from a way to preserve fish in rice to a way to serve fresh fish on rice, sushi has been around for many centuries.

In the United States, where frozen fish sticks and canned albacore represented the bounty of the sea, the *uni* god has come only recently to threaten the sovereignty of Mrs. Paul and Charlie the Tuna. Today the Gorton Fisherman works for Nippon Suisan Kaisha of Tokyo.

The rise of sushi in America, and more lately in Europe, came at a time when omega-3 had turned into a shibboleth of the middle class and the so-called Mediterranean diet captured its cholesterol-ridden heart.

My grandfather's sister, my great-aunt Helen, lived well into her 90s. She enjoyed fish, and she never drank coffee, only tea. But her older brother, my great-uncle Giovanni, who lived even longer than she, breakfasted on fried *salsiccia* and a can of Rheingold beer, and enjoyed raw eggs, which he sucked through a hole he had poked in the shell. He was from a poor region in Southern Italy, and he once revealed to me in few words the *real* Mediterranean diet: "Eat everything you can get your hands on."

The one thing they had in common, along with every other very old person I've ever known, is that they never, ever ate anything simply because it was supposed to be "good for you," and they never, ever took any of the "nutritional supplements" that are the snake-oil nostrums of our ever growing modern-day medicine show.

Alice Mabel Bacon, who spent much time in Japan, introduced the word "sushi" into the English language in 1893, in her book *A Japanese Interior*. It is doubtful that this sushi, which she described as "rice sandwiches," was made with fish. We do know that the "sushi" included on the menu of a Japanese dinner in the fall of 1894 at the Club of All Nations in Manhattan was not. Almost 30 years later, in the spring of 1924, "sushi" was served on the lawn of the Vanderlip estate, in Scarborough-on-Hudson, at a fund-raising event for a women's college in Tokyo, but it is almost certain that no raw fish was involved. All these early references to sushi are likely to variations of the simple treats of sweet sushi rice wrapped in seaweed or in little soybean cakes that were so popular among Japanese children.

In 1929, *Ladies' Home Journal* evinced an awareness of sushi and sashimi in an article introducing American housewives to Japanese cooking: "Any recipes using the delicate and raw tuna," said the magazine, were "purposely omitted." Our first account of raw fish being served in America also dates to 1929. In its coverage of a celebration in honor of the arrival of two Japanese cruisers in Los Angeles Harbor, the *Times* of that city noted, on August 24, that "sashimi, raw fish," was on the menu "at a dinner last night at the Japanese Cafe." The newspaper account referred to "Little Tokio," explaining that it was "the Japanese quarter of the city on East First street."

> "Not all of the dishes . . . will appeal to American palates," wrote Craig Claiborne in 1961. "Count among these sashimi, or raw fish."

It was at 204 East First Street, in the heart of Little Tokyo, that the Kawafuku Cafe was located, having moved there from Weller Street, where it had opened in 1923. Like Miyako, the Japanese restaurant in New York that since 1910 had occupied a former brownstone mansion at 340 West 58th Street, Kawafuku was a swanky sukiyaki restaurant, run by Takichi and Hana Kato. An advertisement published on July 30, 1932, the opening day of the Los Angeles Olympics, described the "beautifully decorated" Kawafuku as "Featuring Japanese and Chinese Foods: 'SUKIYAKI' our Specialty." The Chinese cook, Chester, who worked for the Katos, is said to have made a mean *chashu* pork. But it's not for old Chester's pork that Kawafuku is remembered.

Kawafuku may have been the first res-





COMING TO AMERICA The Kawafuku Cafe, which opened in 1923 in L.A., may have been the first restaurant in America to serve sushi. Menu cover (*left*) and the Kato family, who owned Kawafuku, posing in its lobby, 1938.


AP
AUDEMARS PIGUET
e maître de l'horlogerie depuis 1875
N TRIBUTE TO THE "FEMMES DU MONDE,"
UDEMARS PIGUET, CO-SPONSOR OF
LINGHI, THE DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S
UP XXXII, PRESENTS THE ROYAL OAK
ADY ALINGHI.
Westime
RODEO
254 N. RODEO DRIVE
BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90210
310.271.0000
WWW.WESTIMEWATCHES.COM
alinghi
DEFENDER 32nd AMERICA'S CUP
CO SPONSOR
Photo: P. Schiller


www.parislasvegas.com • 877-603-4391
Everything's sexier in Paris
LAS VEGAS
Must be 21 or older to gamble. Know When To Stop Before You Start.℠ Gambling Problem? Call 1-800-522-4700. ©2007. Harrah's License Company, LLC. P7-134

aurant in America to serve sushi. "My grandparents never dreamed that Caucasians would ever eat sushi," says Becky Kato Applegate, the granddaughter of Takichi and Hana Kato. But in 1946, Nakajima Tokijiro took over Kawafuku from 63-year-old Takichi Kato, and his dreams were different.

"The Suki-yaki Is Genuine"

Throughout the 30s, New York and Hollywood sophisticates had remained provincial in their taste. In 1930, Rian James, in *Dining in New York,* wrote of Miyako as a restaurant where "white-coated Japs hover about you" and "there are no American dishes for the timid adventurer. Here, you will eat your beef Suki-yaki." A year later, in *Nightlife: Vanity Fair's Intimate Guide to New York After Dark,* Charles G. Shaw praised Miyako as "the best Japanese cooking on Manhattan Isle," but the cooking he praised was fairly Westernized: "The shrimp soufflé and steamed fish with rice are mouth-watering delights." It was much the same in 1939, when George Rector, in *Dining in New York with Rector,* declared that "the suki-yaki is genuine."

On February 19, 1942, Executive Order 9066 was issued in the United States by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and the Japanese in America were rounded up and put into concentration camps, or "internment camps," as we more politely had it. Miyako had already been hit, shut down by the police on December 8, 1941, the day after Pearl Harbor was bombed.

When the years of war and internment ended, Little Tokyo was reborn with a strengthened sense of identity. In the summer of 1950, the *Los Angeles Times* reporter Gene Sherman ventured there during Nisei Week.

"War-inspired incidents are nil now. Slang-slinging Nisei are too concerned with their festival to give them much thought. And I am too concerned with sukiyaki." He went to the Kawafuku Cafe, the restaurant that Nakajima Tokijiro had taken over from Takichi and Hana Kato.

"Just sukiyaki," the round-eyed man told the waitress. As he explained to his readers, "She asked if I would like some sashimi. That's fresh raw fish."

He held out for his sukiyaki, and he got it.

"The idea of eating raw fish may be repellent to Americans, but only until they recall that they do the same with oysters and clams," wrote June Owen in *The New York Times* of August 18, 1954. She went on to tell of a man named Tom Tamura who sold "fish for sashimi" at his Kinko Fish Market, on Amsterdam Avenue. "His customers include not only those of Japanese background but also Caucasians who have tasted and liked this specialty."

Kabuki opened in downtown New York in early 1961. "Not all of the dishes at the Kabuki will appeal to American palates. Count among these sashimi, or raw fish," wrote Craig Claiborne in the *Times.* Nippon, with its sushi bar, opened in Midtown Manhattan in 1963, the year that Ronald McDonald entered the world through the McMiracle of parthenogenesis. "New Yorkers seem to take to the raw fish dishes, sashimi and sushi, with almost the same enthusiasm they display for tempura and sukiyaki," wrote Claiborne. But McDonald's Filet-o-Fish sandwich, introduced in 1964, was the real vanguard of fish-eating in America.



LITTLE TOKYO STORY
Hana and Takichi Kato (circa 1936), the original owners of Kawafuku. Like most Japanese restaurants in pre-70s America, theirs was primarily known for its sukiyaki.

> "My grandparents never dreamed that Caucasians would ever eat sushi."

By 1967, Miyako, which had reopened on West 56th Street, was looked upon as a place of the past. "New Yorkers may have become spoiled by a wealth of adventurous Japanese restaurants, and at the Miyako the food seems more Westernized than in some of the more recent ventures," wrote Claiborne. Eventually, even Miyako began serving sushi.

Regardless of what Claiborne said, it was Benihana, the restaurant that Rocky Aoki opened on West 56th Street in 1964, that defined the new Japanese food of America into the 70s. Serving steak cooked on hibachis at the center of diners' tables, Benihana was all the rage and soon became a chain that spread through the country, where most people still hadn't yet heard of sushi.

In July 1971, McDonald's came to Japan, opening in the Ginza Mitsukoshi department store, in Tokyo. It was the summer before that first New England tuna to be auctioned at Tsukiji made its transoceanic journey. And it was at this time, the early 70s, that an increasing number of people in New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Chicago became increasingly familiar with the increasing number of sushi restaurants in their cities.

These sushi eaters remained somewhat in the dark as to the subtleties of what they were eating. Wasabi was referred to as horseradish by *The New York Times* in 1954, and it was still referred to as horseradish by the *Times* in 1963. Used as a food and a medicine in Japan for more than a thousand years, wasabi, like horseradish, is a rootstock of the mustard family, but there is a world of difference between them. Wasabi grows naturally only in Japan, only on the northern slopes of shaded valleys near cold running streams, where it takes two or three years to mature. In preparing it for sushi, the chef or his apprentice finely grinds the root to a paste on a piece of rough sharkskin affixed to a small wooden board. Wasabi loses much of its flavor and pungency within minutes after it's grated, and so its preparation is timely.

Almost all the real wasabi used by sushi chefs today is farmed, and the more distinct and intense taste of wild wasabi, which grows much smaller than its farmed variant, is all but unknown to modern sushi eaters. If one is fortunate enough to encounter the rare sushi chef who prepares his own wasabi, it will almost invariably be farmed wasabi, the best of which comes from the paddies of Amagi, in Shizuoka Prefecture. But these days even fresh farmed wasabi is hardly ever used by sushi chefs. As Hiroko Shimbo says in *The Sushi Experience,* cheaper sushi restaurants—I would say most sushi restaurants—rely on wasabi powder, which is mixed with water, or wasabi paste from a tube. "These are not really wasabi at all; they are mixtures of ordinary white horseradish, mustard powder, and artificial flavor and color." Or worse. Far removed from those

shaded valleys and cold running country streams, one common commercial "wasabi" is concocted of horseradish, lactose, corn oil, sorbitol, salt, water, artificial flavoring, turmeric, xanthan gum, citric acid, FD&C Yellow No. 5, and FD&C Blue No. 1.

If referring to wasabi as horseradish—and even one of the first, and still one of the best, Japanese-authored English-language guides to sushi, *The Book of Sushi,* brought out by Kodansha, in 1981, does so—is like referring to horseradish as wasabi, referring to the artificially flavored, artificially colored gunk of today as wasabi is even more absurd. Such stuff is a fitting complement to those little pieces of green sawtooth plastic used in presentation in many sushi places. These green plastic things are called *baran,* the name of a type of actual bamboo leaf on which sushi was often traditionally placed.

The ascent of sushi's popularity in urban America in the years 1972 to 1982 was phenomenal, as was its ascent throughout the rest of the country in the decades that followed. This ascent reached its peak on January 1, 2004, when a place called Tiger Sushi opened at the Mall of America, in Minnesota. Since then, like the ruler of two domains, sushi has reigned as America's new favorite fast food and favorite slow food as well, and its imperium is extending to Europe and beyond.

Why? I'm sure there are social-anthropological theories, all of them bound to be as boring as they are meaningless. The real answer, I think, is simple.

America is addicted to sugar, but it seeks increasingly to veil its addiction. Power Bars. Sounds healthy. Main ingredient: fructose syrup. Almost 25 percent sugar. The guy, Brian Maxwell, who got rich selling these things, selling sugar as nutrition, swore by them and croaked at the age of 51. Eat a Power Bar and nobody gives a glance. Run up a bag of dope and people look at you funny. I don't get it. How about a nice, large Tazo Chai Frappuccino Blended Crème from Starbucks? Sounds healthy—I mean, after all, chai—and classy too: *crème?* Sugar content: 17 teaspoons.

A killer sugar addiction, a preoccupation with health, no matter how misguided, and pretensions, or delusions, of worldly sophistication. Sushi perfectly satisfies them all.

In a nation that never ate much fresh fish, it's interesting that eel sushi is so very popular. I mean, from fish sticks and Filet-o-Fish sandwiches to conger eels? "Mommy, Mommy, I want eels, I want eels." This can't be understood other than in light of the fact that the sauce, *anago no tsume,* used in confecting eel sushi is a syrupy reduction made with table sugar, sake, soy sauce, and the sweet wine called mirin, and that during this reduction caramelizing causes the browning sugar to grow in mass through the formation of fructose and glucose. The oldest known menu from Kawafuku, probably from the 50s, lists broiled eel along with sashimi and sushi among its à la carte dishes, at the head of which is still to be found that old standby, sukiyaki.

As for the other types of sushi, they are all made with rice to which both table sugar and sweet rice vinegar have been added. *Gari,* the pickled ginger served with sushi, is also made with rice vinegar and table sugar. If it's cobalt pink rather than pale rose in color, it has been treated with a chemical bath of dye and extra sweetening agents.

But what care I for health? Sloth and gluttony alone vie within me for dominion, and I've already outlived the Power Bar guy. So let's get down.

The difference between a bad sushi joint and a good sushi joint is: at a good sushi joint the sweetness of the sushi doesn't challenge the taste of the fish. The difference between a good sushi joint and a very good sushi joint is: at a very good sushi joint the sweetness of the sushi doesn't challenge the taste of the fish, and the fish is very good. The difference between a very good sushi joint and a great sushi joint is: at a great sushi joint the sweetness of the sushi doesn't challenge the taste of the fish, the fish is excellent, and, piece after piece—sushi should never be served more than one piece at a time; each piece should come freshly made directly from the chef's hands to you—the meal unfolds in a concert of many varied tastes, some delicate and some strong, all in a sequence of subtle harmony and balance that leaves you exquisitely satisfied, in a way that Mrs. Paul never could.

On the menu:

"Anglerfish liver. Ayu-fish guts. Sea-cucumber guts. Whale bacon, whale skin, whale tongue, whale brain . . ."

Some Breakfast

In the end, it is all in the eating, and Tokyo, with Tsukiji at its heart, is surely a place to eat it.

Everyone at Tsukiji seems to know Tom, who has been coming here for more than 30 years, first as a seafood importer, later as a representative of NOAA, and Ted, who speaks Japanese and also has been coming here for years, is a familiar figure as well. But on my second morning at the market, when we walk through the aisles and narrow passageways with Hiroyasu Ito, the president of Chuo Gyoru, one of the most powerful of the wholesalers and auction houses, he is more than recognized. Most of those we pass bow to him.

Yesterday, at his office in the Tsukiji compound, I asked him to tell me the name of the best sushi restaurant in Tokyo. He smiled and was silent. It was an awkward matter. After all, he knew many great sushi chefs personally, and he wished to offend no one. So, without directly answering my question, he said that we should meet in the morning and we would eat.

Now we wind through Tsukiji toward the northeastern outskirts of the market. It strikes me that here we are in the biggest fish market in the world and there is not a fishy whiff to be had. I've been told that only bad fish smells, but this is remarkable. When I pass the fish section at my local Food Emporium back home in New York, it stinks. When I pass Nobu on a summer morning, *after* the garbage has been hauled away, it stinks. Here the only smell is the sweet, smoky scent of the newly shaved flakes of dried bonito at the *katsuobushi* stand in the outer market.

Hiroyasu Ito leads us to a small, nondescript restaurant on a narrow street with no name. It's barely seven in the morning, and already there's a long line of people waiting to enter. Tom Asakawa tells me it's almost impossible to get into this place. People from all over Japan, from all over the world, come here in search of it. Ito-san looks at the queue and gestures for us to follow him. We turn a corner to another nameless, alley-like street, and come to an open kitchen door. The young girl scrubbing pans outside greets Ito-san with a happy smile. We enter through this back door, and emerge amid bows in a poky restaurant with a counter that seats fewer than a dozen. But somehow there are seats awaiting us. Small glasses and big bottles of Asahi Super Dry beer are set before us. The owner and chef, Shinichi Irino, immediately starts talking to Ito-san about the water's being good in this or that fishing port right now, and this or that fish came from this or that port; and as he talks, he prepares and serves us sushi made with this or that fish from this or that port.

"Southern bluefin. Indian Ocean."

Irino-san buys from 15 different dealers at Tsukiji, including five different tuna dealers.

The *maguro toro* sushi—the fatty bluefin-

GEORGE CLOONEY | BRAD PITT | MATT DAMON | ANDY GARCIA | DON CHEADLE | BERNIE MAC | ELLEN BARKIN | AND AL PACINO



WARNER BROS. PICTURES PRESENTS

IN ASSOCIATION WITH VILLAGE ROADSHOW PICTURES A JERRY WEINTRAUB/SECTION EIGHT PRODUCTION GEORGE CLOONEY BRAD PITT MATT DAMON ANDY GARCIA DON CHEADLE BERNIE MAC ELLEN BARKIN AND AL PACINO

"OCEAN'S THIRTEEN" CASEY AFFLECK SCOTT CAAN EDDIE JEMISON SHAOBO QIN WITH CARL REINER AND ELLIOTT GOULD COSTUME DESIGN BY LOUISE FROGLEY MUSIC BY DAVID HOLMES EDITED BY STEPHEN MIRRIONE, A.C.E.

PRODUCTION DESIGN BY PHILIP MESSINA EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS SUSAN EKINS GREGORY JACOBS FREDERIC W. BROST AND BRUCE BERMAN WRITTEN BY BRIAN KOPPELMAN & DAVID LEVIEN

VILLAGE ROADSHOW PICTURES JW PRODUCTIONS PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13. Brief Sensuality PRODUCED BY JERRY WEINTRAUB 06 | 08 | 07 DIRECTED BY STEVEN SODERBERGH

Soundtrack Album on Warner Sunset / Warner Bros. Records

www.oceans13.com

WARNER BROS. PICTURES ©2007 Warner Bros. Ent. All Rights Reserved

belly-meat sushi—is almost synesthetic and, to coin a phrase, melts in the mouth.

Daiwa, the name of this place, means "great harmony." Irino-san directs our eyes to the sign on the wall that bears this name in four-character calligraphy. He tells us proudly that it was painted by Kitanoumi, the youngest sumo wrestler to achieve the top rank of Yokozuna and now the chairman of the Japan Sumo Association.

"Personal friend."

Sardine sushi. Mackerel sushi. *Uni* sushi. More beer. This is breakfast as she should be et, Jack-san.

I ask Irino-san who is the best sushi chef in New York.

"Keita Sato. Hatsuhana restaurant."

Has Irino-san ever been to New York?

No. But he was invited to Norway last year.

It's explained to me that Keita Sato, the owner of Hatsuhana, is an old friend of his.

Hiroyasu Ito smiles with satisfaction. "This," he says, "is the absolute best way to eat sushi, just sitting at a small counter, talking to the chef, and having piece by piece unfolding in front of you."

"And always a joke."

Tomohiro Asakawa is a man of his word. He hasn't forgotten about me and the sea pineapple. On my last day in Tokyo, he gives me the name of a restaurant that serves sea pineapple. It's a drinking place, he says, a sake place. "They serve mostly whale meat, but they also have sea pineapple." He pauses and smiles. "And other things."

Whaling in Japan dates back to the prehistoric Jomon period. Today the Japanese government allows a number of certain species to be killed by permit every year. Many of them are from Antarctic waters and the seas of the Ogasawara Islands, an archipelago of more than 30 subtropical islands, including Iwo Jima, some one thousand kilometers, or about 540 nautical miles, a day's journey by ship, south of Tokyo. These whales, I'm told, are captured for "research." I recall the label on those packages of whale meat: RESEARCH WHALING.

Kabukicho, ablaze with neon, is Tokyo's red-light district. It's where the pleasure-houses are, and the fugu joints, and the clubs where yakuza gamble with flower cards. It's where, on the fifth floor of an old building on Kabukicho Street, the whale-meat restaurant is to be found. The name of the restaurant is Taruichi, which means something like "No. 1 sake barrel."

My companion, the Japanese translator Eva Yagino, speaks to the chef, Hiroyoshi Gota, who tells her that, among the many sakes sold here, there's a special sake, made by the Miyagi brewer Uragasumi, that's rarely available. The waitress pours us some, letting the cold sake overflow to the ceramic saucer beneath the *masu,* the sake box, made of the same pale wood, hinoki—a cypress that grows only in Japan—from which the best sushi-bar counters are crafted. A ceramic dish of sea salt is placed on the table, and Eva-san sets me straight: I'm to put a pinch of the salt on a corner of the *masu,* drink from that corner, raising the *masu* and ceramic saucer together, replenish the salt in the corner whenever I want, and in the end drink all the spillage in the saucer; then order more sake and do it again. As we sip our salted spillage, Eva-san translates the menu for me.

"*Nodo-kuro,*" she says. "A white fish with a black throat from the Sea of Japan. It is rarely caught."

As she continues, I recall the way Tom Asakawa smiled when he said, " ... and other things."

"Anglerfish liver. Ayu-fish guts. Sea-cucumber guts. Oh, and look at all these whale dishes: whale sushi; *hari-hari nabe*—that's whale meat with mizuna, a sort of Japanese mustard green that looks like a dandelion green; whale bacon; whale skin; whale tongue; whale brain; *shinzo* (that's whale heart); whale ovary—and, oh, here's your *hoya sashi,* your raw sea pineapple. *Sashi* is what the restaurant people call sashimi."

I remember thinking: If the Roman emperors can be said to have missed out on anything, it was this.

As I ponder my choices, Eva-san tells me about *mamushi-zake.* It's a sake to which, during fermentation, a *mamushi* is added. The *mamushi,* a type of pit viper, is one of the two species of poisonous snakes indigenous to Japan. Introduced live into the fermenting sake, it releases its poison into the brew as it leaves this vale of tears. Unlike the Chinese, the Japanese are not big on snake eating, but there is this sake.

"I need to drink that," I say.

But this is my last night in town, and the Asakusabashi snake store will be closed for the evening. She'll send it to me by air. Good. Back to the menu.

Just my luck: they're out of the whale ovary. I get me a big, juicy, red-meat whale steak. I get some whale heart too. And, of course, the sea pineapple, which comes with a little dipping bowl of *su,* rice-wine vinegar. I'm living. And what more fitting an end than whale ice cream, made with green-tea powder and whale morsels? Mmm, no?

Sea pineapple, good. Whale heart, bad. The ice cream, I don't remember.

I want to know what kind of whale I've eaten. Eva-san talks to the boss.

"Minke. A sort of small baleen."

I want to know what kind of whale makes for the best grub. Eva-san talks to the boss. He makes a forlorn gesture to a poster on the wall that pictures all the species of whales in the sea, and, forlornly, he expounds awhile.

The great blue whale, the largest animal that has ever lived, is by far the best, he says. But, as it's considered one of the world's most



RAW GENIUS Chef Nao Sugiyama, at his restaurant, Sugiyama, in New York. He serves no sushi, but his raw fish is among the best.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC O'DEN

THE PHILIPS Simplicity Concierge

Get the High 5 on 20 exciting cities—up-to-the-minute info on the best things to see, do, eat, buy, and experience.



PHILIPS

sense and simplicity

Enter the Simplicity Sweepstakes May 8 - June 26 for the chance to win any of a host of inspired prizes designed to simplify life. Visit **www.philips.com/entertainment.**

HIGH 5 Find them from the Philips Simplicity Concierge



◀ COOLEST SHOPS

The ice cream everyone screams for
Where to sniff out sensational scented candles
The city's best specialty coffees
The used-books store no reader should miss
Where to find half-price sunglasses



▲ DON'T-MISS DESTINATIONS

The rare-photos exhibit that'll close in a month
The golf green with enviable views
The city's quirkiest statue
The reopening of a museum long under scaffolds
The old city center's prettiest walking street



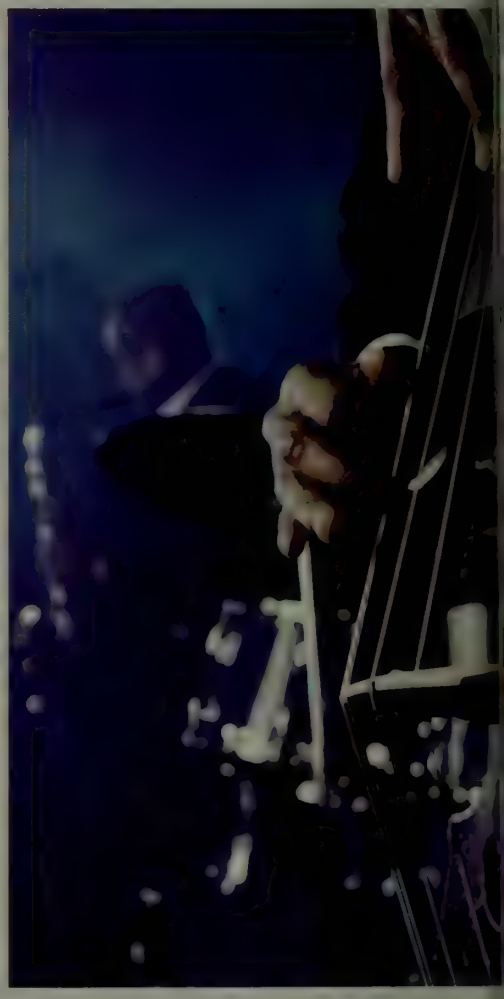
▲ RAVED-ABOUT RESTAURANTS

The best burger in town
The spot for sizzling seaside or sidewalk dining
A place that mixes mean margaritas
The power table du jour
A kids' dinner special you might want yourself



▲ FEEL-GOOD FINDS

The city's most scenic jogging path
The seaweed wrap critics are raving about
The best pool for swimming laps
The facial that actually makes you look you
The most convenient place to rent a bike



▲ ESSENTIAL ENTERTAINMENT

The micro-brewery with a new recipe every
The 21st century's answer to the speakeasy
The dance club that demands black tie
The hideaway where the music's always smo
The home-town comic who's on her way up

HAVE PHILIPS. WILL TRAVEL.

Now, you can make the most of your travel time rather than squander it researching the best things to do and see. Philips has done that work for you.

The complimentary Philips Simplicity Concierge service has culled information and recommendations for 20 cities from the experts at concierge.com, epicurious.com, golfdigest.com, houseandgarden.com, newyorker.com, self.com, vanityfair.com, and wired.com and is hosting them in one convenient online location, www.philips.com/entertainment. You can even have listings delivered directly to your cellphone.*

*Standard messaging fees apply.



+

CATEGORY KEY:

RESTAURANTS - **DINE**
SHOPPING - **SHOP**
ENTERTAINMENT - **FUN**
FEEL-GOOD FINDS - **FEEL**
DESTINATIONS - **SEE**

CITY KEY:

NEW YORK - **NYC**
LOS ANGELES - **LA**
CHICAGO - **CHI**
PHILADELPHIA - **PHI**
SAN FRANCISCO - **SF**
DALLAS + FT WORTH - **DAL**
BOSTON - **BOS**
WASHINGTON - **WAS**
ATLANTA - **ATL**
PHOENIX - **PHO**
SEATTLE - **SEA**
MIAMI + FT LAUDERDALE - **MIA**
LAS VEGAS - **LV**
DETROIT - **DET**
DENVER - **DEN**
HOUSTON - **HOU**
MINNEAPOLIS - ST PAUL - **TWIN**
LONDON - **LON**
PARIS - **PAR**
TOKYO - **TOK**

GETTING THE HIGH 5 FROM PHILIPS DELIVERED DIRECTLY TO YOUR MOBILE DEVICE IS EASY.

1: Create a new text message.

2: Enter "82222" in the "TO" field.

3: In the body of the message, enter the code for the category of info and city you'd like (key at right). For example, enter DINE NYC if you're looking for restaurants in New York.

4: Hit SEND and you'll get the info you requested.

+

VISIT WWW.PHILIPS.COM/ENTERTAINMENT TO LEARN MORE AND TO SIGN UP FOR THIS COMPLIMENTARY SERVICE.



PHILIPS

sense and simplicity

© 2007 Philips Electronics North America Corporation.

Simplicity is knowing where to go,
no matter where you happen to be.

At Philips, we're always thinking of ways to bring simplicity into your life.

To bring you technology that makes more sense.

That's advanced, but easy to experience.

That's why we've partnered with Condé Nast to create The Philips Simplicity Concierge.

The latest info on the best shopping, dining, nightlife, events and services in different cities around the globe.

Online, or sent right to you.

So you can enjoy the best each city has to offer.

Anytime, anywhere, and in any format.

It's travel made simple.

And simply the best way to travel.

PHILIPS

sense and simplicity

endangered species, it has been unobtainable for more than 35 years. I feel for the guy.

"No black market?"

"Too big to hide."

The Full Abundance

Some may have the temerity to disagree with me, but, for my money, the greatest Japanese restaurant is Sugiyama, in New York. There is no sushi here, no wasabi, but no shortage of raw fish, if you like it straight.

Nao Sugiyama, who is from Okayama, is a master of *kaiseki.* Of Zen origin, *kaiseki* is held as the highest form of Japanese cuisine, presenting through a series of courses and interludes the finest tastes of the *shun,* or season. But, more than that, Sugiyama-san is a master at bringing out—and allowing you to luxuriate in—the complexity that lies in simplicity and the simplicity that lies in complexity.

Sugiyama told me his primary supplier is True World, a part of the global empire of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon.

I've tried for a long time to better describe what Sugiyama-san does with what he carefully selects, on this day or that, in this season or that, from the full abundance of sea, stream, and woods. But whatever the secret is, it more than eludes description (he himself only shrugs and smiles at what he does); it subdues and silences the very desire to describe it as it bears you away.

He arrives at his restaurant at half past nine in the morning, prepares until half past five, then opens the door at six. I last ate there on an evening when lingering winter was giving way to spring. Here's what he fed me:

First, a course of monkfish liver, vinegared baby eel, which seems to have been filleted, and a jelly cake of crab and vegetables. (Later, I find out that the "baby eel," *noresore,* which I assumed to have been filleted, is actually pre–baby eel—the flat, transparent larvae, whose season is brief and now, of the Japanese conger.) Then slices of raw bluefin tuna, raw bluefin toro, raw *hamachi,* raw *hamachi* toro, raw tilefish, steamed octopus, *ama-ebi* (sweet shrimp; the sweetness is in the meat of the brain), a raw Kumamoto oyster, and a fragrant spray of small, purple *shiso* flowers. Then a clear soup of seaweed, whitefish cake, bamboo, and *asari* (a sort of springtime Japanese littleneck). Then grilled black cod from Toyama and crisp-roasted mild green peppers. Then half a lobster (served with a spoon to blend the soft, dark meat of the head into the white tail meat) and shiitake and oyster mushrooms. Then a miso soup with straw mushrooms and seaweed. Then minced grilled eel, tilefish, and bonito steamed in a mixture of *botan* rice and sticky rice, wrapped in a large, salted *houba* leaf, served with pickled Japanese radish. Then *hoji* tea, which Sugiyama-san describes as "sticky" tea. He means it was made from tea twigs, and "sticky" is to be taken as an adjectival form of "stick," which in fact turns out to be the first definition of the word in the *Oxford English Dictionary.* Then a grapefruit-and-cream thing, invented by Sugiyama-san many years ago, made from hand-squeezed grapefruit juice, powdered sugar, lemon, Chardonnay, and scotch—all of which, magicked into a chilled semi-solid sphere, somehow ends up seeming to be an idealized peeled grapefruit, with no fibrous membranes, no pulp, no pits—served in very cold cream with a sprig of mint.

As to what all this looked like and how it tasted, well, you can't eat metaphors, and if I ever use words such as "succulent," shoot me, but suffice it to say that I remember thinking as I walked into the night: If the Roman emperors can be said to have missed out on anything, it was this.

Unless you've an intense jones for something special, food at the hands of a Japanese master chef should always be taken *omakase,* entrusting all to him. This is true of sushi, and it is certainly true of *kaiseki.* But once, when I was sick, I requested that Sugiyama-san prepare me a meal built around a hard-to-find Japanese turtle that he mentioned could cure me of what ailed me. It took him some days to get the turtle, but he did it. Whether it fixed me, I'll never know. By the time he secured the turtle, I was probably about to get better anyway.

Sugiyama-san is one of a handful of chefs in America with a fugu license, allowing him to prepare this poisonous and mildly intoxicating fish. I find it pretty bland, and I never got off on it, but Sugiyama-san does a great imitation of someone overdosing on the stuff and begging for more, as has been known to happen in the old country.

Masa, the New York sushi restaurant of Masayoshi Takayama, is within short walking distance of Sugiyama, and from one to the other, you could eat yourself to death, or new life, in a manner most sublime. If you could afford it, that is. Masa is the most expensive restaurant in the country, if not the world. It is also the best sushi restaurant in the country, if not the world.

It's a beautiful place. The small sushi bar, crafted from a single, solid, $60,000 piece of blond virgin-forest hinoki, is cared for daily: lightly sanded, cleaned, buffed to renew its soft, natural luster by apprentices, who also, like those of Tsunenori Iida at Tsukiji, spend hours each day tending to knives that are kept razor-sharp and brilliantly gleaming. The surface on which Takayama-san uses those knives is an imposing thick block of ginkgo. Hinoki, he says, is a very hard wood, even though it looks quite soft. But the wood of the ginkgo tree—a unique tree, a botanical "living fossil" that constitutes a genus of its own—is soft and perfectly suited for knifework, as it won't dull the blade during the trimming and oblique slicing of piece after piece of raw fish that must be performed with uninterrupted and meticulous precision from the first to the last course of a sushi meal.

Watching Takayama-san at work at his block of ginkgo, or Sugiyama-san at his Yamaken low-density polyethylene (*jyushi*) *manaita*—as when watching Tsunenori Iida at his stall in Tsukiji—there is something to be sensed of the ancient belief in the soul, *tamashii,* of the knife.

As when I was last at Sugiyama, winter is giving way to spring. Behind Takayama-san as he works are big fresh-cut branches of spring-blooming Asian forsythia, their yellow, bell-shaped flowers blossoming bright. The plates, bowls, and cups, everything here right down to the *ohashi-oki,* the little ceramic chopstick rests, have been made by craftsmen in Japan especially for Takayama-san according to his own exacting designs. Even the spoons are of his design, carved of Ishikawa wood from the seaside north of Kyoto, then finished with the sap of the tree from which they were made. The door through which one enters Masa is made of 2,000-year-old Japanese bogwood.

This is a far cry from Daiwa, the hole-in-the-wall at Tsukiji, which Takayama-san agrees has the best sushi in Tokyo, though he adds that the best sushi restaurant in all Japan is Kameki, in Sendai, in the Northeast.

But you don't eat wallpaper. You eat this: baby firefly squid (*hotaru ika*) in a sauce of Japanese mustard (*karashi*) with rape-blossom buds (*nanohana*). Then chopped raw toro topped with caviar. Then seared bonito (*katsuo tataki*) with crispy seaweed (*ogo*), woodland ginger and bamboo (*myoga take*), wasabi greens, and those little purple *shiso* flowers. Then

steamed *asari* clams from Chiba in their broth. Then icefish (*shirauo*)—tiny, almost translucent fish with buggy little black eyeballs which can be had for only a few weeks in early spring—served in sizzling white-sesame oil with Kalamata-olive paste and sprigs of newly budded prickly-ash leaves (*kinome*). Then a hot pot of cherry trout (*sakura masu*), whose season also lasts only a few weeks in spring. And then, after the *kaiseki* overture, the sushi feast begins.

Each piece of sushi is prepared individually and served immediately, as Takayama-san slices the fish, reaches into a cloth-covered barrel of rice, applies fresh-made wasabi paste to the side of the sliced fish that will be pressed to the rice, and, piece after piece, forms perfect sushi with dexterous rapidity in the palm of one hand with the nimble fingers of the other, placing it before you on a stoneware dish. He tells you to eat it with your hand. At humble little Daiwa, in Tsukiji, we had respectfully followed Hiroyasu Ito's manner of eating sushi with chopsticks. Now here, in the most opulent sushi restaurant on earth, the guy is telling me to use my hands. It's really just a matter of preference, but you don't want to piss this guy off while he's feeding you. You're given a small bowl of shoyu, into which only certain sushi should be dipped, and another small bowl of pale pickled ginger to be nibbled between courses.

The toro sushi is first. Then, in succession: striped jack; fluke; sea bream; snapper; squid; *ama-ebi* (the little shrimp with the sweet brain); cockle; red clam; giant clam; baby scallop; Nantucket scallop (freshly caught by a diver who sells only to Takayama-san and a few others); grilled toro sinew; herring; horse mackerel; *uni;* octopus; cooked shrimp; sea eel; freshwater eel; shiitake sushi; black-truffle sushi; a seaweed-wrapped roll of chopped toro and green, *negi* onion; young *ume,* a sort of Japanese plum, enclosed in a *shiso* leaf.

"And that's all," says Takayama-san with a smile.

Then there's a slice of Japanese muskmelon and buckwheat tea. (Also shoot me if I use the word "infusion.") And, of course, there's the check. My cohort and I drank two bottles of water, one Hoyo sake, and one glass of Sancerre. Our bill for two, including a 20 percent service charge but not including the additional tip, was $1,102.74.

My meal at Daiwa was free because the owner and chef, Shinichi Irino, wouldn't charge Hiroyasu Ito or anyone with him. Ted Bestor, who was with us that morning, says, "We were undoubtedly being served the top-of-the-line stuff, since we were guests of Mr. Ito, president of Chuo Gyorui, so who knows what it might have cost, but probably no more than ¥6,000 or ¥7,000"—50 or 60 bucks—"per person. I was in Daiwa early this month, and their standard menu price for the 'in-season chef's selection' was around ¥4,500," or about $38. "I also had dinner for four at an excellent and tiny Ginza sushi restaurant, with a celebrity chef. Four of us had a superb dinner for ¥15,000," or about $125, "per person."

Our bill for two, including a 20 percent service charge but not including the additional tip, was $1,102.74.

The funny thing is, Masa's prices don't seem to be as exorbitantly jacked up as they might first appear. There's no way of knowing what you're paying for a particular piece of sushi, as dinner here is at the fixed price of $400 a person. But next door, at Bar Masa, there's a bar menu, and one of the items on it is toro tartare with caviar, the customary second course of a dinner at Masa, and the price is $68. Toro is costly, and the Sterling Royal caviar Takayama-san uses goes for about $70 an ounce, so what could the profit margin be? This dish alone is nearly a fifth of the cost of a dinner at Masa that includes five other overture dishes and 23 varieties of sushi, among them rare and expensive delicacies such as icefish. (In the past, he's also offered fish such as *sayori,* needlefish, and *hamo,* daggertooth conger pike, an eel-like summer-season thing so bony that no one could figure out how to eat it until the people of Kyoto devised a special technique called *hone-giri,* to which Takayama-san has added variations of his own.)

I first encountered Takayama-san in Beverly Hills, where he had Ginza Sushi-ko, named for the Tokyo restaurant where, after leaving his hometown of Kuroiso, in the mountainous prefecture of Tochigi, north of Tokyo, he served his years of apprenticeship. His own apprentice on the West Coast, Hiro Urasawa, took over the place, renamed it Urasawa, and Takayama-san moved to the East Coast and opened Masa in February 2004, at about the same time Tiger Sushi opened at the Mall of America. Since then, he seems not to have raised the price of a meal all that much. In the end, it's one of those choices we have to make in life: icefish and tuna sinew or that new H.D. TV for the next season of *American Idol.*

Guess what Takayama-san does when he takes his vacation every August? He goes to the mountains of Japan to fish and hunt for wild wasabi. And he is a fool for *hoya,* sea pineapple, too. These things say something.

I first ate Nobuyuki Matsuhisa's food years ago on the West Coast as well, when Matsuhisa, also in Beverly Hills, was the only restaurant he had. It was a good place. As for his Nobu in New York, my friend Chiemi Karasawa put it best: "a theme park of a restaurant, sort of a homogenized extraction of the real thing for the masses: a bunch of Caucasians serving things they don't even know how to pronounce."



THE COUNTER LIFE Daiwa, a sushi joint within Tsukiji.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TETSUYA MIURA

High Holy Fish

From both Sugiyama-san and Takayama-san, I get intimations that Tsukiji's rule is no longer absolute. They both have suppliers who fly in most of their fish from Tokyo. The relationship between them, chef and supplier, and the process of choosing fish long-distance, involves much established trust and a daily and complicated exchange of faxes and calls. Besides a supplier who provides from Tsukiji, Takayama-san also has a supplier who provides from the smaller fish market in Osaka, for, he says, there are some northern fish, such as icefish and certain eels, that are more readily available in desirable quality and quantities in Osaka than


AN HBO FILMS MOVIE EVENT
AIDAN QUINN
ADAM BEACH
AUGUST SCHELLENBERG
ANNA PAQUIN
WE WILL BE KNOWN FOREVER
BY THE TRACKS WE LEAVE BEHIND.
BURY MY HEART AT
WOUNDED KNEE
THE EPIC FALL OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN
BASED ON THE ACCLAIMED BESTSELLER
HBO FILMS
PREMIERES SUNDAY, MAY 27 AT 9 PM/8C
HBO

in Tokyo. He told me the names of his suppliers on the condition that I would not reveal them. Sugiyama-san isn't so guarded as to his sources, and he told me his primary supplier is True World Foods, which runs fleets of boats and dozens of distribution centers, and supplies most of the sushi chefs in the United States.

True World, a major presence from Gloucester to Tokyo, is part of the global empire of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, the 87-year-old founder of the Unification Church and self-proclaimed "Savior, Messiah, Returning Lord, and True Parent" of all humanity. Representatives of the firm were not forthcoming when I tried to arrange a meeting with True World buyers at the Tsukiji market. Later a representative of True World did tell me that the True World buyer arrives at Tsukiji every morning at two o'clock. "We purchase in the neighborhood of 30,000 pounds of fresh fish monthly from Tsukiji and other Japanese fish markets, of which over 6,000 pounds makes its way to customers in the Greater New York area."

Savior, Messiah, Returning Lord. Hell, no big deal. Maybe Charlie the Tuna was a Satanist, or a Scientologist even. I long ago lost interest in religion and politics except in their most extreme and entertaining forms. But I will say this: His High Holiness, or whatever the fuck he is, sure deals some damned good fish.

In partnership with Kyokuyo, which, like Hiroyasu Ito's Chuo Gyorui, is one of the biggest of the wholesalers and auction houses at Tsukiji, True World has recently introduced Polar Seas Frozen Sushi, which may become what frozen fish sticks and frozen fish cakes were in pre-sushi America.

Like Masa's primary supplier, True World now obtains many fish directly from their sources. At both Sugiyama and Masa on the nights I last visited them, the *uni* was from California and had been delivered directly from there. The shared feeling seems to be that if a box of 15 Maine or California *uni* are of high-enough quality and can be had for 15 bucks, why should one pay 65 for a similar small box of Hokkaido *uni* that comes through Tsukiji? And at Masa, in addition to the Nantucket scallops procured by a private diver, the bluefin tuna, which was from Spain, had been purchased at the Fulton Fish Market by one of Takayama-san's apprentices.

Now that the Japanese economy isn't what it was, Takayama-san says, more of the best tuna can be found locally, where it can fetch almost as good, or as good, a price as if it were sold to the Tsukiji buyers. Both men try simply to get the best fish they can, and the best fish is no longer to be found only at Tsukiji.

I tell Ted Bestor about encountering a Fulton Fish Market bluefin at Masa, and of my puzzlement as to how, on any particular day, one could figure out if the tuna is better at Tsukiji or here.

"I am not surprised that he gets Spanish tuna directly from Fulton rather than from Tokyo," Ted tells me. "Everyone at Tsukiji says Japanese buyers are increasingly being outbought by buyers from other countries. China, Taiwan, the U.S.—all with strong economies and a newly vigorous demand for the finest seafood, for sushi and for other cuisines, create stronger markets for the best fish in places other than Japan.

"The long-distance calculus of determining whether the fish are better at Tsukiji or at Fulton would be fascinating to figure out. I would guess that it involves a fair amount of hunchwork but also very close communications among people who have worked together for a very long time."

Thus, what was written so recently, by Sasha Issenberg, in *The Sushi Economy*—that a fish market such as Rungis, south of Paris, "in effect serves as a destination for Tsukiji's Mediterranean leftovers (and for tuna from other oceans that don't meet Japanese standards)"—is no longer necessarily so. In fact, there is now a very good sushi restaurant in Paris, Isami, on the Quai d'Orléans, on Île Saint-Louis, and the chef, Katsuo Nakamura, who is from Hokkaido, gets almost all his stuff from the Rungis market. The French—who often still associate Japanese food strictly with older restaurants such as Taka, in Montmartre—are warned when calling to make a reservation at Isami that only raw fish is served. (This isn't exactly true. There is *carrelet grillé*, grilled plaice, a European flatfish that has both eyes on the right side of its head.)

> "Japanese buyers are increasingly being outbought by buyers from other countries. China, Taiwan, the U.S. . . ."

There are relocation plans under way for Tsukiji, and the market is scheduled to move, in 2012, to an even bigger site, in the Toyosu district, an industrial area on the other side of Tokyo Bay.

The bay is very polluted. The local fishing industry that once busied its wharves died off after the war. One small live-fish boat remains docked at Tsukiji, near where the Sumida River empties into the bay. It is a relic that goes nowhere.

Tsunenori Iida wipes the blood from the long knife. His family has been here at Tsukiji since the beginning. They were here, doing what they did, doing what he does, long before this market was here, back in the final days of the shoguns, in the old Nihonbashi market, when Tokyo was Edo. And he has been here all his life. What does he think of this move to come?

"I don't think there will be a big difference," he says. He returns his attention to the knife. "I don't like to think."

The fate of the market unsettles many at Tsukiji. Meanwhile, in the candyland of the West, where few people have ever heard of Tsukiji, what once was repulsive—the raw flesh of that laid-open tuna, the raw flesh of all that swims and slithers at Tsukiji—is now craved, more widely and more ravenously each day.

After returning from Japan, I see that one of the joints in my neighborhood has posted a new menu in an attempt to revive its dying business. Now, besides the cheeseburger deluxe, there is yellowtail pastrami and bigeye-tuna mignon with potato "gnocci" and red-wine, mushroom, and foie-gras broth. Around the corner from that place is a sushi place called Tokyo Bay, whose name now evokes dioxins. Contaminated-sediment sushi. Nearby are Ninja New York, a gimmicky and overpriced place where, as *The New York Times* put it, "servers, in black costumes, play the parts of ninjas and perform magic, something the kitchen doesn't do," and Kuki Sushi, describing itself as "Korean-Japanese cuisine" and offering take-out tuna, and of course eel, sushi at a buck seventy-five a piece. The local natural-food dump sells vegetarian sushi. The two local supermarkets sell prepared, refrigerated sushi. The supermarkets are close to yet another sushi place. From my windows I can see three more sushi restaurants.

From "the sukiyaki is genuine" and not for "the timid adventurer" to this. I'm waiting for the *uni* ice cream to hit those supermarket freezers.

My snake sake arrived, as Eva-san promised it would. It's right here, the dead viper coiled with its fanged mouth open at the bottom of the jar, looking as if it's trying to tell me something from beyond. He sure doesn't seem to be at peace, if you get my drift. What can I say? I don't know. I will drink responsibly. □


ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST
architecturedays
The anticipation is building.
Architectural Digest "Architecture Days" returns this fall with stops in San Francisco, Toronto and New York.
Each city's weeklong celebration of great architecture and design will offer rare access to private spaces and new projects by top architects, lectures by top architects, expert-led neighborhood tours and much more.
For more information, visit www.ArchitectureDays.com.
Airfare and hotel packages are available from AirCanada.com and Fairmont Hotels.
SAN FRANCISCO
August 20-26, 2007
TORONTO
September 24-30, 2007
NEW YORK
October 15-21, 2007



BEAUTY QUEEN

Gelsey Kirkland, right, with dancer Mary Mills Thomas of the A.B.T. Studio Company, in New York City.

FAIRY-TALE COMEBACK

Rudi, Suzanne, Peter, Misha, Twyla, Merce, and Mr. B, not to mention Liza with a Z–the 70s boom in American dance did not want for stars who were artists. None, however, burned with the intensity of American Ballet Theatre's Gelsey Kirkland, she of the Little Match Girl face and the incendiary pursuit of truth. Having risen to stardom at New York City Ballet, she was lured to A.B.T. in 1974 by the recent defector Mikhail Baryshnikov, a partnership that was box-office magic, but behind the scenes love-hate. Ten years later, when Kirkland left A.B.T. to dance and coach abroad, a swath of heat and light left with her. And when she published her rebellious tell-all, *Dancing on My Grave*, in 1986, a question emerged: did she love her gift for this art form or loathe it?

The answer is love. Gelsey Kirkland's return after more than 20 years to both New York City and A.B.T. is marked this spring with a new production of *The Sleeping Beauty*. Her contribution is threefold. First, the staging of the ballet has been done by Kirkland and A.B.T. artistic director Kevin McKenzie, with assistance by Michael Chernov. "She's a heavyweight in the field," McKenzie says, "and we always worked well together in the past. It's a good time. It's a good fit."

Kirkland will also coach dancers in their roles. "Deconstruct and reconstruct," she says of her search for illumination. "To find a sense of style that's connected to meaning, that's an exploration that is worthy of *The Sleeping Beauty*."

Thirdly and thrillingly, Kirkland will take the stage as the evil fairy Carabosse, one of the great character roles in ballet, and, Kirkland says, "great fun."

Light. Heat. Welcome back, Gelsey.

–LAURA JACOBS

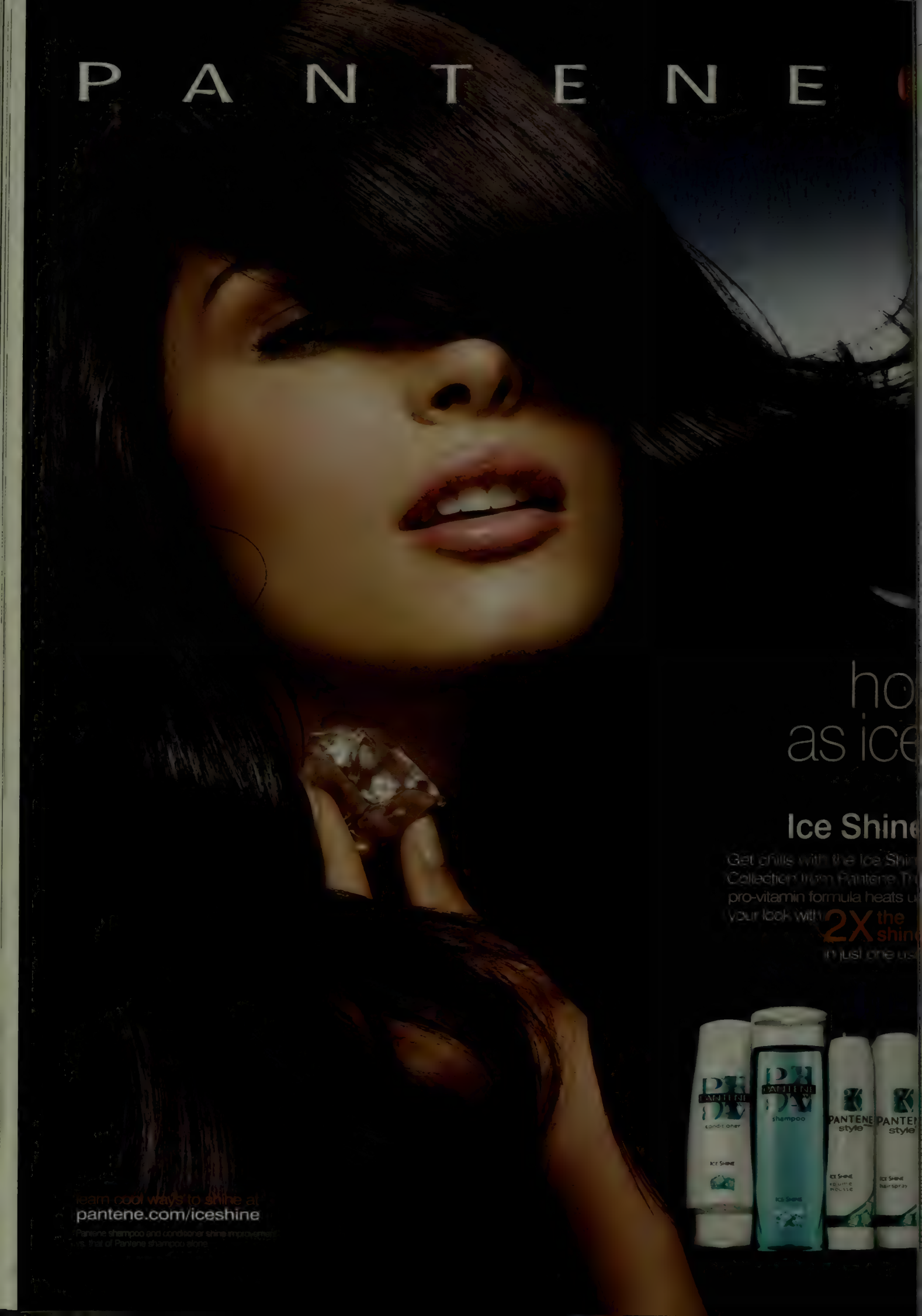
THOMAS'S DRESS BY VERA WANG; KIRKLAND'S SKIRT AND JACKET BY ALEXANDER



I promise
to go where you go



nine cuisine in 15 gourmet flavors
love them back with cesar®


PANTENE
ho
as ice
Ice Shine
2X
pantene.com/iceshine

VANITIES

JUNE 2007



Leslie Mann

AGE: 35. **PROVENANCE:** Befitting her statuesque blondeness, Southern California: San Diego, then Newport Beach. **YOU'LL REMEMBER HER AS . . .** the terrifyingly inebriated beauty who semi-seduces Steve Carell in 2005's *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*—whose writer-director, Judd

CONTINUED on page 146

SET DESIGN BY EDWARD MURPHY; COMPACT AND LIPSTICK FROM LINDSLEY, AUSTIN, TEXAS

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ELINS

Leslie Mann CONTINUED from page 145



Apatow, is Mr. Leslie Mann. "Any of the stuff that Judd's working on, all of the ideas are kind of kicked around in the house," Mann says. "And so, with the drunk girl in *Virgin*, we just started talking about it, and then suddenly it became something that would be fun to do." AND NOW SHE'S ON THE VERGE OF REVEALING EVEN MORE OF HER COMEDIC GIFTS IN . . . Apatow's latest, *Knocked Up*, a summer-hit-to-be that she and Paul Rudd steal as, respectively, the cranky older sister and bedraggled brother-in-law of the impregnated Katherine Heigl. "It's all true," she says of the scenes from a (dysfunctional) marriage. "Poor Paul Rudd—I feel bad for him, because I just really *went there* with him, and I don't think he knew what to do with me." FROM INGÉNUE IN *THE CABLE GUY* (1996) AND *BIG DADDY* (1999) TO LAFF-HOUSE MATRIARCH: "Both of our kids are in the movie, Maude and Iris. I don't know what other households are like, if funny stuff is encouraged. But I never laugh at anything Judd says anymore," Mann says, chuckling. "Well, sometimes—if it's earned. Like, if he says something that's really funny and we laugh, he knows that it is truly funny; we're not just giving him the complimentary laugh." —KRISTA SMITH



DIARY

H.R.H. PRINCE CHARLES

May I, as it were, "kick off" this diary by saying how delighted I am to have the immense good fortune of being asked to contribute to this remarkable "diary" forum.

The editor has asked me to share my thoughts on "modern life." Sadly, none of us may count ourselves wholly insulated from this singularly wearisome phenomenon!

I have to confess that only yesterday I was watching the most infernal of modernistic contraptions, the "television." The program on offer was decidedly dull: a lot of gray, and without music or dialogue, though one could just about make out the hazy image of a frowning middle-aged man in a tweed suit sitting on a sofa staring back at one.

At that moment, my butler came in and asked if I would prefer the "TV" switched on. I must confess it made all the difference. My advice to anyone who has taken the trouble to invest in a television is to first make sure you have someone to come in and switch it on for you.

THE THINGS THEY COME UP WITH! (1): A "toasted cheese sandwich"! What *will* they think of next?

The aforementioned television program seemed to be about a housewife cooking "fished fingers" for her three children. Little else happened, to be frank, and the program concluded in a matter of seconds with the children giving the "thumbs up" sign, and an unseen man speaking an oblique line of blank verse about the need for a bird's eye. Frankly, it is nothing short of a catastrophe that so much modern poetry leaves us cold. Like many people, I have enormous regard for Shakespeare, with his spiritually uplifting emphasis on Kings and Princes.

But what struck me most about this brief "television" program was that, for all her undoubted qualities, the unnamed housewife didn't seem to have given the first thought as to which estate these "fished fingers" were caught on, what type of fly had been recommended by the gillie, and so forth. It seems to me one of the great tragedies of modern existence that so very few of us know the origin of the food our butler brings us. As a nation, we may have grown materially wealthier, but have we really, one sometimes wonders, grown any wiser?

THE THINGS THEY COME UP WITH! (2): They tell me that some shops have started selling loaves of bread that are what they call "ready-and-sliced." I fervently hope this is one trend that doesn't "catch on." And is there really any need for this newfangled idea of soup in tins? Broth tastes so much better bubbling away in a great big open pot, stirred by a chef who really knows his stuff and served at one's table in the open air by a marvelous old character somewhere on a wonderful Highland moor. By denying our children such pleasures, I fear we are in profound danger of cutting them off from reality.

Our ancestors had this tremendous bedrock of wisdom. Tragically, I fear we are losing our common belief that mankind has much to learn from the literally wonderful treasure house of the past.

One marvelous old adage, handed down to me by my remarkable grandmother, who knew all about these things, was: "Money doesn't grow on trees." This is, I suspect, a gem of ancient wisdom that we are in dreadful danger of forgetting. Only the other day, touring the High Street somewhere in that wonderful area of the country we know as the Midlands, I witnessed the most extraordinary event. An apparently ordinary fellow walked up to a wall and pressed a piece of card half the size of my hand into it. Seconds later out poured the most enormous amount of banknotes.

I was frankly flabbergasted. Like everyone else, I get money by asking my man for it—but now we are told that it just comes willy-nilly out of walls in the Midlands! We are often told that the forward march of civilization is somehow necessary, but is all progress really for the better?

A tremendous amount of what I call "stuff and nonsense" has been written about my so-called disapproval of the "Mr. MacDonald's" chain of restaurants. Some of my critics even complained that I had never eaten in one.

With this in mind, myself and my dear wife ventured into one of these estimable establishments last week. We brought our own hampers of course, so I am ill-equipped to comment on the culinary experience, but might I make one constructive suggestion? My estimable butler told me that when he attempted to pull out the chair, so as to let one sit on it, he found to his horror that it had been stapled to the floor! It strikes me that is just the sort of thing that will stop ordinary families from going to "Mr. MacDonald's": no one likes to embarrass their butler in public.

THE THINGS THEY COME UP WITH! (3): They tell me they have now developed railway trains jam-packed with hundreds of seats. This means that ordinary travelers are now obliged to travel hugger-mugger with hundreds of complete strangers, regardless of whether they are family. Nor is there a drawing room where one might relax by oneself with a good book. It sometimes seems to me that the people in charge of these things haven't the foggiest idea of what ordinary people want. Railways always represented the most perfectly civilized way to travel around the country in silence while enjoying one's own company. Alas, I fear those days may now be gone forever.

—AS TOLD TO CRAIG BROWN in *Private Eye*

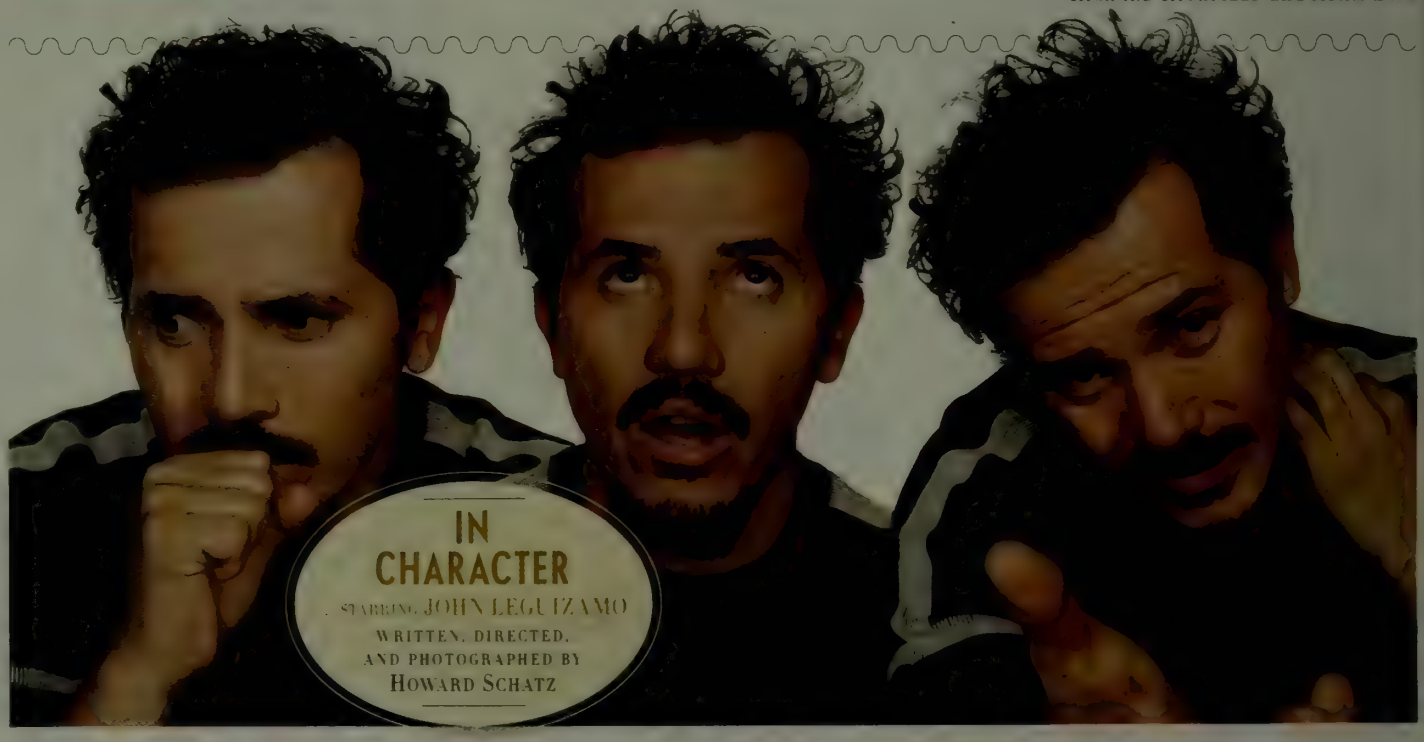

[yellow tail]
[yellow tail]
CHARDONNAY
tails, you win.

Ornery Reality-TV Judges

INTELLIGENCE REPORT

	SIMON COWELL	THE DONALD	MICHAEL KORS	CARRIE ANN INABA	SGT. HARVEY E. WALDEN IV
Platform	*American Idol*	*The Apprentice*	*Project Runway*	*Dancing with the Stars*	*Celebrity Fit Club*
Signature Expression	Pained bemusement	Stern pucker	Scrunchy-nose frown	Dizzy face	Openmouthed holla
Fashion Statement	Tight T that rides up at the armpits	Power suit and pink tie	Steve Jobs couture	Tortilla Coast happy hour	Black knit cap and hoodie
Suspected Alteration	Pec implants	Hair-like confection	Forehead extension	Mole implant	BriteSmile
Feuding Partner	Ryan Seacrest	Rosie O'Donnell	Skinny models	The John O'Hurley fan club	Astrologer Russell Grant
Nadir	Emmys booing	2000 presidential campaign	*Runway*'s how-to-book scandal	*Showgirls*	Playing "American football" for the London Mets
Ethnicity	Brit	Queens	Long Island	Chinese-Japanese-Irish	Pure-blood Marine
Manifesto	*I Don't Mean to Be Rude, but . . .*	*The Art of the Deal*	*Kors*, by Michael Kors	"Freak Me"	"No Cookies"
Catchphrase	*"Ghastly. Ap-pall-ing."*	*"You're fired."*	*"Wear a crazy shoe."*	*"You were holding your carriage!"*	*"Suck it up and dig deep!"*
Bête Noire	Cruise-ship singers	Not believing in your product	Cheap-looking finishing	Hunched shoulders	Lazy housewives
Pickup Line	*"You do realize I sell more albums than Bruce Springsteen."*	*"You remind me of Ivanka."*	*"Is that mine!?"*	*"Cootchie-cootchie!"*	*"You need a serious wake-up call."*

—Richard Rushfield and Adam Leff



1. You are a hostage in a desert prison camp, overhearing your buddy being tortured in the adjacent room, knowing you're next.

2. You are a four-year-old boy at a new, "realistic" dinosaur theme park, getting a lick on the head from a 50-foot-long mechanical brontosaurus.

3. You are a heroin addict begging your dealer to give you a fix, promising you'll pay him later, really.

PEARL® POMEGRANATE

The World's Best Tasting Flavored Vodka

Best of Show — Platinum Award
2007 World Beverage Competition



Pearl® VODKA

black | pomegranate | coconut

The world's very first pomegranate flavored vodka has now claimed the title of world's best tasting flavored vodka, as judged by the World Beverage Competition, the largest beverage competition in the world.™

Taste for yourself.

For drink recipe ideas visit
pearlvodka.com


ODDS OF A CHILD
PERFORMING AT CARNEGIE HALL:
1 in 73,000
ODDS OF A CHILD BEING
DIAGNOSED WITH AUTISM:
1 in 166
Ad Council
To learn the signs of autism, visit autismspeaks.org
AUTISM SPEAKS
It's time to listen.



The COASTER *Correspondence*

MORE OF THE VERY EXPENSIVE WORDS OF *Edwin John Coaster,* CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

From the Desk of

9 April 2007

Gray Man:

An idea dawns: It's been five years since my listening tour of Planet Africa with Paul O'Neill, the former Treasury secretary. I should like to re-do the deed for V.F.'s Africa Issue, this time visiting the Funky Continent with one of your writers. Not just any writer, though—a RIGHT-or. A righteous man of the pen. A Maine man. My main man: Edwin John Coaster. I'm an old fan, you see. It goes like this: Joey Ramone, Archbishop Tutu, Frank Sinatra, John Millington Synge, Ed Coaster—my badass pantheon of heavyweight champs. Picture a spotty kid in a library in the north of Dublin, tears running down his cheeks as he reads Coaster's "In a Green Pink Country," the one about the Korean War. "The 39th Parallel shivered like a lute string plucked hard by Lucifer." That's the real shit. That's punk rock before punk rock.

Let him come fly with me to see what's going down in the old old country. Let him put on his reporter's hat and his tourist's fat-arsed Bermudas. Let him take the wheel of the dented Cadillac called America and drive it through the stands of bush willows and baobabs. Let him be the honky griot whose tongue will testify to the kids back home. In the arid desert, in the bosomy veld, in the clinics and open-air pews, in Cameroon, in the Côte d'Ivoire, in the coast air, as my co-star, give me COASTER!

Love and Peace or Else,

Bono

Claire— Can you please set up a mtg with Bono & Ed in my office? Thanks. G

SHEILA ROCHE
(HEAD OF GLOBAL COMMUNICATIONS)

Dear Mr. Coaster:

17 April 2007

My name is Sheila Roche, and I work with Bono on (RED). We are pleased that you are taking an audience with Bono in Mr. Carter's office on Friday. Herewith, the procedures and protocol for the meeting.

I shall collect you from the vestibule at 9:30 A.M. On my signal, you shall take one and only one step forward into the room, bowing at the waist. Bono will acknowledge you with his standard greeting, clapping you on your right shoulder whilst cupping your left elbow and saying, "What it is, my brother." The appropriate response is a pained, wordless smile. Do not touch him. Do not comment on his goggles; he is photosensitive. You shall give him chocolates. His preference is for organic 71-percent-cacao squares made from shade-grown Ghanaian beans. He will sample your chocolates; if he likes them, he will jut his chin forward, indicating that you are to join him in a seated position, on the floor. Bono does not believe in chairs.

If all goes well, we shall begin making arrangements for your shots and visas.

Sincerely,

Sheila Roche

(RED)™ JOINRED.COM

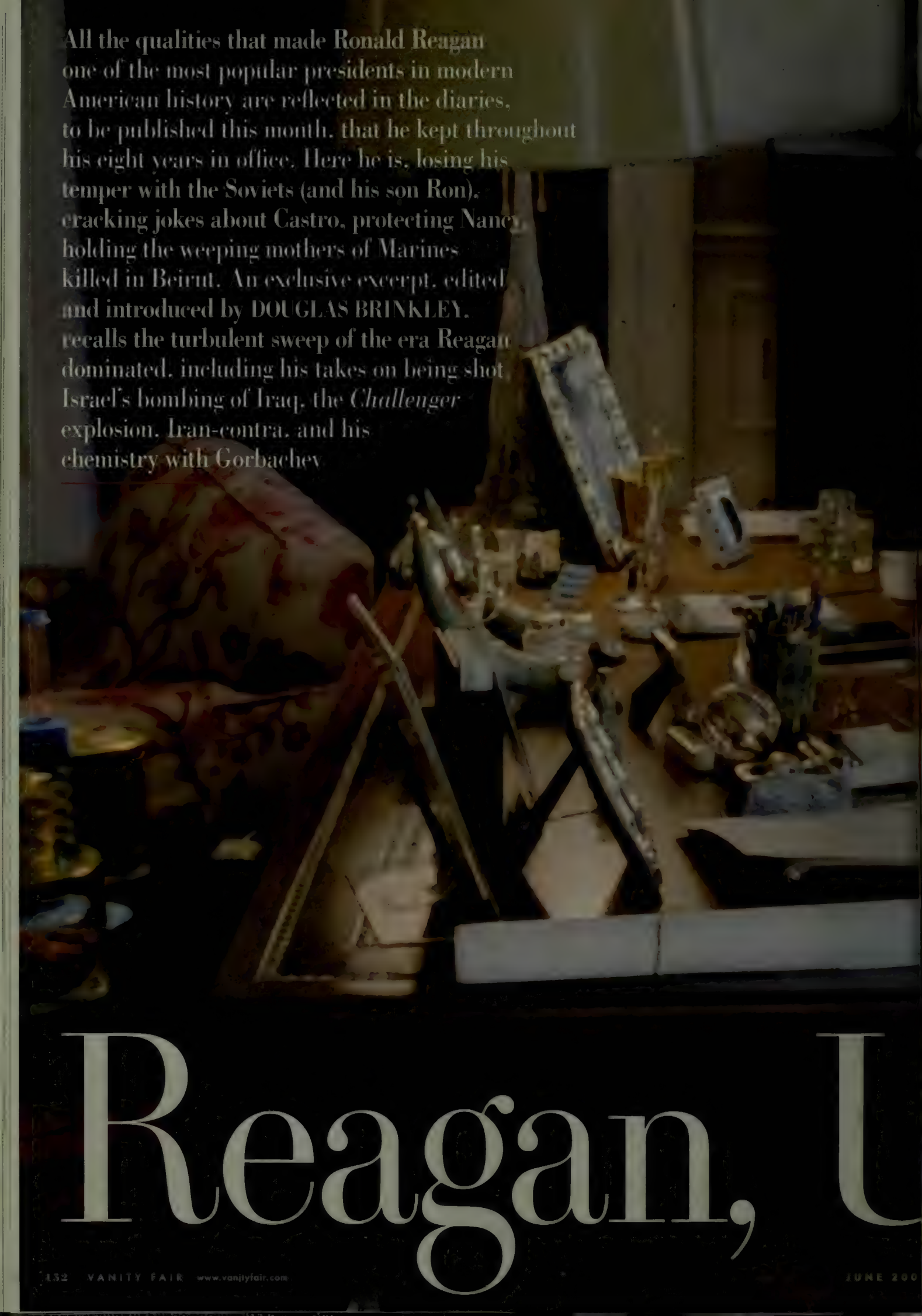
EDWIN COASTER

4/15/07

Graydon:

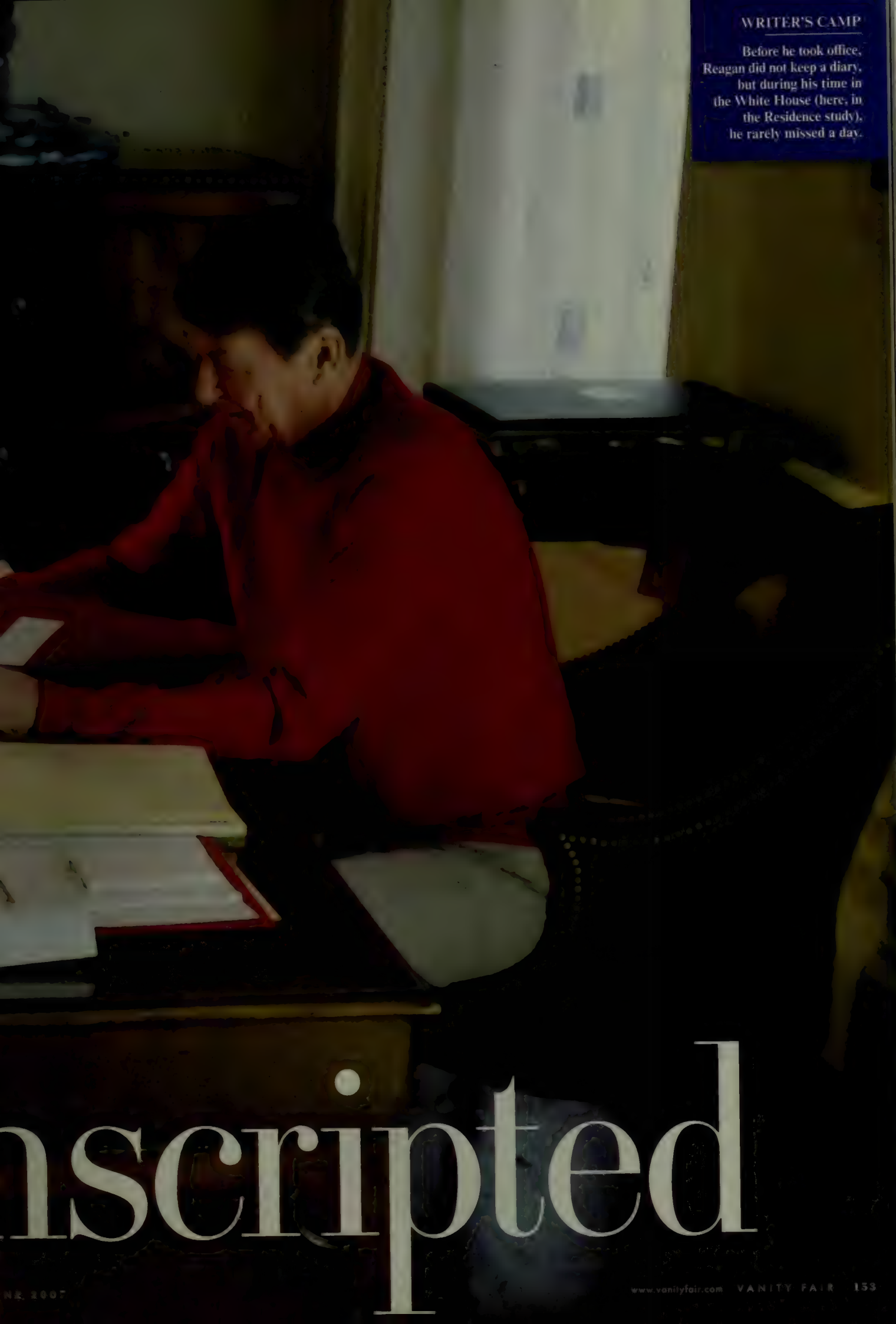
Well, look, I've never heard of this Bongo or whatever the hell his name is; I pretty much don't pay attention to music unless my hi-fi is playing Bix Beiderbecke. But if this is what it takes to get a goddamned assignment in your magazine, sure, I'll fly in a puddle jumper with this character.

Ed



All the qualities that made Ronald Reagan one of the most popular presidents in modern American history are reflected in the diaries, to be published this month, that he kept throughout his eight years in office. Here he is, losing his temper with the Soviets (and his son Ron), cracking jokes about Castro, protecting Nancy, holding the weeping mothers of Marines killed in Beirut. An exclusive excerpt, edited and introduced by DOUGLAS BRINKLEY, recalls the turbulent sweep of the era Reagan dominated, including his takes on being shot, Israel's bombing of Iraq, the *Challenger* explosion, Iran-contra, and his chemistry with Gorbachev

Reagan, U



WRITER'S CAMP

Before he took office, Reagan did not keep a diary, but during his time in the White House (here, in the Residence study), he rarely missed a day.

nscripted

Ronald Reagan never kept a diary before entering the White House, but that all changed starting with his inauguration on January 20, 1981. Unlike so many new diarists, who trail off after the first few weeks, he took his writing commitment seriously, and in his two terms he never neglected a daily entry, except when he was in the hospital.

As with the man himself, there is an appealing earnestness to the diaries, one that delivers an unvarnished accounting of his days in power. In fact, Reagan was a master of the art of summary. Where other diarists prattle on, unsure of what is important, he found it easy to identify the salient point of a meeting or a conversation, leaving the irrelevant details aside. He was also a fairly facile writer.

Although the diaries cover only eight years, they leave a sense of the full scope of Reagan's life. For example, there is no sense that he "left Hollywood behind." Some of the people he respected most were friends from his acting days, and so the likes of James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, and George Murphy make regular appearances in the entries. A man who was admirably comfortable with himself, Reagan brought of the experiences and the friendships of his long life with him i the White House years.

It's not historical hyperbole to note that the most profou achievements of the Reagan administration changed the wo When Reagan took office, the Soviet Union expected war im nently. By the time he left the White House, the threat of nuc war was reduced to a memory, as the Cold War was fast coming a close. Domestically, Reagan left as strong a legacy. His perso ity, no less than his policies, led to a resurgent belief in the po of the individual, competition in business, and private initiative solve domestic problems. Such successes were no accident; Reag worked hard. His executive ability and the work habits that w along with it are delineated throughout the diary.

Reagan's diaries—five 8-by-11 hardback books bound in maro leather and embossed on the front with the presidential seal—semble a handsome half-set of an encyclopedia. Within the pag you see immediately that Reagan had neat, rounded handwrit in ink that is variously blue or black. It is a welcoming hand, e to read. Cross-outs are rare. Economical to the core, Reagan fil every page to the very bottom. Occasionally, he inserted auxili material: comic photographs, a picture of a young girl wearin "Reagan" straw hat, or newspaper clippings pertaining to U.S. diers killed abroad.

Like most diarists, he developed his own abbreviations. Dem crats, for example, were "Demos" or "Dems," while Republica were "Repubs." Camp David was "Camp D." and the White Hou was "W.H." Ampersands were always used, even in the midst words that happened to contain the letters *a, n, d.* His idiosyncra spellings are sprinkled throughout (e.g., "familys" in lieu of "fa lies"). And for reasons of decorum, rather than expediency, Reag could not bring himself to write out curse words, on those very r occasions when he resorted to them. Thus, "hell," for example, came "h—l" and "damn" was always "d---."

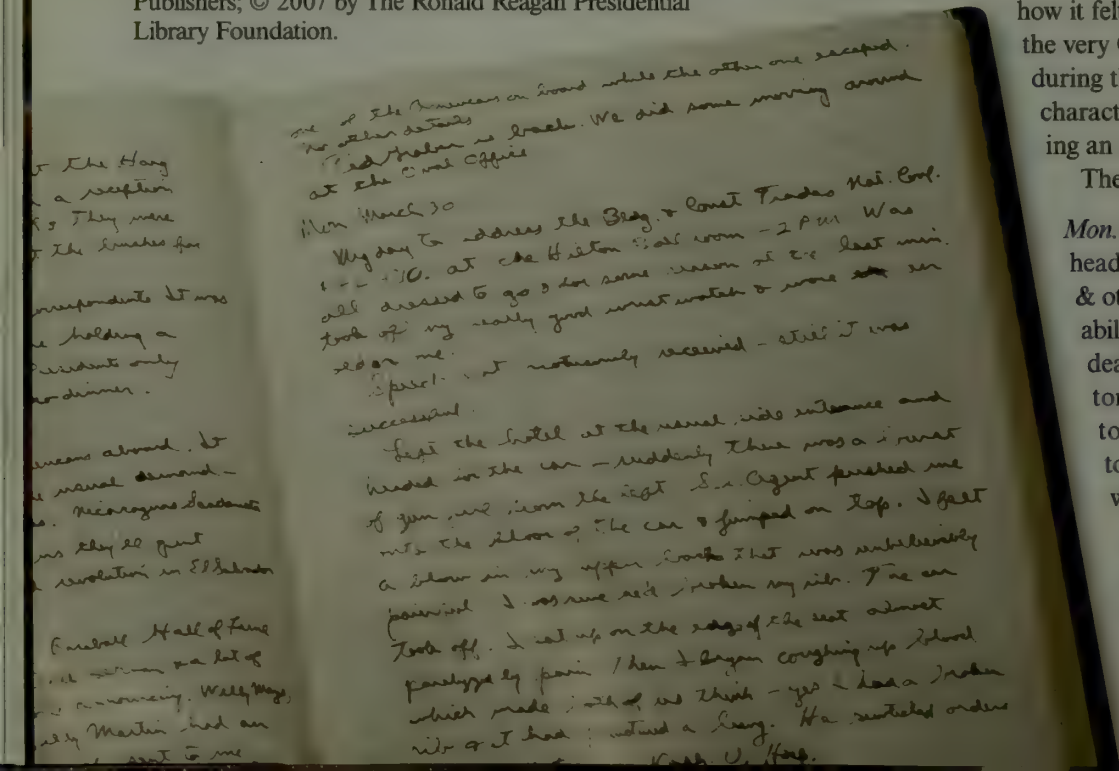
According to Nancy Reagan, who has custodianship of t diaries, her husband would bring a volume with him when trav ing, often recording entries while on Air Force One or Mari One. Unfortunately, there are no photographs of him loggi Plans call for the diaries to be placed under glass in a displa which may someday travel throughout the United States.

Comedian Bob Hope once asked President Reaga how it felt to actually be the U.S. president—to sit the very Oval Office where Abraham Lincoln pac during the Civil War. "Well," said Reagan, with h characteristic smile, "it's not a lot different than b ing an actor, except I get to write the script."

These excerpts are part of that script.

Mon. Jan. 26, 1981 · A meeting on terrorism wi heads of F.B.I.—S.S.—C.I.A. Sec's of St. Defens & others. Have ordered they be given back the ability to function. Next a cabinet meeting on t deal with Iran. Hostages will arrive in countr tomorrow. It seems some of them had som tough questions for Carter in Germany a to why they were there so long and why the were there to begin with.

Tues. Jan. 27 · Ceremony on S. Lawn to we come hostages home. Thousands of peopl in attendance. Met the familys earlie Now we had in addition the familys o

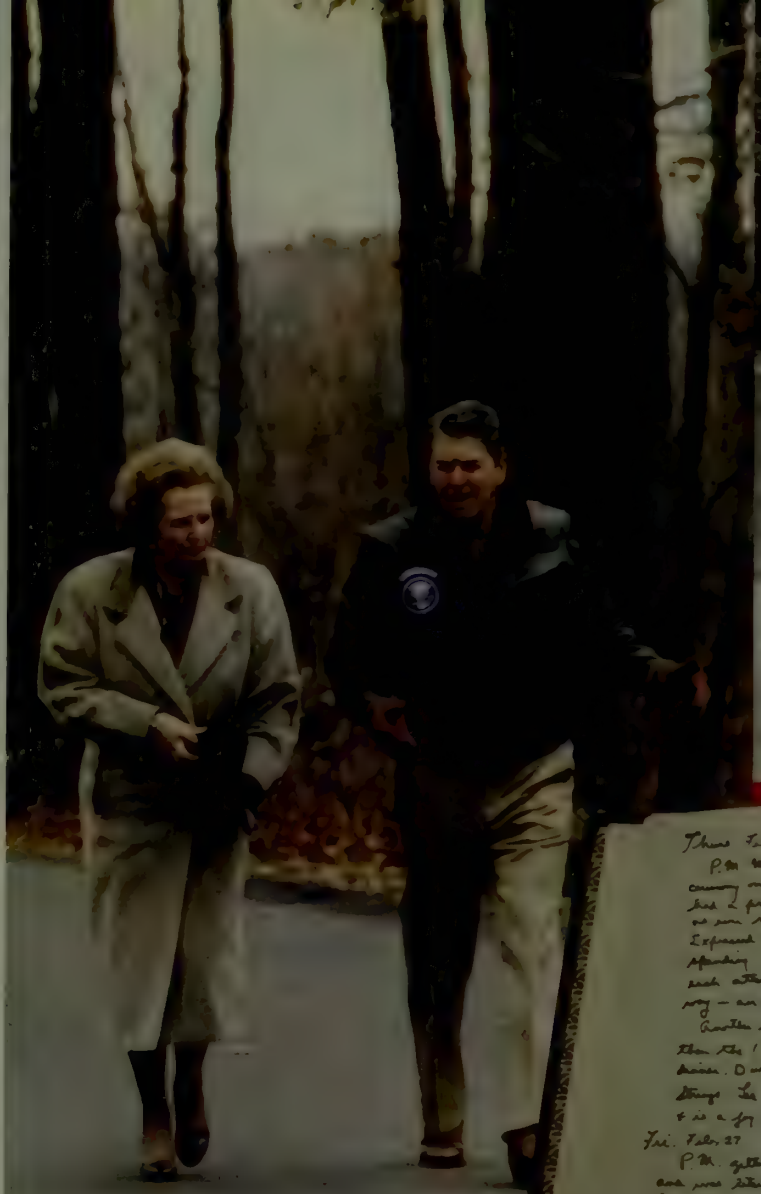


Excerpted from *The Reagan Diaries,* by Ronald Reagan, edited by Douglas Brinkley, to be published this month by HarperCollins Publishers; © 2007 by The Ronald Reagan Presidential Library Foundation.



LAR OF STRENGTH

nd all his tough talk,
an had a vulnerable side:
ay constantly that I
let [the people] down,"
rote. *Opposite*, his
s about the attempt
s life.





Thurs Feb 26

P.M. Margaret Thatcher arrived. A most impressive person. Have known of Europe's Iron Lady. We are having an [illegible] meeting in Oval Office. She is as fine as you've said. Invited us for reception & [illegible]. Expressed regret that she failed to address joint session. Spending a day at a farm & was disappointed in such a short visit. Said she should have come at our way – an entire package – all or nothing.

Another State Dinner & even more successful than the 1st. The Harlem Ballet entertained after dinner. During dinner we had the Army bringing things. Jim Rosenberg is elected as Chief of Protocol & is a fine. He is also very happy himself.

Fri. Feb. 27

P.M. getting great press. Went up to the hill and was literally an advocate for our program. Some of the Sens. tried to give him a hard time but left him down friendly & with typical Baxter courtesy.

Dinner at British Embassy – truly a warm & beautiful occasion. Obviously a real friendship exists between the P.M. her family & us – certainly we feel that way & I believe they do.

Sat. Feb. 28

Saw the Thatchers off at 11 AM after coffee together. Certain information brought message from Pres. Reagan to Prime Minister Thatcher & Jim Baker. The P.M. is working to get ground (cruise) missiles in Europe to negotiate an end to the Soviet problem. I'm all for it. I will in every speech & [illegible] of Thatcher appearing on shows. I'm all for opening talks with Soviets from Televised but this is [illegible]

more complicated. Then we [illegible] Nelson Bay, saw [illegible] in front [illegible] but it's a long & complicated [illegible] our home.

Had the Williams & Smiths to dinner [illegible] movie in the "Family Theater." The Chief

Sun. 1st March

Day began at 5 A.M. when phone [illegible] me the fire alarm had shown a fire [illegible] dressing room. It was a malfunction [illegible] W.H. Police came in and went up into [illegible]

Church at 11 – Nat Presbyterian – [illegible] Took our 1st walk on W.H. grounds, dog runs & tennis court.

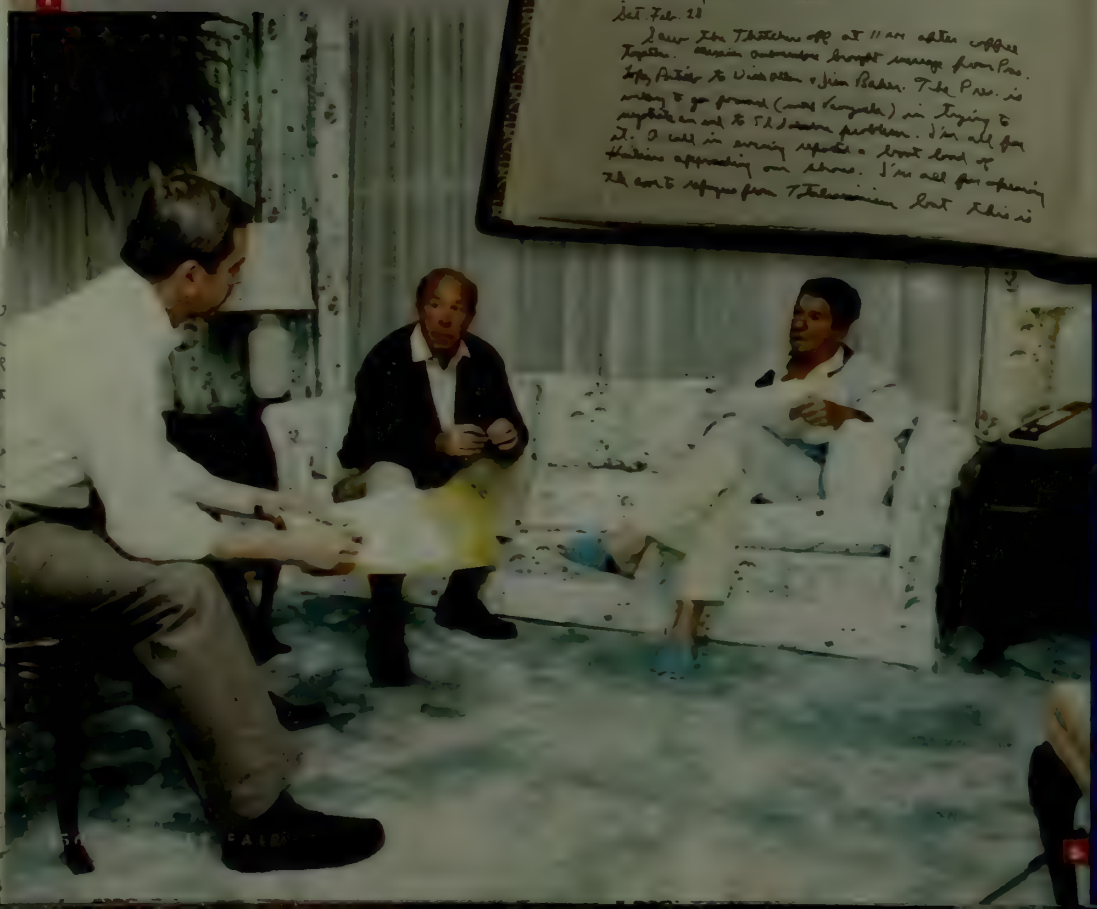
Mon. March 2nd

[illegible] was held. Was a little apprehensive [illegible] reports of unhappiness with our P.C. prog. [illegible] have seen more & more very favorable [illegible] the program. Met later with Sec. Jackson [illegible] especially about Sec. & international affairs.

Dick Wirthlin brought us an [illegible] the prog. 95% support on budget cuts – many like the cuts. Then brought for [illegible] Crowbile interview. – Done [illegible]

Tues. March 3rd

Arthur Burns back from China – said [illegible] of Taiwan at any time. Mtg. attended by Pope [illegible] from Alaska etc. Ten groups of me & all Americans [illegible] Lady We had a good talk [illegible] of our sec. plans. Both upset for Tuesday [illegible] Nancy leaving on an 11 nation trip – [illegible] them – the other pleasures. I gave him [illegible]



CAPITAL CONVOCATION

(1) Out for a stroll with Margaret Thatcher at Camp David, 1986. (2) With James Baker, George Shultz, Bill Clark, and Ed Meese at a working lunch. (3) Aboard Air Force One during a trip to Alabama, 1984. (4) With Frank Sinatra and Nancy in the Oval Office, 1981. (5) With Egyptian president Anwar Sadat at the White House, 1981. (6) Discussing the Grenada invasion with Robert McFarlane (left) and George Shultz, 1983. (7) At his first meeting with Mikhail Gorbachev, Geneva Summit, 1985. (8) At work at the Organization of American States Building, 1987. *Inset:* Reagan's diary entries on his weekend with Thatcher in 1981.

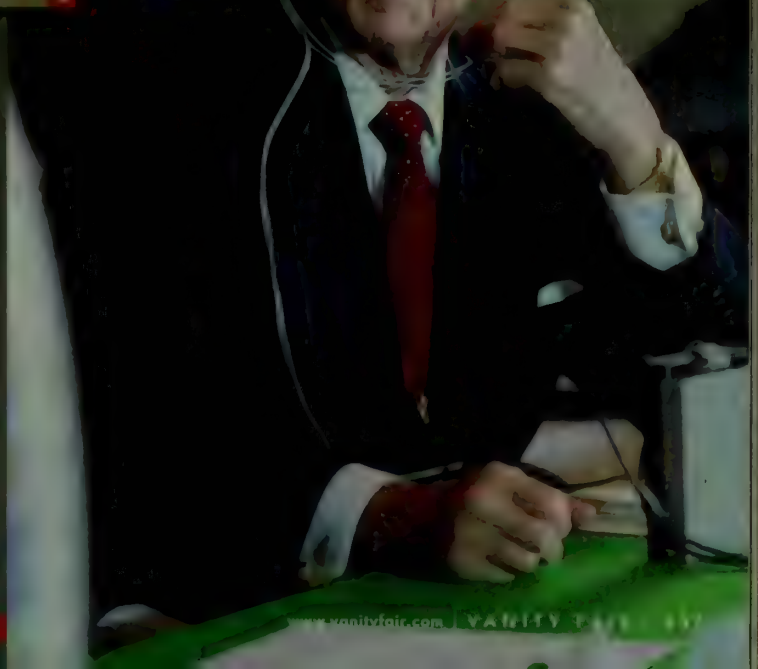


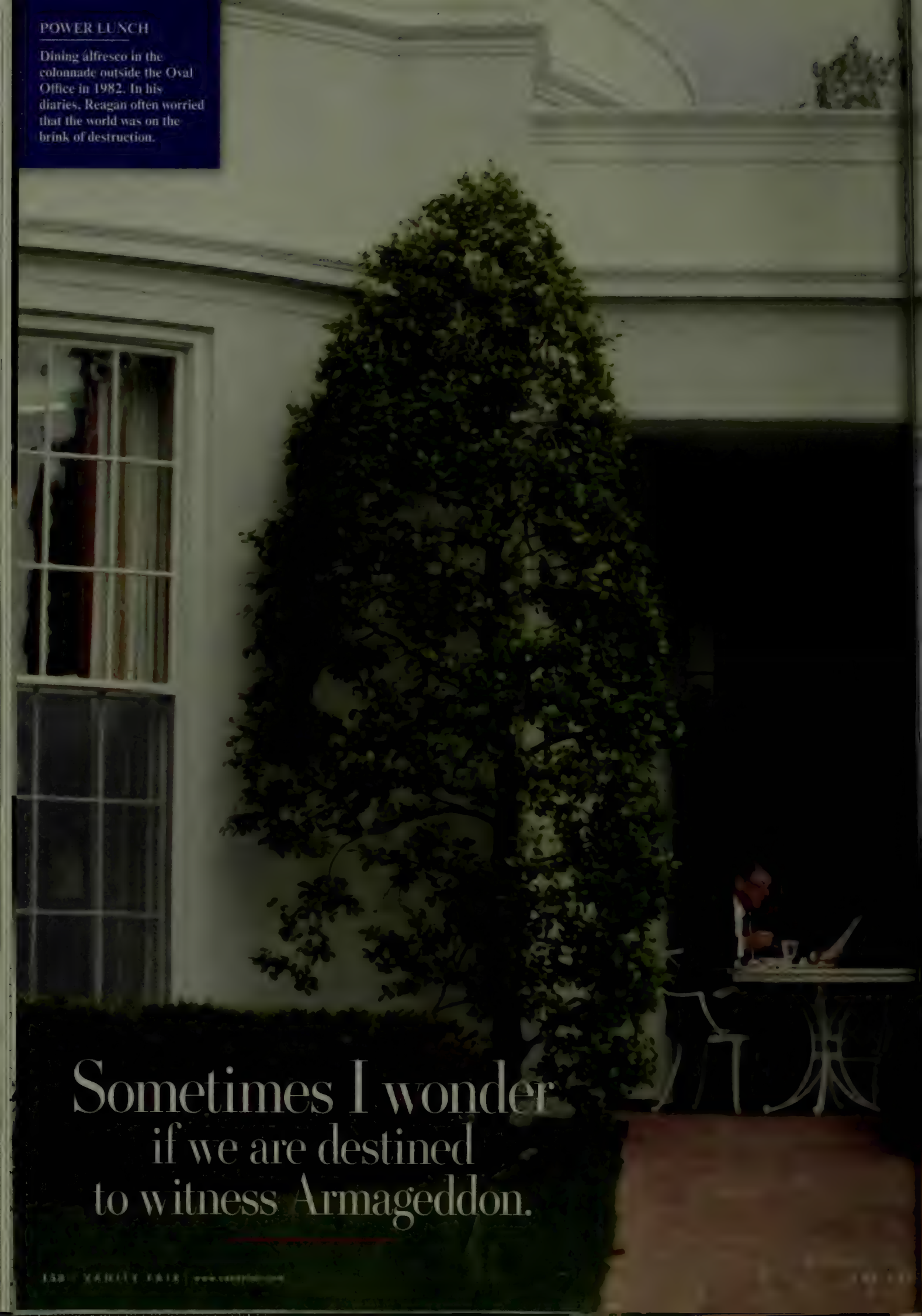












POWER LUNCH

Dining alfresco in the colonnade outside the Oval Office in 1982. In his diaries, Reagan often worried that the world was on the brink of destruction.

Sometimes I wonder if we are destined to witness Armageddon.



the 8 men who lost their lives in the rescue attempt. One couple lost their only son. His widow was also here. I've had a lump in my throat all day.

Thurs. Jan. 29 · Nancy had a great triumph with committee which rides herd on White House (to preserve its history). They were enthusiastic about what she has already done to upgrade the 2nd & 3rd floors.

Sat. Jan. 31 · Had a before lunch walk. (It was cold.) Spent afternoon in front of fire reading intelligence reports & Briefing papers for visit by Pres. Chun (Korea). We have definite evidence Nicaragua transferring hundreds of tons of arms from Cuba to El Salvador. P.M. ran a movie—"Tribute"—Jack Lemmon. He is truly a great performer.

Wed. Feb. 11 · Intelligence reports say he Castro is very worried about me. I'm very worried that we can't come up with something to justify his worrying.

Thurs. Feb. 26 · P.M. Margaret Thatcher arrived. We had a private meeting in Oval office. She is as firm as ever re—the Soviets and for reduction of govt. Expressed regret that she tried to reduce govt. spending a step at a time & was defeated in each attempt. Said she should have done it our way—an entire package—all or nothing.

Fri. Feb. 27 · P.M. getting great press. Went up to the hill and was literally an advocate for our ec. program. Some of the Sen's. tried to give her a bad time. She put them down firmly & with typical British courtesy.

Wed. March 4 · Our wedding anniversary. 29 years of more happiness than any man could rightly deserve. A Pakistani plane was highjacked and landed in Kabul. The Russians are holding it & 3 or 6 of the passengers are American. We haven't been able to learn which figure is right but we're going to let the Soviets know we won't put up with their games.

Fri. March 13 · The Rev. Jesse Jackson announces he's staging a march on Wash. Mon. demanding help for Atlanta in this 19 month tragedy of the murders of black children which has so far numbered 20 with 1 missing. Atlanta has a financial problem due to $100,000 a month overtime for police. What Jesse apparently doesn't know is that we've already given Atlanta about $1 mil. and have roughly 40 F.B.I. agents in there on the case. Today I went to the press briefing room and read a statement detailing this & then announced we were giving another $1½ mil. & that V.P. G. Bush was going personally to Atlanta.

Finished calling a number of St. Dept. Professionals appointing them to Ambassadorial posts—no Pres. has ever done this personally before. I'm enjoying doing some of the things I'm then told Pres's. haven't done before.

Flew into LaGuardia then helicoptered around the lower tip of Manhattan and landed on a heli-pad on the lower West side. The usual lengthy motorcade with police closing off intersections and taking us traffic free through town. One thing was unusual and very humbling; the streets were lined with people as if for a parade all the way to the Waldorf. They cheered & clapped and I wore my arms out waving back to them.

I keep thinking this can't continue and yet their warmth & affection seems so genuine I get a lump in my throat. I pray constantly that I won't let them down.

Tues. March 24 · A call from Al Haig, all upset about an announcement that George [Bush] is to be chairman of the Crisis Council. Historically the chairman is Nat. Security Advisor (Dick

Allen). Al thinks his turf is being invaded. We chose George because Al is wary of Dick. He talked of resigning. Frankly I think he's seeing things that aren't there. He's Sec. of St. and no one is intruding on his turf—foreign policy is his but he has half the Cabinet teed off.

Mon. March 30 [written Sat. April 11] · My day to address the Bldg. & Const. Trades Nat. Conf. A.F.L.-C.I.O. at the Hilton Ballroom—2 P.M. Was all dressed to go & for some reason at the last min. took off my really good wrist watch & wore an older one.

Speech not riotously received—still it was successful.

Left the hotel at the usual side entrance and headed for the car—suddenly there was a burst of gun fire from the left. S.S. Agent pushed me onto the floor of the car & jumped on top. I felt a blow in my upper back that was unbelievably painful. I was sure he'd broken my rib. The car took off. I sat up on the edge of the seat almost paralyzed by pain. Then I began coughing up blood which made both of us think—yes I had a broken rib & it had punctured a lung. He switched orders from W.H. to Geo. Wash. U. Hosp.

By the time we arrived I was having great trouble getting enough air. We did not know that Tim McCarthy (S.S.) had been shot in the chest, Jim Brady in the head & a policeman Tom Delahanty in the neck.

I walked into the emergency room and was hoisted onto a cart where I was stripped of my clothes. It was then we learned I'd been shot & had a bullet in my lung.

Getting shot hurts.

Wed. April 29 · Again spent morning in the office—returned to residence for lunch & nap. I must be getting better—my naps are getting shorter.

We had a Nat. Security Council briefing (meeting tomorrow). Several situations in the world are worsening—particularly Lebanon.

Recv'd. word that Jules Stein died last night. That is truly the end of our era.

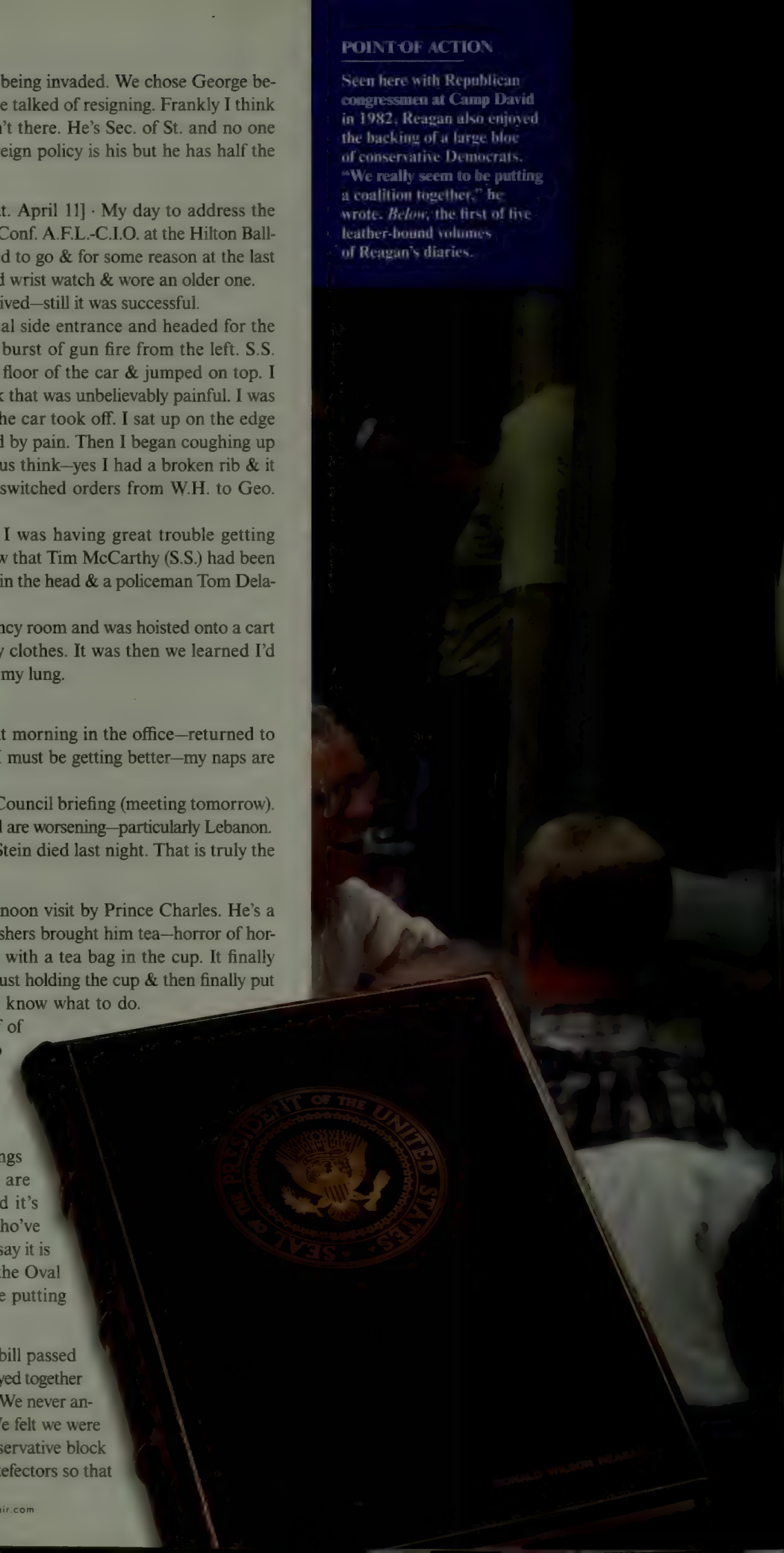
Fri. May 1 · Highlight was noon visit by Prince Charles. He's a most likeable person. The ushers brought him tea—horror of horrors they served it our way with a tea bag in the cup. It finally dawned on me that he was just holding the cup & then finally put it down on a table. I didn't know what to do. Mike [Deaver, deputy chief of staff] escorted him back to the W.H. and apologized. The Prince, "I didn't know what to do with it."

Wed. May 6 · More meetings with Cong. These Demos. are with us on the budget and it's interesting to hear some who've been here 10 years or more say it is their 1st time to ever be in the Oval office. We really seem to be putting a coalition together.

Thurs. May 7 · The Budget bill passed 253 to 176. *All* the *Repubs.* stayed together & 63 Demos. voted with us. We never anticipated such a landslide. We felt we were going to win due to the conservative block of Demos but expected R. defectors so that

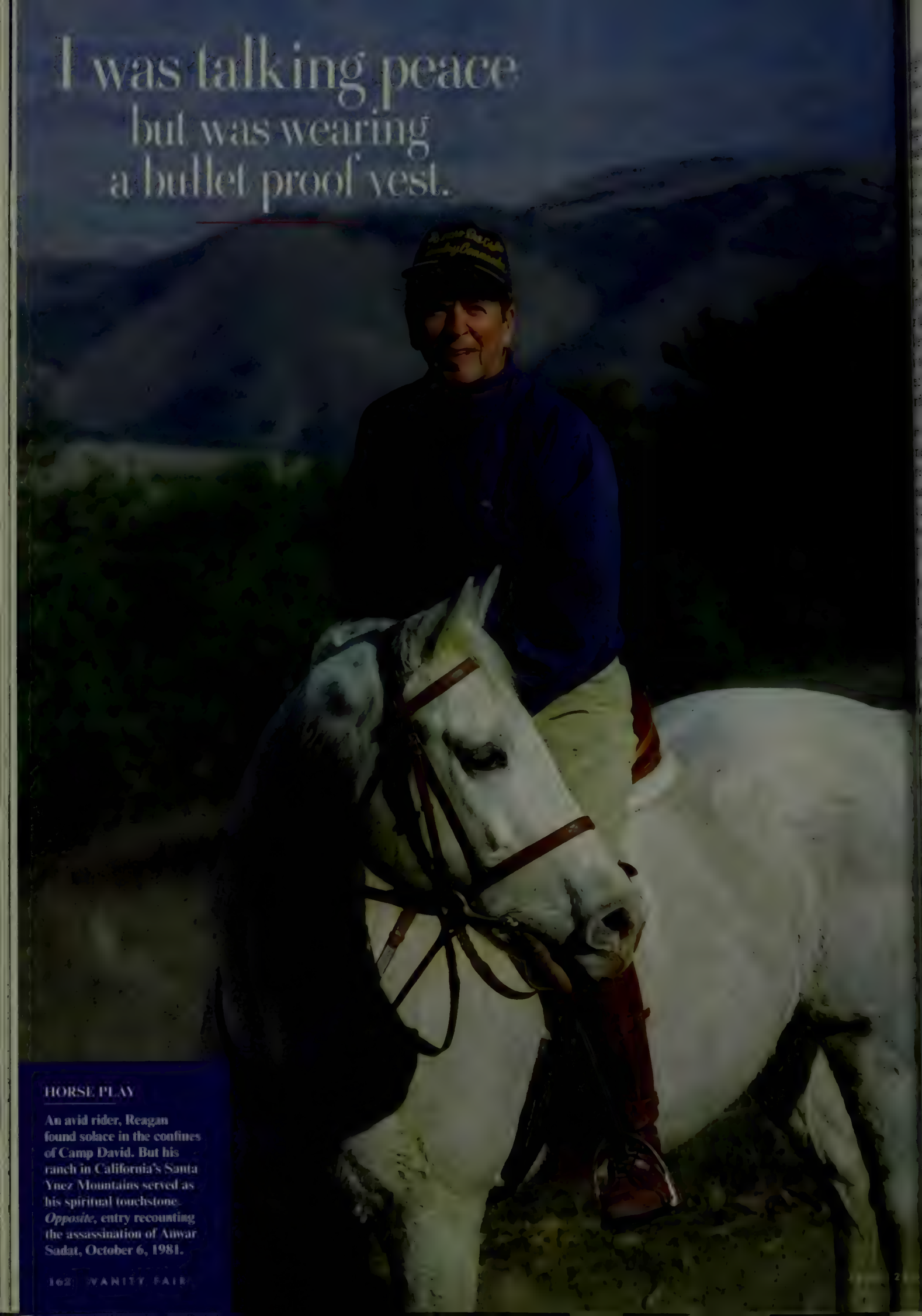
POINT OF ACTION

Seen here with Republican congressmen at Camp David in 1982, Reagan also enjoyed the backing of a large bloc of conservative Democrats. "We really seem to be putting a coalition together," he wrote. *Below,* the first of five leather-bound volumes of Reagan's diaries.




I'm enjoying doing some
of the things I'm then told
[presidents] haven't done before.

I was talking peace but was wearing a bullet proof vest.



HORSE PLAY

An avid rider, Reagan found solace in the confines of Camp David. But his ranch in California's Santa Ynez Mountains served as his spiritual touchstone. *Opposite*, entry recounting the assassination of Anwar Sadat, October 6, 1981.

ight win by 1 or 2 votes. It's been a long time since Repubs. had a victory like this.

May 15 · N.S.C. meeting with Lebanon on the table. Latest age from [special envoy Philip] Habib does not sound good ugh he said to make no decision for a few days. [Israeli prime ster Menachem] Begin was more flexible than [president] d of Syria (bolstered by Soviets). Habib going to Saudi Ara- o see if they'll lean on Assad. Sometimes I wonder if we are ned to witness Armageddon.

May 18 · We may have a chance in Lebanon of heading off r. The Saudi's sent an emissary to Syria. Our problem now ol. leaders Assad & Begin & finding a way that saves both faces & doesn't look like the U.S. managed this.

et with [Paul] Volcker of the Fed. Reserve. Int. prime rates to 20 today. This is "chicken little" stuff in the money mkt. d on pessimism that Cong. wont give us what we're asking flation will go up.

s. May 28 · Cabinet meeting. Demos. finally have come up with a ter proposal to our tax program. They want to include a reduction e inc. tax rate on unearned income from 70% to the 50% top rate arned inc. We wanted that in the 1st place but were sure they'd at- us as favoring the rich. Several of their other proposals are things vanted. I'll hail it as a great bipartisan solution. H—l! It's more I thought we could get. I'm delighted to get the 70 down to 50.

. June 1 · I approved naval maneuvers in Mediterranean waters Qaddafi of Libya has declared are his territorial waters. I'm not g foolhardy but he's a madman. He has been harassing our planes ver international waters & it's time to show the other nations there pt, Morocco, et al that there is different management here.

June 7 · Got word of Israeli bombing of Iraq—nuclear reactor. ear I believe Armageddon is near.
eturned to W.H. at 3 P.M. More word on bombing. P.M. Begin rmed us after the fact.

. June 9 · Ended day with an N.S.C. meeting re the bombing of . P.M. Begin insists the plant was preparing to produce nuclear pons for use on Israel. If he waited he French shipment of "hot" ura- m arrived he couldn't order the bing because of the radiation would be loosed over Baghdad. can understand his fear but feel ook wrong option. He should told us & the French, we could e done something to remove threat.
lowever we are not turning on el—that would be an invitation he Arabs to attack. It's time aise H—l world wide for a ement of the "middle-east" blem. What has happened e result of fear & suspicion oth sides. We need a real n for a solid peace.

. June 21 · Negotiations still going on to try and d off tomorrows illegal

E 2007

strike by the air controllers. I told Drew [Lewis, secretary of transportation] to tell their Union Chief I was the best friend his people ever had in the W.H. but I would not countenance an illegal strike nor would I permit negotiations while such a strike was in process.

Tues. June 30 · This afternoon met with Cap. [Weinberger, secretary of defense] on the B-1. He leans toward going for the "Stealth" which would leave a several year gap with only the aging B-52's. I tend to favor filling the gap with B-1's while we develop the "Stealth."

Mon. July 6 · Nancy's birthday. Called Judge O'Connor in Ariz. & told her she was my nominee for Supreme Ct. Already the flack is starting & from my own supporters. Rite to Life people say she's pro-abortion. She declares abortion is personally repugnant to her. I think she'll make a good Justice.

Tues. July 14 · We are still meeting & stewing about East-West trade and now we must take on the problem of what to do or if to do something to help the Polish people. Their economy is going bust. Here is the 1st major break in the Red dike—Poland's disenchantment with Soviet Communism. Can we afford to let Poland collapse? But in the state of our present economy can we afford to help in a meaningful way? We can't alone but if our NATO allies could really unite we could handle it.

FOR MORE PHOTOS OF PAGES FROM THE REAGAN DIARIES, GO TO VF.COM.

Sat. & Sun. Aug. 1 & 2 · Also learned the Air Controllers will probably strike Mon. morning. That's against the law. I'm going to announce that those who strike have lost their jobs & will not be re-hired.

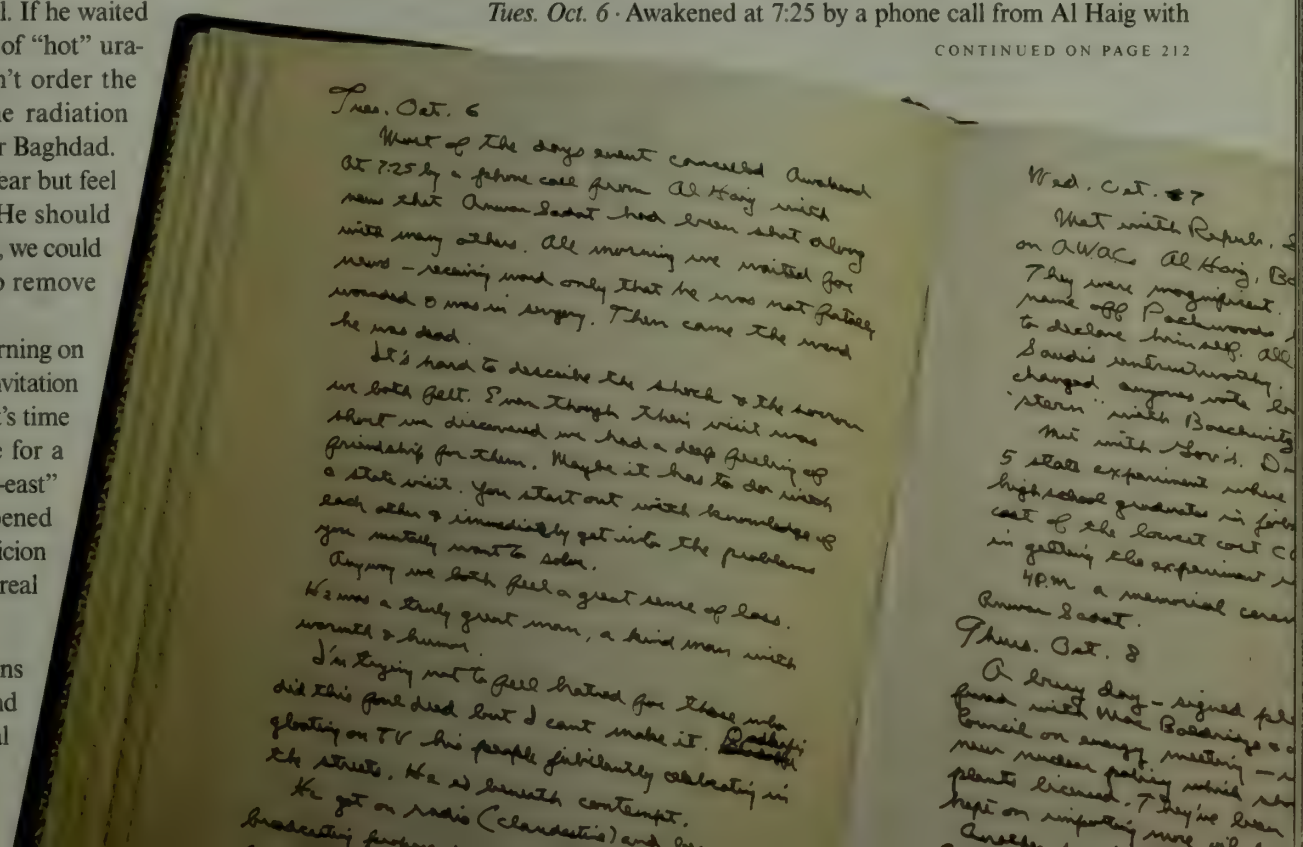
Tuesday, Aug. 4 · Today the House passed the tax bill 285 to 95. It's mine to sign now.

As of mid-day 35% of the Air Controllers were on the job and flying was 65% of normal.

Wed. Aug. 5 · Pres. Sadat arrived. We had good meetings. I told him of our naval maneuvers in the Mediterranean on Aug. 18 & that our ships & planes would cross the Qaddafi line into the Gulf of Sidra. He almost shouted—"magnificent!"

Tues. Oct. 6 · Awakened at 7:25 by a phone call from Al Haig with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 212


Tues. Oct. 6

Most of the days event cancelled. Awakened at 7:25 by a phone call from Al Haig with news that Anwar Sadat had been shot along with many others. All morning we waited for news – receiving word only that he was not fatally wounded & was in surgery. Then came the word he was dead.

It's hard to describe the shock & the sorrow we both felt. Even though their visit was short we discovered we had a deep feeling of friendship for them. Maybe it has to do with a state visit. You start out with knowledge of each other & immediately get into the problems you mutually want to solve.

Anyway we both felt a great sense of loss. He was a truly great man, a kind man with warmth & humor.

I'm trying not to feel hatred for those who did this foul deed but I can't make it. Qaddafi gloating on TV his people frivolously celebrating in the streets. He is beneath contempt.

He got on radio (clandestine) and

Wed. Oct. 7

What with Repubs. on AWAC. Al Haig, B They were magnificent. name off Packwood to declare himself. All Saudis untroubled. changed engines with Israel "stern" with Baccharitz Met with Sharit. D 5 state experiment where high school graduates in fi cost of the lowest cost C in getting the experiment 4 P.M. a memorial cere Anwar Sadat.

Thurs. Oct. 8

A busy day – signed pr funds with War Powers Council on energy, meeting – new nuclear parking which plants licensed. They've been kept on importing more oil



THE QUEEN

Elizabeth II, photographed this spring in the White Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace.



PORTRAIT IN MAJESTY

In honor of her May visit to Virginia to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the founding of Jamestown, Queen Elizabeth II decided to sit for a rare formal portrait. Her choice of photographer: ANNIE LEIBOVITZ, the first American photographer so honored. The result was two historic pictures that capture the steadfast commitment and personal majesty of this remarkable five-foot-four-inch woman

The Queen was said to be slightly astonished by the fact of her May trip to Virginia, to mark the 400th anniversary of Jamestown. After all, early in her reign she came to Jamestown to mark its 350th anniversary. This second visit, a full half-century later, underlines that for the Queen, who recently celebrated her own 81st birthday, a job for life really does mean life.

The Queen's strength is that she has been so constant. For 55 years her country has been shifting like a kaleidoscope, and yet she has remained absolutely steadfast. Her moral courage was well captured in *The Queen*, a surprising film hit of last year, for which Helen Mirren was recently awarded an Oscar and a Golden Globe. Accepting the latter, Mirren charmingly praised the Queen herself for the way she has played her "role of a lifetime."

She understands that less is more. That has led some to think that she is stern or unemotional. "Uncaring" was the word tossed about with gleeful abandon after Princess Diana's death. It's nonsense. She has strong emotions that, she believes, are usually better concealed. She is completely involved in the lives of her seven grandchildren, at least one of whom calls her "Super Gran," and she will interrupt almost any occasion to take their cell-phone calls. At the reception following her son Prince Charles's wedding to Camilla Parker Bowles, two years ago, she gave a warm and witty speech about his being with "the woman he loves."

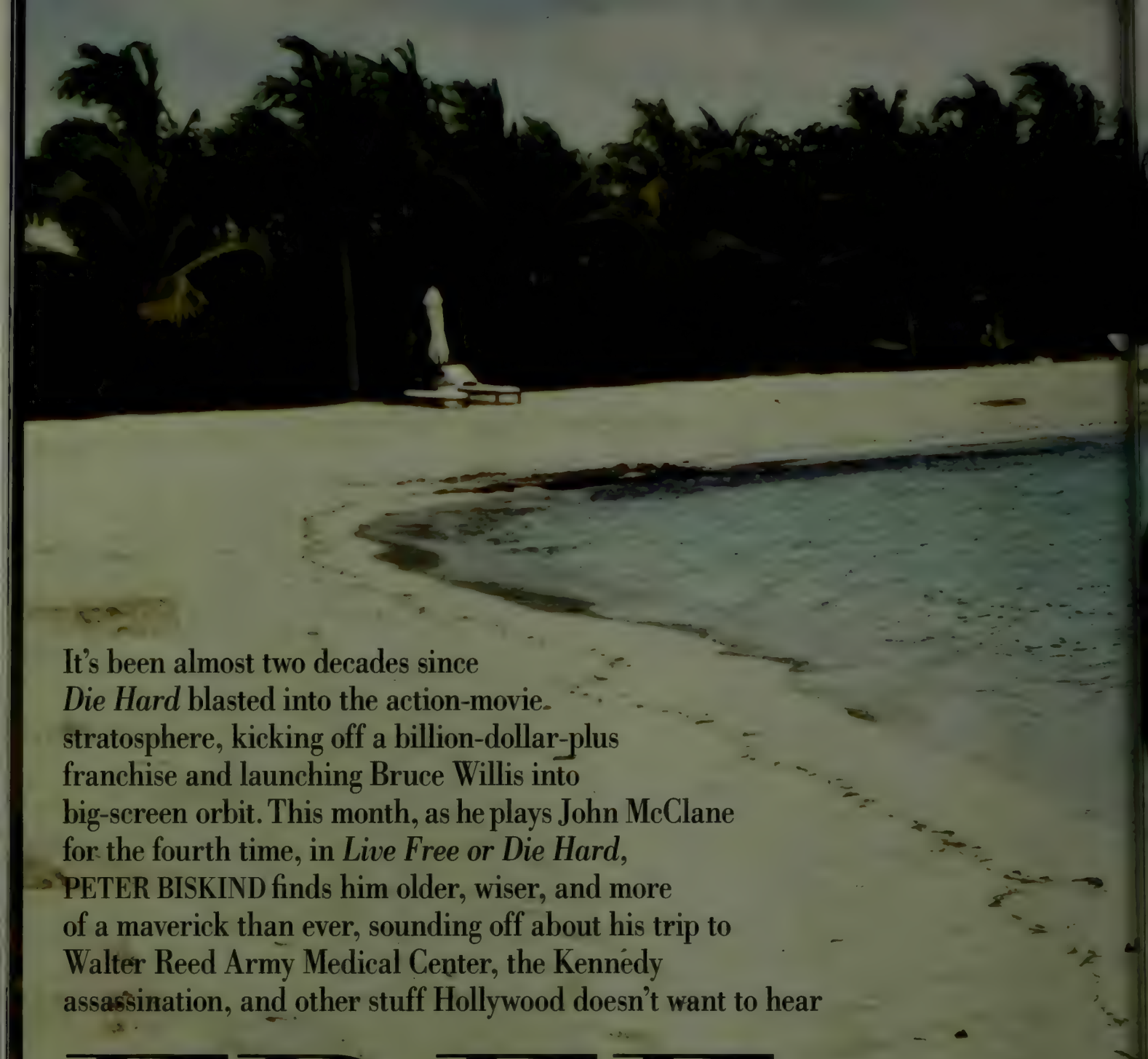
Throughout her reign she has been helped immeasurably by her husband, Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh. She fell in love with him as a teenager. Her parents were concerned, but she and Prince Philip are due to celebrate their 60th wedding anniversary in November. Those who see them together privately say that the relationship is still sparky and fun. Prince Philip, 85, has deliberately kept out of politics, but he has passions, many of them prescient—he was a dedicated environmentalist decades before that became fashionable, let alone dogma. Above all, he has been an extraordinary support to his wife. At a lunch in honor of their golden wedding anniversary, 10 years ago, she said of him, in a breaking voice, "He has, quite simply, been my strength and stay all these years, and I, and his whole family, and this and many other countries, owe him a debt greater than he would ever claim, or we shall ever know."

The Queen was very close to her mother; they talked every day on the telephone—about family, horses, and, of course, "events." But since her mother's death, in 2002, the Queen has been the unchallenged symbol of the nation, and she has blossomed. Millions turned out for festivities on the occasion of her Golden Jubilee, also in 2002, and she can now be confident that her quiet Christian loyalty (her faith is crucial to her) and her clear sense of duty have gained her the affection of a new generation. Tony Blair, who admires her greatly, once said that her importance to Britain (and beyond) is that she represents "those values of duty and service that are timeless." She is, he added, "simply, the best of British." That's right. —WILLIAM SHAWCROSS



THE LIFE MAJESTIC

Tony Blair once said of Queen Elizabeth that she represents "those values of duty and service that are timeless."



It's been almost two decades since *Die Hard* blasted into the action-movie stratosphere, kicking off a billion-dollar-plus franchise and launching Bruce Willis into big-screen orbit. This month, as he plays John McClane for the fourth time, in *Live Free or Die Hard*, PETER BISKIND finds him older, wiser, and more of a maverick than ever, sounding off about his trip to Walter Reed Army Medical Center, the Kennedy assassination, and other stuff Hollywood doesn't want to hear

FREE WILLIS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • STYLED BY JESSICA DIEHL



THE SARONG IS YOU

Willis on Parrot Cay, in Turks and Caicos. He was initially disappointed that his fourth *Die Hard* film will likely be cut to get a PG-13 rating rather than an R. "I really wanted this one to live up to the promise of the first one, which I always thought was the only really good one."

When *Die Hard* opened, on July 15, 1988, in the last year of the Ronald Reagan presidency, the *New York Times* critic Caryn James, who might have been expected to be above such ostensibly bottom-feeding amusements, gave it grudging respect. She called it "a special-effects carnival full of machine-gun fire, roaring helicopters and an exploding tank. It also has a villain fresh from the Royal Shakespeare Company, a thug from the Bolshoi Ballet and a hero who carries with him the smirks and wisecracks that helped make *Moonlighting* a television hit. The strange thing is, it works: *Die Hard* is exceedingly stupid, but escapist fun."

The smirking, wisecracking hero was a New York City cop named John McClane, played by Bruce Willis, who single-handedly foiled a band of Euro-terrorists who had taken over a glittering Los Angeles high-rise, and James was right: this three-ring circus of chaos and mayhem worked, catapulting Willis, already a TV star with an off-the-scale Q rating, to movie fame and fortune. Directed by John McTiernan, *Die Hard* has claimed its place alongside the first two *Terminators,* the first *Robocop, The Taking of Pelham One Two Three,* and a handful more in the pantheon of action-movie greats. A monster hit, it also became the template for two more *Die Hards*, *Die Hard 2: Die Harder* (1990) and *Die Hard: With a Vengeance* (1995), which were even bigger hits. (All told, the worldwide box-office grosses of the three pictures weighed in at nearly a billion dollars—don't even ask about DVD sales.) The formula worked so well, in fact, that it virtually came to define the action genre for the next decade, so much so that producers and screenwriters began regularly pitching their action wares as recombinants of the concept: *Die Hard* on a bus (*Speed*), *Die Hard* on a ship (*Under Siege*), *Die Hard* on a plane (*Air Force One*), etc. Inevitably, the circle closed. One day, a producer rang up Steven de Souza, who had co-written the first two *Die Hards*, offering him a project. According to de Souza, the producer said, "The script needs a re-write, so why don't you do it and direct it, too."

"What is it?" de Souza asked.

"It's *Die Hard,* but in a building!"

As de Souza recalls, "'Die Hard' had become a generic term like 'gray worsted suit.'"

Hollywood being Hollywood, there's never enough of a good thing, so this June 27, right in time for the big July Fourth pileup, we will be treated to a fourth *Die Hard, Live Free or Die Hard,* a riff on the wacky libertarian imperative emblazoned on New Hampshire license plates. Willis, now 52, reprises his role as McClane, 19 years after his debut. This time he pits wits, brawn, and an apparently limitless ability to absorb pain against a villain played by Tim Olyphant, best known for his role as Sheriff Seth Bullock on the lamented, prematurely canceled HBO series *Deadwood.* The director is Len Wiseman, whose two previous credits are the high-grossing vampire movies *Underworld* and *Underworld: Evolution,* both starring his wife, Kate Beckinsale. Willis, who raised eyebrows in the 80s by getting $5 million from Twentieth Century Fox for the first *Die Hard,* is reportedly being paid $20 million for this one, which will probably be rated PG-13, whereas the previous three were rated R. The budget, about $110 million, is practically a miracle of parsimony for this kind of picture.

The bad guys in the first three *Die Hards*, in keeping with Reagan's alpha-version "war on terror," are referred to as terrorists but turn out to be just plain crooks—what kind of terrorists don't even target civilians?—despite a stab at cloaking their mercenary intent in leftist (1 and 3) and rightist (2) rhetoric. (The second film is a particularly nutty confection grabbed from the headlines of the day, with its Ollie North–style paras somehow saving America by freeing a Latin drug lord—shades of Noriega.) Thus, the politics of these films have always been moving targets. If they telegraph a message, it's less about any war against terrorists than the war between classes, with Willis's sweaty, unshaven, cigarette-puffing working stiff up against two of Britain's finest actors (Alan Rickman in the first film and Jeremy Irons in the third), their Oxbridge-inflected German accents and immaculate Savile Row suits undisturbed by the carnage around them. With everyone in authority an officious popinjay, and the F.B.I. as arrogant and ineffectual as the L.A.P.D. brass, anything, these pictures deliver a hot blast of G.O.P. hard-hat populism.

But the peekaboo politics of these pictures were really just window dressing, a veneer of topicality. It's best just to appreciate them for what they are, action paintings in motion, odes to sound and fury. They are visual feasts, serving up muzzle flashes against inky darkness, exfoliating fireballs of every hue and shade, from white-hot white to fiery red, to oily black, as well as lush symphonies filled with the deafening staccato of high-velocity weapons discharging blizzards of bullets in counterpoint to the fortissimo of falling beams and shattered glass.

"I went to Walter Reed Army Medical Center

Willis's career almost didn't happen. After showing up for an audition with his head shaved, wearing combat fatigues, he was rejected 11 times by ABC executives for the part on *Moonlighting* that launched him, private detective David Addison, because they didn't think anyone would take him seriously as Benedict to Cybill Shepherd's Beatrice. Finally, during yet another casting meeting, the sole female executive in the room stood up and said, according to Glenn Gordon Caron, the show's creator, "I don't know if he's a leading man or not, I don't know if he's a TV star or not, but guys, I gotta tell you, he sure looks like a dangerous fuck to me!" That, in Caron's words, "completely sucked the air out of the room," and the rest, as they say, is history.

After his initial three runs as McClane, Willis made noises about doing a fourth film, but he was too busy earning a reputation as a Hollywood bad boy, while laundering same by raising a family in a small town in Idaho which he more or less bought (he fathered three girls with actress and now former wife Demi Moore), all the while burnishing his career by alternating between noisy action movies such as *Armageddon* (1998) and more modest, somewhat quieter pictures such as *In Country* (1989), *Nobody's Fool* (1994), and the mother of all indies,

tin Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction* (1994). were notorious missteps too—*Hudson* (1991), *The Last Boy Scout* (1991)—but e whole he made interesting choices nabled him to escape the guns-and-les black hole that swallowed Sylvester ne and Arnold Schwarzenegger. And, r than an Oscar, he has received the Housekeeping Seal of Approval from kings of cool Tarantino and Robert iguez, becoming a fixture of their rep e with the movies *Sin City* (2005) and cent *Grindhouse* (2007).

t McClane remains Willis's most c character, and he has been so care-tailored to the actor's idiosyncrasies Willis has been hard-pressed to distin- himself from his hard-charging screen r, even though he's quick to deny that lane is his alter ego. They both wear blue-collar street cred on their sleeves; share a no-bullshit, plain-speaking both have a low opinion of journalists; he actor's ad-libs go straight from his th into McClane's.

or this reason, I expected Willis to be poken about his political opinions, as as been in the past—in 2003, for in-ce, when he went to Iraq after the in-on and told the troops, "If you catch just give me four seconds with Sad-Hussein." On June 10 of that year, e midst of the Mission Accomplished

swers. "Why do actors think their opinions mean more because you act?" he continues. "You just caught a break as an actor. There are hundreds—thousands—of actors who are just as good as I am, and probably better. Have you heard anything useful come out of an actor's mouth lately?" He catches himself. "Although I liked George Clooney's documentary on Darfur."

Willis attended the 1992 Republican convention where he was a guest of Bush Sr. in the presidential box. He still describes himself as a "small government" conservative and appears to like the current President Bush, but, he says, he's become disillusioned by politics in general: "I follow football more than I follow politics. Since I got involved, and since I got kind of uninvolved, I find that I have a much more independent point of view than I do a strict Republican point of view." According to Glenn Gordon Caron, "Whatever access he had had [to the G.O.P.], whatever the nectar was that had seduced him to that other place, he'd realized that it wasn't what he had imagined." Indeed Willis seems enamored of no party. "They're all thieves," he continues. "You can elect 10 great presidents, but until they get the lobbyists out of Washington, nothing's going to change. They've got to stop the guys that show up with bags of money, and the huge companies—that will remain nameless. Some of this stuff you

Willis gets up and walks over to the man's table himself to second the motion. Despite having been a celebrity for two decades, he is still uncomfortable with it. Reseated, he describes fame this way: "It's really fucking weird to be famous. It gets you into restaurants easier than other people, but beyond that, personally, you could set fame on fire."

I ask him whether America's misadventures in Iraq have changed his benign regard for Bush *fils*. "How can you ever come out and say, 'Yeah, I'm pro-war'?" he wonders. "You'll look like an asshole. But I am for stopping world aggression. And sometimes that takes punching guys in the face. And keep punching 'em until they don't get up anymore. So the president didn't say the right thing. Who cares? Politicians misspeak and make mistakes all the fucking time. He said the war was about weapons of mass destruction. But because they didn't find all of them, it was bullshit? Not really. They know for a fact that Saddam Hussein had weapons of mass destruction, chemical-gas agents. They could be buried somewhere in the desert. He could have moved them, overnight, across the border, into Syria—and we can't go into Syria."

Willis's visible support of the troops has led him to embrace the issue of decent treatment for returning G.I.'s. and earned him some unexpected bedfellows: "Susan Saran-

ght after I came back from Iraq. I couldn't stop crying."

noria, he went on Letterman singing gs from a hopefully dummy but defi-y jokey album entitled *Red, White, and e*. The lyrics to one of the ditties went, bombed Saddam and we said, 'See ya ' / We blew the bastard up, yah!"

But today Willis seems chastened, and not particularly eager to talk politics. "I don't think my opinion means jack shit, because I'm an actor," he says over lunch at the Peninsula in New York. e McClane would be lucky to get work e hotel dick, running hookers out of the at Fives, where we're eating. He's wear-eans, a white long-sleeved silk T-shirt er a gray short-sleeved polo shirt, and a h cap pulled so far down over his ears he appears to have difficulty hearing questions. He looks as if he's in good e, although he's under the weather, low-energy, and speaking in such a soft e that I have trouble hearing his an-

can't say. You can't go up against big oil companies. They kill presidents of the United States for less than that. They still haven't caught the guy that killed Kennedy. I'll get killed for saying this, but I'm pretty sure those guys are still in power, in some form. The entire government of the United States was co-opted. One guy did it? I don't think so." Later Willis says, "I'm probably talking myself right out of a job. They're going to read this and say, 'Get out of this fucking place.'"

"They," presumably, are the powers that be in Hollywood. I wonder, given his track record, what kind of sound bites could cost him, say, the *Die Hard* franchise. After all, Tom Cruise nearly talked himself out of Hollywood. "I don't know, I don't know," he says. "That's one of the things that I wonder, too. You know, Can I say it?"

Willis spies a well-dressed Asian gentleman seated a few tables away, aiming his cell phone in Willis's general direction. He asks the waiter to tell the man to stop taking his picture. The waiter obliges, but

don called me, asked if I would help. A lot of people would probably think that we're at opposite poles politically, but not so much."

Sarandon had been in Washington last January with some Iraq-war vets, trying to get people in Congress to pay attention to their problems. (This was three weeks before the Walter Reed scandal broke.) "I realized that even though I got in to see a lot of people, I wasn't really able to see the Republicans," Sarandon says. "That's when I called Bruce. I didn't know him, but I did know that he saw himself as somebody who advocated for these guys to go, and that he would surely be advocating for help for them when they got back. He came immediately to the phone. I said, 'I know we haven't been on the same side, and you haven't been enamored of my questioning [the war], but do you understand the help they need now? Maybe you can get to people that I can't.'"

While Willis hasn't exactly become an activist, he's been using the platforms he has, including this one, to speak out on the issue. "It's an unpopular war, and they do feel as

THE FAMILY THAT PLAYS TOGETHER

Willis with his "extended family"—ex-wife Demi Moore and her new husband, Ashton Kutcher—off Parrot Cay. "I love Demi," Willis says, "and I know she loves me."





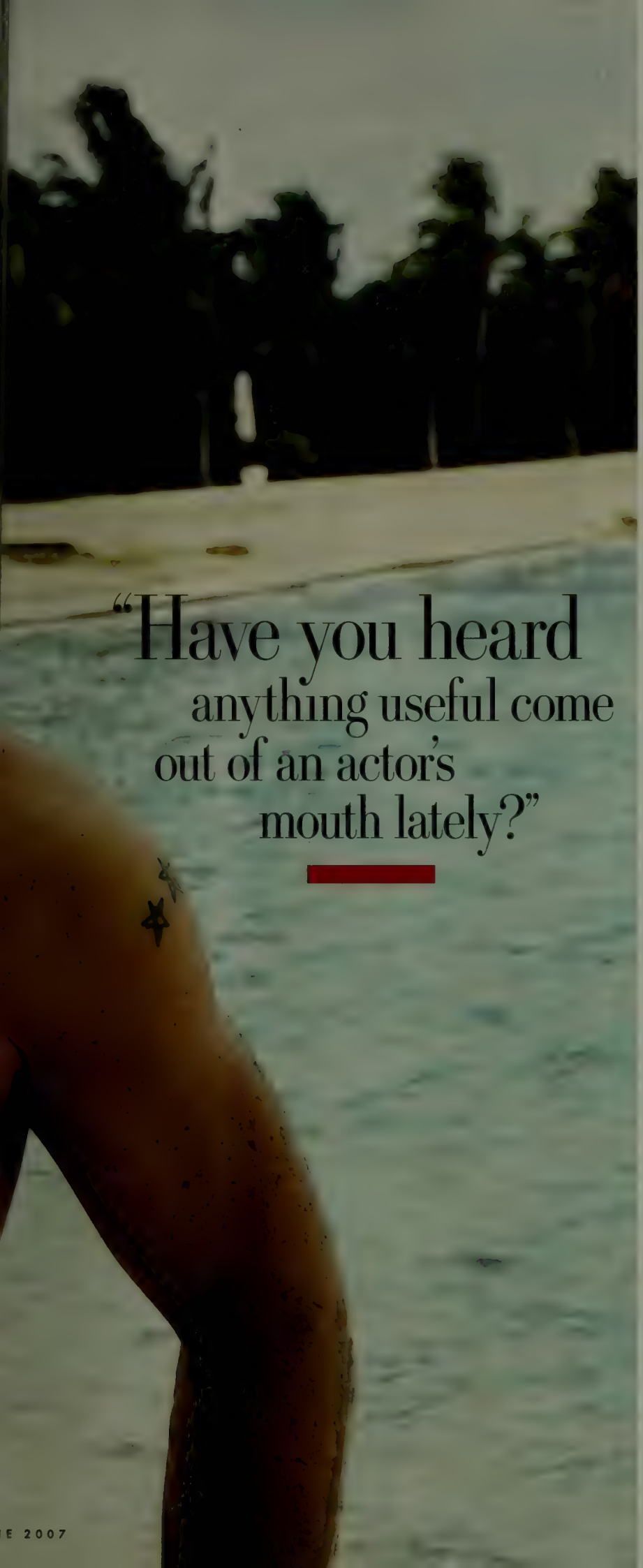




FATHER AND CHILD REUNION

"We still raise our kids together—we still have that bond," Willis says of his former wife. Here he poses with his 13-year-old daughter, Tallulah Belle.





"Have you heard anything useful come out of an actor's mouth lately?"

if their country has forgotten about them," he explains. "I went to Walter Reed Army Medical Center right after I came back from Iraq. I couldn't stop crying. It was just heartbreaking. They come home with arms and legs shot off, their lives wrecked, and not a whole lot of help from the government. And don't tell me it's because 'Oh, you signed on the dotted line. You rolled the dice.' If you get blown up for your country—these are human beings! It would be historically unprecedented if the United States really took care of the soldiers coming home from this war. After the First World War, the veterans marched on Washington, the Bonus Army, and were run off by President Herbert Hoover, and by cops on horseback: 'Get outta here.' Somebody's got to speak out for veterans. If the Democrats want to do something great, they should pass a law that would give G.I.'s free medical care, free everything, for the rest of their lives. I'm waiting to see who's going to shake out as a candidate [for president], and then I'm going to go to that candidate and I'm going to say, 'I want you to make this issue part of your platform.' Susan and I are both talking about the same issue. I feel the same way that she does on it. [It's hard] to shed the handle of being a Republican."

After 9/11, it looked as if there might never be another *Die Hard*. "There was a huge state of panic in the United States at that time," recalls Willis, several days after our first interview and now returned to good health. He's considerably peppier, and nattily attired in a striped blue shirt and a gray tweed vest, open, naturally. His head is bare, unabashedly devoid of hair, as it is in his new movie. We're again eating lunch, this time a few blocks uptown, at Jean Georges. Of 9/11's impact on Hollywood, he says, "A lot of things got derailed, a lot of scripts got thrown out or shelved. I knew they weren't going to make any movies about terrorism. But everywhere I traveled in the world, people would always ask me, 'When are you going to do another *Die Hard*?' I thought it was just something people said. I was a little out of touch with the fact that there was a want-to-see for this film."

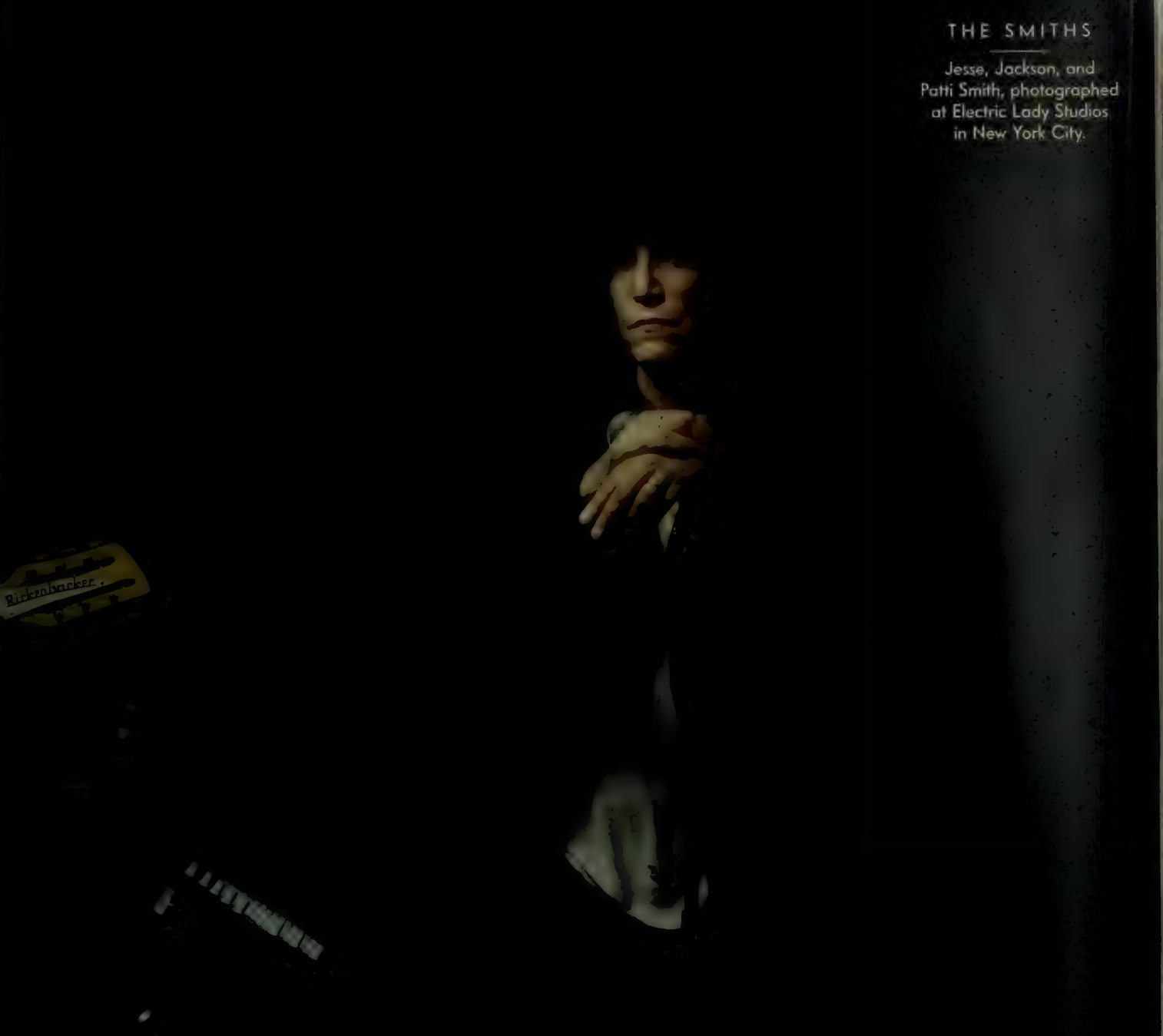
The Sum of All Fears, which came out within nine months of 9/11, featured terrorists setting off a nuclear device in an American city. That film and the Fox Network series *24* were canaries in the coal mine, as it were, testing the air to determine if the culture was safe for terrorism-themed entertainment. According to Hutch Parker, vice-chairman of Twentieth Century Fox, the new *Die Hard* CONTINUED ON PAGE 223



FAMILY ALBUM

I'm not interested in my kids having to filter through other people's ideas of me or my work," says Patti Smith. "I always wanted them to know me and to love and trust me as Mom." The poet and musician who sparked the New York punk-rock scene 32 years ago, and who this year was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, tours Europe this summer with her band, which, for the first time, includes her children, Jackson, 24, and Jesse, 19. While growing up in Michigan, the kids were more likely to see Patti and their fa father, guitarist Fred "Sonic" Smith (MC5, Sonic's Rendezvo Band), mopping up a flooded basement, plastering the wal and planting trees than making music. "My parents neve played their music," says Jackson, a Green Day fan who sta ed playing guitar at 13. "I knew nothing of their fame or the history; she's not 'Patti Smith' to me." After the tragic deat of both her husband and her brother in 1994, Patti returned

Jesse, Jackson, and Patti Smith, photographed at Electric Lady Studios in New York City.



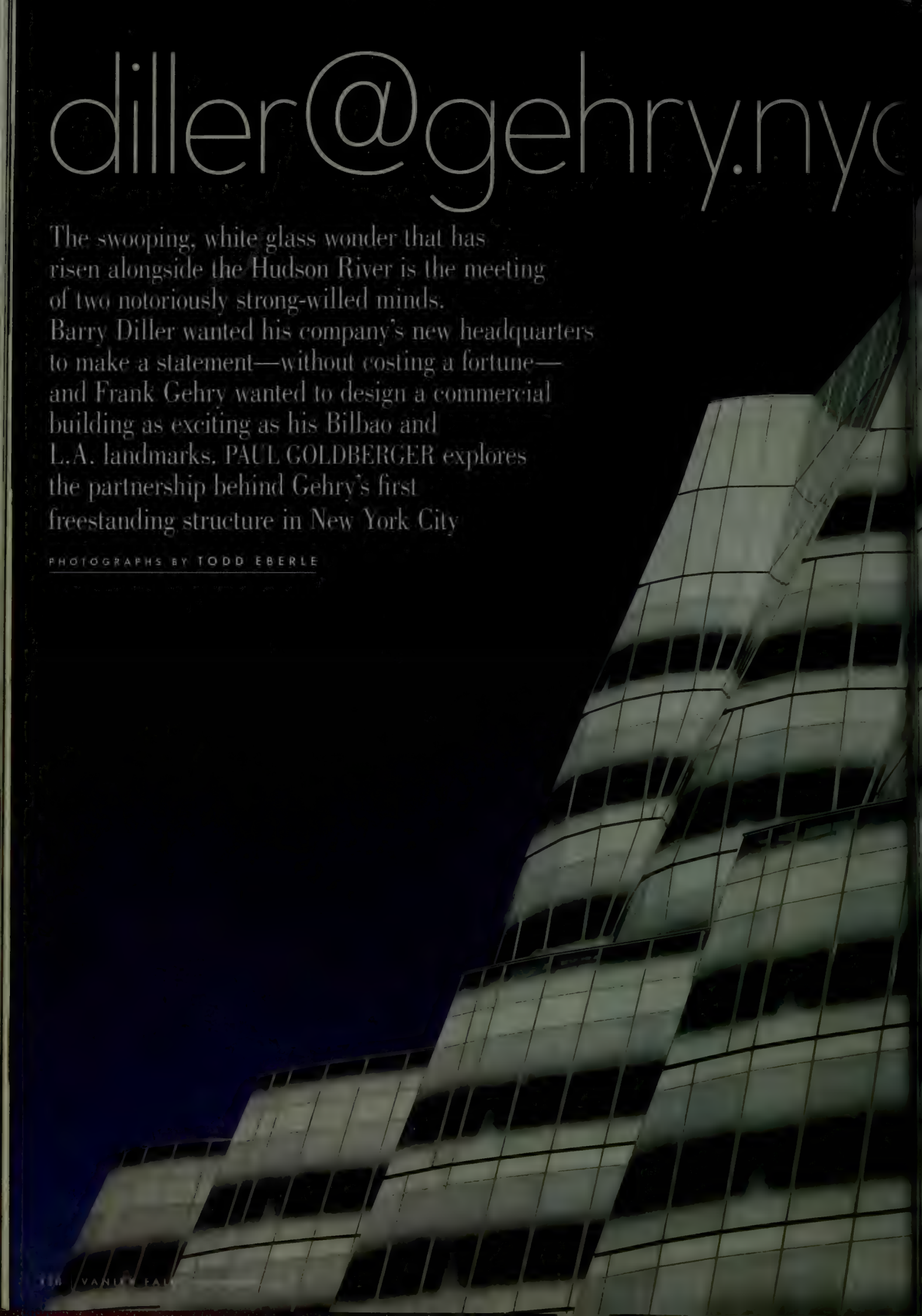
forming after a 16-year hiatus, and slowly her children got music. "Jesse is an amazing songwriter," Patti says, "and kson is a very gifted guitarist. He knows stuff that the band nny Kaye, Jay Dee Daugherty, Tony Shanahan) doesn't n know, and they can teach him a lot about how to conduct self in the world—they're all worthy uncles." Both Jesse and kson contributed to Patti's latest album, *Twelve*, and, ac- ding to Patti, Jesse plays keyboards in a "sophisticated and simple" style. Says Jesse, "When I do shows with just my mother and Lenny, they say it sounds like the early days, when [the late keyboardist] Richard Sohl played with them." Patti adds, "When the kids were growing up, I never imagined I'd be performing again. It's just the way fate went. I never thought I'd be playing with the kids, much less playing rock 'n' roll at 60 years old. But I feel that I can still contribute something. I'm just doing my work and still plugging away." —LISA ROBINSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

diller@gehry.nyc

The swooping, white glass wonder that has risen alongside the Hudson River is the meeting of two notoriously strong-willed minds. Barry Diller wanted his company's new headquarters to make a statement—without costing a fortune—and Frank Gehry wanted to design a commercial building as exciting as his Bilbao and L.A. landmarks. PAUL GOLDBERGER explores the partnership behind Gehry's first freestanding structure in New York City

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD EBERLE





CURVE APPEAL

While Gehry is known for his titanium exteriors, the new IAC building, in New York, is clad in curved, milky-white glass.

In his long career as an entertainment and media executive, Barry Diller has become known as someone who invariably gets his way, but he had to make a few compromises when he became an architectural client. Diller originally wanted to construct the new Manhattan headquarters for IAC, the holding company of Internet-related businesses he has assembled over the last decade, on a pier extending out over the Hudson River. Told there was no chance the New York City planning authorities would let that happen, Diller eventually gave up and went looking for what he considered the second-best option: a site on land, facing the water. He found one in Chelsea, at the corner of 18th Street and the West Side Highway, and hired Frank Gehry as his architect. Gehry gave Diller pretty much everything he wanted in the building, except a view of the Statue of Liberty from his private office. For a full vista of New York Harbor, Diller has to rise from his desk and step out onto his private roof terrace.

These are not exactly serious shortcomings, and Diller seems to have more than made his peace with them. Barry Diller may be hard to please, but he's clearly enraptured with Gehry's 10-story palazzo of milky-white curving glass—the architect's first freestanding structure in New York City. Diller talks about the building, which opened this spring, with the pride of someone who designed it himself, and in some ways he did. For as much as this swooping building bears the mark of its celebrated architect—and thus seems, against the backdrop of the still-funky Chelsea streetscape, to be daringly new—it also represents something quite traditional, almost old-fashioned: a corporate headquarters born out of the partnership of a strong-willed executive and a strong-willed architect.

This is not your standard corporate box, by any measure. Neither is it standard Frank Gehry, despite all its sexy curves. There isn't a bit of titanium to be seen, and the façade is made entirely of glass, a material not generally associated with Gehry. This being Gehry, however, it isn't conventional glass. Manufactured in France and Belgium and assembled in stages at curtain-wall facilities in Italy and Connecticut, all 1,437 sections of the façade are covered with a pattern of tiny white dots, called frits. The pattern gradually thickens toward the top and bottom of each panel, leaving the center clear. When you are inside the building, there is an open vista at eye level; above and below, the glass gets whiter and milkier. From the outside, it looks if someone had spray-painted the glass and not marked the e

During the day, the effect is otherworldly, calling to mind a h mist. Unlike many buildings, this one looks even better in a clo drizzle than in bright sunshine. At night the pattern is reversed—clear areas look bright, and the white sections look dark—and building doesn't look as good, at least not yet. The offices proje garish light that undermines the gentleness of Gehry's architect He says he is working on a way to fine-tune the lighting so that building will look as soft and alluring at night as it does by d

Gehry has said that the building's white color and rhythmic and zags are intended to evoke sails, in homage to Diller's fond for the water. It's fine to think of it that way, but Gehry's build usually aren't based on analogies, and this one can be underst without resorting to comparisons. The form is engaging on its o With its nearly symmetrical five-story base and narrower, more idly curving tower, the building possesses the same combinatio jazzy energy and visual serenity that marks most of Gehry's ations. The major difference is that this one is packaged in g and filled with fairly straightforward office floors. There are o a small number of private offices, and natural light fills most of spaces. On the ground floor, there is a huge, open lobby and, fac the West Side Highway, a 118-foot-long video screen that be programmed to present everything from video art to hi concept pitches for IAC companies such as Ask.com, Frontg Match.com, and Ticketmaster. To drivers on the highway, screen appears as a vast electronic billboard inside Gehry's faça

Neither Diller nor Ge is known as a pushover, both say they had an easy not entirely conflict-free, lationship. They had go reason to get along. Geh who has been sensitive to s gestions that he can desi only spectacular, extra gant structures, wanted prove to the world that could build a commerc property in New York th would have all the emotio power of his other work wi out costing an arm and a l Diller, as the chairman a C.E.O. of a public company, had an even greater incentive not to a pear profligate. At the same time, though, neither man's ego cou accommodate an ordinary building. Both wanted to create somethi that would embody the dynamism of the new, Internet economy powerfully as the Woolworth Building represented the democra idealism of the five-and-dime store in the early 20th century, and t Seagram Building captured the sophistication of liquor 50 years ag

The notion of the corporate headquarters as icon has fallen o of favor in recent years. These days, even highly prosperous co panies tend to prefer renting space in an anonymous high-rise office park to extending their brand with a clearly identifiable wo of architecture. Who can picture Microsoft's headquarters, Google's? Some executives worry that a special building will ma shareholders think the company is spending too much money. Ot ers simply don't know enough about design to care.

Barry Diller has always been different. He is as sophisticated abo

> "WE WERE TRYING TO DO SOMETHING NEW WITH THIS COMPANY," SAYS DILLER, "AND I WANTED A DIFFERENT KIND OF PLACE—STIMULATING, BEAUTIFUL, FULL OF LIGHT."



NTERPRISE

utive conference
h a table designed
s Architecture.
bright and airy
r atrium.

SAILS FIGURE

A view from the West Side Highway. Diller feared that Gehry would be difficult to work with but found him to be "a great collaborator."



gn as he is about business, and he knows that for a relatively new pany—Diller acquired the first of its components, Home Shop- Network, in 1996, and only named the parent company Inter- veCorp in 2003—architecture can be a fast track to public vis- ty. Putting up Frank Gehry's first New York building was a ranteed headline grabber, but for Diller the point wasn't just to oticed but to make a statement about the nature of the company as putting together. "We were in Carnegie Hall Tower, we had people, and we were growing," he said to me one morning last ter, as we walked through the still-unfinished building. "I didn't t to be in Midtown, paying through the nose. We were trying to omething new with this company, and I wanted a different kind lace—stimulating, beautiful, full of light."

rank Gehry wasn't the first person Diller called. He knew and admired Gehry's work, but he doubted that Gehry could give him the kind of building he needed. So he called Marshall Rose, a New York developer he had known since the 1980s, when Diller was running Paramount Pictures and Rose was a real-estate adviser to the studio's then parent pany, Gulf & Western. Diller asked Rose what he thought of the a of building on a pier. Rose was skeptical that the city would prove such a project, and he sent Diller to see his son-in-law, Jo- h Rose (they are related only by marriage), who was chairman of New York City Planning mmission. Joe Rose asked ler how old he was. "What you mean?" said Diller. "I'm asking that to try and ure out if there is any chance doing this in your lifetime," Rose said. "There isn't." But Joe Rose also told Dil- that he loved the idea of an hitecturally ambitious cor- ate headquarters, as long as as on dry land. Not long af- he joined his father-in-law's n, the Georgetown Group, d the two Roses began help- Diller find his way through thickets of New York's real- ate landscape. They nego- ed a partnership that made m co-owners of the building, and the Georgetown Group took on challenge of producing a building that, after taxes, would have ghly the same occupancy cost as a high-end Midtown rental space— hat time about $55 per square foot. The Roses found several possi- sites, and then they put together a list of potential big-name archi- ts for Diller to review. Gehry was on the list, and Diller expressed h his admiration for him and his worry that the architect would hard to control. "I thought there was no chance. I don't want to ld a Bilbao or a Disney Hall," Diller says. "So I looked at other hitects. But one day I said to Marshall Rose, 'Well, all those other ople are interesting, but I really like Frank best. I just don't think an work with him. I like screaming and yelling, but . . . '" Marshall Rose understood Diller's concern: Gehry is easygo- on the surface, but he can be stubborn, and some of his build- s, such as the Walt Disney Concert Hall, in Los Angeles, took rs to build and cost vastly more than projected. But Rose had rked with Gehry on the renovation of Lincoln Center—a commission the architect ultimately resigned—and he was convinced that Gehry was less inflexible than Diller feared. He persuaded Diller to spend some time with Gehry at his office in Los Angeles. "That was my first seduction," Diller says. "I explained the company to him as we drove together to see Disney Hall. The more we talked, the more I gained confidence that this might be workable. And I discovered that he is truly a great collaborator."

For all his reputation as an architect with a potent, singular vision, Gehry actually makes a point of offering his clients a range of options. During the design phase, which lasted about a year, Gehry's office produced no fewer than 51 different models. Gehry tried out all kinds of things on Diller, including a façade of reflective glass. "Barry didn't like it, because it had connotations of cheap buildings, but I think we could have figured out a way to make it all right," Gehry says. The decision to make the building white came almost by accident. "We hadn't even decided what color it should be. The earliest models just happened to be white, and Barry decided he liked it and that was that," says Gehry.

Gehry pushed himself hard, but sometimes Diller pushed him harder. In early versions, the glass façade was made up of faceted panels divided by metal mullions, since the architects didn't think it would be economically feasible to use large pieces of curving glass. "We went to Frank's office for a presentation, and Barry looked at it and said he hated it because he didn't want lines across the windows," Joe Rose recalls. "There was total silence in the room. Finally, Frank said, 'Well, I think I can work on this.' And that is how we came up with a way of curving the glass itself so we could do without the mullions. Barry always held out for the best possible solution."

THE DECISION

TO MAKE THE BUILDING WHITE CAME ALMOST BY ACCIDENT. "THE EARLIEST MODELS JUST HAPPENED TO BE WHITE, AND BARRY DECIDED HE LIKED IT AND THAT WAS THAT," GEHRY SAYS.

"This was an elective building for both me and Barry—it wasn't something we had to do," Marshall Rose says. "It was only worth doing if we could do a very special building. To me the test is whether you would want to do another project with the people you were working with—and I would do another building with Frank or with Barry in a heartbeat."

Since the project began, every aspect of Manhattan real estate—land, construction, rent—has undergone such drastic price increases that Diller's building, which cost about $100 million, begins to look less like an example of modest success and more like an outright bargain. Nevertheless, Diller admits that he was under some pressure to justify a building that, mostly because of its exotic façade, still cost more than a bare-bones structure would have.

FOR MANY MORE PHOTOS OF FRANK GEHRY'S IAC BUILDING, GO TO **VF.COM**.

"One of my colleagues"—Diller won't say who—"said to me, 'Barry, why don't you just build a box?' I said, 'We could, but I don't buy that argument.'" Given that space in Manhattan costs a fortune even when it isn't the work of a world-class architect, Diller reasoned, he couldn't afford *not* to build his dream house. □



PROFILE WITH PEDIGREE

In *Evening*, Focus Features' elegiac adaptation of Susan Minot's best-selling, time-telescoping novel, Hugh Dancy (portraying a doomed 50s New England blueblood) confides to co-star Claire Danes, "I fully intend to amount to something despite my advantages." At 23, the radiant and self-possessed Mamie Gummer (cast as Dancy's lovelorn sister, Lila) is already making good on that declaration. Firstborn daughter of Meryl Streep and sculptor Don Gummer, Mamie penetrated all the way to round two of *Evening*'s auditions—"She gave a knockout reading," says producer Jeffrey Sharp—before anyone remembered to inform director Lajos Koltai of her pedigree. And months passed before Streep (whose "beak," Mamie says, she has inherited) was recruited to take on the part of Lila as a septuagenarian. "My mother and I talked for a while about her playing an older me," Mamie recalls. "And then she decided, 'Fuck it—why not?' "

Brought up out of the limelight in pastoral Salisbury, Connecticut, and educated at Northwestern University, the ethereal ingénue insists she is much more of a novice than "people assume. I didn't spend my childhood on a movie set. I was away at school! Film is new for me. I'm figuring it out, getting my bearings. I'm still more comfortable onstage"—an inclination validated by her recent nomination for a Lucille Lortel Featured Actress Award, for her electrifying Off Broadway performance last summer in *The Water's Edge*. "It's been hard to have the focus on me," admits Mamie, whose next project will be HBO's colonial-period epic, *John Adams*. (She will personify the hero's long-suffering daughter-in-law.) "But it's getting a little easier. I'm loosening up. And I hope to keep working—maybe until the year 2100!"

—AMY FINE COLLINS

ONCE IN LOVE WITH MAMIE

Actress Mamie Gummer, photographed in New York City.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIGITTE LACOMBE

THE SACK OF WASHINGTON

Comparisons of America and Rome are everywhere these days, whether deploring an over-extended military, social decadence, or illegal immigration. A more disturbing—and largely ignored—similarity lies in the wholesale privatization of the U.S. government, which has blurred the line between public good and personal gain. In an excerpt from his new book, CULLEN MURPHY charts a dynamic that is more dangerous than corruption, unprecedented in scale, and visible everywhere from Hurricane Katrina to the Iraq war, to the justice system

President and emperor, America and Rome: the matchup is by now so familiar, so natural, that you just can't help yourself—it comes to mind unbidden, in the reflexive way that the behavior of chimps reminds you of the behavior of people. Everyone gets it whenever a comparison of Rome and America is drawn—for instance, the offhand allusion to welfare and televised sports as "bread and circuses," or to illegal immigrants as "barbarian hordes." If reference is made to an "imperial presidency," or to the deployment abroad of "American legions," no one raises an eyebrow and wonders what you could possibly be talking about. Invoke the phrase "decline and fall" and thoughts turn simultaneously to the Roman past and the American present.

Excerpted from *Are We Rome? The Fall of an Empire and the Fate of America,* by Cullen Murphy, to be published this month by Houghton Mifflin;
© 2007 by the author.

To be sure, a lot of Rome-and-America comparisons are gl
and if you're looking for reasons to brush parallels aside, it's e
enough to find them. The two entities, Rome and America,
dissimilar in countless ways. But some parallels really do hold
though maybe not the ones that have been most in the public e
Think less about decadence, less about military might—and thi
more about the parochial way these two societies view the outs
world, and more about the slow decay of homegrown institutio
Think less about threats from unwelcome barbarians, and mo
about the powerful dynamics of a multi-ethnic society. Think le
about the ability of a superpower to influence everything on ear
and more about how everything on earth affects a superpower.

One core similarity is almost always overlooked—it has
do with "privatization," which sometimes means "corruptio
though it's actually a far broader phenomenon. Rome had troub
maintaining a distinction between public and private responsibi
ties—and between public and private resources. The line betwe
these is never fixed, anywhere. But when it becomes too hazy,
fades altogether, central government becomes impossible to ste
It took a long time to happen, but the fraying connection betwe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD SOREL


BUSHIE BACCHANALIA
At the altar of Reagan, W. worships, Dick does a dance, and all of their friends share the wealth.
IN PRIVATIZATION WE TRUST

imperial will and concrete action is a big part of What Went Wrong in ancient Rome. America has in recent years embarked on a privatization binge like no other in its history, putting into private hands all manner of activities that once were thought to be public tasks—overseeing the nation's highways, patrolling its neighborhoods, inspecting its food, protecting its borders. This may make sense in the short term—and sometimes, like Rome, we may have no choice in the matter. But how will the consequences play out over decades, or centuries? In all likelihood, very badly.

A little more than 50 years ago, the Oxford historian Geoffrey de Ste. Croix, a radical thinker and formidable classicist, decided to take a close look at the change in connotation over five centuries of the Latin word *suffragium,* which originally meant "voting tablet" or "ballot." That change, he concluded, illustrated something fundamental about Roman society and its "inner political evolution."

The original meaning went back to the days of the Roman Republic, which had possessed modest elements of democracy. The citizens of Rome, by means of the *suffragium,* could exercise their influence in electing people to certain offices. In practice, the great men of Rome controlled large blocs of votes, corresponding to their patronage networks. Over time Rome's republican forms of government calcified into empty ritual or withered away entirely. *Suffragium* meaning "ballot" no longer served any real political function. But the web of patrons and clients was still the Roman system's substructure, and in this context *suffragium* came to mean the pressure that could be exerted on one's behalf by a powerful man, whether to obtain a job or to influence a court case or to secure a contract. To ask a patron for this form of intervention and to exert *suffragium* on behalf of a client would have been a routine social interaction.

Now stir large amounts of money into this system. It is not a great conceptual distance, Ste. Croix observes, to move from the idea of exercising *suffragium* because of an age-old sense of reciprocal duty to that of exercising it because doing so could be lucrative. And this, indeed, is where the future lies, the idea of *quid pro quo* eventually becoming so accepted and ingrained that emperors stop trying to halt the practice and instead seek to contain it by codifying it. Thus, in the fourth century, decrees are promulgated to ensure that the person seeking the *quid* actually delivers the *quo.* Before long, *suffragium* has changed its meaning once again. Now it refers not to the influence brought to bear but to the money being paid for it: "a gift, payment or bribe." By empire's end, all public transactions require the payment of money, and the pursuit of money and personal advancement has become the purpose of all public jobs.

Looking back at the change, from ballot box to cash box, Ste. Croix composes this epitaph: "Here, in miniature, is the political history of Rome."

The arc traced by *suffragium* covers not just the political history of Rome but its social and military history. It goes to the heart of a question that is only just starting to be asked in America: Where is the boundary between public good and private advantage, between "ours" and "mine"? From this question others follow: What happens when public and private interests are not aligned? Which outsiders, if any, should be allowed to put their hands on the machinery of government? How can governments exert collective power if the levers and winches and cogs lie increasingly outside public control?

The phenomenon with which all these questions intersect [illegible] called the "privatization of power," or sometimes just "privati[illegible] tion," by the historian Ramsay MacMullen in his classic study *[illegible] ruption and the Decline of Rome* (1988). MacMullen's subject is "[illegible] diverting of governmental force, its *mis*direction." In other wo[illegible] how does it come about that the word and writ of a powerful [illegible] tral government lose all vector and force? Serious challenge[illegible] any society can come from outside factors—environmental ca[illegible] trophe, foreign invasion. Privatization is fundamentally an inter[illegible] factor. Such deflection of purpose occurs in any number of w[illegible] It occurs whenever official positions are bought and sold. It occ[illegible] when people must pay before officials will act, and it occurs if p[illegible] ment also determines *how* they will act. And it can occur anyt[illegible] public tasks (the collecting of taxes, the quartering of troops, [illegible] management of projects) are lodged in private hands, no ma[illegible] how honest the intention or efficient the arrangement, because p[illegible] vate and public interests tend to diverge over time.

Let's start with how the Roman system worked d[illegible] ing the many centuries when it actually did. [illegible] modern standards there were not a great m[illegible] officials or bureaucrats in Rome until late in t[illegible] empire; the administration and well-being of t[illegible] capital and all the other cities and towns depe[illegible] ed on the talents and the largesse of the upp[illegible] classes. A memorable passage in Jérôme Carcopino's *Daily Life [illegible] Ancient Rome* describes what happened every morning soon af[illegible] Romans woke up, when all around the city clients visited th[illegible] patrons, and each was alert to the other's needs. On those ra[illegible] mornings when I've found myself sipping $15 orange juice at t[illegible] Four Seasons, I've enjoyed imagining the breakfast convergen[illegible] at tables all around me as an elite remnant of the old Roman [illegible] namic. But to get Rome right you'd have to extend the scene [illegible] every suburban Hyatt, every neighborhood diner; you'd have [illegible] see these relationships governing every business transaction, eve[illegible] trip to the doctor's office, every college application.

The patron-client relationship was so pervasive that it helps [illegible] luminate not only Rome's social architecture but also, frequent[illegible] its way of conducting foreign affairs. The term "client state" ca[illegible] into being for a reason. As Julius Caesar fought his way throu[illegible] Gaul, he brought tribal chieftains over to his side and describ[illegible] their professions of loyalty to him—and thus to Rome—as those [illegible] clients to a patron. The relationships of the Bush family with va[illegible] ous world leaders have often been essentially personal. The lo[illegible] time Saudi ambassador to Washington, Prince Bandar bin Sult[illegible] bin Abdulaziz, spent so much time at Bush family gatherings th[illegible] he came to be known as Bandar Bush.

Patronage spilled over into communal adornment; it was in fa[illegible] inseparable from it. The Roman magnates competed with one a[illegible] other to endow the capital with improvements. Rome's wealthie[illegible] class, the senatorial aristocracy, constituted by one estimate tw[illegible] thousandths of 1 percent of the population; then came the equ[illegible] trian class, with perhaps a tenth of a percent. Collectively the[illegible] people owned almost everything. Americans are well aware [illegible] the nation's worsening income inequality, with those in the top [illegible] percent earning nearly 50 times more a year than those in the bo[illegible] tom 20 percent. The average C.E.O. earns more than 400 times [illegible] much as a typical worker. In Rome, the gap between the elite an[illegible] everyone else was on the order of 5,000 or 10,000 to 1. ("Nothi[illegible] is more unfair than equality," observed a very comfortable Pli[illegible] the Younger, who would have felt at home in many Washingt[illegible]

s.) The expectation in Rome was that nt citizens, as individuals rather than xpayers, should provide for commu- needs. Did the city require another duct? New roads? A stadium? Some ate would surely provide it—in return, citly, for a measure of public power, of course, for ample public recognition. iptions on countless marble fragments to such generosity—an early version of ught to you by . . . "

n Rome's edifice of private giving—her with the seemliness of an Andrew negie or the vulgarity of a Donald np—an empire was built. The Roman m was a remarkable contrivance. But it ained the seeds of its own destruction. one thing, it fostered an expectation that ers" would always provide. If ic amenities came into being ugh private munificence—and ese in turn served to enhance ate glory—then why should public pay for their upkeep? way of doing business "did work for the common benefit e overall urban fabric," writes historian, much less nurture nse of common purpose and ed responsibility. I've seen same mind-set at work with- ny state, Massachusetts, in dscrabble mill towns whose anthropic founding families e departed, where local tax- rs resist the idea that support braries and hospitals must now rest with the community as ole. Moreover, even at its most uncorrupted, the patronage em was greased by small considerations: "It was a genial, oily, ent-giving world," Ramsay MacMullen writes.



One of Jack Abramoff's e-mails—"You da man!! How much $$ coming tomorrow?"—captures the spirit of public service in the late Roman Empire.

Now gradually remove from all this any sense of public spirit or public obligation and replace it at every level of government—in the barracks, the courts, the city councils, the provincial prefectures—with an attitude of "What's in it for me?" To see this transition in starkly American terms, first consider the idealistic sensibility of ter of introduction written from France by Benjamin Franklin George Washington in 1777, on a matter of public business: "The tleman who will have the Honour of waiting upon you with Letter is the Baron de Steuben. . . . He goes to America with a Zeal for our Cause, and a View of engaging in it and rendring the Service in his Power. He is recommended to us by two of best Judges of military Merit in this Country."

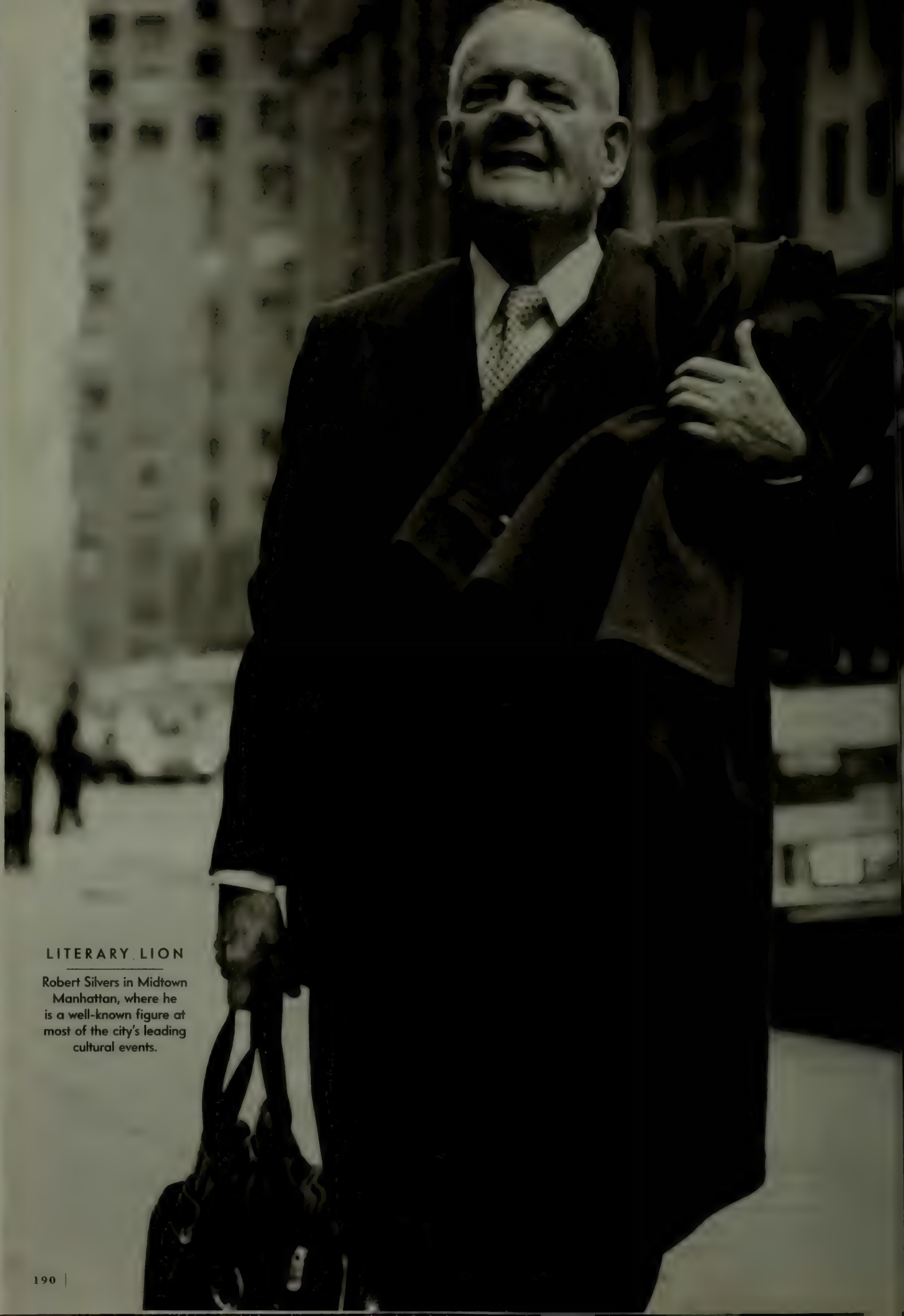
For comparison, consider the more contemporary sentiments in posals and e-mails from Jack Abramoff's lobbying team, also on atter of public business: in this instance, mounting a political op- ion to reopen the Speaking Rock Casino, in Texas, in return for ions of dollars in fees and political contributions. In 2002, the amoff team explained to its clients the Tigua Indian tribe: "This political operation will result in a Majority of both federal chambers either becoming close friends of the tribe or fearing the tribe in a very short period of time. Simply put, you need 218 friends in the U.S. House and 51 Senators on your side very quickly, and we will do that through both love and fear." Abramoff, who would eventually plead guilty to corruption charges, explained to his clients that favors might need to be topped off: "Our friend . . . asked if you could help (as in cover) a Scotland golf trip for him and some staff (his committee chief of staff) for August. The trip will be quite expensive . . . (we did this for another member—you know who) 2 years ago. Let me know if you guys could do $50 K."

This is the story MacMullen traces, as throughout the empire a lubricious glaze of venality came to coat every governmental surface. I don't know how it would be phrased in Latin, but one of Jack Abramoff's e-mails ("Da man! You iz da man! Do you hear me?! You da man!! How much $$ coming tomorrow? Did we get some more $$ in?") captures some of the spirit of public service in the late empire. What accounts for the change? No one factor but a combination of many, including the sheer growth in the government's administrative reach and the resultant transformation of "public service" from the rotating duty of the upper class into a lifelong career for a larger group. A bronze plaque was affixed to a public building in Timgad, in Numidia (now Algeria), a city built as a bastion against the Berbers, which literally provided a recommended price list for payments to ensure the prosecution and success of various kinds of litigation. We don't have anything exactly like that now, I suppose, but have you ever received a fund-raising solicitation from one of the political parties, with degrees of access and other perquisites tied to specific contribution levels? Here's the Republican contribution hierarchy for the 2004 elections, which I can't help visualizing as a Numidian bronze plaque:

$300,000 Super Ranger
$250,000 Republican Regent
$200,000 Ranger
$100,000 Pioneer

Time and again imperial decrees throughout the later empire attempt to put a stop to skimming, extortion, and the illicit use of office—or, failing that, to codify what may be permissible. But the emperors are standing athwart the tide, and the imperial pronouncements have a doomed, forlorn, ritual feel to them. Modern newspaper headlines along the lines of CONGRESS VOTES NEW CURBS ON LOBBYISTS convey something of the same formulaic quality.

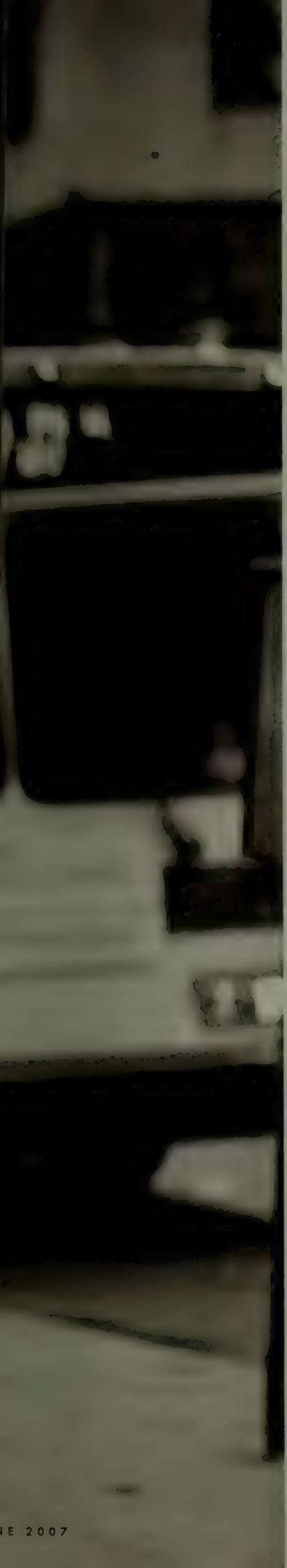
How does the buying and selling of influence hollow out government? Some make the argument that, CONTINUED ON PAGE 219



LITERARY LION

Robert Silvers in Midtown Manhattan, where he is a well-known figure at most of the city's leading cultural events.

THE SILVERS AGE



"The most brilliant editor of a magazine ever to have worked in this country": Jason Epstein's assessment is shared by virtually all of us who have been published by Robert Silvers in *The New York Review of Books*. Once Bob has faith in a writer, he will let him have all the time and space in the world. A measure of his success is the number of Nobel Prize winners—among them Saul Bellow, Joseph Brodsky, V. S. Naipaul, J. M. Coetzee, Derek Walcott, Peter Medawar, and Steven Weinberg—whose work has appeared in the magazine, and the roster of important thinkers who have graced its pages, including Hannah Arendt, Gore Vidal, Vladimir Nabokov, Edmund Wilson, Noam Chomsky, Mary McCarthy, Susan Sontag, Joan Didion, and Isaiah Berlin.

The New York Review of Books came into existence by accident. In 1959, Silvers, then an editor at *Harper's*, had commissioned a group of writers including Alfred Kazin and Kingsley Amis to investigate the state of writing in America. The supplement included Elizabeth Hardwick's hard-hitting essay "The Decline of Book Reviewing." In 1962, when New York's newspapers went on strike and left publishers with virtually nowhere to have their books advertised, let alone reviewed, Jason Epstein, along with his wife, Barbara, and their neighbors Robert Lowell and his wife, Elizabeth Hardwick, were inspired to come up with a magazine to fill the gap. They immediately invited their friend Bob Silvers to edit it. The new publication had no backing, but Brooke Astor, a principal benefactor of the New York Public Library, and others provided funds to help launch the magazine, allowing Bob and his co-editor, Barbara Epstein, to publish exactly what they chose. Epstein's death last year left their contributors devastated.

Despite the long, late hours Bob spends at his desk, he is no anchorite. On the contrary, he holds a key place at the epicenter of New York's intellectual life. He also plays an important, albeit covert, role in the political scene—witness the magazine's courageous coverage of the war in Iraq. The acuity of his perceptions is matched by the keen intelligence of his longtime companion, Grace Dudley, who has been a secret sharer in her beloved editor's infinite curiosity about the miseries and splendors of today's world.

—JOHN RICHARDSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE WEBER

PLANET



Christy Turlington

The model yogini.

It took a confluence of genetic miracles to produce Christy Turlington's singular, astonishing beauty. But her spiritual awakening—and the strength it has given her to withstand pain, pressure, and loss as she has navigated a high-powered modeling career and built a successful business (Nuala, a line of yoga-inspired activewear she produces in partnership with Puma)—she owes to yoga. Discovered while horseback riding at the tender age of 14, Turlington took her first Kundalini class four years later and was hooked. Deepening her quest led her into the lecture halls of New York University, where she majored in religion and philosophy. In 1997 her beloved father died of lung cancer, and Turlington became an avid spokeswoman against smoking, while celebrating—as she wrote in her book, *Living Yoga*—"the miracle of breath." Now married to actor-director Ed Burns, she is the mother of two young children, Grace and Finn, and surely needs a deep breath or two to make it through her busy days. Her commitment to an active life on the mat continues to inspire those of us still wildly in thrall to her grace and her stamina and, yes, inner beauty be damned, her perfect yoga butt.

Photographed in Amagansett, New York.



YOGA

With more than 16 million Americans practicing their Sun Salutations (or collapsing thankfully into Corpse Pose), yoga is a bona fide, coast-to-coast craze. MICHAEL O'NEILL journeyed around the globe to photograph its apostles, popularizers, and personalities.

When both your best friend from college in Ohio and your husband's old classmate in California have left their professions to teach it; when your daughter's Manhattan-private-school curriculum now requires it, along with Latin and lacrosse; when the Philadelphia lawyer you're sitting next to at a political fund-raiser is taking off for the same Costa Rican retreat from which your hairdresser has just returned—and you yourself have finally succumbed because the former navy serviceman with whom you've been training for the past 10 years has ditched Cybex for Anusara—then you know you're eyeball-deep in a *Zeitgeist*-defining, coast-to-coast cultural phenomenon.

If doing your daily Downward Dog has not yet become as American a way of life as, say, NASCAR racing, it may be just a matter of time. Already in the U.S., nearly three times as many people practice yoga as Judaism (about 16.5 million versus 6 million, presumably with some overlap), and *Yoga Journal* polls indicate this number could snowball to as many as 25 million within the next year. Curiously, three-quarters of these devotees—like Madonna, Uma, Christy, Gwyneth, Ali, and Prunella's mom in the cartoon show *Arthur*—are women. Not only are the yoga demographics enormous, but the dollars are too. Approximately $20 billion a year is spent on yoga paraphernalia—from Gucci's sticky mats to Wal-Mart's do-it-yourself DVDs. Yogis of certain persuasions (there are multiple sects) see no contradiction between the spiritual aims of their discipline and the worldly symphony of ringing registers. Yogi Bhajan, the late disseminator of Kundalini yoga, which emphasizes meditation, helped launch 17 businesses—sacred cash cows that included a billion-dollar-a-year security-guard firm, manned by his followers. Apostate "hot yoga" inventor Bikram Choudhury—reviled by purists for his quick-fix approach—tools around Beverly Hills in a white Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud. Observes John Friend, founder of the burgeoning, "heart-opening" Anusara branch of yoga, "I strongly believe that all the downsides of commercialization . . . are far outweighed by the potential for millions of people to realize their divine nature." Even the 2,500-year-old Bhagavad Gita, one of the first scriptures devoted to yoga, opens with Hindu avatar Krishna urging the reluctant Prince Arjuna onto the battlefield to seize back his kingdom.

Maybe because it's compatible with the national propensity for puritanical asceticism, transcendentalist mysticism, muscular Christianity, and evangelical faith healing, yoga has had a firm U.S. toehold since at least the turn of the 19th century. In 1893, when young Swami Vivekananda made a pilgrimage from Bombay to Chicago to spread the message to the World's Parliament of Religions, he found himself preaching to the choir. Cole Porter and Noël Coward composed lyrics celebrating taste-maker Elsie de Wolfe's topsy-turvy yoga-style athleticism. (Coward: "'A,' it's a question of h
sincere / And 'B,' if you're supple you've nothing to fear.")
wasn't that a swami making the rounds at Auntie Mame's B
man Place cocktail party, along with the Freudian psychoan
and the Lithuanian bishop? President Woodrow Wilson's daug
Margaret fled New York for a Pondicherry, India, ashram; fi
theorist Joseph Pilates and modern-dance pioneer Martha Gra
absorbed yoga routines into their movement techniques; Colu
University's spring 1940 catalogue offered a P.E. course featu
"India's mysterious Yoga disciplines"; while *Time* magazin
1937, hailed yoga's ability to strengthen "weak sex glands" an
rigate the colon, by "contraction and relaxation of the sphincte

Hollywood, the Beatniks, the Beatles, and the half-million flo
children of Woodstock experimented with yoga, too, albeit as m
for its capacity to expand minds as for its ability to tone bodie
the 70s, PBS aired the uplifting *Lilias! Yoga and You* program th
times a week, demystifying the lotus position in much the same
as it had mainstreamed Julia Child's French cooking. These b
mians and their fellow travelers might have been surprised to k
that most of the familiar poses (asanas) of the yoga repertoire
back only 120 years—not to exotic Eastern precedents, but to the
isthenics of British-colonial gymnasts, wrestlers, and martial art

None of which is to say that hatha yoga—the physical prac
centered on postures and breathing—does not have proven th
peutic value, which for some individuals borders on the mir
lous. After surgery to eliminate bone deposits from his neck, p
tographer Michael O'Neill could no longer move his right a
Practicing Kundalini yoga for four years gradually "helped b
up my strength and reconstruct my nerves," says O'Neill, wh
arm is now fully mobile. "Yoga changed me spiritually too
terms of grace and of attitude." How is this scientifically possi
Neurologist Dr. Patrick Stubgen, of New York–Presbyterian H
pital, suggests that yoga can promote well-being by facilitating
draining of the lymphatic system, and by stimulating the bra
endorphin and serotonin production. For B. K. S. Iyengar, crea
of the eponymous, alignment-focused, holistic healing method,
a question of "even distribution of bioenergy, or the life force."

To pay homage to the discipline that helped restore him, O'N
spent a year photographing yoga's revered masters, at locations as close to home as Manhattan's Hudson Street and as remote as Lake Mansarovar, near Mount Kailash, in western Tibet—"the holiest spot on the planet," O'Neill says. Among his subjects are the three eminent apostles—Iyengar, Sri K. Pattabhi Jois, and TKV Desikachar—of venerated guru Krishnamacharya, whom the early-20th-century revival and modernization of yo
can be directly traced.

FOR MORE PHOTOS FROM THE YOGA SHOOTS, GO TO VF.CO

If fighting off swarms of mosquitoes, trekking over 100,0
miles, and courting financial catastrophe in the name of yoga
O'Neill did, seem inhibitingly extreme, moderation is also
ceptable. As Krishna counsels Prince Arjuna in the Bhagav
Gita, "Even a little of this practice will shelter you from gr
sorrow."

—AMY FINE COLLI



B. K. S. Iyengar

The grand master of yoga.

ngar /ˈjeŋgɑː/ noun . . a type of hatha yoga focusing on
rect alignment of the body, making use of straps, wooden blocks,
l other objects as aids to achieving the correct postures.

—Oxford Dictionary of English

K. S. (Bellur Krishnamachar Sundararaja) Iyengar, 88,
he father of the yoga which bears his name. From his Ramamani
ngar Memorial Yoga Institute (named for his late wife), in Pune,
ia, he presides as the unofficial pope of the yoga world. More than
one else, he is responsible for making the complex asanas—or poses—
cessible to people all over the planet. If you have a yoga block or
trap, thank Iyengar; he was the first to use them. The original treatise
Ashtanga, or "eight-limbed yoga," from the fifth century B.C., consisted
196 aphorisms not easily comprehended by non-gurus. Iyengar's
own is as the great popular translator of the yoga movements. It is his
stem of instruction, which almost everyone can understand, that
s made the Global Yogalution possible. Before Iyengar, yoga was
gely passed down from master to student. Now, thanks to him,
s taught in Indian public classes and schools.

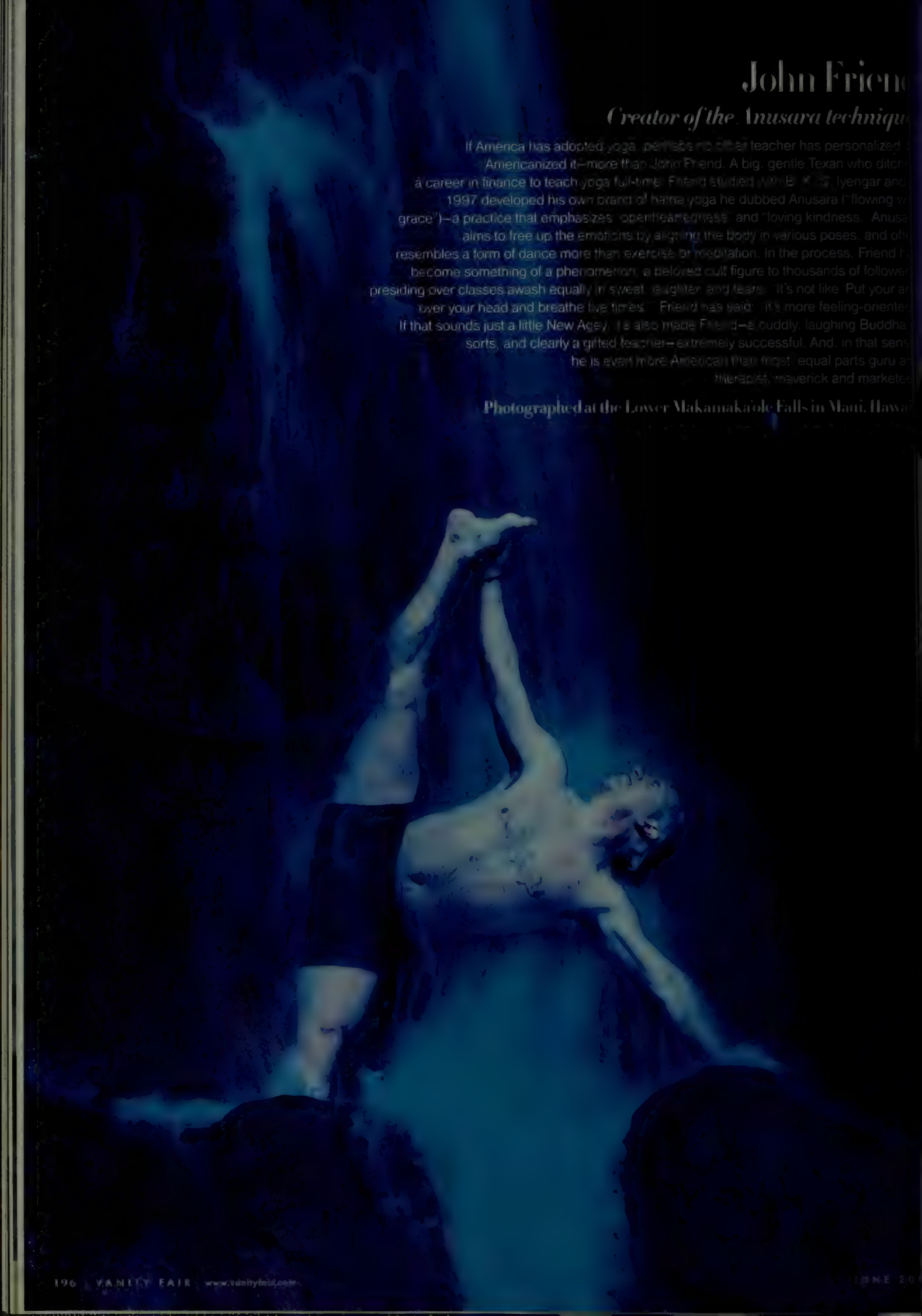
otographed at the Ramamani Iyengar Memorial Yoga
stitute in Pune, India.

John Friend

Creator of the Anusara technique

If America has adopted yoga, perhaps no other teacher has personalized it—Americanized it—more than John Friend. A big, gentle Texan who ditched a career in finance to teach yoga full-time, Friend studied with B. K. S. Iyengar and in 1997 developed his own brand of hatha yoga he dubbed Anusara ("flowing with grace")—a practice that emphasizes "openhearedness" and "loving kindness." Anusara aims to free up the emotions by aligning the body in various poses, and often resembles a form of dance more than exercise or meditation. In the process, Friend has become something of a phenomenon, a beloved cult figure to thousands of followers presiding over classes awash equally in sweat, laughter and tears. "It's not like 'Put your arms over your head and breathe five times,'" Friend has said. "It's more feeling-oriented." If that sounds just a little New Age-y, he also made Friend—a cuddly, laughing Buddha of sorts, and clearly a gifted teacher—extremely successful. And, in that sense, he is even more American than most: equal parts guru and therapist, maverick and marketer.

Photographed at the Lower Makamaka'ole Falls in Maui, Hawaii



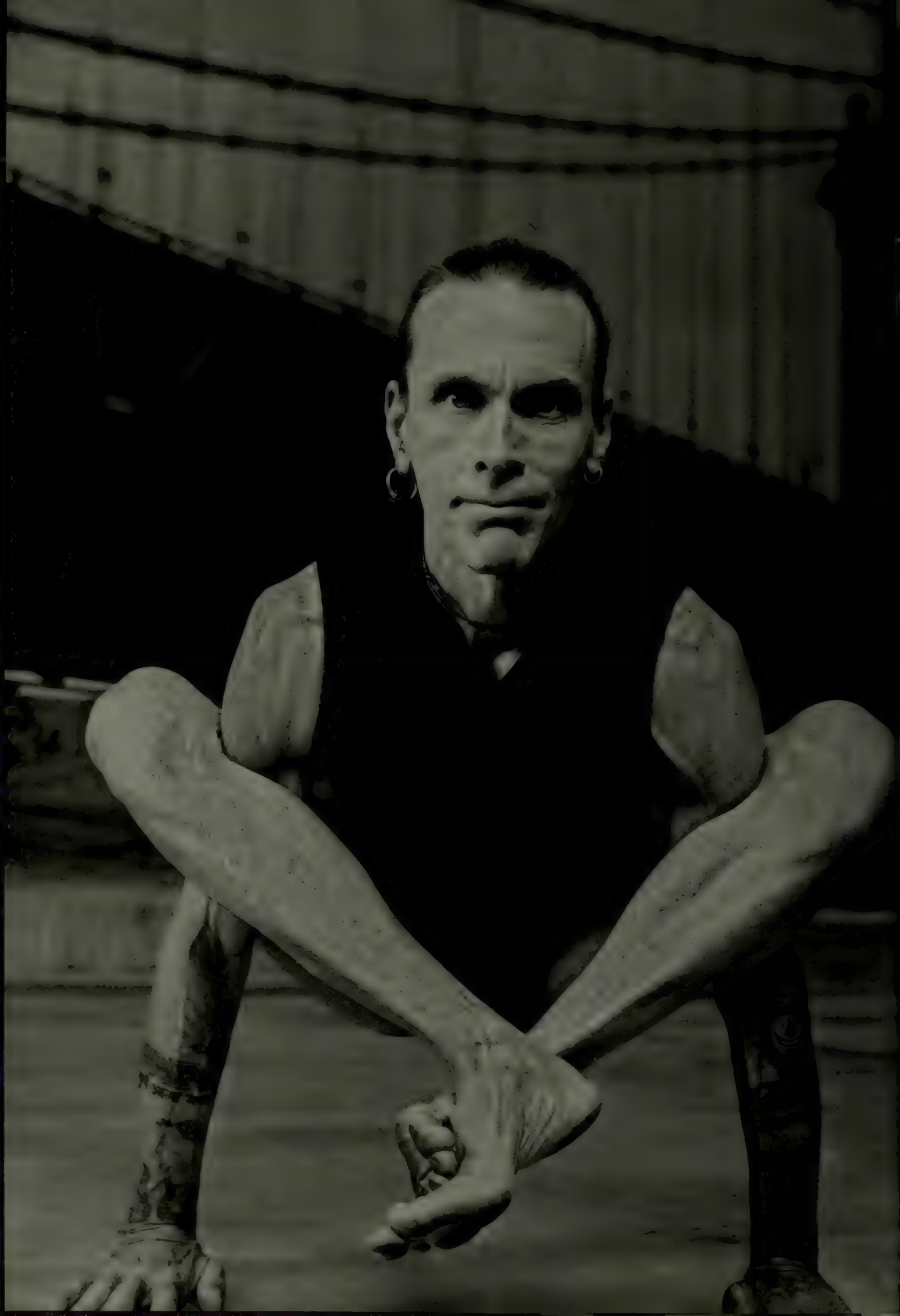


hiva Rea

he Lady of Dance

iva Nataraja is the Hindu Lord of Dance. Shiva Rea is the Madonna of the yoga world—at is if you don't count Madonna as the Madonna of the yoga world. Born in 1967, in Hermosa Beach, lifornia, Rea was named Shiva by her surfer father, who had never done yoga, but, being an artist, loved the image of iva Nataraja. Learning about her name at a young age, she read that "Shiva is not just the Lord of Dance but the st teacher of yoga," and, at 14, began practicing yoga from a book she found in the library. Rea is the best-known instructor Vinyasa flow yoga, an energetic, full-spectrum approach she cultivated from her years of experience that uses balanced, id sequences (vinyasas) to help empower her students to experience prana (the universal source of breath, life-energy, d conscious intelligence). She is famous for the "Yoga Trance Dance," which she calls an "exploration of the eternal flow natural movement through yoga." Rea has sold numerous DVDs worldwide and developed a following that includes Alanis orissette, Will Smith, Jada Pinkett Smith, Pierce Brosnan, and Danny DeVito. In addition to being a visiting professor the U.C.L.A. World Arts and Cultures Department, she tours the globe, visiting up to 35 countries a year (portable stove in , to cook macrobiotic meals), spreading the gospel of what she calls "yoga as a conscious revolution," and is the catalyst this fall's Global Mala Project, uniting the yoga world to support the U.N.'s International Day of Peace.

hotographed at the El Mirage Dry Lake Bed in California.





David Life and Sharon Gannon

Founding owners, Jivamukti Yoga Schools; a bridge between the East and the West.

Just when did yoga become cool? Probably not long after David Life and Sharon Gannon, two former art-world hipsters, opened their first Jivamukti Yoga School, in New York's East Village more than 22 years ago. As yoga caught on and word spread, their studio became jam-packed with the likes of Sting, Russell Simmons, Madonna, Uma Thurman, and a legion of crunchy, tattooed acolytes. The music was thumping—a funky, lounge-like mix of everything from the Beatles to Moby—and Jivamukti's mission kept growing. Life and Gannon, who both studied with Sri K. Pattabhi Jois in Mysore, preached the liberation of body and soul, and their holistic vision extended to strict vegetarianism and hard-core animal-rights activism. (Both were vanguard members of PETA, and Gannon is also the author of *Cats and Dogs Are People Too.*) These two downtown pioneers, like the impresarios of the old vaudeville theaters that once lined East Village streets, are consummate showmen as well as shamans, injecting yoga with a healthy dose of New York chutzpah along the way.

Photographed on a rooftop in Brooklyn near the Manhattan Bridge.

Gurmukh Kaur Khalsa

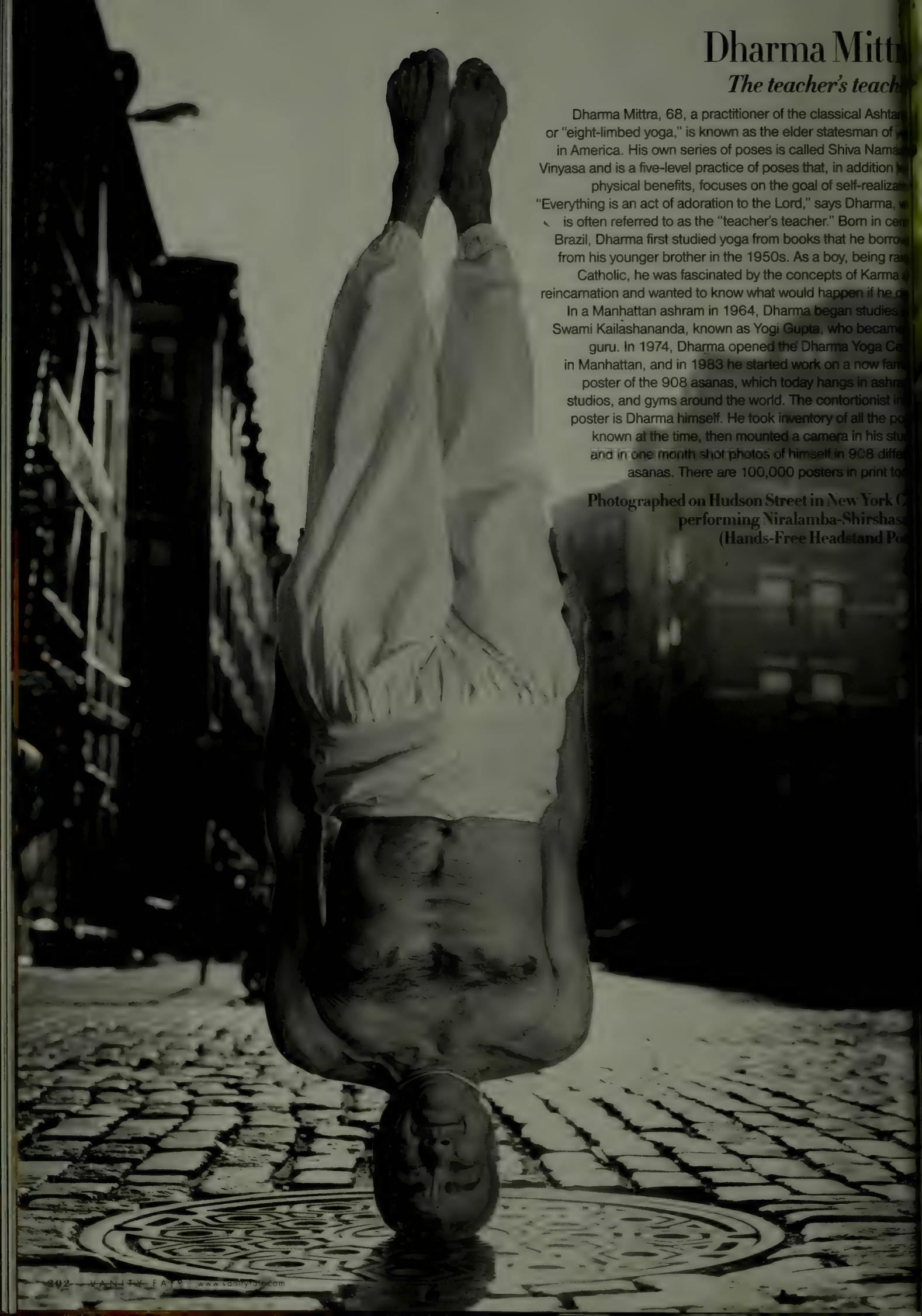
Queen of Kundalini.

Kundalini is a rigorous yoga involving meditation, chanting, and breath exercises which harmonize the body's energy centers, or chakras, and tune the nervous and glandular systems. It is also a lifestyle for Sikhs around the world—a science of the mind and body which its proponents say cures illnesses and drives its practitioners toward spiritual oneness with God. The glamour girl of Kundalini is Gurmukh Kaur Khalsa, an erstwhile flower child and veteran of love-ins, whose Golden Bridge Yoga center in Los Angeles is the hub of her empire; a second branch recently opened in Manhattan. Many Hollywood figures (Courtney Love, Jake Gyllenhaal, Heath Ledger, Michelle Williams) have taken her classes, alongside civilians who have become addicted to the yoga's powerful positive effects on physical and psychic well-being. (Some gurus say that because the practice lifts the "Kundalini energy"—imagined as a snake coiled near the small of the back—up the spine, it also increases your sex drive.) Gurmukh was born Mary Mae Gibson, in 1942. She became a student of the late Yogi Bhajan, America's guru of Kundalini, who told her, "You are to deliver babies." She assisted at births, then began to adapt Kundalini for pregnant women. "My destiny wasn't to deliver the physical baby but to deliver the mother," she has said. These mothers flock to her classes and made her 2000 book, *The Eight Human Talents*, a best-seller.

Photographed at the Golden Temple in Amritsar, India.







Dharma Mitt

The teacher's teach

Dharma Mittra, 68, a practitioner of the classical Ashta or "eight-limbed yoga," is known as the elder statesman of in America. His own series of poses is called Shiva Nama Vinyasa and is a five-level practice of poses that, in addition physical benefits, focuses on the goal of self-realiza "Everything is an act of adoration to the Lord," says Dharma, is often referred to as the "teacher's teacher." Born in cen Brazil, Dharma first studied yoga from books that he borrow from his younger brother in the 1950s. As a boy, being ra Catholic, he was fascinated by the concepts of Karma reincarnation and wanted to know what would happen if he d In a Manhattan ashram in 1964, Dharma began studies Swami Kailashananda, known as Yogi Gupta, who became guru. In 1974, Dharma opened the Dharma Yoga Ce in Manhattan, and in 1983 he started work on a now fam poster of the 908 asanas, which today hangs in ashra studios, and gyms around the world. The contortionist in poster is Dharma himself. He took inventory of all the po known at the time, then mounted a camera in his stu and in one month shot photos of himself in 908 diffe asanas. There are 100,000 posters in print to

Photographed on Hudson Street in New York C performing Niralamba-Shirshas (Hands-Free Headstand Po



Rodney Yee and Colleen Saidman

The video stars.

They are the perfect poster couple for modern yoga: Yee, an ex-dancer with the Oakland Ballet and leading face of the best-selling *Gaiam* yoga videos that fill the shelves of your local Wal-Mart, and Saidman, a former model and student of Yee's who co-founded and runs the popular Yoga Shanti studio, in Sag Harbor, New York. It's an incredible success story (the prolific Yee, who has produced around 30 videos, is perhaps yoga's most recognizable figure), but not without its elements of negativity: When Yee, dubbed the "stud-muffin guru" by *Time* magazine, hooked up with Saidman and both of them left their spouses of more than 20 years, he took a drubbing in the press for crossing the teacher-student line. Now, several years later, however, with both their careers thriving, the two seem to have achieved a blissful degree of balance, even serenity.

Photographed in North Haven, New York





KV Desikachar

ru, holistic yoga.

ga were to have a family dynasty—its own
ion of the Nehrus—it would be here, with the line
ed by T. Krishnamacharya, his son TKV Desikachar,
his grandson, Kausthub Desikachar. In fact, it all
s from Krishnamacharya (shown on opposite page), who
ved the ancient art in the early 20th century and spread
word through his disciples (who form three of the four main
rs of modern yoga): his son TKV (holistic yoga), his
her-in-law B. K. S. Iyengar (Iyengar yoga), and Sri K. Pattabhi
(Ashtanga yoga). Krishnamacharya's path was pure
school: after studying Sanskrit and yoga philosophy at
ersity and practicing with a guru in the Tibetan Himalayas,
stumped across India in the days of the British Raj,
uring and wowing audiences. TKV, meanwhile, though
ed in Madras (Chennai), is largely credited with bringing
complete tradition of his father's teachings, especially
ie area of yoga therapy, to the West. "Today, we're lucky.
rybody knows about yoga, and we can just jump
he bandwagon," said Kausthub, himself heir
ne tradition and author of *The Yoga of the Yogi:*
Legacy of T. Krishnamacharya. "My grandfather
l to create the bandwagon."

otographed in Madras, India.



Pujya Swamiji

Host, International Yoga Festival at Rishikesh

When the Beatles made their famous 1968 journey to Rishikesh, India, they were following a well-worn, if little-known, trail of seekers, sages, and spiritual pilgrims. Today, this "city of the divine" nestled in the Himalayas has only grown in significance among yoga devotees around the world. Thanks largely to H. H. Pujya Swami Chidanand Saraswatiji ("Pujya Swamiji"), Rishikesh has become a mecca of sorts as host to the International Yoga Festival, based at his ashram, Parmath Niketan, since 1999. Pujya Swamiji—who's been named "Man of the Year" in India numerous times and whose honors include the Mahatma Gandhi Humanitarian Award—is also the founder and chairman of the India Heritage Research Foundation, which helps run charitable schools, clinics, orphanages, and large-scale-disaster-relief services throughout India (not to mention its eco-oriented "Clean, Green, and Serene" programs). To top it off, Pujya Swamiji and the foundation are now assembling the first comprehensive encyclopedia of Hinduism, a monumental task that will take all the patience and focus of a yogi master.

Photographed in the Ganges River near Rishikesh.

Trudie Styler and Sting

The Tantric twosome.

When he was in his 20s, a questionable sartorial choice—a black-and-yellow striped sweater—gave him a nickname that would stick and soar with him as his unearthly talent and charisma catapulted him into a life of almost incalculable success—fame, fortune, multiple homes around the world, so many platinum records, Grammys, and other awards that we won't bother to do the math. Plus, even in his mid-50s, Sting is still as cut as he was when he wrote "Roxanne"; credit yoga for help on that front. An actress, a film producer (*Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*, among others), a cookbook writer (*Cooking from Lake House Organic Farm*), and a purveyor of organic olive oil and honey that sell at Harrods, Styler is no slouch herself. Together they created the Rainforest Foundation, in 1989. They've been married nearly 15 years. Yoga's helped on that front, too—the Tantric part. They are famously, fabulously into each other. They began practicing in 1990, at a time when he could not reach his fingers past his toes in a forward bend, "nor," he wrote in the foreword of Sharon Gannon and David Life's book, *Jivamukti Yoga*, "could I complete a simple sun salutation without huffing and puffing like an old train." Since 2005, they've opened Il Palagio, their sumptuous villa in Tuscany, for yoga retreats—who says a Downward Dog doesn't mix with a good Sangiovese?

Photographed with resident yoga master Ryan Spielman at Il Palagio outside Florence.

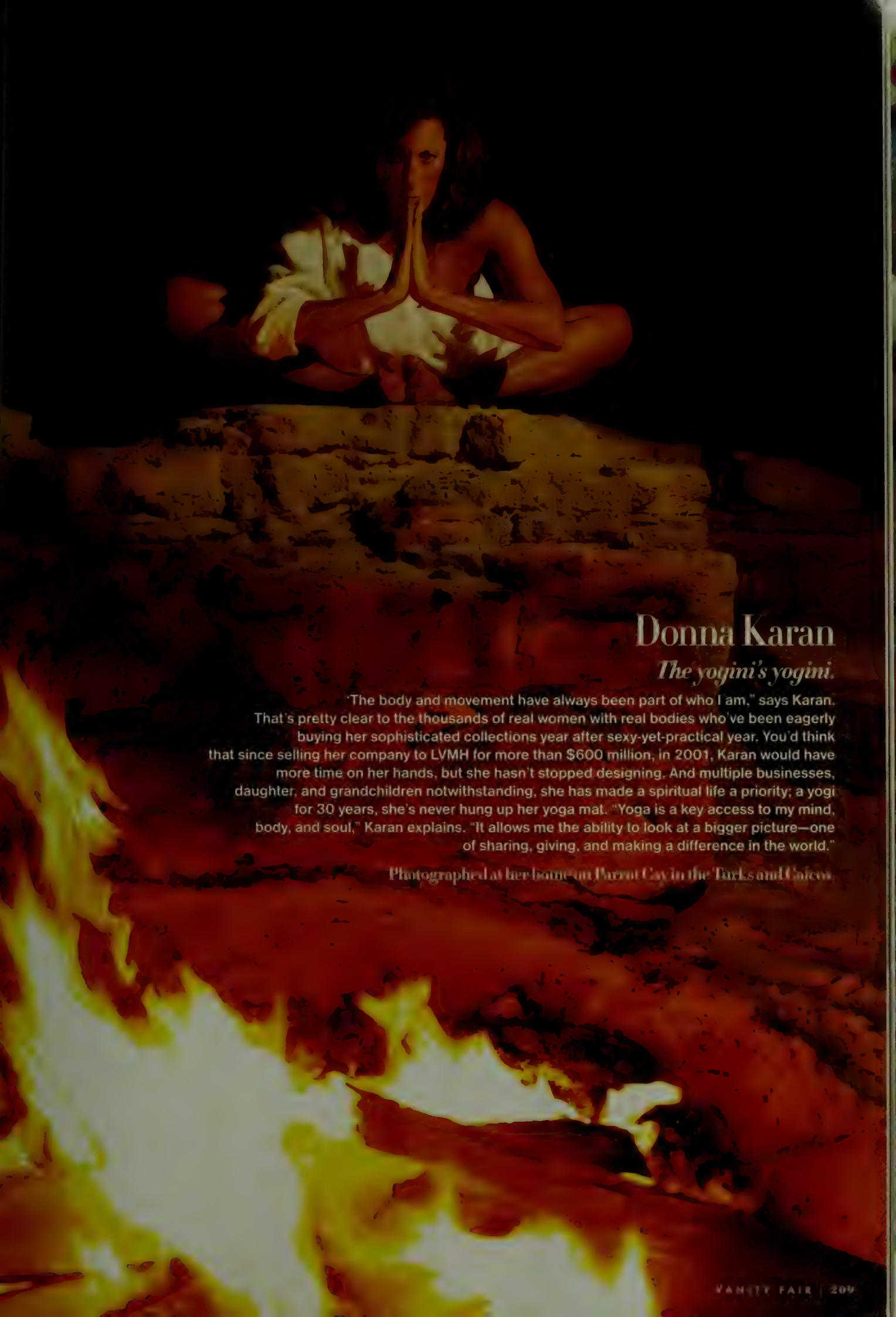


Ali MacGraw and Erich Schiffmar

Student and teach

Perhaps no American celebrity played a bigger part in yoga's crossover her
Ali MacGraw, star of *Love Story* and 70s fashion icon, whose full recovery from busted mar
(Robert Evans, Steve McQueen), heavy drinking, and even a fire that destroyed her Malibu home was
possible, in large part, by the practice of yoga. MacGraw's groundbreaking 1994 video, *Yoga Mind &*
helped make yoga a household term (one paper called her "the Jane Fonda of the meditative
while the 2003 documentary *The Fire of Yoga*, which she narrates, remains one of the most moving po
of yoga's therapeutic effects. Schiffmann, who led MacGraw through her workout in *Yoga Mind &*
in the White Sands desert of New Mexico, took his own road-less-traveled to enlightenment—from L.A.
dude/artist to student of B. K. S. Iyengar, TKV Desikachar, and the famed Indian philosopher Krishna
Author of the best-selling *Yoga: The Spirit and Practice of Moving into Stillness*, Schiffmann develop
own, unique brand of yoga, a contemplative mix of exercise and mental discipline that has
his studio, in Venice, California, the latest refuge for a new, healthier generation of Hollywood st

Photographed at White Sands National Monument in New Me



Donna Karan

The yogini's yogini.

"The body and movement have always been part of who I am," says Karan. That's pretty clear to the thousands of real women with real bodies who've been eagerly buying her sophisticated collections year after sexy-yet-practical year. You'd think that since selling her company to LVMH for more than $600 million, in 2001, Karan would have more time on her hands, but she hasn't stopped designing. And multiple businesses, daughter, and grandchildren notwithstanding, she has made a spiritual life a priority; a yogi for 30 years, she's never hung up her yoga mat. "Yoga is a key access to my mind, body, and soul," Karan explains. "It allows me the ability to look at a bigger picture—one of sharing, giving, and making a difference in the world."

Photographed at her home on Parrot Cay in the Turks and Caicos.



Sri K. Pattabhi Jois

Guru, Ashtanga yoga.

Sri K. Pattabhi Jois, 91, has been described as "fierce and compassionate" and "strict and loving" by his students, but it's this kind of dichotomy that makes the teacher of Ashtanga so revered. Jois, who has been teaching for 70 years, started with a studio, or shala, in Mysore (Mysooru), India, that held only 15 students, and is now used to teaching groups that can number in the hundreds. He leads his students through a series of asanas that flow one into the next, synchronizing with the breath, and getting gradually more difficult, with the goal of producing an intense internal heat that detoxifies the body. If you get stuck on a pose, you are required to practice it to perfection before you can proceed to the next one. (The only person on Earth certified by Jois to do the most advanced series is his grandson, Sharath.) With its kick-ass regime of pretzel positions, this is the yoga that makes you say to yourself, "There is no way . . . " If you've signed up for a power-yoga class at the gym, it's most certainly some variant of Ashtanga. The orthodox Ashtanga method taught by Jois requires pre-dawn wake-up calls and a daily devotion to the practice, in an effort to advance through the six series of asanas and re-unite with your true inner nature. Even the most strict observers of Ashtanga struggle to make it through the second, or intermediate, of the six series. In the 2003 documentary *Ashtanga, NY*, Gwyneth Paltrow said, "I've been practicing second series for probably two years, but I still have like five poses left."

Photographed at Sanskrit College in Mysore, India.



The Reagan Diaries



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 163 news that Anwar Sadat had been shot along with many others. All morning we waited for news—receiving word only that he was not fatally wounded & was in surgery. Then came the word he was dead.

It's hard to describe the shock & the sorrow we both felt. Even though their visit was short we discovered we had a deep feeling of friendship for them. Maybe it has to do with a state visit. You start out with knowledge of each other & immediately get into the problems you mutually want to solve.

Anyway, we both feel a great sense of loss. He was truly a great man, a kind man with warmth and humor.

I'm trying not to feel hatred for those who did this foul deed but I can't make it. Qaddafi gloating on TV, his people jubilantly celebrating in the streets. He is beneath contempt.

He goes on radio (clandestine) and began broadcasting propaganda, calling for a holy war. etc. before Sadats death was confirmed. This material had to have been already prepared. In other words, *he knew* it was going to happen.

Thurs. Oct. 29 · Met with Huang Hua [foreign minister of China]. There is a real push going on. China is virtually delivering an ultimatum re—arms to Taiwan. I don't like ultimatums. We have a moral obligation & until a peaceful settlement is reached between the mainland & Taiwan we're going to meet that obligation.

Wed. Nov. 18 · Today was the big day—the speech to the world at the Nat. press club. It really was to the world. I'm told it was the largest network ever put together—all of Europe, China & I don't know how many other places. It has been wonderfully received worldwide except for Russia—Tass [TASS, Russian news agency] is screaming bloody murder. I asked Russia to join us in total elimination of all medium range nuclear weapons in Europe. Funny—I was talking peace but wearing a bullet proof vest. It seems Qaddafi put a contract on me & some person named Jack was going to try for me at the speech. Security was very tight.

Tues. Dec. 22 · Met with the Polish Ambassador & his wife. It was an emotional meeting. They have asked for asylum here. He is defecting because of what the Polish govt. (ordered by the Soviets) are doing to the Polish people.

I go on TV tomorrow nite. It's supposed to be a Christmas message but I intend to deliver a message to the Soviets & the Poles. We can't let this revolution against Communism fail without our offering a hand. We may never have an opportunity like this one in our lifetime.

Sat. Jan. 16, 1982 · It's possible [Egyptian president Hosni] Mubarak will abandon the Camp David accords & settle down with his Arab brothers once he gets the Sinai back. At the same time Begin may renege on the Sinai although he swears he won't. [Israeli minister of defense Ariel] Sharon is the bad guy who seemingly looks forward to a war.

Tues. Jan. 26 · Have been getting calls from Al Haig in Geneva. [Russian foreign minister Andrei] Gromyko declares he won't talk about Poland. Last call came after 7½ hour meeting. Al says Gromyko is more nervous than he's ever seen him. He talked arms limitation. Al talked Poland & Cuba. Gromyko tried to play down the big arms buildup they are doing in Cuba.

Thurs. Feb. 4 · Day was filled with meetings, N.S.C. etc. We have problems with El Salvador—the rebels seem to be winning. Guatemala could go any day & of course Nicaragua is another Cuba. Lots of options but no decisions. Mid afternoon I could hardly keep my eyes open—in fact I didn't.—Tonite early to bed.

Sat. Feb. 6 · Bill Clark [deputy secretary of state] called—trouble brewing in the Middle East. Israel on verge of major invasion of So. Lebanon because of P.L.O. mil. build up. We are trying to persuade them they must not move unless there is a provocation of such a nature—the world will recognize Israel's right to retaliate. Right now Israel has lost a lot of world sympathy.

Thurs. March 25 · Pres. Pertini of Italy arrived—1st visit to U.S. He's 84 and a terrific old gentleman. We had the full ceremony under a warm sun. Good meeting. He loves America—very touching moment on the way into the W.H. He paused by the Marine holding our flag and kissed it.

State dinner a huge success—a really fun time and great entertainment by Perry Como and Frank Sinatra.

Fri. April 2 · Last night I called the Pres. of Argentina—talked for 40 min. trying to persuade him not to invade the Falkland Islands (property of U.K. since 1540 or so). Argentina has been trying to claim them for 149 years. I got no where. This morning they landed some 1000 or so men. Population of islands is only 2000 almost all English. Now we learn there is a possibility of oil there.

Sun. April 11 Easter · Arrived at Jamaica & went right into meetings with P.M. S… Next morning on to Barbados—again a … of meetings this time with P.M.'s of 6 I… Nations. *Fri.* our one really clear day of… great . . . swam in the ocean, lunched. s… some more and then had dinner. The… was high & the ocean rough with waves… breaking right on the beach. I swam an… Coming in was a chore against the unde…

Fri. April 23 · Both the Falklands and the … get battle seem to be coming to a mome… truth. Defense Minister Pym (U.K.) is o… way back to London with what could b… last proposal we can cook up. The sho… could start—it would be a war mainly bec… an Argentine General, President (result … coup) needed to lift his sagging pol. fortu…

The group debating the budget seems … able to arrive at any kind of consensu… we can't get a Bi-partisan agreement t… together in the face of the projected def… then I take to the air (TV) and there wi… blood on the floor.

Sun. April 25 · First news—British Helico… damaged an Argentine Sub off New Geo… Next—the Sinai has been returned to Eg… Mubarak & Begin together said "Peace … ever." I called Mubarak and Begin. The c… Menachem was most important because … has been a traumatic experience. Many o… people resisted leaving the Sinai & his a… had to physically eject them. The army we… unarmed and did a magnificent job. I pled… to both that we will continue to help in … way we can to further the peace process.

Wed. Thurs. & Fri. May 5, 6, & 7 · We … together with Sen. Pete Domenici's Bud… committee & worked out a compro… budget pckg. It passed out of committe… a straight 11 to 9 party line vote. It's a g… budget and will trim the projected def… down to $106 bil. next year, $69 Bil. in … & $39 Bil. in '85. The Demos. are scream… and lying like bandits charging us with … ting Soc. Security—we aren't touching S… Security.

Sat. May 15 · Long call to Ron [Reagan … his son]. He wants to Sign off Secret Svc. … a month. S.S. knows he's a real target—li… in a N.Y.C. area where the Puerto Rican … rorist group is active. In fact he's on a hit … He thinks we're interfering with his priva… I can't make him see that I can't be put … position of one day facing a ransom dema… I'd have to refuse for reasons of the Natio… welfare.

Mon. June 14 · N.S.C. meeting on the Le… non situation. There is a possibility the se… rate Lebanese factions can unite—get Syri… and Israelis out of their country and disa… the P.L.O. Al H. made great good sense … this entire matter. It's amazing how sou… he can be on complex international matt…

ow utterly paranoid with regard to the e he must work with.

June 21 · Whatever else happened this .M. Begin day. He & I had almost an 1 on 1 with first our 2 Ambassadors nt. I was pretty blunt regarding whether a savage assassination attempt which robably turn out to be successful (if not mbas. will be paralyzed) warranted the ation which has taken so many lives in non.

came back with a defense based on the ng of Israeli villages by P.L.O. elements banon.

a complex problem. While we think tion was overkill it still may turn out to e best opportunity we've had to recon- ne warring factions in Lebanon & bring peace after 7 years.

the larger meetings with his people rs we went at it again. He's adamant st our proposal to sell arms to Jordan. rgument is we're trying to create more pts" who'll make peace with Israel. He es to believe another Arab state will do Egypt did. Frustrating.

une 25 · Today was the day—I told Al H. l decided to accept his resignation. He 't seem surprised but he said his differ- s were on policy and then said we didn't e on China or Russia etc. I made a sim- nnouncement to the press and said I was inating Geo. Shultz for the job.

p to Camp David where we were in time e Al read his letter of resignation on T.V. old it was his 4th re-write. Apparently his as pretty strong—then he thought better I must say it was O.K. he gave only one n & did say there was a disagreement on gn policy. Actually the only disagreement over whether I made policy or the Sec. of did.

June 28 · N.S.C. briefing on space. No tion that Soviets have moved to a military ity in space. We must not be left behind.

s. Aug. 12 · Met with the news the Israe- elivered the most devastating bomb & ery attack on W. Beirut lasting 14 hours. ib cabled—desperate—has basic agree- from all parties but can't arrange details L.O. withdrawal because of the barrage. ing Fahd [Saudi Arabia] called begging o do something. I told him I was calling Begin immediately. And I did—I was y—I told him it had to stop or our entire re relationship was endangered. I used word holocaust deliberately & said the ool of his war was becoming a picture 7 month old baby with its arms blown He told me he had ordered the bombing ped—I asked about the artillery fire. He ned the P.L.O. had started that & Israeli s had taken casualties. End of call. Twen- ins. later he called to tell me he'd ordered an end to the barrage and plead for our continued friendship.

Sat. Sept. 18 · With Nancy gone the only event of the day should have been my noon radio broadcast. Unfortunately things changed. In Beirut, Haddads [Major Saad Haddad] Christian Phalangist Militia entered a Palestine refugee camp and massacred men, women and children. The Israelis did nothing to prevent or halt it. George S. and I met and agreed upon a blunt statement which he delivered to the Israeli Ambassador. It is a sad day and one which may very well set our peace efforts back.

Nancy came home about 6 P.M.—thank Heaven. We watched tapes of Princess Grace's funeral.

Tues. Sept. 28 · Cap signed order for Marines to go ashore Wed. A.M. Israelis will withdraw to So. of the airport—Marines will be stationed at the airport.

Sat. Oct. 23 · Late afternoon Doria [his daughter-in-law] & Ron arrived for a family pow-wow. He'd been rude to Nancy on a phone call and when I phoned him about it he said he thought we needed to clear the air.

It wasn't the greatest meeting but still I think it opened the door to a closer relationship. He seemed to be carrying water for Patti [Davis, his daughter] who has a kind of yo yo family relationship. She's either warmly attentive or very distant & Nancy seems to bear the brunt of it.

Tues. Dec. 7 · The weather turned out fine for the official greeting ceremony for Pres. Zia of Pakistan. We got along fine. He's a good man (cavalry). Gave me his word they were not building an atomic or nuclear bomb. He's dedicated to helping the Afghans & stopping the Soviets. After our meetings—spent the day on the phone re the MX [missile]. I really resent Chmn. Adabbo of N.Y. [Representative Addabbo, chairman of the defense subcommittee] who honchoed killing the MX. No matter what he says he's just plain against rearming the U.S.—unless the weapons are built in New York.

Thurs. Jan. 27, 1983 · President Mubarak of Egypt arrived. We had good meetings and reaffirmed our solid relationship. He's very concerned about Israels stubbornness about getting out of Lebanon & fears our peace initiative may simply die on the vine because of them. I share his concern. He believes they & the Syrians may be playing a game with an eye to both, even though they are hostile toward each other, cutting up Lebanon between them.

Wed. Feb. 2 · A visit with 6 Afghan freedom fighters here in this country to tell of inhumanity of the Soviets. One's wife had been executed while her 2 children watched. One was a young, pretty & tiny lady—held in custody for 4 months—tortured daily. She had been a medical student. Her crime? Caught looking at a "freedom" leaflet. The others were from a village where the Russians had burned 105 people alive with gasoline & chemicals in an irrigation tunnel. Jack Hume [California Republican supporter] came by with a plan for getting our story to the people. Looks like a good idea.

Sat. Feb. 26 · Tomorrow we start trying to convince Congress we must have more money for El Salvador. We have an entire plan for bolstering the govt. forces. This is one we must win.

Wed. March 23 · The big thing today was the 8 P.M. TV speech on all networks about the Nat. Security. I did the bulk of the speech on why our arms build up was necessary & then finished with a call to the Science community to join me in research starting now to develop a defensive weapon that would render nuclear missiles obsolete. I made no optimistic forecasts—said it might take 20 yrs. or more but we had to do it. I felt good.

Thurs. April 7 · This evening Ron called all exercised because S.S. agents had gone into their apartment while they were in Calif. to fix an alarm on one of the windows. I tried to reason with him that this was a perfectly O.K. thing for them to do. [Redaction.] I told him quite firmly not to talk to me that way & he hung up on me. End of a not perfect day.

Thurs. April 21 · Brazil is holding Lybian transport planes that were headed for Nicaragua. Their cargo—medical supplys turned out to be weapons.

Sun. May 1 · Nancy phoned—very upset. Ron casually told the S.S. he was going to Paris in a few days. I don't know what it is with him. He refuses to cooperate with them. [Redaction.] I'm not talking to him until he apologizes for hanging up on me.

Thurs. June 30 · In early afternoon met with Ansel Adams & his wife. He is the great nature photographer. He has expressed hatred for me because of my supposed stand on the environment. I asked for the meeting. I gave him chapter & verse about where I really stand on the environment & what our record is. All in all the meeting seemed pleasant enough & I thought maybe I'd taken some of the acid out of his ink. Then I read the story of the meeting as he'd given it to the press. I'm afraid I was talking to ears that refused to hear.

Fri. July 22 · Today was Pres. Gemayal (Lebanon) day. We had a good meeting & lunch. I think he is reassured that we are not going to abandon them. While we were meeting word came that Beirut was under rocket attacks by the Syrians. We are going to send them the latest in Radar art which can zero in on exactly where the rockets are coming from.

Sept. 2 Fri. · The Soviets shot down a Korean Airliner with 269 passengers—53 of them Americans including Congressman Larry Mc-

The Reagan Diaries

Donald. We were due to return to Wash. [from his Santa Barbara Ranch] on Labor day but realized we couldn't wait so we left on Fri. It was heartbreaking—I had really looked forward to those last 3 days. When we got in Fri. I went directly to an N.S.C. meeting re—the Soviet affair. We're going to try & persuade our friends to join us in banning Aeroflot flights & in demanding reparations for the victims familys.

Sun. Sept. 4 · To the Oval Office for a meeting with Congressional leadership—Dems. & Repubs. Dealt 1st & longest with Korean Plane. Ran a tape of conversation between 2 Soviet pilots including the one who stated he had locked on his radar guided air to air missiles, launched them & "target destroyed." I'm going on air 8 P.M. tomorrow night to tell the story & announce our plans.

Tues. Sept. 6 · N.S.C. meeting with Geo. S. to discuss his meeting with Gromyko. Some are opposed but I think George is right—he should see Gromyko & eyeball him on the Korean plane shoot down. There were 61 Americans on that plane. This could be the 1st time Gromyko has been put on the defensive.

We lost 2 more Marines last night in Beirut. The Civil war is running wild & could result in collapse of the Gemayal govt. & then stuff would hit the fan. I called the parents of the 2 Marines—not easy. One father asked if they were in Lebanon for anything that was worth his son's life.

Fri. Oct. 21 · About 4 A.M. or so I was awakened by [Robert] Bud McFarlane [national-security adviser]. I joined him & George S. in the living room. We were on the phone with Wash. about the Grenada situation. I've OK'd an outright invasion in response to a request by 6 other Caribbean nations including Jamaica & Barbados. They will all supply some forces so it will be a multi national invasion.

Sat. Oct. 22 & Sun. Oct. 23 · About 2:30 in the morning awakened again: This time with the tragic news that more than 100 Marines in Beirut had been killed by a car bomb driven by a suicide driver who drove the truck right into the H.Q. building & blew up with it. All our plans changed—we arranged to depart the cottage [in Augusta, Georgia] at 6:30 A.M. & go back to Wash. Of course by this time it was *Sun. Oct. 23.* I've spent the day in meetings on this & Grenada. We're going to go on with the invasion. Tonite our men are staging a landing to gather intelligence. If everything is O.K., tomorrow night is D. day—well actually it will be early morning Tues. Meanwhile Gen. Kelley (Marines) is leaving for Lebanon. We all believe Iranians did this bombing just as they did with our embassy last April.

Mon. Oct. 24 · Opened with NSC brf. on Lebanon & Grenada. Lebanon gets worse as the death toll climbs. More bodies are found & more critically wounded die. Ambas. Hartman (Russia) came by. He confirms what I believe: the Soviets won't really negotiate on arms reductions until we deploy the Pershing II's & go forward with MX. He also confirms that Andropov is very much out of sight these days.

Phoned Tip [O'Neill, Speaker of the House] & Howard [Baker, Senate majority leader] to express hope they'd stay firm on keeping the Marines in Lebanon—both said yes.

A meeting with the Joint Chiefs—they outlined the final details for our move on Grenada scheduled for 9 P.M. take off. No evidence of any moves by Cuba.

So far not even a tiny leak about the Grenada move. This was one secret we really managed to keep.

Fri. Oct. 28 · NSC—mainly on Grenada. Our

westin.com

forces have been wonderful & most effective. We've captured about 700 Cubans, most of the Grenada mil. has faded back into the population leaving weapons & uniforms behind. We've brought a great many Americans out, particularly our medical students from the St. Georges U. Medical School—they kissed the ground when they reached the U.S.

Fri. Nov. 4 · An early start for Camp Lejeune in N. Carolina: A memorial svc. for the Marine dead of Lebanon—the suicide bombing. It was a dreary day with constant rain which somehow seemed appropriate. It was a moving service and as hard as anything we've ever done. At the end, taps got to both of us.

The only indoor part was a receiving line meeting the families of the deceased. They were so wonderful, sometimes widows or mothers would just put their arms around me, their head on my chest & quietly cry. One little boy 8 or 9 politely handed me a manila folder saying it was something he'd written about his father. Later when I could read it I found it was a poem entitled "Loneliness."

Fri. Nov. 18 · George Shultz & I had a talk mainly about setting up a little in house group of experts on the Soviet U. to help us in setting up some channels. I feel the Soviets are so defense minded, so paranoid about being attacked that without being in any way soft on them we ought to tell them no one here has any intention of doing anything like that. What the h—l have they got that anyone would want.

Wed. Feb. 1, 1984 · S.S. got a tip [redaction] that a terrorist act was pointed at the Presidents daughter. I'm inclined to believe they might mean Maureen because she is so visible in her pol. work. She has S.S. protection. On the other hand, Patti screamed & complained so much we took the S.S. detail away at her request. Now S.S. went to her & asked if she would accept it for no more than a week until they could get this informant out of Lebanon & check the story. She said yes. But today's the 4th day & she's screaming again about invasion of her privacy & last night she abused the agents terribly. I said take them away from her so she's again without protection. Insanity is hereditary you catch it from your kids.

Tues. March 20 · During the day I called Congressman Ireland in a Fla. Hospital with pneumonia. He is the 4th Dem. Rep. to turn Republican since we've been here. We lost the school prayer amendment in the Senate. We had a majority but needed a ⅔ majority. The sad thing is about 15 Sens. were convinced the amendment was a *mandate* that schools would have to have prayer. Lowell Weicker [Connecticut senator] was the head ringmaster against us as he is on everything we want. He's a pompous, no good, fathead.

Thurs. April 26 · We left Agana Naval Air Station at 10 A.M. enroute to Beijing. We arrived at Capital Airport at 2:05 P.M. China time which was 1:05 A.M. Wash. time. We drove directly to the East Court of the Great Hall of the People. We were greeted by Pres. Li & Mrs. Li. The national anthems were played, there was a 21-gun salute—the 1st ever given to an American Pres.

About 7 P.M. we took a 5 min. drive to the Yang Yuan Hall for the dinner hosted by Pres. Li. The Pres. is an affable person as is his wife. Here was our 1st go at a 12 course Chinese dinner. We heeded Dick Nixons advice & didn't ask what things were—we just swallowed them. There were a few items I managed to stir around on my plate & leave. We both did well with our chopsticks.

Mon. May 14 · A Ceremony on the S. Lawn to honor young Michael Jackson who is the sensation of the pop music world—believed to have earned $120 mil. last year. He is giving proceeds from one of his biggest selling rec-

This is how it should feel.
WESTIN
HOTELS & RESORTS

The Reagan Diaries

ords to the campaign against drunk driving. He is totally opposed to Drugs & Alcohol & is using his popularity to influence young people against them. I was surprised at how shy he is.

Sat. July 28 · Lv. for Calif. to open the Olympics then off to the ranch. Met Nancy—then addressed our Am. team at Olympic Village & on to the Coliseum. The opening ceremonies were magnificent. My 2 sentences to open the games I thought were written in reverse. The applause line—"hereby declare open etc." was 1st followed by a second line about the 23rd Olympiad. I asked permission to change the order & did so. The press having a copy of the lines as written are gleefully tagging me with senility & inability to learn my lines.

Fri. Dec. 7 · We're convinced they [the Soviets] want above all to negotiate away our right to seek defensive weapon against ballistic missiles. They fear our technology. I believe such a defense could render nuclear weapons obsolete & thus we could rid the world of that threat. Question is will they use that to break off the talks & blame us?

Wed. Jan. 16, 1985 · N.S.C. briefing—I made a decision to equip several planes with equipment capable of jamming Cuban radio & TV. We may never use them—I hope not. But we intend to start Radio Marti—broadcasting truth to Cuba. We intend to offer Castro a channel upon which he is free to broadcast to our people. But we'll also tell him that if he jams our radio & (as he has threatened) interferes with our commercial stations we'll black out Cuban TV & radio. We must be prepared to carry that out instantly.

Tues. Jan. 22 · Met with "Right to Life Leaders." Thanks to modern science (ultra-sound) they have filmed inside the womb a baby being aborted. The Dr. responsible had performed 10,000 abortions—this turned him around. He is now an anti-abortion activist. I scheduled a showing for tonite. In the meantime had a reception for about 400 of the people—volunteers who served on the inaugural committee. The movie (28 minutes) was most impressive & how anyone could deny that the fetus is a living human being is beyond me.

Mon. March 4 · We had an N.S.C. meeting with our Arms Talks Leaders looking at various options for how we wanted to deal with the Soviets. It's a very complicated business. I urged one decision on them—that we open the talks with a *concession*—surprise! Since they have publicly stated they want to see nuclear weapons eliminated entirely, I told our people to open by saying we would accept their goal.

Nancy came to the oval office for lunch & we cut an anniversary cake & had a few of the immediate staff share in it. That was the extent of our celebration except that at dinner we opened a bottle of Chateau Margaux 1911.

Mon. March 11 · Awakened at 4 A.M. to be told Chernenko [Soviet leader] is dead. My mind turned to whether I should attend the funeral. My gut instinct said no. Got to the office at 9. George S. had some arguments that I should—he lost. I don't think his heart was really in it. George B. is in Geneva—he'll go & George S. will join him leaving tonight.

Word has been received that Gorbachev has been named head man in the Soviet.

A Haircut & then over to the Soviet embassy to sign the grief book—this is my 3rd such trip.

Thurs. March 28 · Off to N.Y.—breakfast on the plane. I opened the N.Y. Stock Exchange—a brief speech & rang the bell at 10 A.M. I was amazed at the reception. They were cheering like it was a pol. rally. Then upstairs to talk to & answer Q.'s from the 650 or so board members. I was told I'm the only sitting Pres. who has ever visited the place.

On the way back to Kennedy Airport Max [Friedersdorf, assistant for legislative affairs] got Don Regan [chief of staff], who was with me, on our car phone to give us the count on the House vote for MX (the all important 2nd vote). We slowed the convoy down so we could have the final vote before we met the press at plane side. With about 1 min. to spare—word came—we won 217 to 210. I greeted the press with the news.

Tip O'Neill had told me he would vote against it but that was a matter of conscience & that he would not try to persuade anyone else to vote with him. There are witnesses to his statement. But right down to the wire he twisted arms, threatened punishment of the 61 Dems. who went with us—in short he was playing pure partisan politics all the way.

Wed. June 26 · In East room a pleasant gathering—141 finalists in the competition to choose the Am. Teacher who would be 1st teacher to go into space in the shuttle come January.

Tues. Nov. 19 · This was the day. Mr. G. [Mikhail Gorbachev] & I met [at the Geneva Summit]. We were scheduled for 15 min. of pvt. one on one—We did *an hour* which excited the h—l out of the Press. Then we joined the plenary meeting. He did a pitch about us not trusting them, etc. We should have *no* preconditions set before any agreement about better relations. "Our ruling class (munitions makers) keep our people upset at the Soviets so they can sell more weapons." He also took off on the Heritage Foundation & think tanks that do the same. He said we had declared zones of special interest around the world but attacked the USSR when they did the same thing. We must recognize right of people to a revolution. Well finally it was my turn and I took them all the way through the history of Soviet aggression, etc. In the P.M. session he had quite a prepared thing that had us suspicious without cause etc. Again I rebutted some pretty solid examples—W.W. II the fusal to let Am. warplanes use Soviet f etc. When I finished I suggested he & I the group & do another 1 on 1. We wa down to a pool house on the lake shore. I [Serrano, White House navy steward] h fire going & we did about 2 hours on S [Strategic Defense Initiative]. He's adan but so am I. I scored one we've wor about—that the meetings should be o ongoing basis. He accepted my invite to next year & I'm invited to U.S.S.R. in '87

Sun. Dec. 29—through Fri. Jan. 3, 1986 · En 1985 with 18 holes of golf—shot the 1st 45. Then the New Years party and as alv it was great. New Years Day—was watch Rose Bowl day—U.C.L.A. vs. Iowa. An smaller dinner & song fest with mainly other House guests. Of course hanging all of this was a cloud we tried to ignore t porarily—the matter of Qaddafi & his con tion with the massacres at Rome & Vie airports. We all feel we must do something there are problems including 1000 Americ living & working in the mad clown's count

Tues. Jan. 28, 1986 · A day we'll remember the rest of our lives. I was getting a brief for a meeting I was to have with network chors—an advance on the St. of the Union dress scheduled for tonite. In came [Natio Security Adviser John] Poindexter & the with the news the shuttle Challenger l blown up on takeoff. We all then headed f TV and saw the explosion re-played. Fr then on there was only [one] subject— death of the 6 crew & 1 passenger—M McAuliff[e], the teacher who had won right to make the flight. There is no way describe our shock & horror. We cancelled should say postponed the St. of the Union dress til next week.

Tues. Feb. 18 · Back to work. Met with G.C Congressional leadership—subject Nicarag We're starting our campaign to get appro from Cong. for Covert aid to the "Contra It isn't going to be easy. The Sandinistas ha a disinformation program that has fooled lot of people—some want to be fooled.

Mon. March 24 · The real news was that Qa dafi fired Sam [SAM] missiles at our plan in the Mediterranean war games & sent couple of missile ships out toward our nav vessels. Score—no hits on any of our craft b 2 Libyan ships sunk and our air missiles to out the radar without which the Sams ca be fired. Qaddafi claims he shot down 3 our planes—he lies.

On top of this the Sandinistas crossed t border of Honduras & are 15 miles insi that country attacking Contra encampmen The Pres. of H. has asked us for transport tion of Honduran mil. to the scene. We ha helicopters there in numbers enough to do

said yes. I guess I'll hear how that came tomorrow.

March 28 to Sunday April 6 · Got a night e call re the bombing of the Disco in W. lin where 50 or so of our service men e wounded and killed. Evidence is add- up that the villain was Qaddafi although hypocrite went on T.V. to say "it was a orist act against innocent civilians & he ildn't do such things."

n. April 14 · Our 1st meetings (staff) had to with what happens tonite. For one thing I 't go to [general chairman of the Republi- Party] Paul Laxalt's Basque B.B.Q. At 7 . our time, A.F. F 111's from an Eng. base planes from our 6th fleet carriers will hit . targets in Libya. It wouldn't be seemly for to be out socializing. Some time later I'll on TV to tell the people the details. Well the attack took place right on the e 7 P.M. our time—about 11 mins. over the get areas. Preliminary report—all planes hdrawn but 2 of our F 111's are unreport- Maybe it's only radio failure—maybe they down we don't know as of this time. One ng seems sure—ours was a success.

ed. April 16 · I learned that in the last two hr. periods the W.H. has taken 126,000 one calls 15,000 couldn't get through—then 0,000 & 16,000 couldn't get through. They re more than 70% favorable. The sad note we have to assume the 2 missing airmen are ad. Evidence indicates their plane was shot wn just off shore after dropping its bombs. Tripoli radio is calling on Arabs to kill nericans.

on. April 21 · Prime rate dropped from 9 to ½ & the Yen is the highest with regard to $ ever been. An interview with 4 Wire service erators. Most Q's were on Libya plus how ied in to the coming summit. I managed to t some things said I've wanted to say—i.e. ere does Qaddafi get over moaning about r bombs killing a little girl? What about the by blown through the side of a TWA plane at ,000 ft. What about the 11 yr. old girl mowed wn in cold blood at the Rome airport. Mr. [Qaddafi] called that one a "noble deed."

ed. Sept. 3 · The Soviets are holding Ameri- n journalist (U.S. News & World Report) icholas Daniloff] charging him with be- g a spy. It is of course a frame up & the n time they've done it. Each time we have rested one of their KGB agents they have ne this. The last time before this one was in 3. Each time before they grabbed an Ameri- n businessman. Then they try to arrange a isoner exchange.

ed. Sept. 17 · The press is obsessed with the aniloff affair & determined to paint all of as caving in to the Soviets which they of urse say is the worst way to deal with them. The simple truth is we've offered no deal and are playing hard ball all the way.

We've notified the Soviet U. we're sending 25 of their U.N. staff home—all are KGB agents.

Fri. Sept. 19 · George S. brought F.M. Shevardnadze (Sov. U.) over to the Oval office to deliver Gorbachev's letter to me. The Gen. Sec. wants a meeting between him & me in London or Iceland—I opt for Iceland. This would be preparatory to a Summit. I'm agreeable to that but made it plain we wanted Daniloff returned to us before anything took place. I let the F.M. know I was angry & that I resented their charges that Daniloff was a spy after I had personally given my word that he wasn't. I gave him a little run down on the difference between our 2 systems & told him they couldn't understand the importance we place on the individual because they don't have such a feeling. I enjoyed being angry.

Sat. Oct. 11 · [In Iceland.] A.M. a briefing session then a 5 minute drive to the meeting place—a waterfront home. I was host for the 1st session. Gorby & I met 1st with interpreters & note takers. Then he proposed we bring in Geo. S. & Shevardnadze. That's the way it went then for all the meetings. We got into Human Rts., Regional things & bi partisan agreements on our exchange programs etc. Then it was plain they wanted to get to arms control—so we did.

Sun. Oct. 12 · Our teams had given us an agreement to eliminate entirely all nuc. devices over a 10 yr. pd. We would research & develop SDI during 10 yrs. then deploy & I offered to share with Soviets the system. This began the showdown. He wanted language that would have killed S.D.I. The price was high but I wouldn't sell & that's how day ended. All our people thought I'd done exactly right. I'd pledged I wouldn't give away SDI & I didn't but that meant no deal on any of the arms reductions. I was mad—he tried to act jovial but I acted mad & it showed. Well the ball is in his court and I'm convinced he'll come around when he sees how the world is reacting.

Fri. Nov. 7 · Usual meetings—discussion of how

SKETCHBOOK BY BRUCE McCALL



The Reagan Diaries

to handle press who are off on a wild story built on unfounded story originating in Beirut that we bought hostage [David] Jacobsen's freedom with weapons to Iran. We've tried "no comment." I've proposed & our message will be—"we can't & won't answer any Q's on this subject because to do so will endanger the lives of those we are trying to help."

Mon. Nov. 24 · Big thing of the day was 2 hour meeting in the situation room on the Iran affair. George S. is still stubborn that we shouldn't have sold the arms to Iran—I gave him an argument. All in all we got everything out on the table. After meeting Ed [Meese, attorney general] & Don [Regan] told me of a smoking gun. On one of the arms shipments the Iranians pd. Israel a higher purchase price than we were getting. The Israelis put the difference in a secret bank acct. Then our Col. [Oliver] North (NSC) gave the money to the "Contras." This was a violation of the law against giving the Contras money without an authorization by Congress. North didn't tell me about this. Worst of all John [Poindexter] found out about it & didn't tell me. This may call for resignations.

Mon. Jan. 12, 1987 · The press is quoting the usual unnamed W.H. source that our game plan is to sit tight for 2 yrs. protecting what we've already accomplished. Truth is we've got so many *new* programs we want to go after we're having trouble setting the agenda.

Sun. Feb. 1 · At 10 A.M. the Dr's. came up & hung a lot of gear on me which I must wear til 10 P.M. It is a 12 hour electrocardiograph recorded on a 12 hour tape. Just a check to see how the old man's ticker is doing. Colin Powell called. In Teheran the Iranians arrested an American press man (Wall St. Journal) took his passport accused him of being a Zionist spy & threw him in jail. He's a Roman Catholic. I'm ready to kidnap the Khomeini.

Wed. Feb. 11 · Learned this A.M. that a tape has turned up & been revealed to the Tower commission & the Sen. investigation. It is complete fiction. It has Ollie North telling the Iranians he's held meetings with me at Camp David and that I was willing to go all out with arms deliverys in order to get our hostages back & I wanted Iran to win the war. I OK'd (according to the tape) providing Iran with strategy & intelligence to help them beat Iraq. I'm also said to have wanted Hussein of Iraq to abdicate & because of my support for Khomeini.

Later in morning met with [Special Counselor David] Abshire and told him the tape was complete fiction. There have been no meetings with North at Camp D. He's never been there while I've been President.

Thurs. Feb. 26 · At 10 A.M. rcvd. the Tower report—almost 300 pages. We had about a 45 min. brief but I won't really know what's in it til I've read it. At 11 A.M. over to E.O.B. [Executive Office Building] with the 3 members of the Commission—hundreds of media. I made a statement, turned the meeting over to John Tower & left with all of them screaming Q's at me—Sam [Donaldson, ABC News] the loudest.

Sun. May 17 · A beautiful, easy day—until I got a call from Frank [Carlucci, national-security adviser]. In the Persian Gulf off the coast of Bahrain our Frigate the U.S.S. Stark was hit by 2 missiles fired by an Iraq Mirage F.1. The U.S.S. Wadell went to the scene—both ships made port. We have filed a protest. Apparently the plane did not have visual aim but fired at a radar image. More bulletins through the day & situation looking worse.

Mon. June 22 · Off on Marine I for Andrews & A.F.1. There was a little boy on the Lawn jumping up & down waving a paper pad & a pen. I couldn't resist. I ran over to him & signed the autograph. Found out later he had only recently lost his father. His mother they tell me was shedding tears of happiness.

Only dark spot of day was a real one—a notice that Fred Astaire had died. He was a truly wonderful man.

Sat. [July] 18 · Another beautiful day. Called Bill Bennet [Secretary of Education William Bennett]—just back from Europe. Told him I was sure some one had apprised him of our son Ron's article on AIDS in People mag. Ron gave both of us h—l. He can be stubborn on a couple of issues & won't listen to anyone's argument. Bill volunteered to have a talk with him. I hope it can be worked out.

Mon. Sept. 28 · Staff meeting started with Bob Woodward's claim in his book & his interview last night on 60 min. that he'd interviewed Bill Casey [director of central intelligence] just before Casey's death. He's a liar & he lied about what Casey is supposed to have thought of me.

Iran is apparently building another Silkworm launching pad. Sen. Byrd has another bill that would amount to de flagging the Kuwait Tankers.

Upstairs—no Nancy, she is overnight at the Grunwalds place. As usual I'm lonesome & so is Rex [family dog].

Mon. Oct. 19 · At 7 A.M. our time 4 U.S. Destroyers warned men on 2 adjoining platforms in the gulf which served as [Iranian] radar & Command & Control posts to get off—most if not all did. We then loosed 1000 rounds of 5 inch shells on the platforms. Mission successful. Most of our meeting time taken up by reports on this & our dealings with Cong. Cong. is for most part supportive of our action.

By days end the news was a 508 fall in the Dow Jones. Some people are talking of panic—the Dow is down 800 points in over a week.

Tues. Dec. 8 · This is the big day. Staff m ing was small talk and actually so was because at 10 A.M. a full ceremony on t Lawn for Gorbachev's arrival. He & R [Gorbachev's wife] arrived in a limo ma Russia that's bigger than anything we h After the usual routine he & I went to Oval O. All our talk must be through i preters. A good rousing meeting—we got a debate about human rights. It was a g meeting & it's plain he really wants n reduction of nuclear weapons. I think make progress on the "Start" Treaty [ST the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks].

After lunch Nancy & I met he & R and went up to the East Room for the s ing of the INF [Intermediate-Range Nuc Forces] Treaty. It was TV'd live and really an historic moment.

Then came word that the mkt. on W Street zoomed up 56 points right after signed the treaty.

Fri. Dec. 11 · Had an 8:30 A.M. Breakfas Cab. room with entire Dem. & Repub. Co leadership. When I walked into the roo got an ovation. The spirit of bipartisans flavored the entire meeting.

Wed. Feb. 10, 1988 · Of course the 1st subj was Gen. Noriega who is spouting lies over the news.

Pres. of Panama announced he was go to ask Noriega to take a leave of absenc then he postponed the Cabinet meeting wh this was supposed to take place.

U.S. attorneys in Miami are drawing papers demanding extradition.

Wed. March 16 · At 2 P.M. a meeting in O O. with Jim Stewart—he's back here doi some lobbying against the computerized c oring of old classic black & white pictures. makes a good point. I'm going to look int to see if I can be of help.

Fri. March 18 · Panama—2 St. Dept. reps. a on way to Panama to meet with Noriega his request. Later in day we were told they had a lengthy meeting and made plain want his departure—soon—from Panam He's meeting now with his lawyers & h asked for a 2nd meeting maybe tomorrow.

Several of Noriega's staff have defect including his personal pilots of 727 & he copter. They've asked us for asylum. Pilo claim they flew 48 tons of Soviet weapons ammunition from Cuba to Noriega. Defe tors are now in Fla.

Mon. April 25 · I phoned Frank Robinso manager of Orioles who have lost 18 straig games beginning with 1st game. I told him ask them to win one for the Gipper.

Tues. May 3 · The press have a new one thank

on Regan's book. We make decisions on basis of going to Astrologers. The media behaving like kids with a new toy—never d that there is no truth in it.

l. May 4 · A short meeting—some talk ut this astrology mess Don Regan's book kicked up. Some gal in L.A. claims she's sitor to the W.H. & that she gives us fre- nt readings. She even claims she advised on choosing Geo. B. for V.P. We've never n her in our lives & don't know her at all.

. May 29 · Get away day—this time to scow, our 1st time ever to see Russia. We e met by Ambas. & Mrs. Matlock & Pres. Mrs. Gromyko—also our Ambas. staff plus ily. It was amazing how quickly the street jammed curb to curb with people—warm, ndly people who couldn't have been more ctionate. In addition to our S.S. the KGB on hand & I've never seen such brutal nhandling as they did on their own people o were in no way getting out of hand.

n. May 30 · 2nd meeting with the Gen. Sec. ched on other subjects—congratulated n for his courage in leaving Afghanistan. en tried to show him how some of things were urging on him would actually help ng about his perestroika. There is no ques- n in my mind but that a certain chemistry es exist between us.

urs. June 16 · Zia has declared Islamic w is law of Pakistan. That puts them into Fundamentalist Revolution with the Aya- ah & Qaddafi.

Sat. July 2 · My radio cast, then groundbreaking for new Chapel at Camp David. But main event was a 5 A.M. phone call that one of our cruisers, the USS Vincennes in the Persian Gulf accompanied by 2 Frigates had been engaged by a flotilla of Iranian missile carrying speed boats. The Vincennes sank 2 & disabled a 3rd. While this was going on radar picked up a blip on a plane taking [off] in Iran & on a course directly toward the action. Radio warnings were sent on both mil. aircraft frequency & commercial. There was no reply. Then radar revealed the plane was descending right on line with the Vincennes. The Capt. ordered firing of 2 missiles. One brought the plane down. Later it was learned the plane was an airbus carrying according to Iran, 290 people. It's a terrible tragedy and I so stated but while I've ordered a Naval investigation, I don't believe the Captain had any other choice but to fire on the plane.

Wed. Aug. 17 · At 7:30 A.M. phone call from Colin Powell. One of our C-130's in Pakistan—the Punjab where a mil. demonstration of one of our new tanks was taking place crashed on takeoff killing all on board. This included Pres. Zia of Pakistan, our Ambas. & 2 [one] of our Generals. We're waiting further word as to others & possible cause of crash.

Thurs. Dec. 1 · Soviets have stopped jamming radio broadcasts such as Radio Liberty & all the others. They have also announced they are releasing 120 pol. prisoners.

Thurs. Dec. 22 · Air crash of Pan Am plane over Scotland began with some kind of explosion at 31,000 ft. New figure on dead—273 on the plane. Ambas. Charles Price & Carol went to scene of crash last night. Margaret Thatcher went early in the morning. I talked to both of them later in the day.

Wed. Jan. 4, 1989 · At 2:45 A.M. Colin phoned to tell me 2 of our F14's from the USS Kennedy shot down 2 Mig 23's from Libya. There have been signs that Qaddafi is antsy about a possible attack on his chemical factory. This time the ship & planes were on their way to Israel & 600 miles East of his factory. When they fastened on to our F.14's and turned on their afterburners, our pilots decided they were hostile & knocked them down. So back to sleep.

Thurs. Jan. 19 · Soviets propose reducing it's nuclear tactical battlefield weapons. This may be a ploy to win approval of German people who are aware their country would be the battlefield for an exchange of such weapons.

Dick Thornburg [Attorney General Richard Thornburgh] came in to see me about pardons. He doesn't believe I should pardon Patty Hearst, North, Poindexter or McFarlane. I'm afraid he's right. Nick Brady [secretary of Treasury] came by to say goodbye & thank me. Same with Alan Greenspan [chairman of the Federal Reserve]. Then it was the V.P.'s turn. All of my W.H. staff was gathered in the Roosevelt room for him to thank & say a goodbye.

Tomorrow I stop being President. □

---

he Sack of Washington



NTINUED FROM PAGE 189 whatever its mor- shortcomings, the profit motive, including corrupt dimension, is in fact an efficient onomic mechanism: it gets things done. As e character argues in the movie *Syriana,* rruption is *why we win.* But as MacMullen ints out, for a government to be effective on ational or an imperial scale, there needs to a presumption that information is traveling curately up and down the administrative ain of command, and that every link in the ain between a command and its execution is iable and strong. Putting power into private hands frequently ends up breaking that link. Making the exercise of power contingent on payment by definition breaks the link.

Privatization today often makes itself felt in ways that would have turned no heads in ancient Rome. Naturally, it still includes influence peddling and bribery and the buying and selling of public office. Former California representative Randy "Duke" Cunningham, now in jail, infamously drafted a "bribe menu" on official stationery, linking the size of defense contracts he would deliver with the size of payments he received. Representative Bob Ney, implicated in the Abramoff scandals, resigned his congressional seat, having been reportedly warned by his majority leader that if he stayed and lost his seat for his party, he "could not expect a lucrative career on K Street"—that is, he would jeopardize any future as an influence peddler, what the Romans called a *suffragator.* (All for naught in Ney's case: he's now in jail.) And as in Rome, privatization still includes turning over government departments to incompetent cronies, empowering private individuals at the expense of public intentions. The Federal Emergency Management Agency, staffed by inexperienced political appointees and unable to cope with the Hurricane Katrina disaster, is only the most prominent instance.

But the dominant form of privatization today is something relatively new, at least in its dimensions. Government on its stupendous modern scale—regulating every industry; re-distributing treasure from one sector of society to another; forecasting the weather and mapping the human genome—simply did not exist in ancient Rome. Because the extent of government is larger, privatization has more scope. Its most pervasive form is perfectly legal: the hiring of profit-making companies by the thousands to do government jobs. The ostensible motives may be pure, but the result is to diminish government's capacity. For one thing, government loses the ability to perform certain functions; it's hard to *un*-privatize. Moreover, the effect in every case is to insert an independent agent, with its own interests to consider and protect, into the space between public will and public outcome—a dynamic that represents a potential "diverting of gov-

ernmental force" far more systemic and insidious than outright venality.

Privatization along these lines has occurred most decisively in America and Britain. In 1976 a book was published in the United States called *The Shadow Government,* written by Daniel Guttman and Barry Willner; its subtitle spoke ominously of "the government's multi-billion-dollar giveaway" of decision-making authority. Government agencies, the authors warned, were farming out various functions to high-priced consultants, secretive think tanks, and corporate vested interests—accountable to no one! And "outsourcing" was not the only issue. Some parts of the government, they went on, might even be sold off completely—turned into private businesses! The process was "cloaked in contractual and other formal approvals by the various executive departments," but make no mistake: it amounted to nothing less than a "drive to merge Government and business power to the advantage of the latter."

A little more than a decade later, the shadow government was out of the shadow. There is a plausible rationale for privatization—one that often makes sense in the short run and for specific tasks. Private contractors may be able to operate more efficiently than government agencies do. Marketplace signals may prove to be more direct and powerful than bureaucratic ones. And why shouldn't the government hire outside specialists for help with certain chores, the way any household or business does? In the 1980s, Ronald Reagan created a presidential commission on privatization to study not how the boundary between public and private might be bolstered but how it could be pushed out of the way even further, to give private interests more opportunity to move in. The same idea surfaces in the "re-inventing government" movement taken up by the Clinton administration: "We would do well," one proponent wrote, "to glory in the blurring of public and private and not keep trying to draw a disappearing line in the water." Since then privatization has affected every aspect of American public life.

The most visible surge in government outsourcing has come in the realm of the military. Rome hired barbarian soldiers to make up for its acute manpower shortages (not a good long-run solution, history would show). America is hiring private military companies for the very same reason—not the Visigothi or the Ostrogothi but the Halliburtoni and Wackenhuti. Conan the Barbarian has become Conan the Contractor. But in fact every facet of "personal security" is increasingly in the hands of private business. It was not until the mid–19th century that America's urban governments, by setting up local police forces, managed to make an ordinary person's safety a matter of real public responsibility. This was a major advance, though perhaps only temporary. No one with money relies on such guarantees any longer (nor did they in Rome, where police forces as we know them were virtually nonexistent). More and more people have withdrawn into protected enclaves. Private security is a major growth industry; in 1960 there were more police officers than hired security guards in America, whereas today private guards outnumber the police by a margin of 50 percent. Individuals may owe nominal allegiance to a town or a state, but their true oath of fealty is to Securitas or Guardsmark.

One of the chief obligations of any government is simply to dispense justice—to resolve disputes, oversee legal business, mete out punishment. These functions were once held in private hands. After a stint as a public responsibility, they are now migrating back. Lawyers and clients increasingly shun the civil courts—congested, expensive, fickle—and instead buy themselves some private arbitration, provided by a growing cadre of profitable "rent-a-judge" companies. As for the criminal-justice system, those sentenced to prison may very well do their time in a private facility, run on behalf of state and federal governments and operated by a company with some former public official in its management to grease the wheels. Faced with rising numbers of inmates, and unwilling to raise taxes to build more public prisons, governments at all levels have found that the easy, cost-effective way is to turn the prison industry over to the private sector: to a behemoth such as the Nashville-based Corrections Corporation of America, or to one of many smaller companies.

America's public colleges and universities are fast losing their public character. These institutions were created under the terms of an act signed by Abraham Lincoln in 1862, providing federal land grants to the states as a basis for public financing of higher education. But state support is diminishing. Nationwide, state legislatures are picking up only about two-thirds of the annual cost of public higher education. For the University of Illinois, the figure is 25 percent. For the University of Michigan, it's 18 percent. What makes up the difference in funding? To a large degree it's money from private donors and private corporations, creating an incipient "academic-industrial complex" at public and private institutions alike. You can't escape the signs. At the University of California at Berkeley, one administrator is officially known as the Bank of America Dean of the Haas School of Business. But for a conviction or two, Rice University would have had a Ken Lay Center for the Study of Markets in Transition, endowed by the late former chairman of Enron. Much money for universities comes with strings attached—for instance, the power to push research in certain directions and perhaps away from others, and the ownership of patents deriving from sponsored research.

Sociologists have a term for what is occurring: they call it the "externalization of state functions." Water and sewage systems are being privatized, as are airports and highways and public hospitals. Voucher programs and charter schools are a way of shifting education toward the private sector. The protection of nuclear waste is in private hands. Meat inspection is done largely by the meatpacking companies themselves. Americans were up in arms last year when they learned that Dubai World, a company in the United Arab Emirates, would soon be in control of the terminals at half a dozen major U.S. seaports—only to discover that the privatization of terminal operations at American ports had begun three decades ago, and that 80 percent of them were already operated by foreign companies, the largest of which is Chinese. Serious proposals to privatize portions of Social Security have been on the table, and the new Medicare prescription-drug plan effectively puts an enormous government program into the hands of private insurance and drug companies.

Many services that used to be provided free of charge now must be paid for—government by user fee. Detailed statistical data from the Census Bureau and other agencies were once available to everyone; now they're being sold, mainly for marketing purposes, and often at prices that only private corporations can afford. The vaults of the Smithsonian were once open to documentary-film makers regardless of provenance and financing. Now an agreement between the Smithsonian and the cable company Showtime has created something called the Smithsonian Networks, which has jurisdiction over, and priority access to, certain kinds of material.

Is there any government function that can't be transferred to some private party? A considerable amount of tax collection is now done, in effect, by casinos; rather than raise taxes to pay for services, legislatures legalize gambling and then take a rake-off from the profits earned by private casino companies. It's "tax farming" for the modern age, recalling the hated Roman practice of selling the right to collect taxes to private individuals (including the apostle Matthew in the Gospels), who were then allowed to keep anything over what they had agreed to collect for the government. As the recent revelations about torture have made clear, even official interrogations for national-security purposes have been outsourced—in this instance to other countries through the process known as "extraordinary rendition." The sale of naming rights for public facilities and other amenities attracts notice mostly for the ungainly nomenclature that results—mutants such as the Mitsubishi Wild Wetland Trail, at the New York Botanical Garden, in the Bronx,



We see the potential for salon perfect hair, every day. So we created **Luminous Color Glaze**™ with **Color Illuminating Technology**.™ It's reformulated to boost shine, gently reawaken color and keep hair silky after just 3 minutes in the shower. Another salon breakthrough from the professionals behind the John Frieda Collection.

JOHN FRIEDA COLLECTION. THE BEAUTY OF INVENTION.™

Find it in the hair care aisle next to our shampoos, conditioners and stylers.

©2007 John Frieda Professional Hair Care Division, Kao Brands Company

ADVERTISEMENT

The New Facial Brighteners...



What are they?

And why do they make your skin look... so much younger?

By Tiffany St

I used to think looking old was all about wrinkles... but I was wrong. It turns out that looking young has more to do with skin color and something called "brightness scale" or "full-spectrum reflectivity" th does with wrinkles. That's why Facial Brighteners (not the old-time "age spot" removers, but new formulations designed to brighten skin all your face) are replacing wrinkle creams as the fastest-growing product category at prestige cosmetic counters around the globe (not only the 50-plus boomer... but with the under-30 generation as well). Want to know why? Facial Brighteners make you look younger... much you

Think about this... we all know someone who's been injected with Botox® or had some type of "work" done on their face... their skin is a bit smoother, but when you get up close, they really don't look that much younger either. Something is... well... a little "off." Their skin just doesn't have that bright, radiant glow of youth... still kind of dull, still kind of splotchy, still kind of lifeless (what experts call "sallow"... what we politely call "mature").

That's why cosmeceutical insiders are shifting their attention from wrinkle creams to Facial Brighteners... making them the single-most "must-have" new anti-aging product on the market today. But... do Facial Brighteners really make you look that much younger? Are they worth the money? Or is it all simply hype? The answer might surprise you (as much as it surprised me).

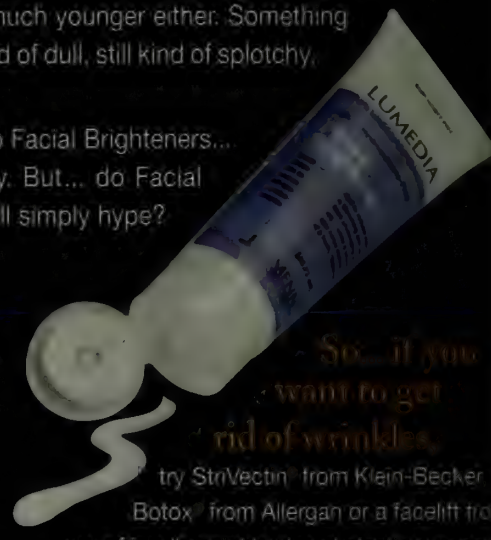


So why does our skin color turn as we age? According to Dr. Richard Wells, PhD, Director of Scientific Affairs for Bremenn Research Labs (the pigmentation specialists who brought you Hylexin, the world's #1 formula for serious dark circles, and Lumedia, the hottest-selling Facial Brightener on the market), changing skin color has a lot to do with light waves, color frequencies and how light is reflected. "As we age, proteins in the skin's epidermis become cross-linked and rigid... losing transparency and the ability to reflect pink tones; thus resulting in a duller, darker, 'mousey' if you will, pallor. Unlike simple 'age spot' removers, new-generation Facial Brighteners are designed to be used over the entire face and actually restore the color of your skin's appearance. They make you look younger by increasing your skin's brightness scale and amplifying full-spectrum reflectivity, luminescence and clarity. It's quite a breakthrough."

In plain English, Facial Brighteners are cutting-edge skin care. They enhance the color of your skin... so you use less makeup, less concealer... and you don't look like you're trying too hard to hide your age. You just look naturally younger.

Once I understood that dull, age-spotty and discolored skin makes you look older than a face full of wrinkles, I couldn't wait to get my hands on a tube of Lumedia Facial Brightener. (The great thing about being a beauty editor is free samples!)

Right now, Lumedia Facial Brightener from Bremenn Research Labs has got all the buzz. While the company says that participants in clinical trials saw younger, brighter, more radiant-looking skin in 29 days, I actually saw an amazing difference in less than a week. My face looked younger... healthier... and glowing. My skin looked beautiful... really. Don't get me wrong, I'm not ready to give up all my wrinkle creams just yet, but I must admit, Lumedia made an amazing difference. You've got to try this stuff for yourself!



So... if you want to get rid of wrinkles, try StriVectin™ from Klein-Becker, Botox® from Allergan or a facelift fro your friendly neighborhood plastic surgeon. But if you really want to look younger and g rid of the appearance of telltale age spots, blotchy discolorations, while restoring that "baby-like" glow and radiant look of youth, need to try a Facial Brightener. And based o experience, there's nothing more revolutiona more exciting or more effective than Lumedi

Having trouble finding Lumedi Facial Brightener? Your best bets are Saks Avenue, Bloomingdale's, Macy's or Sephor for a 3-ounce tube (about a 3-month suppl not bad). See you at the Lumedia counter!

P.S. If stores are out of stock, you can order directly from Bremenn Labs.

Call 1-800-235-8618

or visit Bremenn Labs.com.

Tiffany Strobel, beauty editor, www.MyFreeDiet.com

† Botox® is a registered trademark of Allergan, Inc.
All trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

©2007 All Rights Reserved BR1

he Sack of Washington

d Whataburger Field, in Corpus Christi. To ract more corporate underwriting, the De- rtment of the Interior has proposed that nerica's national parks be liberally opened to the sale of naming rights. No one is sug- sting that there will soon be a J. Crew Cape d National Seashore. But might there be a erwin-Williams Painted Desert Trailhead?

An analyst at Johns Hopkins observes, "Contractors have become so big and en- nched that it's a fiction that the government intains any control." One obvious recent ex- mple is the rebuilding effort in Iraq. To supply e army or provide other services, traders and ntractors often traveled with Roman legions; lius Caesar had such a person with him dur- g the Gallic Wars, explicitly "for the sake of siness." There may have been no alternative giving the reconstruction job in Iraq to pri- te corporations, including giant combines ch as Bechtel and Halliburton, but the result s been an effort that defies management or countability. The evidence of widespread rruption in the Iraq rebuilding effort is be- nd dispute. Corruption aside, private com- nies are exempt from many regulations at would apply to government agencies. ne records of private companies can't be tained through the Freedom of Informa- n Act. They can use foreign subsidiaries to oid laws meant to restrain American com- nies. Before the war, Halliburton itself used bsidiaries to do business with Iran, Iraq, d Libya, despite official American trade nctions against all three countries.

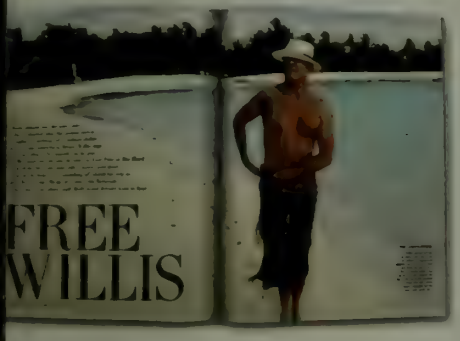
More and more secret intelligence work—translation, airborne surveillance, computing, interrogation, analysis, reporting, briefing—is being farmed out to private entities. Not only is the intelligence community becoming further fragmented, but, because the new jobs pay so well, a "spy drain" is drawing officers out of the public sector and into the private market. And the drain isn't restricted to spies: at least 90 former top officials at the Department of Homeland Security and the White House Office of Homeland Security are now working for private companies in the domestic-security business. Meanwhile, the government seems poised to turn the job of border police over to multi-national contractors, a task that will in turn be subcontracted out to dozens of smaller companies. Lockheed Martin, Raytheon, Boeing, and Northrop Grumman were among the corporations that indicated they would submit bids to build a high-tech "virtual fence" along the Mexican border, with an array of motion detectors, satellite monitors, and aerial drones. (Boeing eventually won.) A Homeland Security official conceded the abdication of government leadership, saying to the companies, "We're asking you to come back and tell us how to do our business."

One study from the late 1990s suggests that the "privatization rate"—the rate at which public functions are being outsourced—is roughly doubling every year. On paper the federal workforce nationwide, leaving the military aside, appears to total about two million people. But if you add in all the people in the private sector doing essentially government jobs with federal grants and contracts, then the figure rises by 10.5 million. The commercialization of government probably explains why so many Washington entities are now referred to as shops: "lobby shop," "counterterrorism shop." There's no question that in certain ways the private sector can outperform the public sector. Users of Federal Express, U.P.S., and DHL would sooner renounce citizenship than go back to relying only on the U.S. Postal Service. The problem is the cumulative effect of privatization across the board—projected out over decades, over a century, over two—and the leaching of management capacity from government. This is the same "*mis*direction" of government force that MacMullen discerns in Rome: easier to observe in retrospect, when the whole film is available, than in the brief, real-time clip any of us is allowed to see.

The activities of government are, in effect, being franchised out. You can't help lingering over the concept of "franchise," wondering what a latter-day Geoffrey de Ste. Croix would make of it. Like *suffragium,* the word originally had to do with notions of political freedom and civic responsibility. Derived from the Old French word *franc,* meaning "free," it later came to be associated with the most fundamental political freedom of all: to exercise your franchise meant to exercise your right to vote. Only much later, in the mid–20th century, did the idea of being granted "certain rights" acquire its commercial connotation: the right to market a company's services or products, such as fried chicken or Tupperware. Today, to have a franchise on something is in effect to have control over it.

Looking at the history of the word, it's tempting to write this epitaph: Here, in miniature, is the political history of America. □

ruce Willis



ONTINUED FROM PAGE 175 "is a direct by- roduct of the world as we came to know it, ost-9/11, a harder world that required harder eroes. So, 'Can we or can't we?' gave way to es we can, and probably should.'"

Nevertheless, as de Souza puts it, in the *Die Hard* franchise, "there's still a fire- all of fiction between what's really going on the world and the movie." Thus, in keeping with the grand tradition of not-really-terrorist action movies, the smart money here is on ignoring the elements of our recent history that might make such pictures problematic. Thus, in contrast to *24,* the bad guys are not Muslim fanatics armed with suitcase nukes, toxic chemicals, or fatal germs. Instead, the villain in 4 is a rogue hacker, more Ted Kaczynski than Osama bin Laden, who brings America to its knees by taking down the techno-infrastructure—brick, so to speak, by brick. It's *Die Hard* online.

Explains Doug Richardson, who was a co-writer of 2 and worked on the script of 4, "If you're up against true believers, who are vicious in their true belief, it's a real tone shift for the series. The original is one of the great popcorn action movies of all time. As a writer, you want to err on the light side. You certainly are trying to avoid issues that polarize. This particular episode in the life of John McClane could easily have been developed and released well before 9/11. There's no real relation to it."

"I killed all the bad guys in this film, and I don't think I killed any Muslims," says Willis. "There are hundreds of millions of Muslims who aren't radical sectarians, who have no interest in jihad. In every one of the *Die Hard*s, I think, somebody, at some high level, said, 'We can't make these guys Muslims.' Everybody agreed that we didn't want to look like *24,* or compete with *24.* Because what they do, they do very well."

"So there's no torture?" I ask.

"No torture. It doesn't sound like *Die Hard,* does it?"

"Do you even smoke in this new movie?"

"No."

"It's so much a part of that character . . . "

"Yeah. But it's just a nasty habit. I didn't want to feel responsible for any kid smoking to try to look cool because he thought I looked cool doing it."

McClane is 12 years older than he was in 3, and Willis doesn't try to conceal his age in the new picture. Rather, he plays off it. As always, he did many of the stunts himself, but

it wasn't easy. "A lot of the physical stuff that they had me doing was still, let's say, low-tech. I don't bounce as well off the concrete floors as I used to. There are those 'ouch' moments that actually hurt. It gets really unfun on Take Two, you know? You hope they got it in Take One. I'm glad I didn't wait a couple more years to do this."

Writer-director Kevin Smith (*Clerks*) has a small role in the film as a white-hat superhacker. Smith re-wrote his own scenes for *Live Free or Die Hard,* but then had to submit them to the studio for approval. He recalls overhearing Willis's half of a phone conversation with an executive who was giving Willis notes on the scenes. "Bruce just sat there on the phone going, 'Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh,' and then, 'Let me ask you a question: Who's your second choice to play John McClane?' There was a long pause, and then he went, 'That's what I thought,' and hung up."

The PG-13 thing seems to rankle Willis. (Although, ironically, he says he was offered the Mel Gibson part in *Lethal Weapon* before the first *Die Hard* and turned it down, because his girlfriend at the time thought the script was too violent.) He tried to push *Live Free or Die Hard* down the R highway, but apparently the days when a star as big as he is could call the shots are over. "No one has that power," says Willis. "There is a much more powerful guy in Hollywood, and his name is Rupert Murdoch. It's his corporation. I only work there. I never did get a satisfactory answer on [the rating question]. It does make it a little more difficult. They don't want to see a lot of blood squirting out of bad guys. You can still do a lot of horrific things—you just can't say the word 'fuck' more than twice." That is a problem, especially since "Yippee-ki-yay, motherfucker" is McClane's signature line. "Saying 'fuck' every other sentence is part of the vernacular of *Die Hard,*" Willis insists. But even he seems resigned to the inevitability of PG-13. "That's a studio decision, one that is becoming more and more common, because they're trying to reach a broader audience. It seems almost a courageous move to give a picture an R rating these days."

Despite the new movie's being "fuck"-challenged, "we still made a pretty hard-core, smashmouth film," says Willis. "I really wanted this one to live up to the promise of the first one, which I always thought was the only really good one."

From the studio point of view, the choices that have shaped 4 are probably based on marketing concerns more than anything else. *24* may have surprising international appeal—it's shown in more than 25 countries, including Turkey, Estonia, and Japan—but its point of view is quintessentially American, red-state American, and certainly can't expect to be warmly received in broad swatches of the globe where Bush is regarded as the devil. *Live Free or Die Hard,* on the other hand, will be released worldwide. Nowadays, an action movie like this one can expect overseas revenues to contribute as much as 60 or 70 percent of the total gross, a case of the tail wagging the dog. That's why, in last year's *Superman Returns,* the Man of Steel's famous mantra—"Truth, justice, and the American way"—became, in Perry White's words, "Truth, justice, and all that stuff."

O.K., enough about politics and movies. Let's turn to the important things, gossip and the press—subjects both close to Willis's heart. There's not much to report on the Demi Moore front. All has apparently been copacetic between Willis and his former wife since at least 2005, when he attended her wedding to Ashton Kutcher. Willis recently vacationed with the Moore-Kutchers—he refers to them as his "extended family"—at his home on Parrot Cay, in Turks and Caicos. "It's hard for people to understand," he says, "but we go on holidays together. We still raise our kids together—we still have that bond. Demi is the mother of my children and Ashton is the stepfather of my children. I'm thrilled that Ashton turned out to be such a great guy. I love Demi, and I know she loves me."

As for his own love life, Willis has been busy enough since his divorce from Moore, in 2000. Last year, for instance, he was repeatedly linked to Tamara Feldman, a young actress who appeared with him and Halle Berry in the recently released thriller *Perfect Stranger.* Subsequently, he was seen with the model Petra Nemcova, known for her Victoria's Secret and *Sports Illustrated* Swimsuit Issue work. Then, according to the tabloids, it was on to Renée Zellweger, of whom he says, "I bumped into her at a restaurant the other night, and I talked to her for about five minutes. The next thing I know, I was dating her. Not that it's ridiculous—she's a beautiful woman." And, he adds, "I think Renée Zellweger's incredibly talented." Meanwhile, the list grows: just this past March the New York *Daily News* observed him "in flagrant canoodle" with Courtney Love at the Roxy nightclub on Sunset Strip. In April, according to "Page Six," he was back with Feldman, "cuddled up" at the *Perfect Stranger* premiere.

But gossip doesn't really rile him the way it used to. I bring to his attention that he was recently named, along with others, as a client by a prominent Hollywood madam—an alleged association from way back in the early 1990s, as it happens. (Apparently there's no statute of limitations on this stuff.)

"So, what's this about Jody 'Babydol' C son?" I ask. "Fess up."

"I never heard of her."

"Your lawyer Marty Singer says you d need to pay for sex. You never used hooker

"I don't think so. Not yet. Not yet. I h my kids read this, and I'm glad you asked about that. That's terrific."

"It's been in the tabs."

"No, no, it's been in the L.A. *Times.* cause the *Times* now participates in the go trade."

"But, if the *Times* is exploiting sex, d movies, your movies—the *Die Hard* series ploit violence to sell tickets, and the only ference is that that has always been more ceptable in movies than exploiting sex?"

"Well, you could say that, I suppose. it's not true. I don't think there's anyone w goes to see any movie that has even a shred violence in it and thinks that the person w got hurt in that film really had blood gush out of their back. People are smart enou to know the difference between what th see on the news and what cinema is. It's proliferation of guns that causes crime in United States, not movies."

"Did you really offer million-dollar wards for Saddam Hussein and bin Laden

"No. It's not that it's not true—that w said metaphorically. It was taken out of c text. I said it thinking that my words wou not be quoted in public. Anybody would insane to say that. I'm not going to reach i my pocket and take a million dollars out a say bring me the head of someone. It's cra Once again, I got fucked."

"Who did you say it to?"

"Some friends of mine in the military."

"How did it get to the press?"

"Are you kidding me? The press are eve where, man! They pay money for shit famo people say like that. So this'll all be taken fact: that Bruce Willis, in 2003, offered a ward for finding Saddam Hussein."

"You can correct the record."

"If you write something that sets the re ord straight, people won't want to believe Millions of people want to believe whatev they think I am, the holograph, the met phor, made up of gossip, the stuff that gets the radio, based on me being on Letterma interviews that I did for magazines, movi I've done. Nothing that has to do with real meeting me, or talking to me. So correctin the record is one of the things that I hav given up on. I don't give a shit about it."

And anyway, he continues, "they're n writing about guys my age much anymor unless I do something naughty. They're wr ing about the kids. That's what drives th pop culture now. Anything goes, to the poi when if it's O.K. for young pop stars or fil stars to show photos of their naked vaginas a magazine, then it's over, man. It's the fuc ing Fall of Rome." □

FAIRGROUND

AROUND THE WORLD, ONE PARTY AT A TIME

JUNE 2007



DEFENDERS OF THE UNIVERSE Natural Resources Defense Council trustees Leonardo DiCaprio and Laurie David were co-chairs at this year's dinner and benefit honoring *Vanity Fair* editor Graydon Carter.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANNAH THOMSON

FAIRGROUND

A very green welcome.

Amanda Hearst and James Patrick Herman

Robert F. Kennedy Jr.

Damon Dash, Rachel Roy, and Kevin Bacon

Ludacris

Jim Kelly and Sir Kenneth Scott

Jeff Bewkes, Allen Grubman, and Tom Freston

[NEW YORK]

TAKING THE INITIATIVE

Six hundred guests were seated for dinner.

Leonardo DiCaprio, Frances Beinecke, and John H. Adams

Brian Grazer and George Lucas

Jeff Bewkes, Richard Plepler, and Elizabeth Wiatt

WHAT

N.R.D.C.'s Forces for Nature Ninth Annual Gala

WHEN

March 7, 2007

WHO

Amanda Burden, Glenn Close, Mickey Drexler, John Hayes, Andy Lack, Doug Morris, Bob Pittman, Diane Sawyer, Barry Sternlicht, and many more

WHERE

The Cunard Building at 25 Broadway, New York City

Jann Wenner, Caroline Ke[illegible] Schlossberg, and Edwin Schl[illegible]

Diane von Furstenberg and Barry Diller

John Mellencamp, Lisa Robinson, Elaine Irwin-Mellencamp, and Fran Lebowitz

Mitch Glazer and Laurie Grunwald





Georgina Chapman, Harvey Weinstein, and Naomi Watts



Carolina Herrera

Lee Meadows and Julie Chen



Laurie David



Diane Boardman and Thomas H. Lee



Barry Diller, Liz Smith, and Thomas H. Lee



Lenny Kravitz and Vivi Nevo





Barbara Walters, Billy Norwich, and Frank Rich

Robyn Todd and David Sternberg



Ronald Perelman and Barry Diller





Bette Midler and Donna Karan

CREDITS







FASHION

COVER: **BRUCE WILLIS'S** vintage shirt by **ABERCROMBIE & FITCH,** from Melet Mercantile, N.Y.C., or call 212-925-8353; **CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION** T-shirt from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C., or call 877-256-7373; vintage pants and boots from What Comes Around Goes Around, N.Y.C., or call 212-343-9303. PAGE 114: **EMMA ROBERTS'S** dress by **DIABLESS,** from Diabless, L.A., or go to diabless.com; Naomi DeLuce Wilding for cloutieragency .com. PAGE 117: **KIPLING BUIS** styled by Janine Israel for celestineagency.com; for his jean jacket by **LEVI'S,** go to levisstore.com; sweater by **HUGO BOSS,** from Bloomingdale's, Calif.; pants by **RALPH LAUREN,** from Bloomingdale's, Sherman Oaks, Calif. PAGE 142: **GELSEY KIRKLAND'S** shell by **VERA WANG,** from Vera Wang, N.Y.C., or go to verawang.com; **STEPHEN RUSSELL** earrings from Stephen Russell, N.Y.C., or call 212-570-6900. **MARY MILLS THOMAS'S** Vera Wang dress from Vera Wang, N.Y.C., or go to verawang.com; **LORRAINE SCHWARTZ** Platinum and Diamond Tiara from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., or call 646-274-2008. Sarajane Hoare for Vernon Jolly. PAGE 145: **LESLIE MANN'S** top by **ROBERTO CAVALLI,** from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; **MIU MIU** briefs from Miu Miu boutiques nationwide, or call 888-977-1900; for **LOUIS VUITTON** luggage, call 866-VUITTON, or go to louisvuitton .com. PAGES 172–73: For Bruce Willis's shirt by **BANANA REPUBLIC,** go to bananarepublic.com; **POLO RALPH LAUREN** shorts from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide, or call 888-475-7674. PAGES 176–77: **JESSE SMITH'S** sweater by **YOHJI YAMAMOTO,** from Yohji Yamamoto, N.Y.C., or go to yohjiyamamoto.co.jp; jeans by **BDG,** from Urban Outfitters stores nationwide, or go to urbanoutfitters .com. For **JACKSON SMITH'S** jeans by **RADCLIFFE DENIM,** call 973-467-9797; for **CRAIG ROBINSON** hat, go to craigrobinsonnyc.com. **PATTI SMITH'S** jacket by **ANN DEMEULEMEESTER,** from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. PAGES 184–85: For **MAMIE GUMMER'S** dress by **MARCHESA,** call 212-463-8135. PAGES 192–93: **CHRISTY TURLINGTON'S** tank top by **CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR,** from Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores nationwide, or go to cku.com; for **WOLFORD** bottoms, call 800-WOLFORD, or go to wolford.com. PAGE 208: For **ALI MacGRAW'S** top by **MICHAEL STARS,** go to michaelstars.com; **HARDTAIL** pants from Hardtail, L.A., or call 310-393-8797. For **ERICH SCHIFFMANN'S** tank top by Michael Stars, go to michaelstars.com; for **JAMES PERSE** pants, go to jamesperse.com.

BEAUTY

COVER: On **BRUCE WILLIS'S** face, **KIEHL'S** Facial Fuel, and **CLINIQUE** Skin Supplies for Men Non-Streak Bronzer; on his lips, Kiehl's Lip Balm No. 1; grooming by Gerald Quist. PAGE 48: Jonathan Kelly's grooming by Naomi Warden for artistsbytimothypriano.com. PAGE 68: **KHALED HOSSEINI'S** grooming by Erin Gallagher for koko-represents.com. PAGE 84: Top, **GUERLAIN BY EMILIO PUCCI** Collection from Neiman Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Bergdorf Goodman stores nationwide; bottom left, **VERSACE** Fragrance from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **SHISEIDO** Limited Edition Silky Eye Shadow Quad in Ocean Shimmer from Macy's, Bloomingdale's, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Nordstrom stores nationwide for a limited time; **FRESH** Mamaku Night Serum from Fresh stores and selected retail stores nationwide, or go to fresh.com; **BOBBI BROWN** Surf and Sand Collection Eye Shadow from bobbibrown.com; **GIVENCHY** No Surgetics Plasti Sculpt Lifting Mask from selected Saks Fifth Avenue stores. PAGE 114: **EMMA ROBERTS'S** hair styled with **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI** Texturizing Balm; Davy Newkirk for Frédéric Fekkai/avantgroupe.com. On her face, **CHANEL** Teint Innocence in Gentle Ivory, and Poudre Universelle Libre in Translucent 1; on her eyes, Les Quatre Ombres Eyeshadow in Variations, and Cils à Cils Mascara in Noir; on her cheeks, Joues Contraste Blush in Rose Bronze; on her lips, Aqualumière Lipshine in Barbados; Kara Yoshimoto Bua for Chanel/avantgroupe.com. PAGE 117: **KIPLING BUIS'S** grooming by Asia Geiger for celestineagency.com. PAGE 118: Juanita Lyon for celestineagency.com. PAGE 142: Linda Hay for the Wall Group. PAGE 145: On **LESLIE MANN'S** face, **ELIZABETH ARDEN** Ceramide Plump Perfect Makeup S.P.F. 15 in Vanilla Shell, and Flawless Finish Loose Powder in Light 1; on her eyes, Color Intrigue Eyeshadow in Vanilla, Double Density Maximum Volume Mascara in Black, and Dual Perfection Brow Shaper and Eyeliner in Soft Blonde; on her cheeks, Color Intrigue Cheekcolor in Pink Glow; on her lips, Ceramide Plump Perfect Lipstick in Perfect Brick, and Crystal Clear Lip Gloss; Jake Bailey for soloartists.com. Enzo Angileri for cloutieragency .com. Ashlie Johnson for the Wall Group. PAGES 176–77: Renato Campora for the Wall Group. PAGES 184–85: **MAMIE GUMMER'S** hair styled with **UNITE EUROTHERAPY** Shina Spray; Madeleine Cofano for L'Atelier. On her face, **CHANEL** Double Perfection Fluide in Nude, and Poudre Universelle Libre in Translucent 1; on her eyes, Le Crayon Khol Intense Eye Pencil in Noir, and Cils à Cils Mascara in Noir; on her lips, Lèvres Scintillantes in Sirop; Fulvia Farolfi for Chanel. PAGES 192–93: **CHRISTY TURLINGTON'S** hair styled with **KIEHL'S** Just-Out-of-the-Shower Hair Gel; Marcelino for L'Atelier. On her face, **DIOR** Bronze Tinted Moisturizer in Blond; on her eyes, 5 Colours Eyeshadow in Beige Massai, and Diorshow Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Bronze Make Up Harmonie de Blush in Sunrise Party; on her lips, Addict Lipstick in Rose Perspective; Pati Dubroff for Dior/The Wall Group. PAGE 197: **SHIVA REA'S** hair styled with **BUMBLE AND BUMBLE** Bb.Shine. On her eyes, **GIORGIO ARMANI** Star Lash; on her lips, Armanisilk Lipstick in Shade 15; Juanita Lyon for celestineagency .com. PAGE 203: **COLLEEN SAIDMAN'S** hair styled wi Matrix Curl.life Spiraling Spray-Gel; Joshua Barrett artistsbytimothypriano.com. On her face, **SHU UEMU** Water Perfect Smoothing Water-in Fluid Foundation Almond Peach Beige, and Face Powder Sheer in Lig on her eyes, **LANCÔME** Définicils Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Shu Uemura Glow On Blush in Pink; on her lips, Lancôme Color Fever Shine in Steamy; B Camal for Jed Root. PAGE 207: **STING'S** hair styled wi **BUMBLE AND BUMBLE** Sumowax. **TRUDIE STYLER'S** hair styled with Bumble and Bumble Thickening Spr and Holding Spray. On Sting's face, **DERMALOGICA** Active Moist Skin Conditioner. On Styler's face, **SHU UEMURA** Water Perfect Smoothing Water-in Fluid Foundation in Almond Peach Beige, and Face Powc Sheer in Colorless; on her eyes, Fiber Xtension Lengthening Mascara in Xtra Black; on her cheeks Glow On Blush in Peach; on her lips, Rouge Unlimit Spring Collection Lipstick in Shimmering Soft-Rose Pink; Jose Bass for Untitled. PAGE 208: **ALI MacGRA** hair styled with **BUMBLE AND BUMBLE** Grooming Creme; on her eyes, **GIORGIO ARMANI** Star Lash; her lips, Armanisilk Lipstick in Shade 7; Juanita Ly for celestineagency.com. PAGE 209: **DONNA KARAN** hair styled with **KÉRASTASE** Resistance Volumacti Mousse, and Resistance Laque Double Force Spray Brian Oliver for Armando Corral Salon, N.Y.C. On eyes, **MAC** Pro Lash Mascara in Coal Black, and Ey Pencil in Coffee; on her cheeks, Blushcreme in Laid Back; on her lips, Lipstick in Faux; Berta Camal for Jed Root. PAGE 230: **DAVID STEINBERG'S** hair style with **MATRIX MEN** All-Style Wax; grooming by Hel Robertson for Matrix Men/celestineagency.com.

WHERE TO FIND BEAUTY PRODUCTS:

BUMBLE AND BUMBLE, Bumble and Bumble salon N.Y.C., or go to bumbleandbumble.com. **CHANEL,** Chanel boutiques and counters nationwide, or go to chanel.com or sephora.com. **CLINIQUE,** Bloomingdale's stores nationwide, or go to clinique.c **DERMALOGICA,** go to dermalogica.com. **DIOR,** Di boutiques and major department stores nationwide **ELIZABETH ARDEN,** Elizabeth Arden counters nationwide. **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI,** Frédéric Fekkai salo N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to sephora.com. **GIORGIO ARMANI,** Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. **KÉRASTASE,** selected ha salons, or go to kerastase.com. **KIEHL'S,** Kiehl's and Barneys New York stores nationwide, or go to kiehl .com. **LANCÔME,** major department stores nationwi or go to lancome.com. **MAC,** MAC stores and department stores nationwide, or go to maccosmeti .com. **MATRIX MEN,** call 800-6-MATRIX, or go to matrix.com. **SHU UEMURA,** Shu Uemura, N.Y.C. ar San Francisco, or go to sephora.com. **UNITE EUROTHERAPY,** go to uniteeurotherapy.com.


192


142


184

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

COVER **BRUCE WILLIS** rides a 2007 Bonneville Triumph from otdcyclesports.com. Produced on location by Anne Donnellon and Cat Burkley for Portfolio One. PAGE 54: David Hume Kennerly for Getty Images. PAGE 56: From Bloomberg News/Landov. PAGE 58: Courtesy of Phil Lench. PAGE 63: By Leroy Grannis, *Leroy Grannis, Surf Photography of the 1960's and 1970's* (Taschen). PAGE 64: Bettmann Corbis (Crawford), by Frank Chmura/Getty Images (Venice), courtesy of Demisch Danant (imp). PAGE 66: Clockwise from top left: by Robert Capa, © 2001 by Cornell Capa/Magnum Photos; © by David Seymour/Magnum Photos; by Henri Cartier-Bresson/Magnum Photos; Henri Cartier-Bresson/Magnum Photos; by George Rodger/Magnum Photos. PAGE 68: By Karyn Olivier/Courtesy of HarperCollins (South); Underwood & Underwood/Archives of American Art/Smithsonian Institution/Courtesy of HarperCollins (Barnard). PAGE 70: John Livzey/Getty Images (Wrigley Field); Marvin Newman/Getty Images (Chicago Theatre); David Yu/Courtesy of HotChocolate (doughnuts). PAGE 72: Clockwise from top left: from Frank Driggs Collection/Hulton Archive/Getty Images, from Don Hunstein Sony BMG Music Entertainment Archives, by Jonathan Wenk/T.W.C., Anton Corbijn, courtesy of East End Management. PAGE 76: Bottom, courtesy of the Coca-Cola Company; right, top, by Suzanne Hanover/Universal Pictures; right, bottom, from Kino International. PAGE 80: Second from bottom, courtesy of the Ritz, London; bottom, courtesy of Ellerman House. PAGE 82: Courtesy of Apple (iPhone), courtesy of Evolution Surf (Olo board), courtesy of Flight 001 (Podblaster), courtesy of Hermès (towel), courtesy of Janus et Cie (cot), courtesy of Org & Olif (Citybike), courtesy of KitesRus.com (kite), courtesy of Rainbow Sandals (flip-flops), courtesy of Sea Bags (tote), courtesy of Stirrings Sodas (sodas), Twentieth Century Fox/Photofest (*Two for the Road*); all other photographs by Jeff Harris. PAGE 86: Clockwise from top left: by Gareth Cattermole/Getty Images, © by Irene Blevins/Corbis, by Ferdaus Shamim/wireimage.com, Jim Rogash/wireimage.com, Monica Morgan/wireimage.com, Ron Galella/wireimage.com, Jesse Grant/wireimage.com, from Rabbani and Solimene Photography/wireimage.com, © by Michael Ochs Archive/Corbis, by Dave M. Benett/Getty Images, Michael Caulfield/wireimage.com, Mark Sullivan/wireimage.com. PAGE 88: From A.P. Images. PAGE 95: From Rex U.S.A. PAGE 118: Produced on location by Giovanni Jance. PAGE 120: Top, from Contrasto/Redux. PAGE 122: Bottom, from Foodcollection/Getty Images. PAGE 124: Top, from Davies and Starr/Getty Images. PAGE 125: Bottom, from Foodcollection/Getty Images. PAGE 126: From Foodcollection/Getty Images. PAGE 128: Top, from Foodcollection/Getty Images; bottom, both courtesy of the Tsugio Kato family. PAGE 129: Top, courtesy of the Tsugio Kato family; bottom, from Stockfood/Getty Images. PAGE 130: See credit for page 126. PAGE 132: Top, from MedioImages/Getty Images. PAGE 137: See credit for page 126. PAGE 138: Top, from Foodcollection/Getty Images. PAGE 140: From Davies and Starr/Getty Images. PAGE 145: Edward Murphy for therexagency.com. PAGE 146: Center, by Andrew Stuart/Reuters/Pool. PAGE 148: Clockwise from top left: by David Westing/Getty Images, Astrid Stawiarz/Getty Images, Jean Baptiste Lacroix/wireimage.com, © by Frank Trapper/Corbis, from Rex U.S.A., from Rubberball/PictureQuest, by Ron Chapple/©Thinkstock/Alamy, from Purestock/Getty Images, from Brand X Pictures/PictureQuest, by Myrna Suarez/Getty Images, from Thinkstock Images/PictureQuest, by Steve Granitz/wireimage.com, from Comstock Images/PictureQuest. PAGES 152–53: Courtesy of the Ronald Reagan Library. PAGE 154: Copy work by Vivica Menegaz/Courtesy of the Ronald Reagan Library. PAGE 155: Diary courtesy of the Ronald Reagan Library/Polaris. PAGES 156–57: From Corbis (5, 6), courtesy of the Ronald Reagan Library (1, 2, 3, 4, 7, and 8); inset, copy work by Vivica Menegaz/Diary courtesy of the Ronald Reagan Library. PAGES 158–59: Courtesy of the Ronald Reagan Library. PAGES 160–61: Both courtesy of the Ronald Reagan Library; inset, copy work by Vivica Menegaz. PAGES 162–63: Both courtesy of the Ronald Reagan Library; right, copy work by Vivica Menegaz. PAGES 164–67: Set design by Mary Howard; produced by Karen Mulligan; produced on location by Jo Matthews. PAGES 168–75: Produced on location by Cindi Blair and Tobi Schmidt for Blair-Schmidt Productions. PAGES 192–93: Produced on location by Holly Li for Li Productions. PAGE 196: Produced on location by fx-group.com. PAGE 197: Produced on location by Stardust Visions, L.A. PAGE 203: Produced on location by Holly Li for Li Productions. PAGE 208: Produced on location by Giovanni Jance.

CORRECTION:

On page 242 of the May issue, Alanis Morissette's hair is styled with Kérastase products.



ON THE COVER

Bruce Willis wears a vintage Abercrombie & Fitch shirt, a Calvin Klein Collection T-shirt, and vintage pants and boots. Grooming products by Clinique and Kiehl's. Grooming by Gerald Quist. Set design by Mary Howard Studio. Styled by Jessica Diehl. Photographed exclusively for V.F. by Annie Leibovitz in Victorville, California.

VANITY FAIR IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC.
COPYRIGHT ©2007 CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

VOLUME 49, NO. 6. VANITY FAIR (ISSN 0733-8899) is published monthly by Condé Nast Publications, which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE: The Condé Nast Building, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. S. I. Newhouse, Jr., Chairman; Charles H. Townsend, President/CEO; John W. Bellando, Executive Vice President/COO; Debi Chirichella Sabino, Senior Vice President/CFO; Jill Bright, Executive Vice President/Human Resources. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. 123242885-RT0001. Canada post: return undeliverable Canadian addresses to P.O. Box 874, Station Main, Markham, ON L3P 8L4.
POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO VANITY FAIR, P.O. Box 37714, Boone, IA 50037-0714. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, ADJUSTMENTS, OR BACK-ISSUE INQUIRIES: Please write to VANITY FAIR, P.O. Box 37714, Boone, IA 50037-0714, call 800-365-0635, or e-mail subscriptions@vf.com. Please give both new and old addresses as printed on most recent label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Send all editorial, business, and production correspondence electronically to vfmail@vf.com. For permissions requests please call 212-630-5656 or fax the request to 212-630-5883. For reprints of articles please contact Scoop ReprintSource at 800-767-3263 or via e-mail at sales@scoopreprintsource.com. Visit us online at www.vf.com. To subscribe to other Condé Nast magazines on the World Wide Web, visit www.condenet.com. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services that we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at P.O. Box 37714, Boone, IA 50037-0714 or call 800-365-0635.

VANITY FAIR IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RETURN OR LOSS OF, OR FOR DAMAGE OR ANY OTHER INJURY TO, UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS, UNSOLICITED ART WORK (INCLUDING, BUT NOT LIMITED TO, DRAWINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND TRANSPARENCIES), OR ANY OTHER UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. THOSE SUBMITTING MANUSCRIPTS, PHOTOGRAPHS, ART WORK, OR OTHER MATERIALS FOR CONSIDERATION SHOULD NOT SEND ORIGINALS, UNLESS SPECIFICALLY REQUESTED TO DO SO BY VANITY FAIR IN WRITING. MANUSCRIPTS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND OTHER MATERIALS SUBMITTED MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE.



DAVID STEINBERG

Throughout his comedic journey—from guest-hosting for Johnny Carson to directing episodes of *Seinfeld* and *Curb Your Enthusiasm*—David Steinberg has tried just about anything for a laugh. He continues to win the crowd over as he publishes his memoir, *The Book of David*, this month. Here, the holy man of humor jokes about Moses, Nixon, and Frank Sinatra's, um, penis

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
An all-Yiddish-speaking Canada.

What is your greatest fear?
Pork.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Moses, who proved that it's all about who you know.

Which living person do you most admire?
Pink.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Let me see. I'm thinking. Can I get back to you on this? O.K., procrastination.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Outing a C.I.A. agent because you're pissed about something else.

What is your greatest extravagance?
My dog, Izzy. A big poodle so smart he's now learning how to punch up my scripts.

What is your favorite journey?
The journey from the Manitoba tundra to subbing for Johnny Carson.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Taking over a country and forcing democracy on it.

On what occasion do you lie?
Mostly after I've seen anyone perform.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
Maintaining it.

Which living person do you most despise?
I don't despise people, but a lot of them sure annoy the hell out of me.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"He's a big dog, but he's very friendly."

What is your greatest regret?
When I stood short and did it their way.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Obviously my lovely wife, who's bound to read this.

When and where were you happiest?
During Watergate, when I was comparing Nixon's face to a foot.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
Less raw sensuality.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Being on Nixon's enemies list.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
Frank Sinatra's dick—the early years.

What is your most treasured possession?
The memory of my brother.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
My daughters' dating during their teenage years.

Where would you like to live?
In infamy. Barring that, Malibu.

What is your favorite occupation?
Mine. Hanging out with friends whose job is to make people laugh. What could be better?

What is your most marked characteristic?
There is no level of incompetence that I can't identify with.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
I like a man who can come to my house and fix things.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
The same as above.

What do you most value in your friends?
They're funny. Funny matters.

Who are your favorite writers?
Mark Twain. Philip Roth. Paddy Chayefsky.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Tonto. Imagine how hard it is to be the friend of the *Lone* Ranger.

What is it that you most dislike?
Pretension.

How would you like to die?
Quickly, after getting a laugh.

What is your motto?
"When the owl screams, the hunter pisses on his boot."

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK FRASER



*MSRP. Tax, title, [illegible] 2007 Models. [illegible] limited warranty details. ©General Motors Corporation, 2006.


THE DE BEE
TALISMAN COLLECTI
DE BEERS

Burlingame
9042 07389537 4

ty Fair
7 July

VANITY FAIR



"Africa holds 30 percent of the world's mineral reserves."

AFRICA

A SPECIAL ISSUE GUEST-EDITED BY

BONO

Djimon Hounsou and Brad Pitt

One of 20 Historic Covers Photographed by Annie Leibovitz

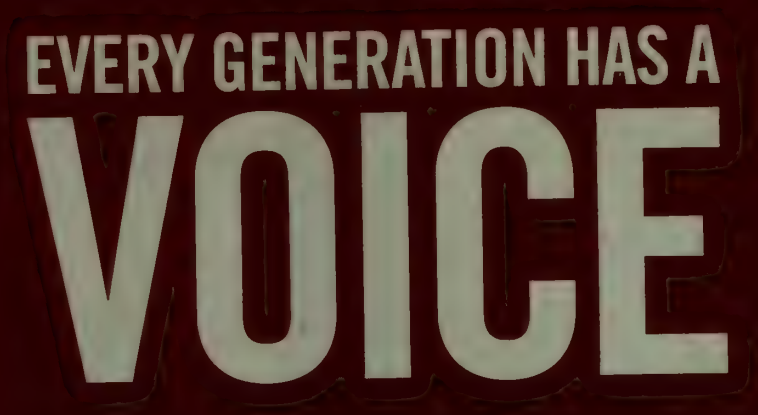
ALSO INCLUDING: Muhammad Ali, Maya Angelou, Bono, Warren Buffett, George W. Bush, Don Cheadle, George Clooney, Bill and Melinda Gates, Iman, Jay-Z, Alicia Keys, Madonna, Barack Obama, Queen Rania of Jordan, Condoleezza Rice, Chris Rock, Archbishop Desmond Tutu, Oprah Winfrey

PLUS: PRINCESS DIANA—THE LOVE THAT GOT AWAY BY TINA BROWN

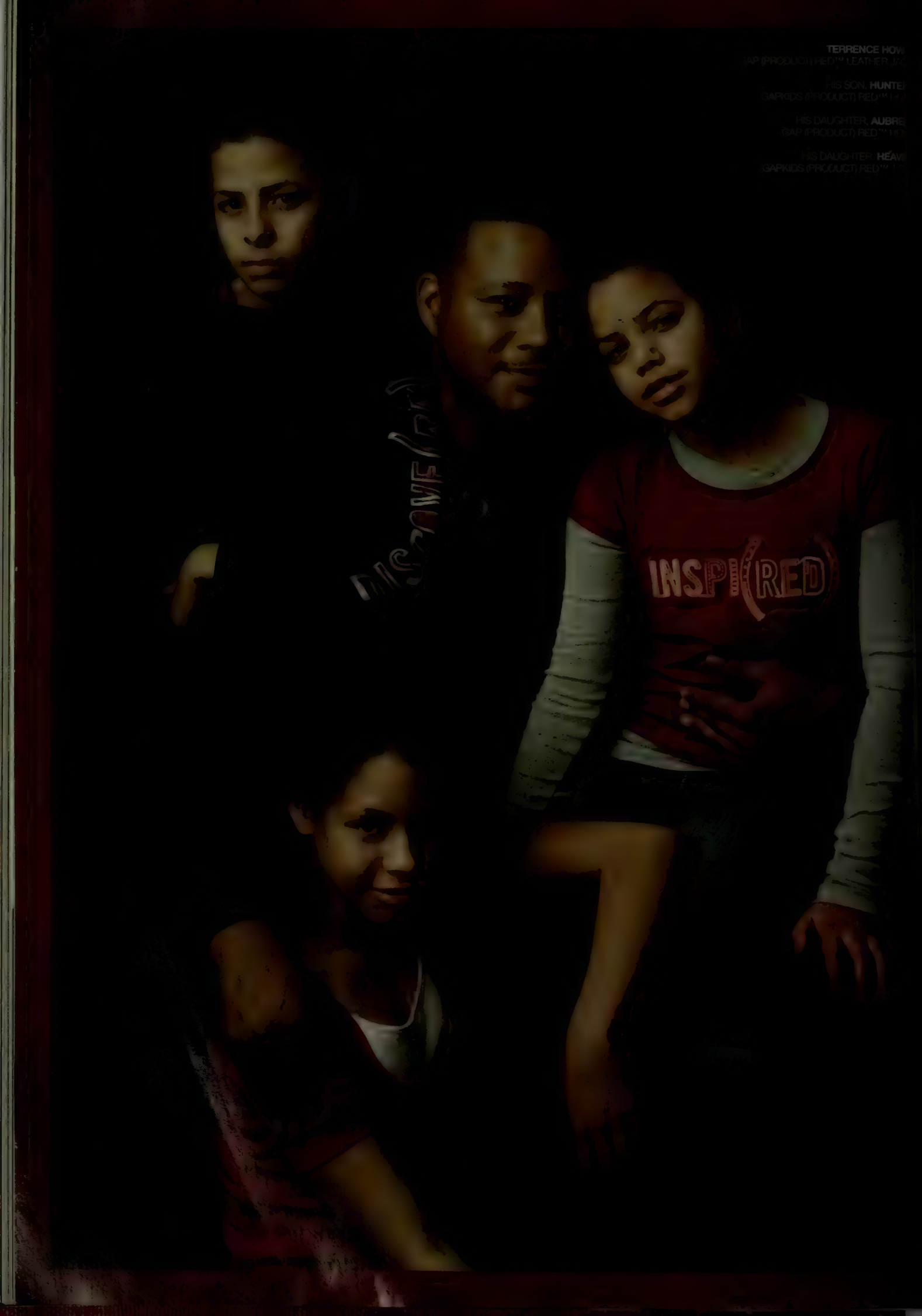
7/$4.50 U.S.
NADA+FOREIGN

N 11 2007
LIBRARY

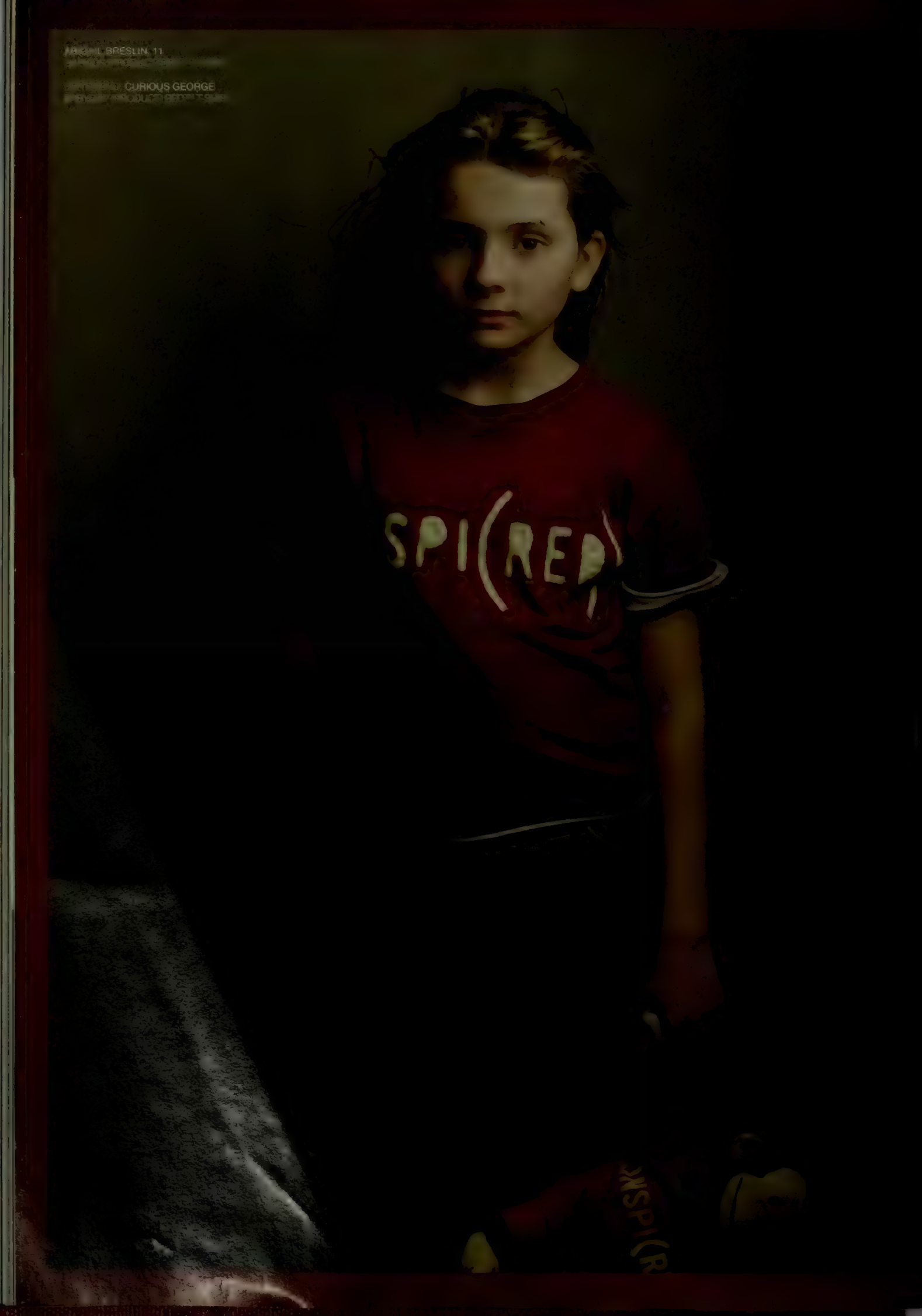

NATALIE MAINES
(PRODUCT)RED™ CASHMERE V-NECK
BECKETT, 3 AND SLADE, 6


EVERY GENERATION HAS A
VOICE


GAP
RED


TERRENCE HOW
GAP (PRODUCT)RED™ LEATHER JA
HIS SON, HUNTE
GAPKIDS (PRODUCT) RED™ JA
HIS DAUGHTER, AUBRE
GAP (PRODUCT) RED™ HO
HIS DAUGHTER, HEAVE
GAPKIDS (PRODUCT) RED™ T
INSPI(RED)


EVERY GENERATION HAS A
HEART
GAP
RED


BRESLIN 11
CURIOUS GEORGE
SPI(RED)

INSPIRE THE NEXT GENERATION TO

CHANGE THE WORLD



INTRODUCING BABYGAP AND GAPKIDS (PRODUCT) RED™

ALL GAP (PRODUCT) RED CLOTHING IS DESIGNED TO HELP ELIMINATE AIDS IN AFRICA. IT IS A PROUD PARTNER OF (PRODUCT) RED.™ TO FIND OUT MORE, GO TO GAP.COM/RED.

It's hard to free your mind when there's a roof over it.



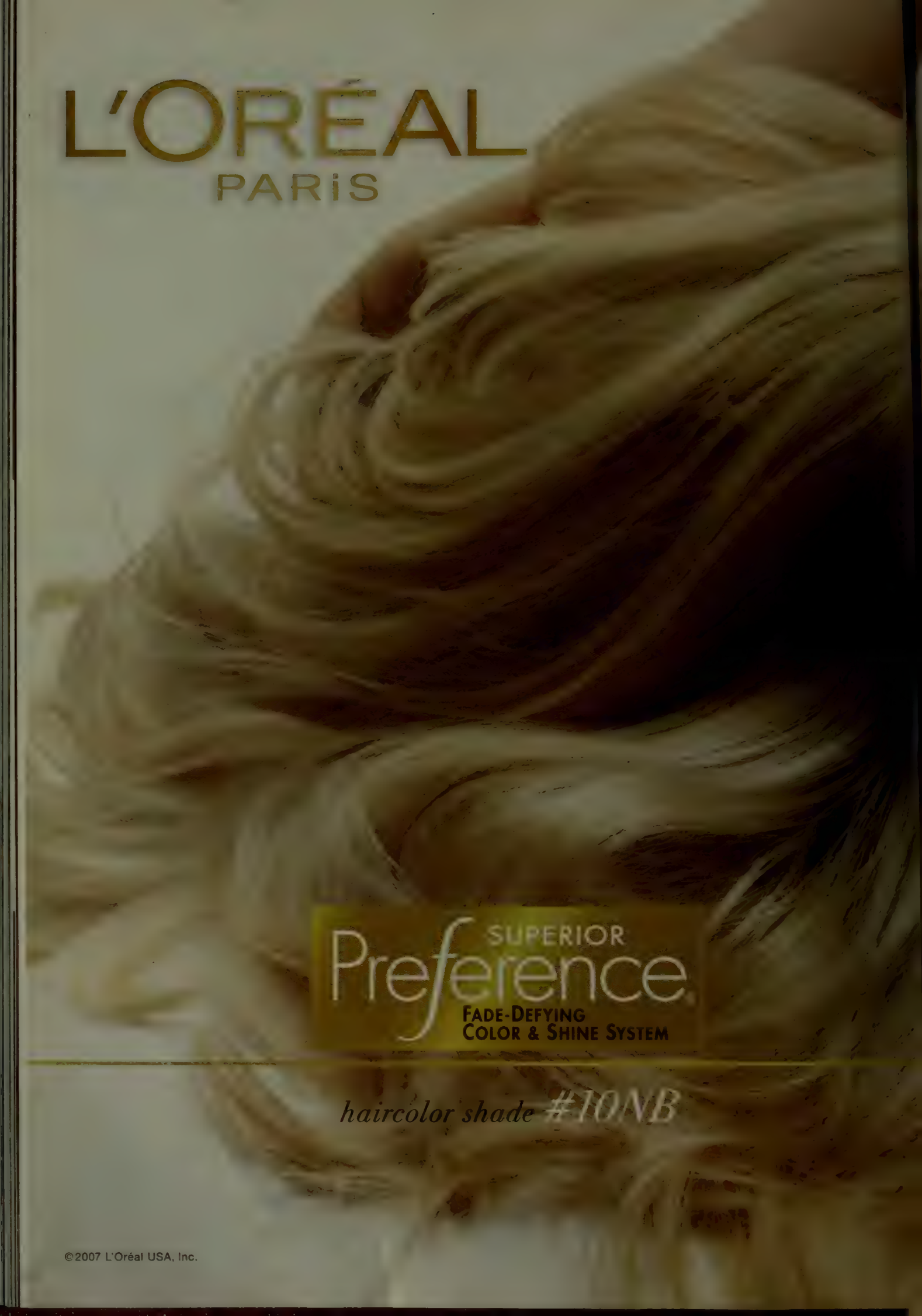
BMW 2007
The all-new
335i Convertible

bmwusa.com
1-800-334-4BMW

The Ultimate Driving Machine

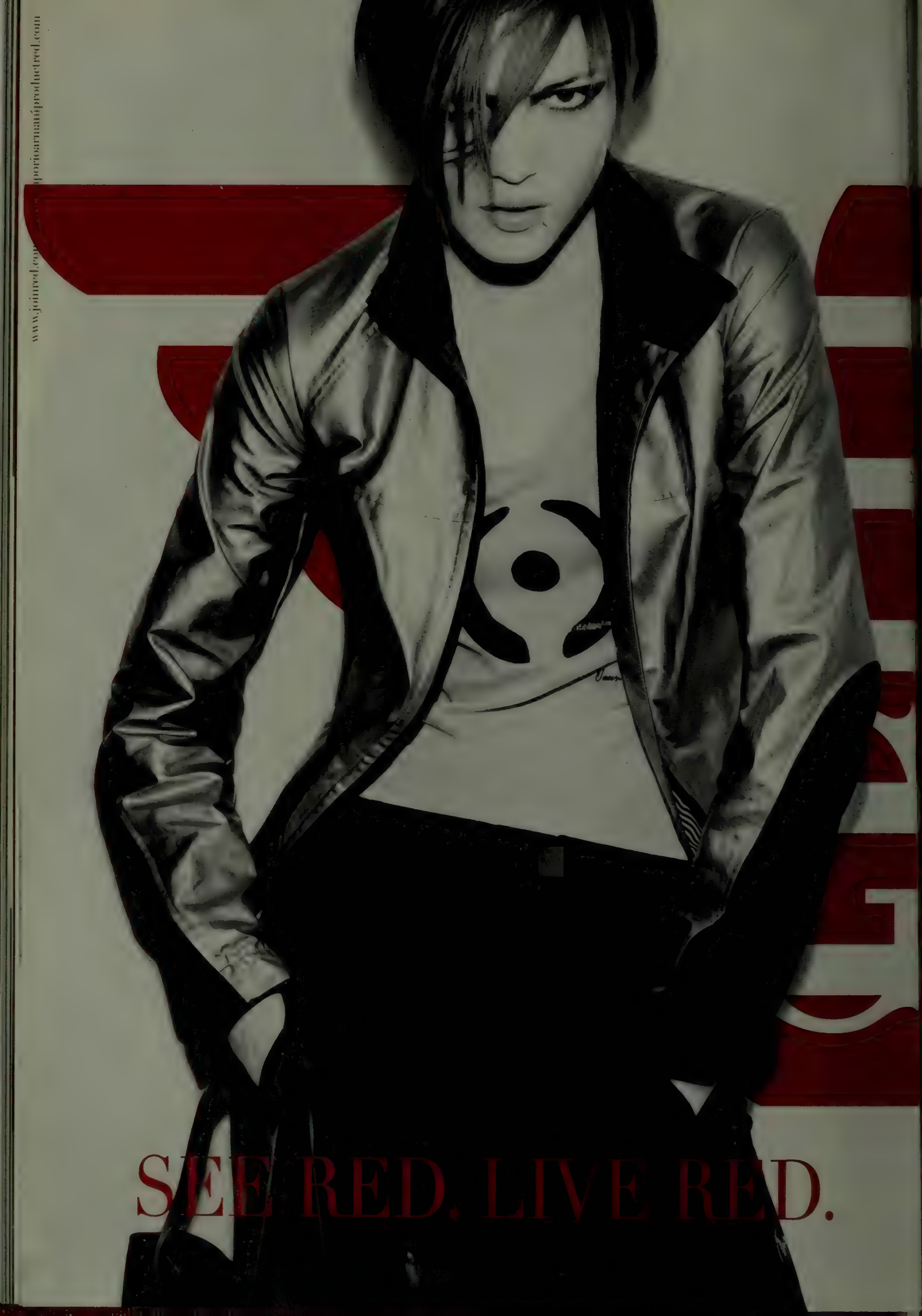


Drop the sleek retractable hardtop, then drop your foot on the accelerator. Instantly, you'll understand what it means to be utterly and blissfully free. Every inch of the all-new 3 Series Convertible has been painstakingly designed to elevate driving to a whole new liberating level. With a direct-injected, twin-turbo inline six, our most dynamic 3 Series powerhouse to date and a light but spectacularly rigid body, it's an enthralling experience top to bottom. And vice versa.



©2007 L'Oréal USA, Inc.


The Long, BLONDE Days Of Summer

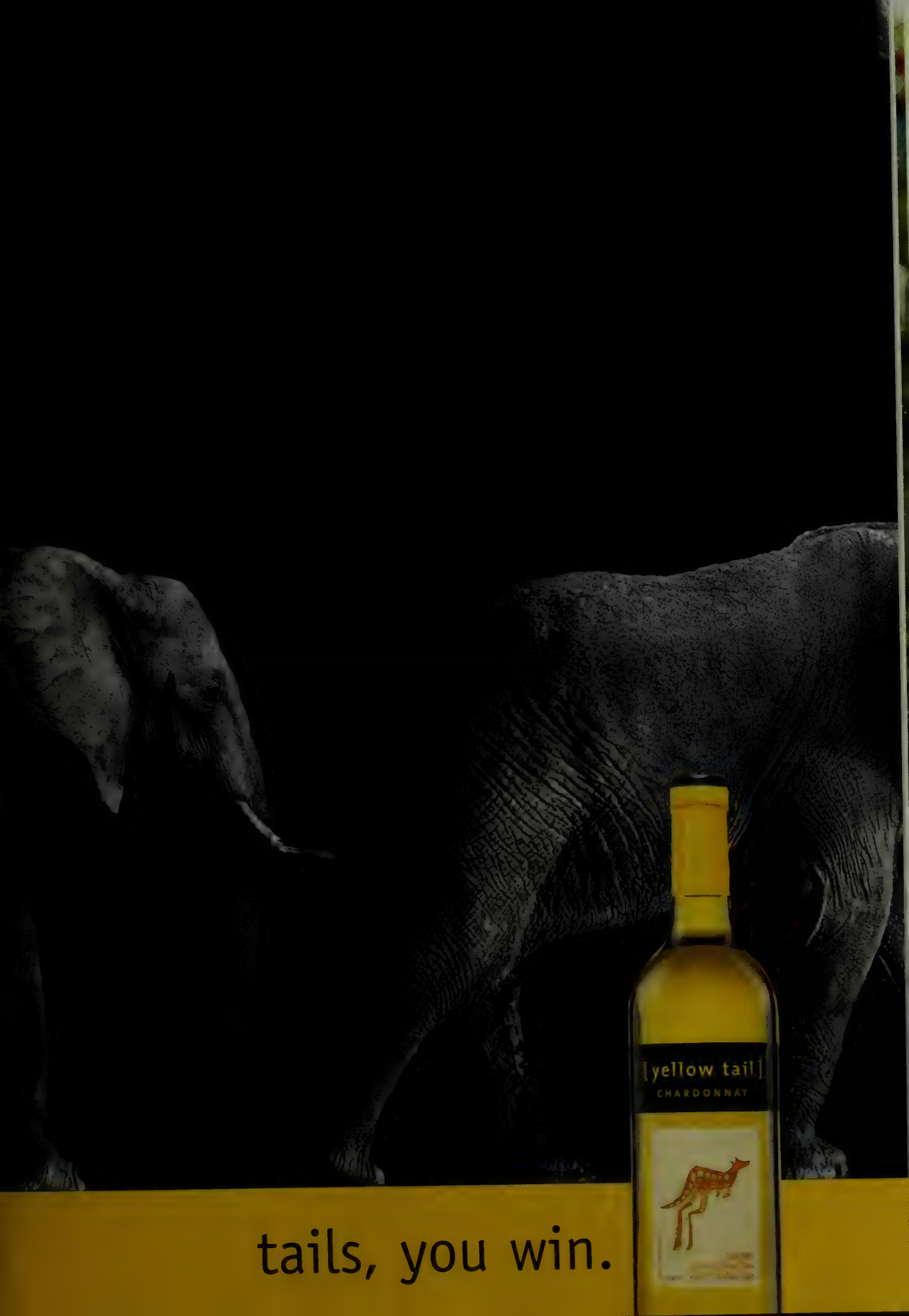

www.joinred.com/giorgioarmani/productred.com
SEE RED. LIVE RED.


(EMPORIO ARMANI)
RED™
DESIGNED TO HELP ELIM

[yellow tail]



yellowtailwine.com [yellow tail] is a registered trademark of Casella Wines Pty Ltd © 2007 WJ Deutsch & Sons


[yellow tail]
CHARDONNAY
tails, you win.

VANITY FAIR

No. 563

SPECIAL ISSUE: AFRICA July 2007

Showtime in the Sahara 170
Like a rowdy mirage, "the world's most remote" music festival fills the Sahara with explosive rhythm. MTV founder **TOM FRESTON** has scoped a lot of bands, but in Mali he hears a whole new dimension. Plus: **YOUSSOU N'DOUR'S** West African playlist. Photographs by **JONAS KARLSSON.**

At the Desert's Edge 104
Tunisia may top the list of Africa's success stories. Yet, as **CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS** discovers, five years after a devastating al-Qaeda attack, the threat of Islamic extremism still lingers in the air.

Enter China, the Giant 126
China's desperate oil grab is helping to fuel some of Africa's most vicious conflicts, including Darfur. **SEBASTIAN JUNGER** follows the money, the guns, and the cycle of oppression. Photographs by **TEUN VOETEN.**

Jeffrey Sachs's $200 Billion Dream 140
Extreme poverty can be eradicated, insists superstar economist Jeffrey Sachs—all it takes is determination, focus, and, well, money. In Uganda and Kenya, **NINA MUNK** gets a tour of his ultimate battleground. Photographs by **GUILLAUME BONN.**

Congo from the Cockpit 162
Despite being blacklisted, the Congo's rogue airline pilots keep trade flowing with jerry-rigged planes. As **WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE** finds, the family behind one charter outfit has an equally dramatic saga of wreckage and survival. Photographs by **GUY TILLIM.**

Portfolio Spirit of Africa 176
Some see only Africa's poverty, disease, and corruption. They should look a bit closer. From archbishops and athletes to doctors and movie directors, *V.F.* focuses on 71 Africans who are defying the status quo. Portfolio by **JONAS KARLSSON, MARK SELIGER,** and other top photographers.

Generation Kenya 84
After decades of one-party rule, 90s Nairobi was a nonstop hustle, steeped in booze and corruption. No one was more surprised than **BINYAVANGA WAINAINA** when Kenya began to trust itself.

The Lazarus Effect 156
AIDS is no longer a death sentence, thanks to miracle drugs. But millions still can't afford them. Enter the consumer-action strategy of Product (Red). On the ground in Rwanda, **ALEX SHOUMATOFF** learns what a difference buying (Red) can make. Photographs by **ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL.**

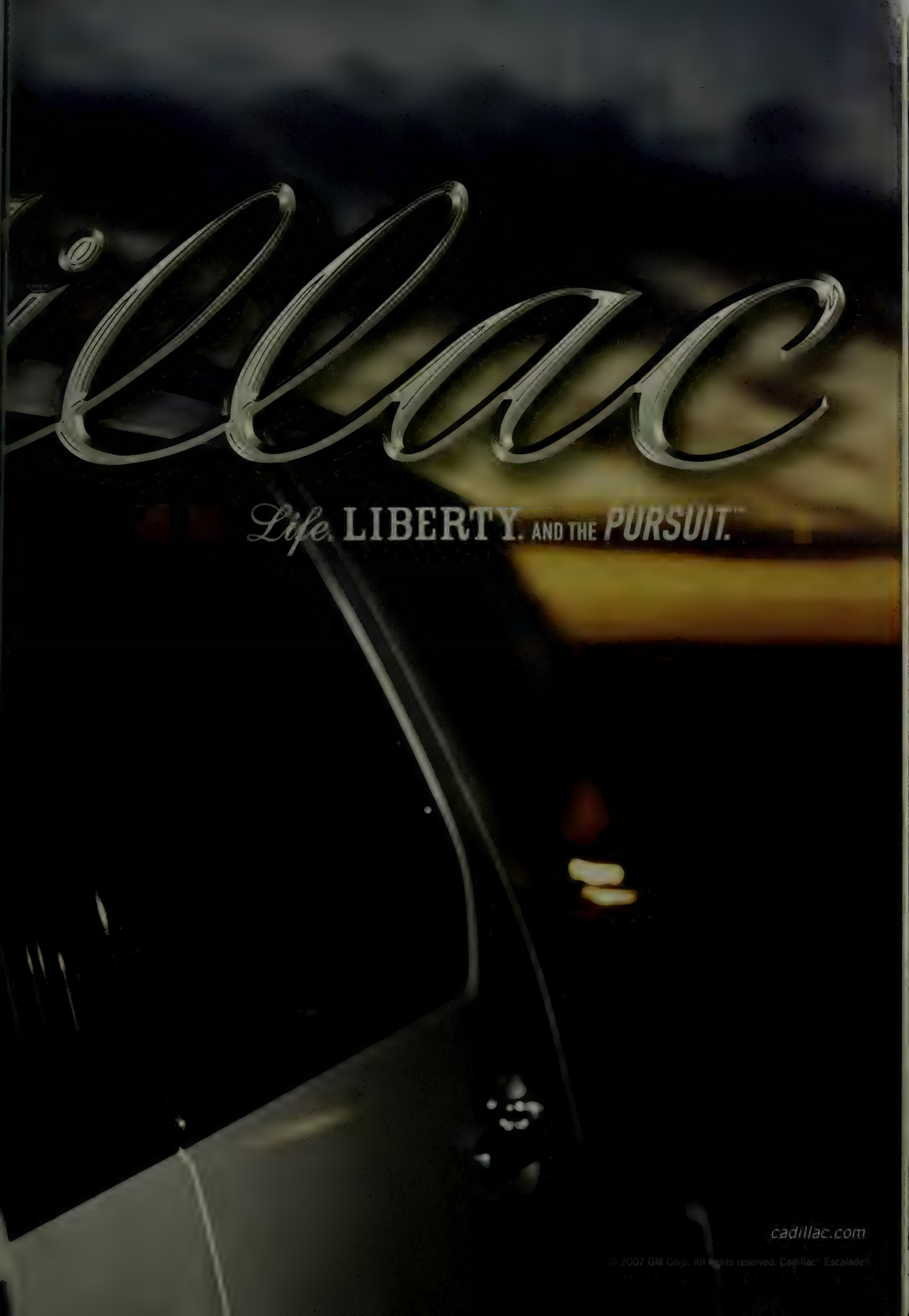
A Man Called Hope 168
When Nelson Mandela stepped out of the political spotlight, in 1999, he moved center stage in the struggle against H.I.V./AIDS. **BILL CLINTON,** who took a similar path, shares his stories of the legendary freedom fighter.

The Tutu Connection 96
Archbishop Desmond Tutu won the Nobel Peace Prize for opposing apartheid in South Africa. Talking with **BRAD PITT,** he explains why the fight for equality must go global. Photographs by **ANNIE LEIBOVITZ.**



ON VANITYFAIR.COM THIS MONTH: A SPECIAL AFRICA SECTION WITH VIDEO, EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS AND STORIES, AND AN INTERACTIVE AFRICA MAP

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18


illac
Life. LIBERTY. AND THE PURSUIT.
cadillac.com
© 2007 GM Corp. All rights reserved. Cadillac Escalade

VANITY FAIR

EXCLUSIVE BOOK EXCERPT:

No. 563 **SPECIAL ISSUE: AFRICA July 2007**

Diana's Final Heartbreak 100

As she divorced, Princess Diana found a very public new mission—to ban land mines—and a very private new man: Pakistani heart surgeon Hasnat Khan. In an excerpt from her forthcoming book, **TINA BROWN** explores how Diana's promising second act turned dark.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

Meanwhile, in the *Next* White House . . . 106

As Election Day 2008 approaches, candidates will field endless questions on Iraq, gay marriage, abortion, etc. **BONO** gives them a platform for an equally crucial topic: Africa.

Out of Africa 110

The DNA shared by the world's six-billion-plus people ultimately comes from the same place. Leading the Genographic Project, **SPENCER WELLS** traces a global debt to Africa.

Hall of Fame 116

BOBBY SHRIVER and **EVGENIA PERETZ** nominate the Buffett siblings and the One Campaign for narrowing the gap between Africa's have-nots and America's haves. Photographs by **CHRISTIAN WITKIN** and **GASPER TRINGALE**.

The Continental Shelf 130

Attending the first-ever *Kwani?* literary festival, in Nairobi, **ELISSA SCHAPPELL** and **ROB SPILLMAN** identify the grand old authors and hot young talents of an African renaissance. Photographs by **BRIGITTE LACOMBE**.

SPECIAL SECTION

"It's Bono, on Line One" 45

Following the 21-person relay on **ANNIE LEIBOVITZ'S** historic cover series—Warren Buffett to Oprah to George Clooney, among other high-profile handoffs—**LISA ROBINSON** reports on their Africa connection.

FANFAIR 67

Like a prayer—**MADONNA'S** Malawi documentary brings hope to orphaned children. The Cultural Divide: **KELLY SLATER** surfs J-Bay with the locals. **LISA ROBINSON'S** summer festivals.

VANITIES 149

PHETO attraction. *V.F.*'s guest editor and **ED COASTER** swashbuckle from Bamako to Soweto. **CHRIS ROCK'S** African vacation. **GEORGE WAYNE** gushes over **LIYA KEBEDE**.

ET CETERA

Graydon Carter's Editor's Letter Annie Get Your Passport 28

Bono's Editor's Letter Message 2U 32

Contributors 34

Letters Earth Matters 60

Planetarium Stay on course, Cancer 62

Credits 226

Proust Questionnaire Quincy Jones 226

TO FIND CONDÉ NAST MAGAZINES ON LINE, VISIT www.condenet.com;
TO FIND *VANITY FAIR*, VISIT www.vanityfair.com.

SOUL OF A CONTINENT A man from the Bella tribe, once servants to the Tuareg, at the 2007 music festival in Essakane, Mali, in the southern Sahara.


SOMETHING IS
IN THE AIR
JOHN FROM
CINCINNATI
A NEW SERIES FROM THE PRODUCERS OF DEADWOOD
PREMIERES JUNE 10
FOLLOWING THE SOPRANOS FINALE
HBO
NEW EPISODES SUNDAYS 9PM


THE CARLISLE COLLECTION. your exclusive style source.
Create the perfect wardrobe by personal appointment with
one of our fashion consultants. Call 212-246-1225 or visit
www.carlislecollection.com to view the current collection.


CARLISLE

Knowing what time the bank closes.

Not caring what time the bank closes.



Citibank currently charges no fee for the Citi Mobile service. Standard account fees apply. Charges by wireless carriers may vary. Consult with your wireless carrier for the charges applicable to your account.
© 2007 Citigroup Inc. Citibank, N.A. Member FDIC. Citibank and Citi with Arc Design are registered service marks of Citigroup Inc. Citi Mobile and Let's Get It Done are service marks of Citigroup Inc.



Where's the nearest Citibank branch? Did you check your pocket? Go to Citibank® Online and download Citi Mobile and you'll enjoy highly secure, 24/7 real-time access to your accounts, right on your mobile phone. Then just scroll through the list of options to pay bills, check balances, transfer funds, and locate branches and ATMs. Citi Mobile puts banking in the palm of your hand.

For a list of all Citi Mobile wireless providers, and to learn more, call 800.967.CITI or visit citi.com/citimobile.

CITI MOBILE℠

pay bills
check your balance
transfer funds
connect to customer service
locate branches & ATMs

citi let's get it done

VANITY FAIR®

Thanks to minor genetic mutations that have occurred over tens of thousands of years of human history and are shared by large groups of people, scientists can trace the migrations of early human beings from Africa to the far corners of the world. This month's masthead is annotated with staff members' "haplogroups" (a haplogroup shares the same genetic markers). The blue designations are for matrilineal haplogroups, the red for patrilineal. To learn more, see "Out of Africa," on page 110, by Genographic Project director and National Geographic Society explorer-in-residence **Spencer Wells**, and go to vf.com and nationalgeographic.com/genographic.

Editor GRAYDON CARTER Guest Editor BONO

Managing Editor CHRIS GARRETT
Design Director DAVID HARRIS
Executive Literary Editor WAYNE LAWSON
Features Editor JANE SARKIN
Photography Director SUSAN WHITE
Deputy Editors DOUGLAS STUMPF, AIMÉE BELL, BRUCE HANDY
Senior Articles Editors DANA BROWN, ANNE FULENWIDER, MICHAEL HOGAN, PETER NEWCOMB
Fashion and Style Director MICHAEL ROBERTS
Associate Managing Editor ELLEN KIELL
Fanfair Editor PUNCH HUTTON Senior Editor HEATHER HALBERSTADT
National Editor TODD S. PURDUM
Legal Affairs Editor ROBERT WALSH
Director of Special Projects SARA MARKS
Copy Editor PETER DEVINE Research Director JOHN BANTA
London Editor HENRY PORTER Senior West Coast Editor KRISTA SMITH
Special Correspondents DOMINICK DUNNE, BOB COLACELLO, MAUREEN ORTH, BRYAN BURROUGH, AMY FINE COLLINS, MATT TYRNAUER

Editor-at-Large CULLEN MURPHY
Writer-at-Large MARIE BRENNER International Social Editor ELIZABETH SALTZMAN WALKER
International Correspondent WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE

Art Director JULIE WEISS Photography Research Director JEANNIE RHODES
Deputy Art Director CHRIS MUELLER Senior Photography and Beauty Editor SUNHEE C. GRINNELL
Production Directors DINA AMARITO-DeSHAN, MARTHA HURLEY
Market Director MARY F. BRAEUNIG Executive Fashion Editor ALEXIS BRYAN Senior Style Editor JESSICA DIEHL
Online Editor ANDREW HEARST Deputy Director of Special Projects MATT ULLIAN
Editorial Business Director DORI AMARITO Associate Legal Affairs Editor CHRISTOPHER HICKMAN
Associate Copy Editor DAVID FENNER Research Editor MARY FLYNN Deputy Research Editors KATHRYN BELGIORNO, DAVID GENDELMAN
Reporter-Researchers BRENDAN BARR, JUSTIN BISHOP, JAMES BUSS, SUE CARSWELL, MICHELLE CIARROCCA, JUDY DeYOUNG, BEN KALIN, KRIS McNEIL, MICHAEL SACKS, TED TRAVELSTEAD, CALLIE WRIGHT Associate Research Editor ALISON FORBES Assistant Copy Editor ADAM NADLER
Associate Art Directors LEE RUELLE, ANGELA PANICHI Senior Designers PALOMA HUERRE, PIPER VITALE
Senior Photography Producer KATHRYN MacLEOD Senior Photo Research Editor ANN SCHNEIDER Senior Associate Photo Editors SASHA ERWITT, SUSAN PHEAR
Photo Research Editor KATHERINE BANG Photojournalism Editor ROSANNA SGUERA Deputy Online Editor JESSICA COEN
Senior Art Production Manager CHRISTOPHER GEORGE Copy Production Manager ANDERSON TEPPER
Executive Assistants to the Editor JONATHAN KELLY, CLAIRE HOWORTH
Editorial Promotions Associate EVA MAOUT Paris Editor VÉRONIQUE PLAZOLLES U.K. Associate Editor KATIE SHARER
U.K. Production Manager CARL GERMANN Production Associates LESLIE HERTZOG, MOLLY MITCHELL
Associate Photo Editor JESSICA DIMSON Assistant Photo Editor IAN BASCETTA Assistant Editors CAROLYN BIELFELDT, EMILY POENISCH (WEST COAST)
Features Associate REBECCA SINN Art Assistant JOCELYN SELIG Editorial Associates JESSICA FLINT, KEENAN MAYO, MATTHEW PRESSMAN, JULIAN SANCTON, LAUREN SOZIO
Editorial Assistants CHRISTOPHER BATEMAN, CASSANDRA HANDLEY, LINDSEY KEENAN, ADAM KLAPPHOLZ
Photo Associate JESSICA CHATFIELD Beauty and Photo Associate LAURA KATZENBERG Photo Assistant GENEVIEVE CORTINOVIS
Associate Market Editor REBECCA O'NEILL Fashion Assistants CHASE ROBINSON, LOUISINE FRELINGHUYSEN
Assistant Business Manager AMANDA MEIGHER Financial Analyst SUSAN WEIN

Editor, Creative Development DAVID FRIEND

Contributing Editors
HENRY ALFORD, SUZANNA ANDREWS, ROBERT SAM ANSON, JUDY BACHRACH, DONALD L. BARLETT, LESLIE BENNETTS, CARL BERNSTEIN, PETER BISKIND, BUZZ BISSINGER, HOWARD BLUM, PATRICIA BOSWORTH, DOUG BRINKLEY, MARINA CICOGNA, EDWIN JOHN COASTER, RICH COHEN, JOHN CONNOLLY, STEVEN DALY, BEATRICE MONTI DELLA CORTE, FRANK DiGIACOMO, JANINE DI GIOVANNI, LISA EISNER, RUPERT EVERETT, BRUCE FEIRSTEIN, STEVE GARBARINO, A. A. GILL, LOUISE GRUNWALD, DAVID HALBERSTAM, REINALDO HERRERA, CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS, SARAJANE HOARE, A. M. HOMES, LAURA JACOBS, SEBASTIAN JUNGER, DAVID KAMP, SAM KASHNER, EDWARD KLEI FRAN LEBOWITZ, ADAM LEFF, DANY LEVY, GEORGE LOIS, MICHAEL LUTIN, DAVID MARGOLICK, VICTORIA MATHER (TRAVEL), BRUCE McCALL, PATRICK McMULLAN, RICHARD MERKIN, SETH MNOOKIN, FREDERIC MORTON, NINA MUNK, DEE DEE MYERS, ELISE O'SHAUGHNESSY, EVGENIA PERETZ, WILLIAM PROCHNAU, KATE REARDON, JOHN RICHARDSON, LISA ROBINSON, DAVID ROSE, RICHARD RUSHFIELD, NANCY JO SALES, ELISSA SCHAPPELL, MARK SEAL, GAIL SHEEHY, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON, INGRID SISCHY, SALLY BEDELL SMITH, JAMES B. STEELE, NICK TOSCHES, CRAIG UNGER, DIANE VON FURSTENBERG, VICKY WARD, HEATHER WATTS, GEORGE WAYNE, JIM WINDOLF, JAMES WOLCOTT, MICHAEL WOLFF, NED ZEMAN

Contributing Photographers
ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
BRUCE WEBER, MARK SELIGER, PATRICK DEMARCHELIER
HARRY BENSON, LARRY FINK, TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS,
JONAS KARLSSON, DAVID LaCHAPELLE, MICHAEL O'NEILL, SNOWDON, FIROOZ ZAHEDI
Photographers-at-Large JONATHAN BECKER, TODD EBERLE
Contributing Artists TIM SHEAFFER, ROBERT RISKO, HILARY KNIGHT, ROSS MacDONALD

Contributing Editor (Los Angeles) WENDY STARK MORRISSEY Contributing Stylist KIM MEEHAN Contributing Photography Producers RON BEINNER, RICHARD VILLANI
Contributing Photography Associate ALEXA HELSELL Contributing Production Associate SUSAN M. RASCO Contributing Credits Editor LESLIE ALEXANDER
Contributing Promotions Assistant ARI BERGEN Contributing Editorial Associate JOHN ORTVED Contributing Editorial Researchers CAITLIN McNARY, ADAM SPANGLER
Contributing Accessories Associate SAMANTHA MILNER Contributing Men's Wear Associate SAM BROEKEMA Contributing Style Associate SOPHIE GOODHEW

Executive Director of Public Relations BETH KSENIAK
Deputy Director of Public Relations SARA SWITZER
Associate ELIZABETH HURLBUT Contributing Associate DARRYL BRANTLEY

Editorial Director THOMAS J. WALLACE


Dior
CHRISTAL
SHARON STONE
488 DIAMONDS
BLACK SAPPHIRE CRYSTAL
CHRONOGRAPH

VANITY FAIR®

Vice President and Publisher EDWARD J. MENICHESCHI

Associate Publisher, Advertising AGNES B. CHAPSKI
Associate Publisher, Creative Services ANJALI LEWIS
Executive Director of Brand Development SARAH MURPHY
Advertising Director MICHAEL H. PROVUS
Director of Finance and Business Operations MARC LEYER
Advertising Director, International Fashion JUDE PÉREZ
Executive Fashion Director EMILY DAVIS
Executive Beauty Director LUCILLE DURAN
Executive Director, Spirits and Entertainment KATHRYN BANINO BANO
Executive Director, Luxury Goods and Retail DANIEL T. BORCHERT
Fashion and Beauty Director SHANNON REILLY
Travel, Home, and Financial Director SUSAN SAGAN LEVITAN
Account Directors MICHELE CHICOINE, KERI COSTELLO MAHE
Assistant to the Publisher SUSAN FALLETTA Assistant Business Manager MARTINA NAVRATIL Advertising Coordinator SHAKEELA SUBRAMANY

Los Angeles Director
ANITA RAO KEECH
RUTH TOOKER
6300 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90048
323-965-3400

Detroit Manager
KELLIE A. MacALOON
2600 West Big Beaver Road
Suite 440
Troy, Michigan 48084
248-458-3100

Midwest Director
KATHRYN M. HERRICK
875 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611
312-649-3517

San Francisco Director
JESSICA JONES
50 Francisco Street
Suite 400
San Francisco, California 94133
415-955-8270

Southeast
MICHELE CHICOINE
212-286-5476

New England
KERI COSTELLO MAHE
212-286-2191

Dallas
LEWIS STAFFORD COMPANY
5000 Quorum Drive
Suite 545
Dallas, Texas 75240
972-960-2889

Hawaii
LOREN MALENCHEK
Malenchek & Associates
379 Holopuni Road
Kula, Hawaii 96790
808-283-7122

Canada
DODD MEDIA SALES
3121 Theatre Road North, RR
Cobourg, Ontario
K9A 4J7 Canada
905-885-0664

Milan
ELENA DE GIULI
Piazza Cavour, 2
20121 Milan, Italy
3902-655-84223

Paris
ELISABETH BARBOSA
Go Media Sales Ltd.
26 Rue de l'Église
53200 Menil, France
33-1-243-70-45-74

London
FRAN BERRICK
Go Media Sales Ltd.
61 Grosvenor Street
London, England W1Y 9DA
44-20-7409-2616

Hong Kong
PETER JEFFERY
Asian Integrated Media Ltd.
Suites 2308–9, 23rd Floor
Two Chinachem Exchange Square
338 King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong
852-2850-4013

Executive Director of Creative Services BRENDA OLIVERI
Directors, Merchandising and Promotional Development JUDY MATZ, SHELBY TOMPKINS Senior Merchandising Managers ERIN BRENNAN, TERRENCE CHARLES
Associate Merchandising Managers KELLY SON, K. QUINN STUEBE
Creative Development Director JENNIFER ORR KELMAN Entertainment Marketing Consultant JENNIFER PARKER VAN ZYL
Director of Special Events JULIE MOORE Special Events Manager JESSICA LATHAM Creative Services and Marketing Coordinator MATT McCUE
Creative Director, Advertising JAQUELINE BACICH Associate Art Director JANE O'CONNOR
Directors, Creative Projects Development ANNE DiBENEDETTO, JENNIFER PRODAN HENDERSON Associate Director, Creative Projects Development KAREN JENSEN
Marketing Director DAVID SORANNO Associate Manager, Brand Development TONI CAVALIERE
Advertising Assistants DANYA HAKIMIAN, JANE LEVIN, DIANA NOBLE, JULIA RANSOM, TONI PAUWELS (Detroit), MATT OWENS (Chicago), STACI CAZENAVE (Los Angeles), MICHELLE SALVADOR (San Francisco)

PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS

Chairman S. I. NEWHOUSE, JR.

President and CEO CHARLES H. TOWNSEND

Chief Operating Officer JOHN W. BELLANDO
Chief Marketing Officer RICHARD D. BECKMAN
Chief Financial Officer DEBI CHIRICHELLA SABINO

Group Presidents–Publishing Directors DAVID CAREY, MITCHELL B. FOX

Executive Vice President–Human Resources JILL BRIGHT
Senior Vice President–Chief Information Officer JOHN BUESE
Senior Vice President–Operations and Strategic Sourcing DAVID ORLIN
Senior Vice President–Manufacturing and Distribution KEVIN G. HICKEY
Managing Director–Real Estate ROBERT BENNIS
Senior Vice President–Corporate Controller DAVID B. CHEMIDLIN
Senior Vice President–Chief Communications Officer MAURIE PERL
Senior Vice President–Planning and Development PRIMALIA CHANG
Senior Vice President–Market Research SCOTT McDONALD
Vice President–Editorial Assets & Rights EDWARD KLARIS
Vice President–Editorial Business Manager LINDA RICE
Vice President–Corporate Creative Director GARY VAN DIS Vice President–Editorial Operations RICK LEVINE

CONDÉ NAST MEDIA GROUP

Senior Vice President–Corporate Sales AMY CHURGIN Senior Vice President–Finance ROBERT A. SILVERSTONE
Vice President–Integrated Marketing LINDA MASON Vice President–Corporate Sales, Detroit PEGGY DAITCH Vice President–Creative Marketing CARA DEOUL PERL
Vice President–Marketing MATT ROBERTS Vice President–Interactive JASON R. KREBS Vice President–Creative Services DANA MILLER

CONSUMER MARKETING

Executive Vice President ROBERT A. SAUERBERG, JR. Vice President–Retail Marketing JAMES J. MATE
Vice President–Business Development JULIE MICHALOWSKI Consumer Marketing Director TAMMY LASPALAKIS

Published at 4 Times Square, New York, New York 10036

Subscription inquiries: Please write to *Vanity Fair*, Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714, or call 800-365-0635.
For permissions and reprint requests, please call 212-286-8349 or fax requests to 212-286-8628.

Dear Ketel One Drinker Are these the 50 best films of all time?

2001: A Space Odyssey
A Clockwork Orange
American Graffiti
Annie Hall
Apocalypse Now
Battleship Potempkin
Ben-Hur
The Bridge on the River Kwai
Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid
Casablanca
Chinatown
Citizen Kane
Dances with Wolves
The Deer Hunter
Doctor Zhivago
Dr. Strangelove
E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial
Easy Rider
The French Connection
Giant
The Godfather: Part II
Gone with the Wind
Goodfellas
The Graduate
High Noon
It's a Wonderful Life
Jaws
Lawrence of Arabia
Midnight Cowboy
My Fair Lady
On the Waterfront
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest
Platoon
Psycho (1960)
Pulp Fiction
Raging Bull
Raiders of the Lost Ark
Rocky
Schindler's List
The Searchers
The Silence of the Lambs
Singin' in the Rain
Some Like It Hot
Star Wars
The Sound of Music
Taxi Driver
To Kill a Mockingbird
Vertigo
West Side Story
The Wizard of Oz

If not, what have we left off the list?

Annie Get Your Passport



Before Bono takes the floor, I want to say a few words about our esteemed guest editor and how this special issue on Africa came about. We first met at a small dinner given by Robert De Niro sometime after 9/11. Bono was a difficult man not to like. And who didn't admire what he had done with his fortune and fame: marshaling the forces available to someone in his position in a serious crusade for debt cancellation and for eradication of H.I.V./AIDS in Africa. Over the next five years his name, which once appeared only in the entertainment sections of the newspaper, began to pop up with increasing frequency in the business pages and international-news section. Earlier this year, Mark Dowley, a marketing polymath at the Endeavor talent agency who has been involved with Bono's (Red) campaign from the start, called to inquire if I would be interested in having him guest-edit an issue of the magazine.

Interested? I'll say! I confess my initial thought was that I could take the month off and work on my tennis game, such as it is. Plus: it's Bono! But with the issue now sent to the printer, I can state unequivocally that having a co-editor does not eliminate your duties, or even halve them. If the guest editor takes his duties seriously, it triples, quadruples the work. And Bono's engagement with the issue was full-on; so much so that there were days when I wished he had phoned it in. He read every story and every headline in the issue, and his suggestions were always thought through and helpful. Time differences were never a problem, and when he was on the road he spent hours on the phone or e-mail dealing with this query or that. Bless him, he even wore a tie to the office. Bono is not only passionate about Africa, he is also incredibly well informed. Interestingly, in what is now Ghana, there was once a mini-empire called Bono, ruled by kings called Bonohene. Our Bonohene was a wonderful collaborator—quick, smart, generous to a fault, and always willing to laugh at himself. That he is genuinely funny and a storyteller with a great gift for mimicry made the experience that much more memorable.

When an article about Bono guest-editing this issue appeared in *The New York Times,* an unprecedented torrent of story ideas—sometimes dozens in a single day—poured in from photographers, writers, and non-governmental organizations. Most of them were substantive and interesting. (Many of those who wrote mentioned their "good friend Bono"—and I have no reason to believe they were exaggerating, given the expanse of his embracing arms.) This is but a single issue of the magazine, however, and it was heartbreaking to turn so many down, though a number of them found their way to the VF.com interactive map.

The brunt of the organizing chores fell to deputy editor Aimée Bell, a colleague for nearly 20 years and the one I turn to when a big project requires expert hands. Aimée is a serial obsessive, an editor who can learn everything about one subject, produce a special report on it, then ramp up on something completely different the next month. She edited our Swinging London portfolio in 1997 and our Young Royals special issue almost four years back. She also worked on our Art Issue last December and guides the annual International Best-Dressed List package in our September issues. From his end, Bono turned to his Aimée: Sheila Roche. For three months, Aimée and Sheila worked to make this issue happen.

Some of *Vanity Fair*'s best storytellers have reports this month: Christopher Hitchens, Sebastian Junger, Willian Langewiesche, and Alex Shoumatoff. Bill Clinton is here, writing about his friend Nelson Mandela. And so is Brad Pitt, who conducts an informed and entertaining interview with Archbishop Desmond Tutu. A new voice in the magazine this issue is that of Tom Freston, a founder of MTV and the former president and C.E.O. of Viacom. Freston is an inveterate traveler, and when he told me that he and his pals Jimmy Buffett and Chris Blackwell were heading to Timbuktu, in West Africa's Mali, for a rock concert at which many of the attendees arrive by camel, I asked him to keep a journal of the trip. Tom's report, a charming and evocative dispatch, appears on page 170. It is always nice when you can give a young writer a leg up in his career.

Bono, Annie Leibovitz, and I sketched out the idea for the cover—or, rather, covers—the first week of March. The notion was to have one person on the cover tell something to another person on the cover, who would then tell something else to the person on the next cover, and so on. We decided that 20 different covers had a nice ring to it. That meant 20 individual photo shoots. It took a few days to come up with a roster, but once we did, the staff, including Bono, went to work. During one of our meetings his cell phone went off and he began talking to a "Carl" someone as he took the call outside my office. This Carl, I discovered, was Karl, as in Rove, and Bono was working to secure our good president for one of the covers. (Bono's choice, not mine, as you might imagine; he gives the commander in chief high marks on his Africa policies.)

By the second week in March, we had the majority of our cover subjects lined up. For the next month and a half, this was Leibovitz's travel schedule: New York to Winston-Salem, North Carolina; Winston-Salem to Greenville, South Carolina; Greenville to New York; New York to London; London to Dublin; Dublin to Chicago; Chicago to Seattle; Seattle to New York; New York to Los Angeles; Los Angeles to Turks and Caicos (for last month's story on Bruce Willis); Turks and Caicos to New York; New York to Los Angeles; Los Angeles to Phoenix; Phoenix to Omaha; Omaha to Washington, D.C.; Washington to New York; New York to Chicago; Chicago to Washington; Washington to New York; New York to Los Angeles; Los Angeles to New York; New York to Seoul, South Korea; Seoul to Osaka, Japan; Osaka to London; London to New York. I got tired just typing that.

On our masthead, on page 24, you will see that many of the staff's names have little letters and numbers attached to them. This is because we asked Spencer Wells, who heads up the Genographic Project for the National Geographic Society and IBM, to take our DNA samples so that he could chart our individual ancestral paths from their starting point in East Africa. As Wells says, "We are all alive today because of what happened to a small group of hungry Africans around 50,000 years ago." It is quite moving to see that every person on the planet is linked to this African tribe, and that, as the saying goes, we are all African. I submitted a DNA sample, as did Bono, and we discovered that we have remarkably similar genographic paths on our fathers' sides. *V.F.* asked a number of our cover subjects if they wanted to try it as well. George Clooney said he would consider it, but that he was worried we were just trying to find out if he was the father of Anna Nicole Smith's baby.

—GRAYDON CARTER



ld exclusively in Louis Vuitton stores. www.louisvuitton.com 866·VUITTON

LOUIS VUITTON



FORD EDGE Where the spirit of a sports car meets the versatility of an SUV. Where style, performance and innovation come together in a totally new way. The Edge. The ultimate crossover utility vehicle. Where you see the world in a whole new light with an available panoramic Vista Roof℠ that opens three times larger than a traditional moonroof. Where the interior is quieter than a Lexus RX 350. And Edge's interior flexibility bests any crossover in its class*. The Edge. Always sharp. Starting at $25,320 MSRP.**

*Class is medium-size crossovers with standard V6 engine. **2007 Edge SE MSRP as shown. Edge SEL $29,460. Taxes, $705 destination/delivery, title and license fees extra. Standard messaging, data and other rates may apply. Available on participating carriers with an internet-enabled mobile phone only. Verizon and AllTel subscribers can go to the following URL in their mobile browser: ford.enpocket.com.

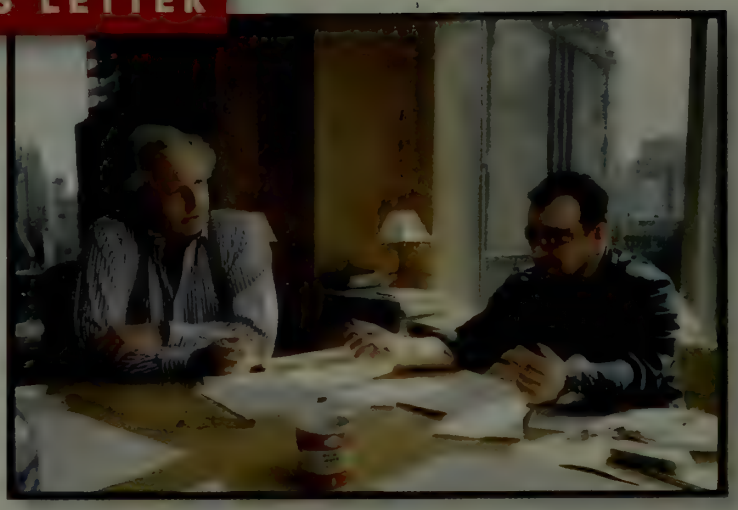


Ford

BOLDMOVES

Text "Sharp" to 4EDGE(43343)' to experience the Edge on your mobile phone or visit fordvehicles.com/edge.

Message 2U



Let me explain what I'm doing here, and there.

By "there," I don't mean my day job as singer with Irish postpunk combo U2.

By "there," I mean DATA—the organization which campaigns on debt, AIDS, and trade in Africa.

By "there," I mean the One Campaign—which is becoming like the National Rifle Association in its firepower, but acts in the interests of the world's poor.

By "there," I mean (Product) Red—which piggybacks the excitement and energy of the commercial world to buy lifesaving AIDS drugs for Africans who cannot afford them.

And by "there," I mean Edun—the missus's clothing line that wants to inject some dignity through doing business with the continent where every street corner boasts an entrepreneur.

These all relate to the same place and the same idea: that Africa is the proving ground for whether or not we really believe in equality.

For example, we are witnessing a general desire and drift toward action on climate change, a very positive thing. But imagine for a moment that 10 million children were going to lose their lives next year due to the earth's overheating. A state of emergency would be declared, and you would be reading about little else. Well, next year, more than 10 million children's lives will be lost unnecessarily to extreme poverty, and you'll hear very little about it. Nearly half will be on the continent of Africa, where H.I.V./AIDS is killing teachers faster than you can train them and where you can witness entire villages in which the children are the parents. All over the world, countless children will die as a result of mosquito bites, dirty water, and diarrhea. It's not a natural catastrophe—it's a completely avoidable one. Diarrhea may be inconvenient in our house, but it's not a death sentence.

This is happening at a time of great geopolitical unrest. The majority of people in the world no longer idolize Western ideals of justice, freedom, and equality. They don't believe we believe in them. As a student and fan of this great country, America, and the ideas at the heart of it, I think the wider world needs to see a demonstration of those "American" values, through pharmacology, agro-ecology, and technological help for those in extreme circumstances, in their hour of need. These are dangerous times—it's cheaper and smarter to make friends of potential enemies than to defend yourself against them later. Ask the four-star general James L. Jones, former NATO commander and one link in the American chain of command who back in 2002 foresaw difficulties ahead in Iraq.

That's the context for what you could call a "swarm-of-bees strategy": ganging up on these problems from every side.

DATA is an advocacy and policy operation based in Washington, D.C., London, and Berlin and targeting the G-8 capitals.

The One Campaign to Make Poverty History is an umbrella group of different NGOs and grassroots activists from across the political spectrum who believe these issues are about justice, not charity. Nearly three million Americans so far have signed up for the One Campaign, pledging to help the world's poor. Soccer stars, soccer moms, NGOs and C.E.O.'s, punk-rockers and churchgoers . . . the only places that haven't been active are Main Street, the shopping malls.

So Bobby Shriver—chairman of DATA and a hero on the issue of debt cancellation, who sold an arcane economic issue to congressional members on both sides of the aisle—and I started (Product) Red, so called because red is the color of emergencies, and that is the only way to describe the AIDS pandemic. We believed that to ignore the neon and creative force afforded by corporate America would be to ignore the truth about where most Americans live and work. A few years ago I was with the great Robert Rubin, former U.S. Treasury secretary under President Clinton. He said if we are serious about our stuff we will have to improve on two fronts: (1) communicating to America the scale of the problem, and (2) convincing America that the problem can be solved. He added the challenge that we would need the kinds of marketing budgets Nike and Gap have at their disposal.

He was right. Without our corporate partners—American Express, Apple, Emporio Armani, Converse, Gap, and Motorola—we could never afford such bright neon, or the acres of bold billboarding. These companies are heroic (and—shock, horror—we want them to make money for their shareholders because that will make (Red) sustainable). In the project's first nine months, $25 million has gone directly from (Red) partners to the Global Fund, which grants money to health-care organizations around the world to fight AIDS, tuberculosis, and malaria. That is more than Australia, Switzerland, and China contributed last year.

As you read this—historic—issue of *Vanity Fair*, the Global Fund is benefiting, but that's not the main reason we kidnapped this publication's extraordinary photographers and storytellers. We needed help in describing the continent of Africa as an opportunity, as an adventure, not a burden. Our habit—and we have to kick it—is to reduce this mesmerizing, entrepreneurial, dynamic continent of 53 diverse countries to a hopeless deathbed of war, disease, and corruption. Binyavanga Wainaina's piece on Kenya is an eye- and mind-opener. From here, what's needed is a leg up, not a handout. Targeted debt cancellation and aid mean 20 million more African kids are in school, 1.3 million Africans are on lifesaving drugs. Amazing.

So now I hope you better understand the "here," i.e., my signing up as guest editor.

Lastly, I've always imagined that if I hadn't been a singer I would have been a journalist. But, in truth, my bandmates saved me from disappointment, as I'm no natural editor. The fact that we have 20 covers for one issue bears testament to that. I am flat out of hyperbole to describe Annie Leibovitz—a devoted mother who set out on a world tour to photograph these cover stars—and inchoate in the company of such a team of wordsmiths and image-makers. And then there's Graydon, a true rock star. (Checklist: mad hair, natty dresser, de rigueur unrepentant smoking, etc. I looked like his manager.) He is the dramatist that we've been looking for. By the way, he tried to change the name of our band to 2U—it was his last defense against my challenge to call this issue *Fair Vanity*.

—BONO


DOLCE & GABBANA
PRE FALL 07/08

JOIN THE CONVERSATION

To learn how to purchase a copy of the Africa issue with a specific cover, go to VF.COM.



Bill Clinton

Former president Bill Clinton pays tribute to Nelson Mandela this month by reflecting on the time the two world leaders have spent together throughout the past 15 years ("A Man Called Hope," page 168). Clinton, who took an unprecedented interest in African affairs during his two terms, has made the continent a central component of his post-presidential work, and he established the William J. Clinton Foundation, with the goal of having a measurable impact on pressing issues at home and abroad. Among the foundation's programs is the Clinton H.I.V./AIDS Initiative, which focuses on helping developing countries—especially in Africa—treat and care for those living with the virus or the disease. What inspired Clinton to help turn the tide on this worldwide pandemic? Mandela himself.



Bill Clinton holds the hands of young Arriet, in Lesotho, South Africa, July 2006.



PAUL GILMORE

Annie Leibovitz

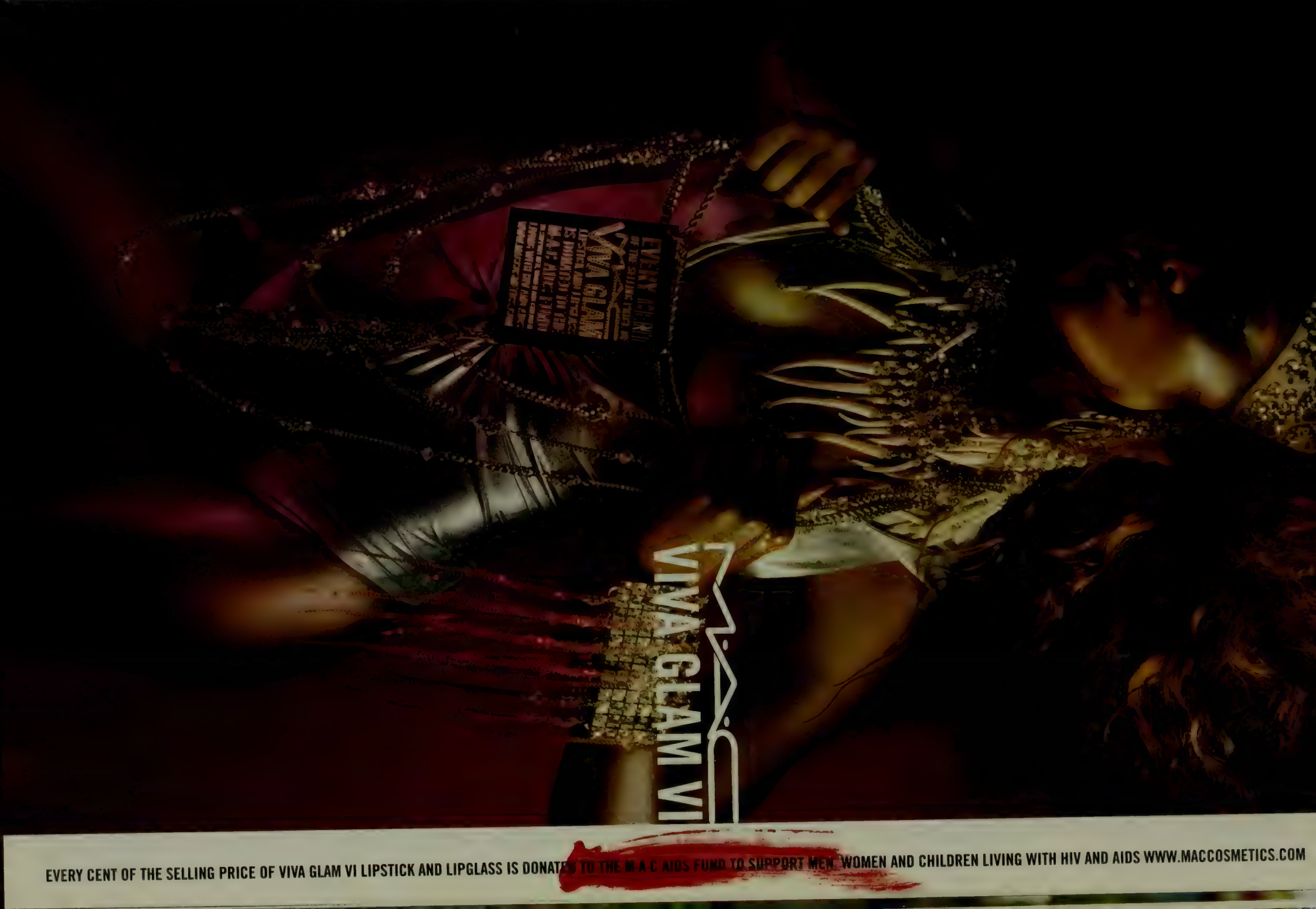
For this month's extraordinary series of 20 covers, contributing photographer Annie Leibovitz traveled around the world to catch up with the entertainers, businessmen, politicians, and public figures who have some active connection to Africa, albeit in different ways. Leibovitz and her team hauled their gear to locations as far-flung and disparate as a cruise ship docked in Kobe, Japan; Maya Angelou's living room, in Winston-Salem, North Carolina; the Diplomatic Reception Room of the White House; and Warren Buffett's office, in Omaha. The result is a vivid and inspiring catalogue of people who are using their influence to support Africans in the challenges they face, whether by agitating for human rights and democracy, fighting poverty and AIDS, or promoting peace, environmentalism, and justice.

Aimée Bell



Deputy editor Aimée Bell, a 15-year veteran of *Vanity Fair,* coordinated the magazine's first Africa issue. Collaborating with Sheila Roche of (Red), *V.F.* editorial assistant Cassandra Handley, Kathy McKiernan of DATA, and Lucy Matthew, as well as with features editor Jane Sarkin and features associate Rebecca Sinn on the epic covers, and with *V.F.*'s photo department on the portfolio, Bell sought to "show our readers the Africans who are going to heroic lengths to bring their continent forward." In addition to editing the columns of Christopher Hitchens and James Wolcott, Bell oversees the annual Green and Music Portfolios and the International Best-Dressed List.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36


VIVA GLAM VI
EVERY CENT OF THE SELLING PRICE OF VIVA GLAM VI LIPSTICK AND LIPGLASS IS DONATED TO THE M·A·C AIDS FUND TO SUPPORT MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN LIVING WITH HIV AND AIDS WWW.MACCOSMETICS.COM

vanity fair agenda
special promotion

Vanity Fair

is pleased to recognize

[yellow tail]

for generously donating $25,000 to support The Global Fund

The Global Fund to Fight AIDS, Tuberculosis, and Malaria was established in 2002, with the support of the world's leaders and U.N. Secretary General Kofi Annan. Its mission is to dramatically increase resources to fight three of the world's most devastating diseases, and to direct those resources to areas of greatest need by supporting locally driven strategies.

The Global Fund has approved grants for 450 programs in 136 countries with a total commitment of U.S.$7.1 billion to date. These programs have already delivered antiretroviral (ARV) treatment to 770,000 people with H.I.V., distributed nearly 18 million insecticide-treated bed nets to prevent malaria, and detected and treated 2 million cases of tuberculosis.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34



Sheila Roche

Sheila Roche heads up communications for Bono's Product (Red). She helped *Vanity Fair*'s staff pull together the editorial content, including "Spirit of Africa," for this month's special issue. Roche, who worked with colleague Lucy Matthew, the (Red) team, Kathy McKiernan and DATA, the Global Fund, and *V.F.*'s deputy editor Aimée Bell, says, "I hope the 20 covers, the portfolio, and the stories in this issue convey the level of interest in Africa and why the continent matters to all of us." Since the 2006 launch of (Red), Roche has worked with Bobby Shriver, the C.E.O. of (Red), his team, and the (Red) partners to generate more than $25 million for the Global Fund to invest in African H.I.V./AIDS programs, with an emphasis on the health of women and children.



JONAS KARLSSON

Tom Freston

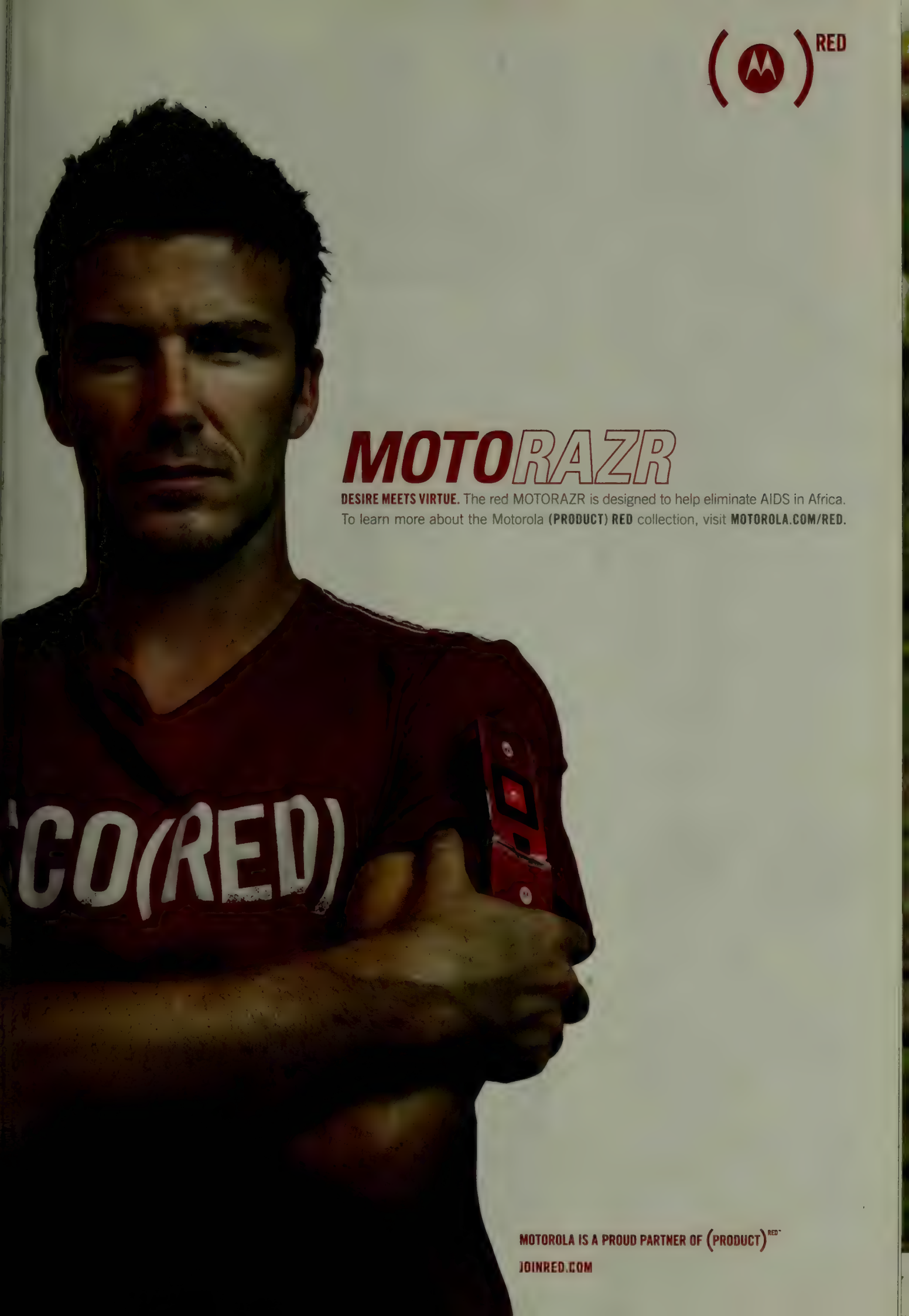
For *Vanity Fair*'s first-ever Africa issue, Tom Freston, the former president and C.E.O. of Viacom and one of the founders of MTV, trekked to West Africa to check out Mali's music scene. "Mali is a music-lover's dream destination," he says. "The people are wonderful, the music is plentiful, and much of it goes on in open-air venues under the amazing African night sky." One of the stops on Freston's itinerary was the Festival of the Desert, held in a remote oasis in the Sahara. "It had the basic festival vibe, where a lot of people come together for a shared experience," Freston says, "but you're on sand dunes and there's no barrier at all between the performers and the audience—not a handler or P.R. person in sight. Plus, much of the audience comes on camels, a noticeable difference from, say, the Newport Jazz Festival or Tanglewood."



Binyavanga Wainaina

Award-winning author and journalist Binyavanga Wainaina is wary of the journalists who travel to Africa and write solely on societies rooted in mayhem. "News out of Africa is one thing: chaos and Armageddon. Even if you are writing about a couple in love, it must be set in genocide or a savage war. It is a horrible mix of hysterical and sanctimonious, soap opera and melodrama. Many Africans in America laugh at it—it is now as kitsch as Internet porn." In "Generation Kenya," on page 84, Wainaina reveals the positive signs of growth occurring in his homeland. "There are stories of economy and democracy, and even mild-mannered human-interest stories. When you switch off the screaming-media-hysteria button, you will find an interesting, diverse, and evolving country." Wainaina, founding editor of the literary journal *Kwani?*, is the writer-in-residence at Union College, in Schenectady, New York, and is completing a work of "creative nonfiction," which will be published by Graywolf Press.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38


(RED)
MOTORAZR
DESIRE MEETS VIRTUE. The red MOTORAZR is designed to help eliminate AIDS in Africa.
To learn more about the Motorola (PRODUCT) RED collection, visit MOTOROLA.COM/RED.
MOTOROLA IS A PROUD PARTNER OF (PRODUCT)RED
JOINRED.COM

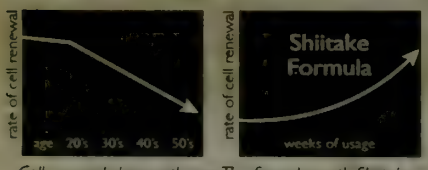
Discover nature's secret: *shiitake*



For centuries, mushrooms – rich in vitamins and minerals – have been known for their many medicinal properties, including their extraordinary ability to enhance vitality and slow aging. Today scientists at AVEENO® have shown that the amazing anti-aging potential of mushrooms can also be applied to skincare. The naturally active benefits of Shiitake have been captured in exclusive formulas that work with your skin's unique chemistry to replenish surface cells faster for younger-looking skin.

cell regeneration

Cell renewal is a natural process that slows with age. The AVEENO® formulas with natural Shiitake Complex self-adjust to your unique skin, accelerating your cell renewal process. The formulas contain an ingredient proven to mimic an enzyme found naturally in the skin and are clinically shown to promote cell turnover and regeneration – and visibly reduce lines and wrinkles.



Cell renewal slows with age. The formulas with Shiitake Complex actually accelerate your cell renewal process.

AVEENO® is the leading innovator in the science of ACTIVE NATURALS.® No wonder dermatologists have recommended AVEENO® for over 60 years.



Aveeno®
ACTIVE NATURALS®

For more on the science behind ACTIVE NATURALS® visit www.aveeno.com

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36



GALILEA NIN

Youssou N'Dour

Vanity Fair called on iconic Senegalese recording artist Youssou N'Dour to handpic his favorite exemplars of West African music ("Echoe of Africa"). The distinctive, individual sounds of all of th tracks reflect the variety and richness of cultures across the region. "Music is a language," says N'Dour, "but at the same time it applies to so many different things in life. So many places on this continent I've never been to, so much music I've never heard." For N'Dour, the element common to all the artists he chose is what he calls their "musical integrity." He explains, "The music has got to be pure. It has to come from the heart."

Spencer Wells



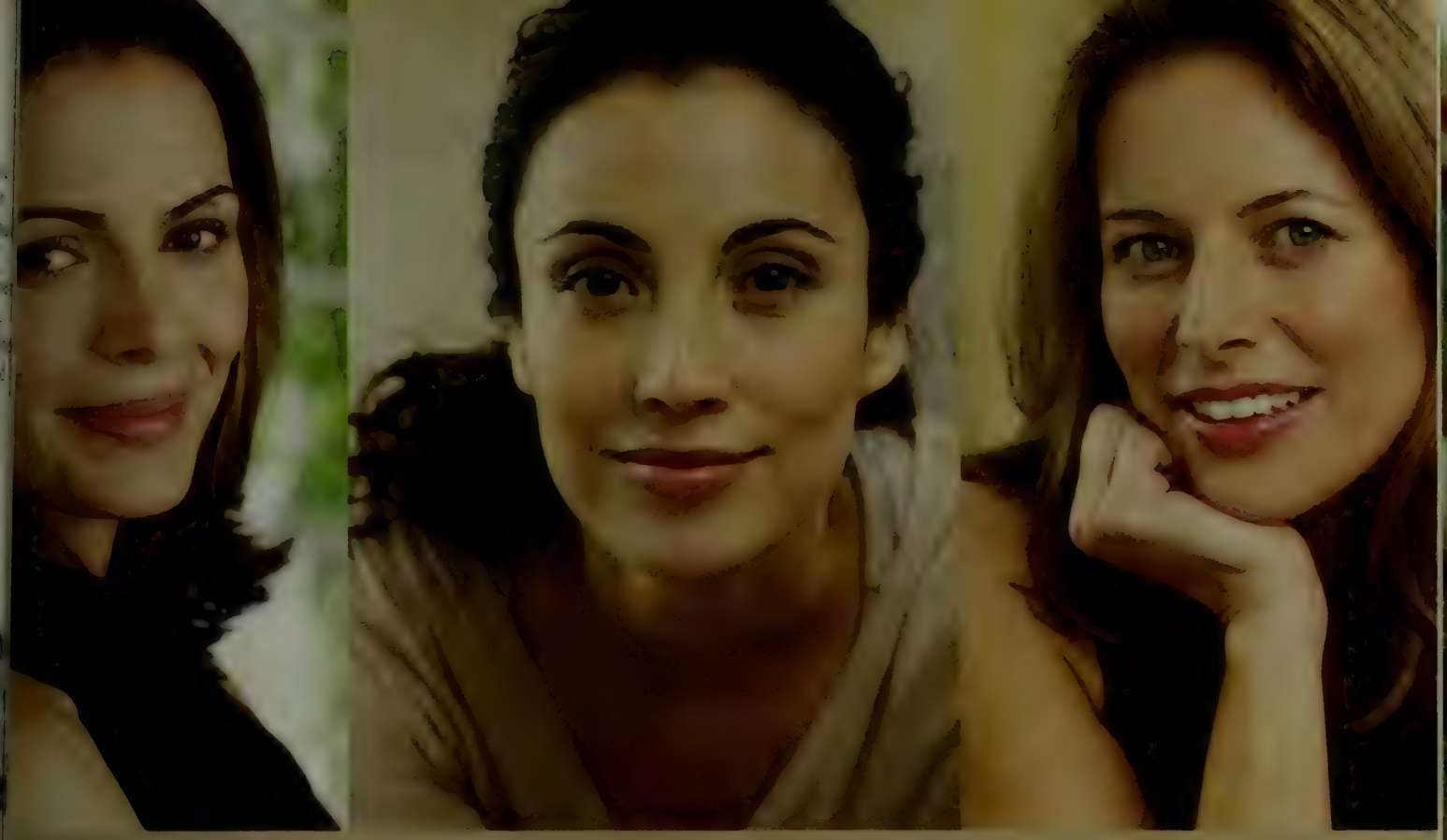
Science tells us that everyone on earth originated in Africa. Don't believe it? Just ask Dr. Spencer Wells, population geneticist, explorer-in-residence at the National Geographic Society (N.G.S.), and director of the Genographic Project, which is the largest survey of human genetic diversity ever undertaken. In "Out of Africa," on page 110, Wells explains how, by scraping some cells from inside your cheek and testing the DNA, a geneticist can trace the path your ancestors took from Africa. "True exploration means pushing the boundaries of what we understand about ourselves and the world we live in," Wells says. "The Genographic Project is helping to redefine exploration in the 21st century, using cutting-edge genetic techniques to answer the oldest questions, such as where we all came from and how our species populated the earth." To learn more about the Genographic Project, which is being carried out by the N.G.S. and IBM, with field-research support from the Waitt Family Foundation, go to nationalgeographic.com/genographic.



ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Tina Brown

In 1985, one year into her nearly nine-year term as editor in chief of *Vanity Fair,* Tina Brown shocked the reading public with an article entitled "The Mouse That Roared," in which she challenge the received wisdom that Princess Diana was a timid nursery-school teacher overwhelmed by royal life. In an excerpt from *The Diana Chronicles* (out this month from Doubleday), on page 198, Brown offers an equally original take on Diana's post-divorce years. "Ten years after her death," Brown says, "I thought it was time to clear away some of the dross around her and see her afresh. She has a current relevance in that she saw a way to leverage celebrity into something that was truly worthwhile. She set an example for some of the celebrity philanthropists we see today."



Everyone ages differently. Does your skincare know that?

Introducing the first self-adjusting serum for your unique skin.



In a consumer study, 73% of women saw reduced lines and wrinkles.

New AVEENO® POSITIVELY AGELESS™ Rejuvenating Serum has an advanced Shiitake Complex that captures the naturally active benefits of shiitake mushrooms – long believed to enhance vitality and slow aging. This exclusive formula works with your skin's unique chemistry, accelerating your cell renewal process.

Studies prove it. 73% of women saw reduced lines and wrinkles in just 4 weeks, revealing healthy, younger-looking skin. See what it can do for you.

NEW!



Aveeno®
ACTIVE NATURALS®

Discover nature's secret for ageless beauty.

For more on the science behind ACTIVE NATURALS® visit www.aveeno.com


For an
enlightened
child

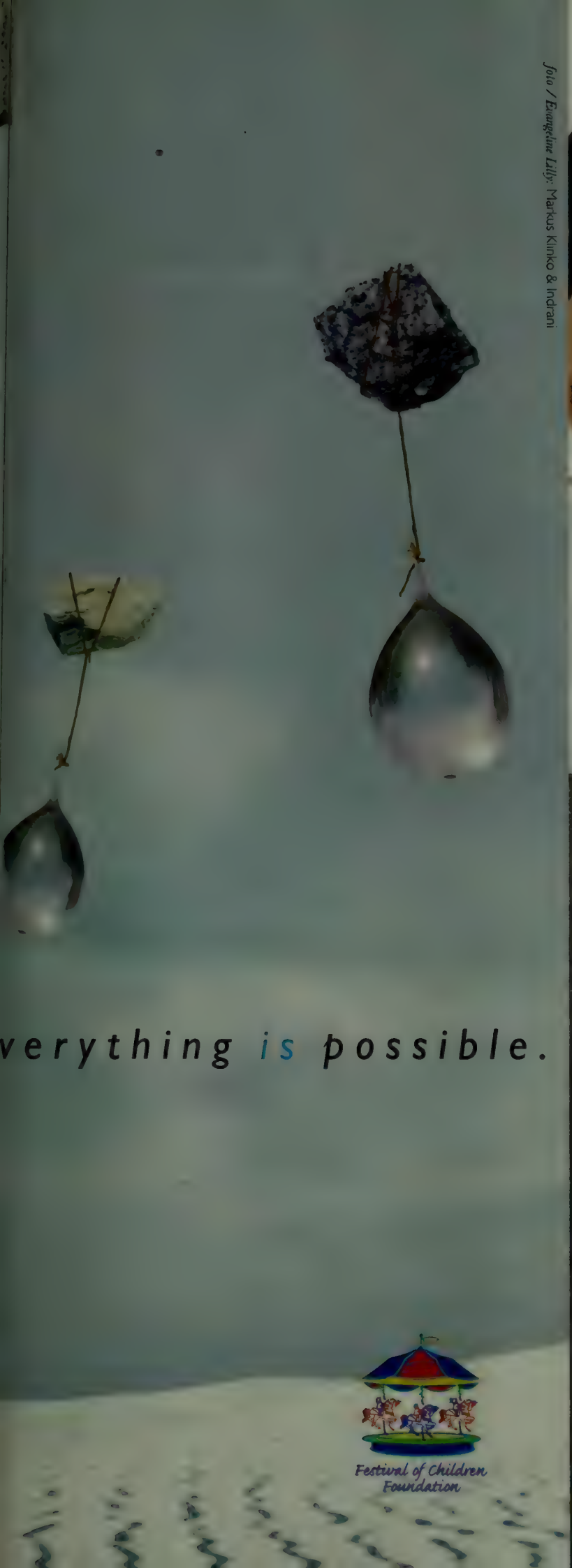


foto / Evangeline Lily: Markus Klinko & Indrani

verything *is* possible.

Festival of Children Foundation



Could opening the mind of **one child** lead to the possibility of ending world drought forever?"

-Evangeline Lilly

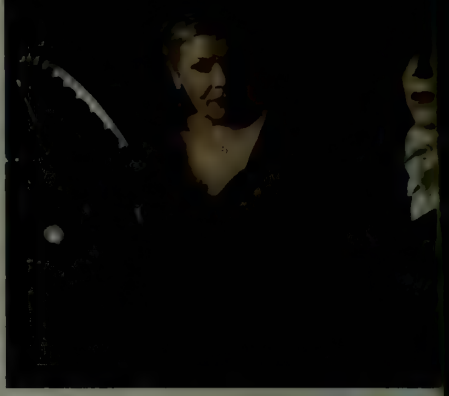
Festival of Children Foundation believes in an unlimited future for every child. From the smallest non-profit to the largest, Festival of Children Foundation gives much needed support to organizations that provide health care, social services, child safety, art and education. Every dollar we raise directly provides programs, resources and financial assistance to children's charities. ***I'm asking you to support Festival of Children Foundation*** to create better lives and futures for our children and the communities in which they thrive. The charities that help our kids need our help. Join us today at

festivalofchildren.org/dreams

Together we can make a difference.















THE PARTY CONTINUES ON vanityfair.com









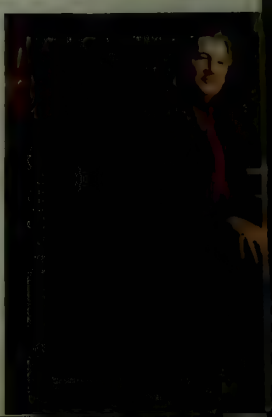
For an assortment of original stories and videos, pop-culture reviews and interviews, photo-essays, outtakes, and James Wolcott's blog, plus links to 250 great sites, go to VF.com.

It's "the best party on the Web" U.K. *Independent*.











SWEDISH MASSAGES FOR PEARLY WHITES.

AT REMBRANDT, WE THINK YOU SHOULD PAMPER YOUR TEETH WHILE YOU DRAMATICALLY WHITEN THEM. THAT'S WHY OUR ADVANCED WHITENING MINT STRIPS ARE MADE WITH A TIME-RELEASE PEROXIDE (TO BE GENTLE AND LESS IRRITATING). ALMOST LIKE GETTING A LITTLE MASSAGE AT THE SPA.

REMBRANDT
ORAL HEALTH AND BEAUTY

The pursuit of perfection.

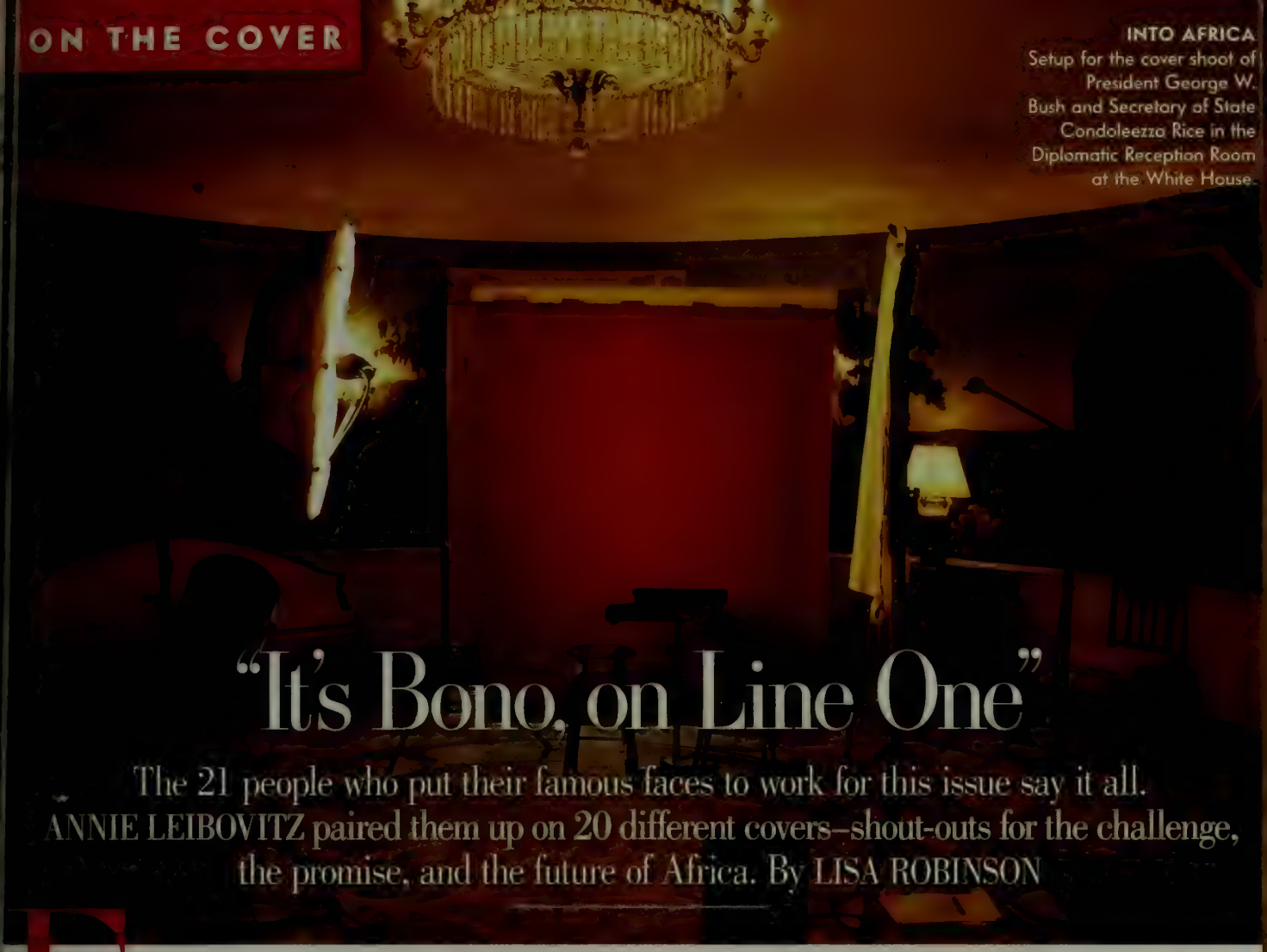


Proof that nature and progress can coexist comfortably.
Very, very comfortably.
This is luxury hybrid.
This is the pursuit of perfection.



lexus.com/RX

Vehicle shown with available equipment © 2007 Lex



INTO AFRICA
Setup for the cover shoot of President George W. Bush and Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice in the Diplomatic Reception Room at the White House.

"It's Bono, on Line One"

The 21 people who put their famous faces to work for this issue say it all. ANNIE LEIBOVITZ paired them up on 20 different covers—shout-outs for the challenge, the promise, and the future of Africa. By LISA ROBINSON

For this special issue, Graydon Carter, Bono, and Annie Leibovitz collaborated on the unprecedented set of 20 covers to show a prominent group of people having a "conversation" about Africa. "It's a visual chain letter," says Leibovitz, "spreading the message from person to person to person." Among them: a supermodel who fled Somalia with her family 37 years ago, a senator whose grandfather and father are buried in Africa, an actor who makes an annual return to a tiny village in Benin to see his family, a music superstar who adopted a child from Malawi, a former boxing champion who visited Ghana when no American sports figure had gone there before. And more—including a poet, an archbishop, a queen, a president, a rapper, a comedian, a talk-show host, and billionaire philanthropists. Leibovitz put together the 21 subjects in what was, she says, "a little like having a dinner party and trying to seat people next to certain people." She adds, "These are incredible people of our time, involved in this effort to make Africa better, to get Africa self-sufficient, and to try to get rid of AIDS on the continent." Let the conversation continue.

FOR EXCLUSIVE VIDEO FROM THE JULY COVER SHOOTS, GO TO VF.COM.



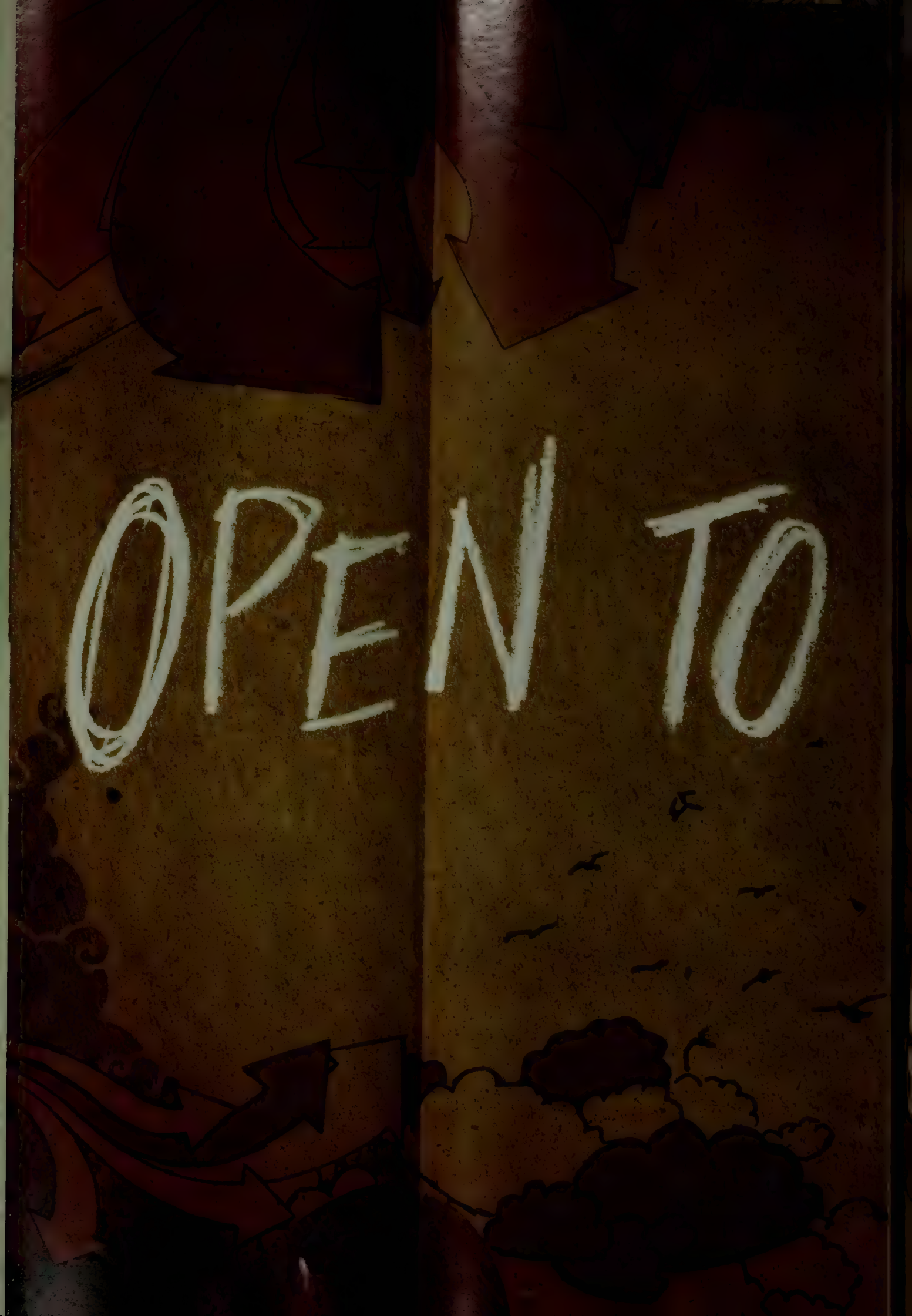
BARACK OBAMA

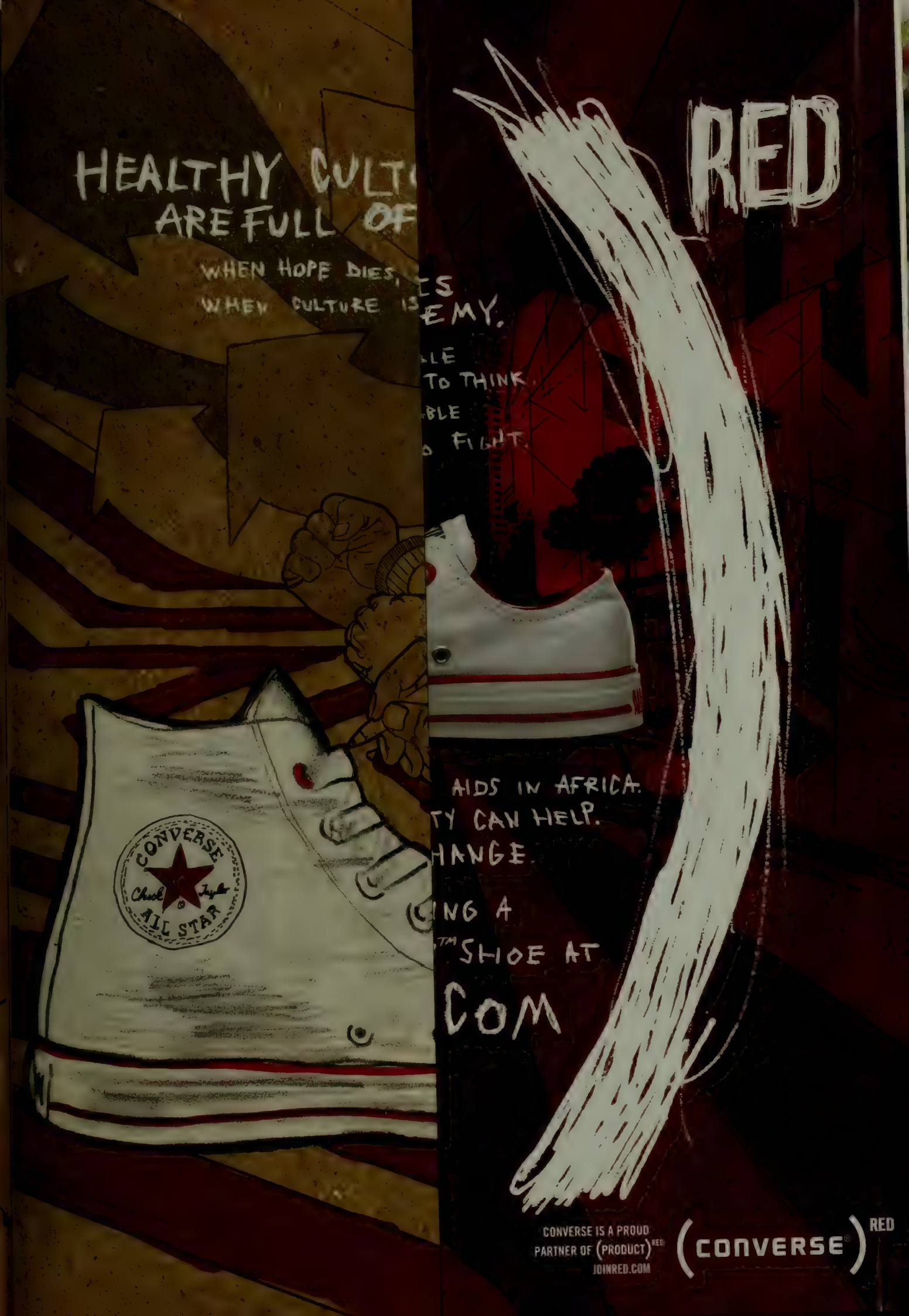
"I can still remember my first trip to Africa, two decades ago, when my sister's Volkswagen Beetle broke down," says Senator Barack Obama. "When I went back recently we had better transportation. But there was another difference. While that first trip was about discovering my past, my recent trip was about Africa's future. And it filled me with hope—because while significant obstacles remain, I believe we have the chance to build more equitable and just societies so that all people have the chance to control their own destinies."



MUHAMMAD ALI

"Each visit [to Africa] has proven to be a rare opportunity to discover just how magnificent and culturally rich the African people are," says Muhammad Ali, who has been a messenger for peace for the U.S. government and the United Nations. "It is true. Africa has endured famine, drought, and the AIDS epidemic, but what is more important is that the people have endured . . . with dignity and hope. It is their hope and mine that this rich and magnificent land will one day be restored to the majesty of its ancestors."


OPEN TO


HEALTHY CULT
ARE FULL OF
WHEN HOPE DIES,
WHEN CULTURE IS
EMY.
TO THINK.
FIGHT.
AIDS IN AFRICA.
TY CAN HELP.
HANGE.
NG A
SHOE AT
COM
RED
CONVERSE
Chuck Taylor
ALL STAR
CONVERSE IS A PROUD
PARTNER OF (PRODUCT)RED
JOINRED.COM
(CONVERSE)RED

The pursuit of perfection.

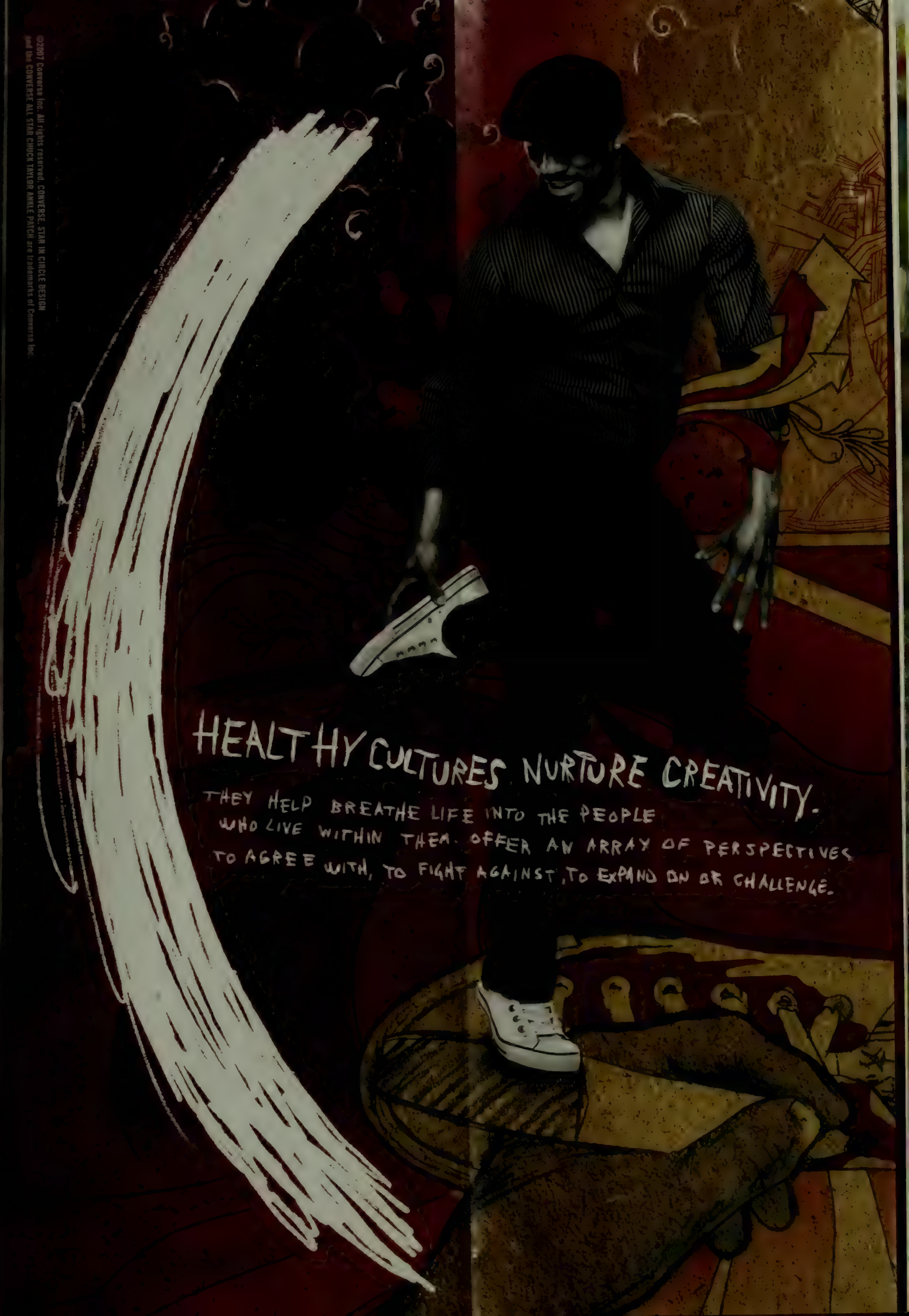


Proof that nature and progress can coexist comfortably.
Very, very comfortably.
This is luxury hybrid.
This is the pursuit of perfection.



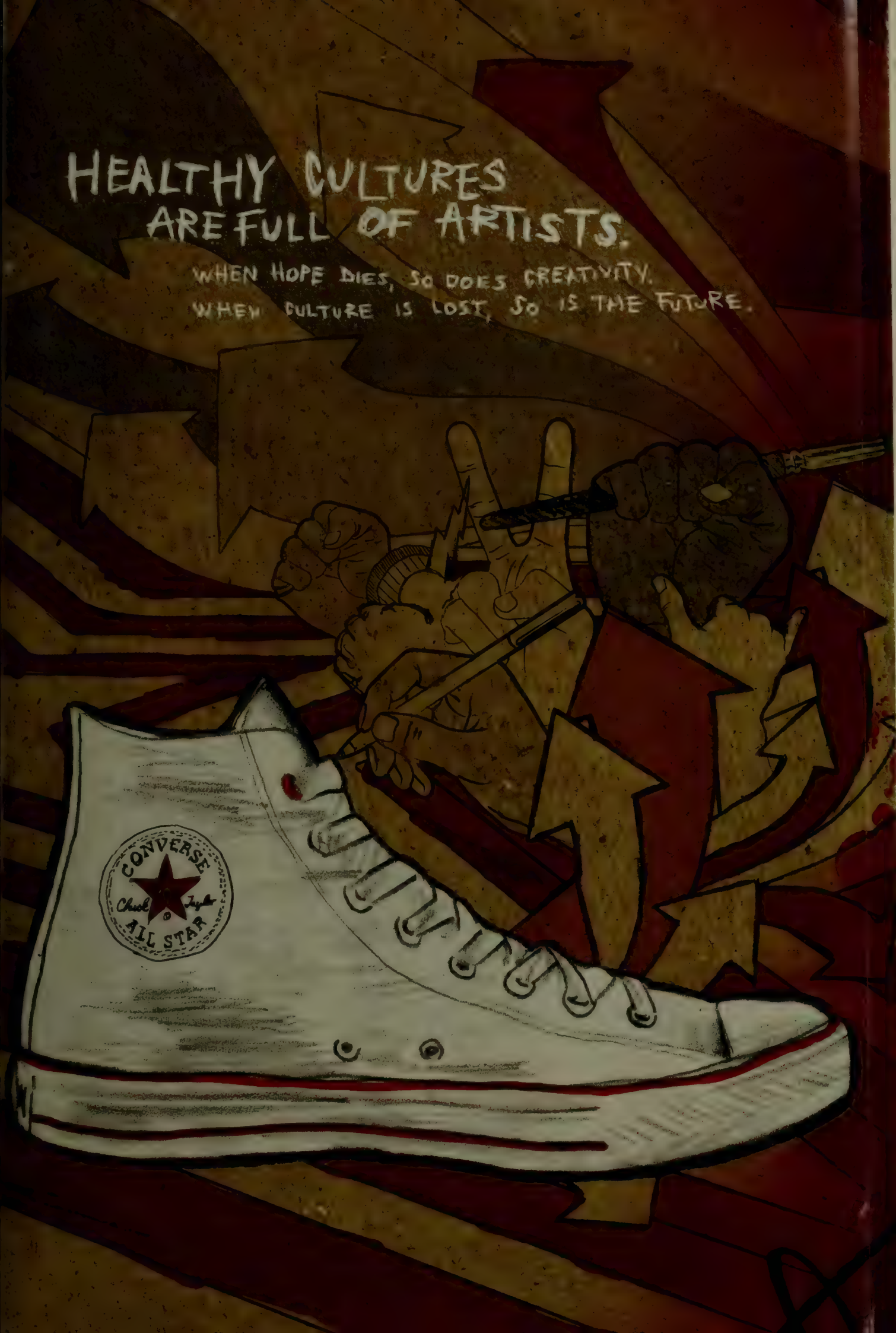
lexus.com/RX

Vehicle shown with available equipment. © 2007 Lexus



©2007 Converse Inc. All rights reserved. CONVERSE, STAR IN CIRCLE DESIGN and the CONVERSE ALL STAR CHUCK TAYLOR ANKLE PATCH are trademarks of Converse Inc.

A HEALTHY CULTURE
WELCOMES DISSENT.
LISTENS FOR THE SOUND OF NEW VOICES.
SUPPORTS ORIGINAL IMAGINATIONS.


HEALTHY CULTURES ARE FULL OF ARTISTS.
WHEN HOPE DIES, SO DOES CREATIVITY.
WHEN CULTURE IS LOST, SO IS THE FUTURE.
CONVERSE
Chuck Taylor
ALL STAR

RED

INDIFFERENCE IS THE ENEMY.

NOTHING IS INEVITABLE
IF YOU'RE WILLING TO THINK.
NOTHING IS UNATTAINABLE
IF YOU'RE WILLING TO FIGHT.



WE ALL WANT TO ELIMINATE AIDS IN AFRICA.
WE BELIEVE CREATIVITY CAN HELP.
BE AN AGENT OF CHANGE.
START BY DESIGNING A
CONVERSE (PRODUCT) RED™ SHOE AT
CONVERSE.COM

CONVERSE IS A PROUD
PARTNER OF (PRODUCT) RED
JOINRED.COM

(CONVERSE) RED



JAISALMER DOT COLLECTION

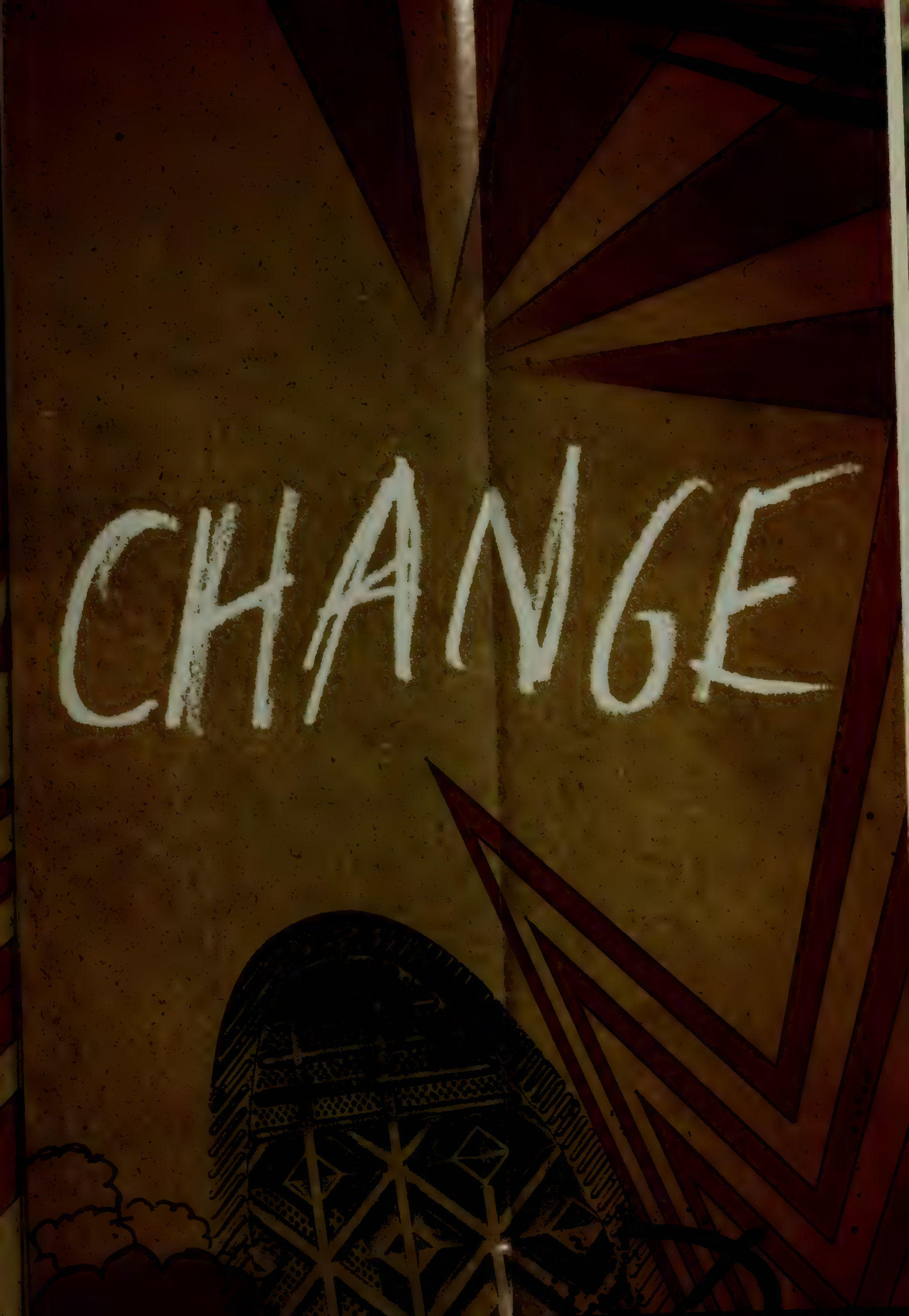
DESIGN PROPER... JOHN HARDY
copyright©

NEIMAN MARCUS SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

JOHN HARDY

WWW.JOHNHARDY.COM

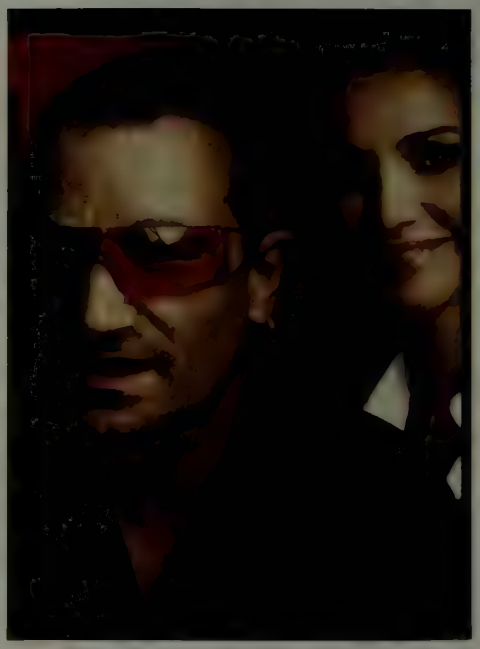

A HEALTHY CULTURE
WELCOMES DISSENT.
LISTENS FOR THE SOUND OF NEW VOICES.
SUPPORTS ORIGINAL IMAGINATIONS.


CHANGE



H.M. QUEEN RANIA OF JORDAN

"The world is failing millions of children, especially in Africa," says Queen Rania Al-Abdullah, who is on the board of GAVI (Global Alliance for Vaccines and Immunization) Fund and was named Eminent Advocate for Children by UNICEF. "Lack of access to vaccines means that the world loses over two million children every year," she says. "We can save them all. These statistics belong to the children of the developing world, the heartbreak belongs to their parents, but the responsibility belongs to us all." Queen Rania is also an active advocate for micro-financing through FINCA International.



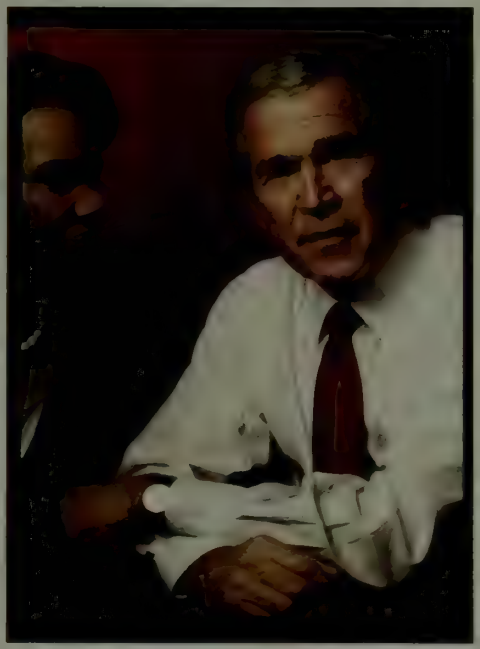
BONO

Musician, activist, and *V.F.*'s first-ever guest editor (see Editor's Letter, page 32), Bono is in favor of erecting a very big tent when it comes to the AIDS epidemic. "This is an emergency—normal rules don't apply. There are no easy good or bad guys," he says. "Do you think an African mother cares if the drugs keeping her child alive are thanks to an iPod or a church plate? Or a Democrat or a Republican? I don't think that mother gives a damn about where that 20-cent pill comes from, so why should we. It can lead to some uncomfortable bedfellows, but sometimes less sleep means you are more awake."



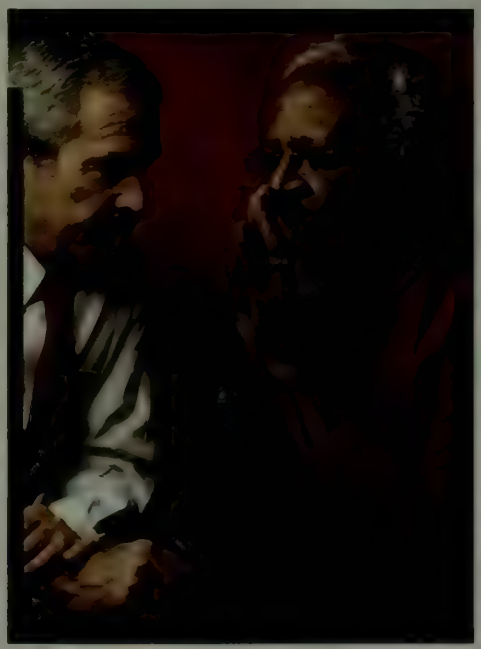
CONDOLEEZZA RICE

Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice has been President Bush's right hand in efforts to increase aid to Africa. She was an instigator of PEPFAR (the President's Emergency Plan for AIDS Relief), and as a result the United States is supporting almost one million people on lifesaving anti-retroviral treatment in Africa. Dr. Rice was also a founder of the Millennium Challenge Corporation, whose goal is to tackle global poverty and corruption.



GEORGE W. BUSH

We at *Vanity Fair* didn't think there could be a silver lining to the Bush administration, but perhaps it is, of all things, President George W. Bush's work for Africa. As the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development—an independent monitor of global spending—reports, the U.S. has quadrupled aid to the continent over the last six years. In his 2003 State of the Union address, Bush pledged $15 billion to fight AIDS primarily in Africa, and two years later pledged a $1.2 billion initiative to fight malaria in the 15 African countries hardest hit by the disease.



ARCHBISHOP DESMOND TUTU

As a leader of South Africa's anti-apartheid movement and, later, its Truth and Reconciliation Commission, Archbishop Emeritus Desmond Tutu has devoted his life to working for human rights. In 1984 he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Currently, he is establishing the Desmond Tutu Peace Centre, in Cape Town, to, he says, "promote sustainable peace and values-based leadership throughout the world." (For more details, go to tutu.org.)



BRAD PITT

Brad Pitt's activism in New Orleans, Haiti, and Africa has received worldwide attention. His involvement in Africa began in 2004 with visits to Ethiopia and South Africa; in 2005 he helped launch the One Campaign to Make Poverty History. He is also a co-founder of Not on Our Watch, which teamed with the International Rescue Committee to hold premieres of Pitt's current film, *Ocean's Thirteen*, to benefit Darfur. Beginning on page 96, he interviews Archbishop Desmond Tutu.



JAISALMER DOT COLLECTION

DESIGN PROPER... JOHN HARDY
copyright©

NEIMAN MARCUS SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

JOHN HARDY

WWW.JOHNHARDY.COM



DJIMON HOUNSOU

Once a year, actor Djimon Hounsou visits his family in Benin, where he recently helped rebuild his childhood home. "The goal of the African people is to become self-sufficient," says Hounsou, who served as a consultant on our portfolio (beginning on page 176), otherwise "sometimes it does feel like the white man's burden. Some of the efforts need to be implemented by Africans who do good for the continent. Then people can see that their own people can really make a difference. We are not looking for a handout."



MADONNA

"I asked one of the children in Malawi, 'If you've got the world listening to you, if there's one thing you could say to the world, what would you say?,'" Madonna told Dr. Jim Yong Kim, former director of the World Health Organization's H.I.V./AIDS department. "And the boy said, 'Please just help us forget that we're orphans.'" Madonna and Dr. Kim's conversation about the plight of the more than one million AIDS orphans in Malawi is on vanityfair.com; read her own account of her work in Malawi on page 67.



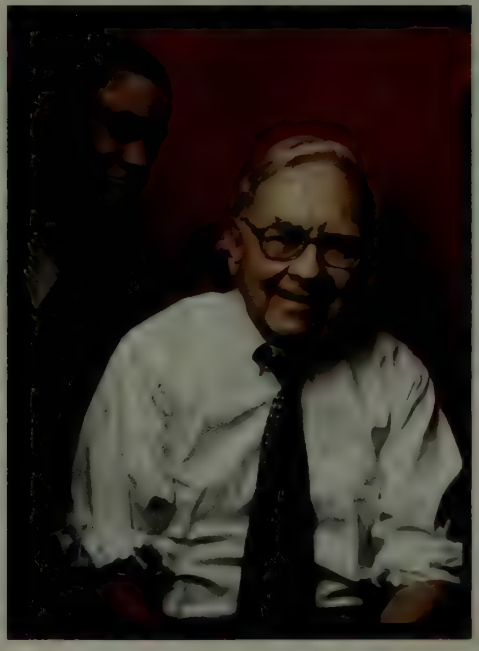
MAYA ANGELOU

"The dignity of the African people simply will not be dismissed with 100 years of colonialism and the years of having slavery as the main export," says author, poet, historian, director, performer, and civil-rights activist Dr. Maya Angelou, who in 1996 was named a national ambassador to UNICEF. "You have to stand up for the fellow who's been knocked down," she says. "I am filled with gratitude for those who say, 'I identify with those people because they are human beings, and nothing human can be alien to me.' That's a powerful statement and a powerful thing to do."



CHRIS ROCK

Chris Rock writes about his first trip to Africa (see page 152), when he met with Nelson Mandela. "I went to Mandela's house, but I didn't have a sense that he knew who I was; I didn't have these great accomplishments or anything," Rock, who helped launch (Red), says. "His kids, grandkids, and security guards knew who I was, but what do you say to Nelson Mandela? This guy's so great, what the fuck is he doing meeting with me? Is Ja Rule coming in next? Mandela should be meeting with Bono and Oprah . . . He shouldn't be meeting with the guy from *Pootie Tang*."



WARREN BUFFETT

Financiers and philanthropists alike were shocked in 2006 when the world's second-richest man—Warren Buffett—pledged to give more than $30 billion worth of stock to the foundation run by the world's richest—Bill Gates—and his wife, Melinda. Why not give to a foundation that might need it more? "The Gateses have set out to try and figure out how they can help the most human lives in the world," says Buffett. "So when I can get some people who are ungodly bright, energetic, putting their own money into it . . . to work for me for nothing, it's not a bad deal."



BILL AND MELINDA GATES

The Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation has spent $8 billion on global health, including the fight against AIDS, malaria, and tuberculosis in Africa and elsewhere. "I'm optimistic," says Bill, "that people's thinking will evolve on the question of health inequity—that people will finally accept that the death of a child in the developing world is just as tragic and worthy of our attention as the death of a child in the rich world." Melinda adds, "I believe the connection happens when you see people as neighbors and not as strangers. The people of Africa are our neighbors."

FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

©2007 Samsung Electronics America, Inc. All rights reserved. Samsung is a registered trademark of Samsung Electronics Co., Ltd. All product and brand names are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective companies



imagine a true cinema experience every night



Samsung Plasma TV HP-T5654

Whether you enjoy fast-paced action films or golden age classics, Samsung Plasma HDTVs deliver a theater quality viewing experience. With its new and innovative optimized Movie Mode, you can enjoy movies the way any movie fan would. With the new Samsung Plasma HDTV, it's not that hard to imagine.

To learn more, visit www.samsung.com/plasma

Available at these and other fine retailers:

BEST BUY

SAMSUNG



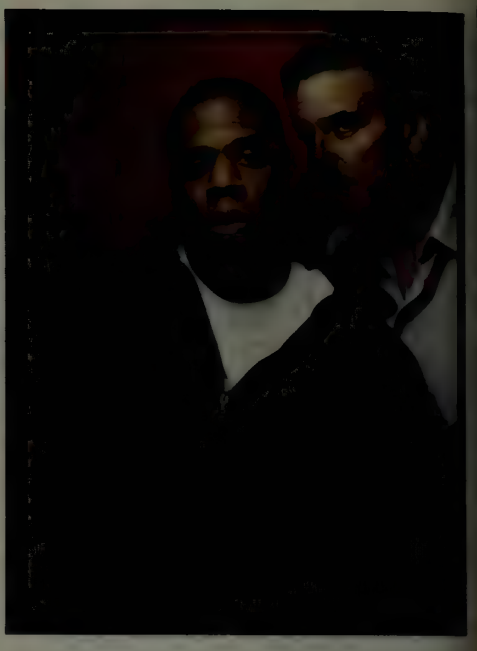
OPRAH WINFREY

Through her Angel Network, the public charity she founded in 1998, talk-show host and philanthropist Oprah Winfrey has helped fund 28 schools in five African countries as well as personally creating the Oprah Winfrey Leadership Academy for Girls, in South Africa, in 2007. She says, "Education is freedom; it's the only way out. Despite the poverty and despair many of these young African children face every day, they have a fierce determination to get an education. I want to help give them the chance they deserve."



GEORGE CLOONEY

In 2005, George Clooney was going through the Oscar process when he read about the crisis in Darfur: "I wanted to take all the attention I was getting and do something positive with it. [But] you can't just talk about an issue, you have to understand it fully, you have to be there." With his father, Nick, Clooney traveled to Chad to film the 2007 documentary *A Journey to Darfur.* "The more time you spend with the people in the camps, who are holding on by a whisper and still believe that their lives will be better," he says, "the more you believe that anything is possible."



JAY-Z

Jay-Z went to Africa in 2006 on his first world tour and found a cause: 1.1 billion people don't have clean drinking water. He teamed up with the U.N., bought pumps, helped supply clean, running water to an entire village, and, with MTV, filmed a documentary, *Water for Life.* "I come from the Marcy projects, in Brooklyn," he says, "which is considered a tough place to grow up, but this [showed me] how good we have it. The rappers who say, 'We're from the 'hood,' take it from me, you're not from the 'hood. You haven't seen people with no access to water. It really put things in perspective."



ALICIA KEYS

Alicia Keys won five Grammys with her 2001 debut album, *Songs in A Minor.* But her world changed even more when she traveled to South Africa for her first concert there, in 2002, and became involved with Keep a Child Alive—a nonprofit organization dedicated to providing anti-retroviral treatment to children and adults with H.I.V./AIDS in Africa. "When you go to Africa, there is a spirit that is very resilient," she says, "and it's a very inspiring thing to be around; it definitely gives me a sense of purpose, something to work for."



IMAN

Iman Abdulmajid is a supermodel, a businesswoman (C.E.O. of Iman Cosmetics), wife (of musician David Bowie), mother, and global ambassador for Keep a Child Alive. "My Africa is rich in human resources and dignity," says Iman, who was born in Somalia. "I get insulted when I see only images of our dying, our wars, our Darfur, our AIDS victims . . . not our doctors, our nurses, our teachers. . . . Africa must find its own saviors: the salvation of Africa is in the hands of African women." She encourages all involvement: "We need everyone from Angelina to Aunt Gina."



DON CHEADLE

Don Cheadle became acutely aware of the crisis in Darfur while filming *Hotel Rwanda* in 2003. Since then he has returned to Africa to spend time in refugee camps, testified before a Senate subcommittee on human rights, and co-authored (with John Prendergast) *Not on Our Watch: The Mission to End Genocide in Darfur and Beyond.* "Though the situation in Darfur today is dire," he says, "if our leaders insert themselves in a multilateral, political, and diplomatic process, I believe we can help to end the pain and suffering of literally millions of civilians."

FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



a truly unique collection

Vintage covers, photographs and illustrations reproduced from the Condé Nast Archive. Gallery quality prints available in two sizes, framed or unframed, for both your home and office. To view more of our collection, and to order, visit us at www.condenastART.com or call 1-888-728-4021

FREE SHIPPING on all products (US orders only)

CONDÉ NAST ART

© Condé Nast Archive, All Rights Reserved

EARTH MATTERS

Remodel cities, save the world; challenged by Chevron; future of the car; Tim Spicer objects; and more

Like it or not, the environment is the most important issue of our time. Nuclear proliferation comes close, but that's because nuclear destruction is an environmental problem. We need to limit population growth and radically limit consumption of precious, irreplaceable resources. The way forward is with frank talk; immediate action, with those possessing the most sacrificing the most; and a recognition that it is better to live on borrowed land than on borrowed time. Your second annual Green Issue [May] is a keeper, never to be recycled.

FRED PLOTKIN
New York, New York

I CONSIDER MYSELF a relatively "aware" person, and I try to always be considerate of others. Your articles often expand my knowledge or enhance my consciousness; they had never changed my behavior. After reading your May issue, I find myself turning out lights and using less water.

CINDY O'DONNELL
Havertown, Pennsylvania

I WAS STUNNED by the mixed messages your Green Issue conveyed: articles about the looming struggle over water resources alongside an ad for Fiji water imported from halfway around the world, and serious pieces about the ways our lifestyles are implicated in climate change in the same issue as Diesel's appalling "Global Warming Ready" campaign, which trivializes the very issue you're urging us to think deeply about. This is the schizophrenia of capitalism, urging us to keep blithely consuming even while we attempt to confront the looming catastrophe we've consumed our way into.

CATHY STANTON
Athol, Massachusetts

I AM WRITING TO COMMEND you on your second annual Green Issue. I was disappointed, however, that in your discussion of the problem and of potential solutions you fail to touch on the most fundamental and effective of all: reconfiguring our cities, towns, and neighborhoods to encourage as little energy expenditure as possible. This may sound radical, but in reality it is merely a return to the way we lived before the era of the automobile. This increased density will result in more efficient mass transit, more vibrant retail centers, and the conservation of millions of acres of open space otherwise chewed up by status-quo suburban development. Hybrid cars and green toilet paper are important, too, but they may be too little too late.

ARI S. HECKMAN
Development associate, Cornish Associates
Providence, Rhode Island

YOUR GREEN ISSUE was packed with the things that need to be said on an important topic for our time. The articles were well researched and informative. Thanks for doing your part to wake people up.

JUDITH ANODEA
San Rafael, California

AMAZON JUSTICE

I FELT SHOCKED, sickened, guilty, hopeless, depressed, and angry after reading about the horrible situation at Lago Agrio in "Jungle Law," by William Langewiesche [May]. I can't imagine having to live in that community day after day after day. If I could trust that the money would flow directly to this region and be used to legitimately fix the problem, I, as an oil consumer, would be more than willing to help pay for this environmental tragedy. I believe a lot of oil consumers feel the same way.

TRISH FUCCENECCO
Quesnel, British Columbia

WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE presents a tale that is long on implication, innuendo, and unsubstantiated claims, but falls short on the sort of thing a court would require to render a judgment—namely, credible evidence. He merely repackages the same claims and stories the plaintiffs' attorneys have been selling to the news media for well over a decade.

Langewiesche makes a telling confession (even though it is buried in his story)—"The truth is that neither Chevron nor the plaintiffs have a solid basis for the claims that they make about the residents' health or the legacy of Texaco." What Langewiesche states is precisely the point that Chevron has been trying to make to the superior court in Lago Agrio. But he is only half right. What Langewiesche fails to acknowledge is that, within those hundreds of thousands of pages of filings he describes, Chevron has presented a mountain of credible and scientifically valid evidence to contradict the plaintiffs' claims. (Readers wishing to learn more about this case can visit www.texaco.com/sitelets/ecuador/en/.)

Because the plaintiffs have been unable to prove their case, they have resorted to distortion and fabrication of evidence, obstruction of justice, and illegitimate attempts to persuade the Ecuadorean administration to interfere in the trial on their behalf, all seemingly designed to create an environment in which the judge feels compelled—by pressure rather than by evidence—to render a verdict against Chevron.

Chevron is defending itself rigorously in this case because we have a duty to our shareholders to do so. Texaco did the right thing in Ecuador. It operated responsibly, followed its contractual obligations and the law, made a significant contribution to the economy and to social, health, and education initiatives, and carried out an effective remediation program.

The residents of the Oriente region of Ecuador deserve a fair trial as much as Chevron does. In a court of law, evidence should prevail, not pressure tactics or deceit.

DONALD CAMPBELL
Manager, Media Relations, Chevron Corporation
San Ramon, California

E.V. RIDER

THANK YOU for Michael Shnayerson's excellent article on the Tesla and other electric sports cars ["Quiet Thunder," May]. The grandfather of these, G.M.'s EV1, produced in 1997, actually got most of its charge in 1 to 2 hours, not the 8 to 10 hours publicized by the car-makers. According to the power utilities, 150 million of them could have been charged at night without the need for one additional power plant. Fear of long charging times made consumers worry, while the car's true advantages were rarely mentioned: relative freedom from parts and service (the automotive-aftermarket industry was $269 billion in 2005 alone), no foreign oil, and less pollution even when using coal-fired power plants. I

FOR MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GO TO VF.COM.


AUDACIOUS SPARKLE. ARRESTING SHINE.
DANGEROUSLY GLAMOROUS.
DISCOVER NEW SHADES OF
LÈVRES SCINTILLANTES
GLOSSIMER
CHANEL
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
SAKS.COM


Loved for ever

IS YOUR HAIR TRYING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING?

With Nexxus,
your hair can say goodbye
to its frizzy, flyaway past.

New Sleektress Shampoo,
Hydra Sleek Conditioner and
Sleek Style Creme, scientifically
developed and salon proven
to tame unruly hair for a sleek,
smooth finish.

Your hair knows best.
So take it to the Nexxus level.

NEXXUS
SALON HAIR CARE



look forward to a new generation of plug-in cars and cleaner electricity to power them.

CHRIS PAINE
Director, *Who Killed the Electric Car?*
Culver City, California

A COMPANY FOR ALL WAR ZONES

I WAS SURPRISED to see a respected magazine like *Vanity Fair* publish such a factually inaccurate article about individuals performing dangerous work on behalf of U.S. and coalition forces ["Iraq's Mercenary King," by Robert Baer, April]. Robert Baer cobbled together an unscrupulous story in which he attempts to make it seem as though I were interviewed. I was not.

Glaring omissions, false insinuations, and misrepresentations pervade Baer's article. It misstates even the most basic facts: We do not have an "army of 48,000" (we have 1,200). I do not live in a South London mansion. I do not own an Aston Martin. I certainly never earned $20 million—as our company accounts, which are public, indicate. And I have never supported any "coup plotters."

Much more important, the article denigrates a group of people who don't deserve your disparaging remarks. Aegis employees in Iraq are made up of highly competent, professional ex-servicemen from coalition countries who have served their governments and who are now fulfilling a vital role which otherwise would require thousands of extra troops. Aegis employees have professional skills of the highest standard. In the last three years they have driven nearly three million miles, been attacked 170 times, and never had a single client killed or injured. Eight of our colleagues have been killed protecting others. Baer's reproachful portrayal in the article is both unfair and dishonest. Our men and women risk their lives not only to protect others but to provide fresh water to Iraqi schoolchildren, build health clinics for Iraqi women and children, and supply generators to Iraqi orphanages. Aegis personnel are not cold-blooded mercenaries, as this article implies, but a courageous group of dedicated people. Baer and *Vanity Fair* have done these people a disservice. Baer should keep his fiction to his filmscripts.

TIM SPICER
C.E.O., Aegis
London, England

ROBERT BAER REPLIES: Tim Spicer takes issue with some things that I do not in fact assert (such as that he has an army of 48,000), with some things that I correctly say have been reported (about which he would not comment when asked), and with the entire tone of the article (which I leave to the reader).

THE INFERNO REVISITED

OH, LOOK, there's Michael Crichton holding his severed head in "Dante's Inferno: Green Edition" [May]. He's not in the pocket of the energy industry, like many of the other villains featured. Rather, he's someone who approached the problem of global warming like a scientist and, after studying the data, dared to suggest the sky isn't falling at quite the reported velocity. Then he spoke and wrote of his concern that science is becoming sensationalized in the race for grant money—that when scientists join the fray, rather than stay above it, results get skewed. Hmmm, doesn't quite fit our agenda, does it? Summon the inquisitors.

SUE TAYLOR
Pacific Grove, California

ONE KNIGHT IN HOLLYWOOD

AS EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR of the Elton John AIDS Foundation (EJAF), I am concerned that your recent coverage of *Vanity Fair*'s Oscar party mischaracterizes the nature of Sir Elton John's participation ["Fairground," by Krista Smith, May]. Your statement "Even Elton John skipped his famous post-awards bash and took up residence at Mortons" implies that Sir Elton neglected his own EJAF Academy Awards fund-raising dinner, and its many guests, in favor of the *Vanity Fair* party. Quite to the contrary, Sir Elton's personal involvement in all aspects of this annual EJAF fund-raiser is critical to the success of the evening, and both he and his partner, David Furnish, devote themselves fully to it.

In fact, this year EJAF changed the format for its Academy Awards viewing party, choosing to significantly expand and enhance the dinner during the actual televised awards show and to eliminate the separate post-show party. Sir Elton and David Furnish remained at the EJAF benefit until its conclusion and were delighted to attend the *Vanity Fair* party afterward.

I am thrilled to report that EJAF's 15th annual Academy Awards viewing party raised a record-breaking $4.3 million.

SCOTT CAMPBELL
New York, New York

CORRECTION: "When Galanos Spelled Glamour" (April) contained two inaccuracies. The Ambassador Hotel was demolished in 1967 to make way for what is now 345 Park Avenue.

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.

MORE FROM THE V.F. MAILBAG

"Graydon," says Glenn (who, like Graydon, has a last name), writing from Katy, Texas, "since I know you cherry-pick the Letters, I will understand if you cut and paste this missive to further your lefty agenda." How do you mean, Glenn? Oh, like taking the sentence from your letter that begins, "I'm a bit worried that when George W. Bush is no longer in office . . . ," and making it "I'm a bit worried that . . . George W. Bush is . . . in office"? Nah, we'd never do that. Too much bother.



It's not easy being the Green Issue. Here's how it feels: People—lots of people—object to what *Vanity Fair*'s arguing for, find the inclusion of certain ads inappropriate, wonder why the pages (a) aren't recyclable and (b) are wrapped in plastic, speculate on what environmental havoc was wreaked just in getting Leonardo DiCaprio to Iceland for the cover shoot, and in general voice skepticism about most celebrities' genuine commitment to a green lifestyle. (Fortunately, other people—lots and lots of other people—think that being the Green Issue is pretty great. If not easy.)

Beth Sale, of Escondido, California, has written regarding Robert F. Kennedy Jr.'s "The Falcon's Call" (May): "Now, granted, using a falcon to kill one sage grouse may seem insignificant, but I fail to see the difference between that and using a gun to kill one elephant." Um . . . bullets?

Sometimes, to relax, the Mailbag loves a good poem. "A Voter's Lament," shared with us by Norman Geller, of East Norwich, New York, begins, "Of Bill and Hill / I've had my fill," then proceeds through some standard overkill/will/thrill and wise/rise rhymes before delivering a final, unprintable verdict on the entire field of candidates in the last line (hint: it rhymes with "Mitt").

"I get really nervous when I see ads for *The Wall Street Journal* in *Vanity Fair*," writes Marshall Swanson, of Columbia, South Carolina. Well, see a specialist.

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



Is it Blu-ray or HD DVD?

Yes.





cnet BEST CES WINNER

G Super Blu™ — The first machine that plays both Blu-ray Disc™ and HD DVD.*

joy every high-definition movie available, without worrying about which format to choose. Engineered
h an innovative Multi Laser Optical™ system, the LG Super Blu Player allows you to experience full
D from Blu-ray Disc, HD DVD and also features 1080i up-conversion for standard DVDs. Combine it with
ompatible 1080p TV, such as one of LG's new Plasma or LCD models, and your senses will be attacked
the ultimate entertainment experience.

ersatile as...Entertaining as...Innovative as LG.

LG Life's Good

007 LG Electronics USA, Inc. Englewood Cliffs, NJ. LG Design and Life's Good are trademarks of LG Electronics, Inc. *This product fully supports standard Blu-ray discs and can high-definition audio/visual content from HD DVD discs. This product does not support interactive "iHD" features available from many HD DVD discs. Screen images simulated.

LGusa.com



Kimora Lee Simmons

green YOURSELF OTHERS

Simmons Jewelry Co.

When you purchase a rough diamond and malachite Green Bracelet created by Simmons Jewelry Co., you are supporting the educational initiatives that help and empower [illegible] nations where diamonds are a natural resource. Simmons Jewelry Co. will donate 50% of net profits from the sale of the Green Bracelet to the Diamond Empowerment Fund (D.E.F.), a non-profit international organization which is dedicated to supporting educational programs in AFRICA.

www.simmonsjewelryco.com

FANFAIR

31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE

JULY 2007



ETERNAL HOPE

"I want to see girls with education [illegible] the future of Africa," says Madonna, who is currently [illegible] a documentary film project about orphans in Malawi. Pictured here, 9-year-old Janet and Wezi W[illegible] H[illegible] Orphanage in Mchinji. For more, turn to page 80.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KRISTEN ASHBURN



Buick.com



What makes this the finest luxury crossover ever? You may want to sit down for this. The cabin of the new Enclave is nothing short of first-class. Literally. After all, it was modeled after the interior of a private executive jet. Seven individually crafted spaces designed to take comfort to new heights. French-stitched leather-appointed captain's chairs. Three independently controlled climate zones. And a spacious third row large enough to accommodate three of the most finicky travellers. In fact, the cabin of the new Enclave is roomier than even a Mercedes R-Class. And thanks to QuietTuning, it's also quieter than a Lexus RX 350.* An uncompromising level of comfort awaits everyone who steps aboard. The finest luxury crossover ever starts at $32,790.†

The New Enclave. Drive Beautiful.™

†ly-equipped, $38,265.


Kimora Lee Simmons
green
YOURSELF
OTHER
When you purchase a rough diamond and malachite Green Bracelet created by Simmons Jewelry Co.
supporting the educational initiatives that develop and empower people in African nations where
are a natural resource. Simmons Jewelry Co. will donate 50% of net profits from the sale of the Green
to the Diamond Empowerment Fund (D.E.F.) a non-profit international organization which is dedic
supporting educational programs in AFRICA.
Simmons Jewelry Co.
www.simmonsjewelryco.com



console. late availability. Based on independent testing. †MSRP. Tax, title, license, dealer fees and optional equipment extra. ©2007 GM Corp. All rights reserv


1A
1B



What makes this the finest luxury crossover ever? You may want to sit down for this. The cabin of the new Enclave is nothing short of first-class. Literally. After all, it was modeled after the interior of a private executive jet. Seven individually crafted spaces designed to take comfort to new heights. French-stitched leather-appointed captain's chairs. Three independently controlled climate zones. And a spacious third row large enough to accommodate three of the most finicky travellers. In fact, the cabin of the new Enclave is roomier than even a Mercedes R-Class. And thanks to QuietTuning, it's also quieter than a Lexus RX 350.* An uncompromising level of comfort awaits everyone who steps aboard. The finest luxury crossover ever starts at $32,790.†

The New Enclave. Drive Beautiful.™

†ely equipped, $38,265.

July

THE CULTURAL DIVIDE

18



The Del Mar [illegible], [illegible], June 1960

The **Del Mar racetrack** opens its gates for the first race of the season on July 18. Co-founded by **Bing Crosby,** in 1937, and home to **Seabiscuit's** first match-race win, the track combines a storied history with the excitement of the Kentucky Derby and the beauty of a seaside retreat. Races take place every day but Tuesday. (7/18–9/5; delmarracing.com)

PUCKER UP

All proceeds from **Viva Glam VI** lipstick—a warm terra-cotta plum with pearl finish—benefit the MAC AIDS Fund, which has contributed more than $90 million to H.I.V./AIDS research.



◀ Necklaces from Bead for Life.

Bead Beauty

A small group of refugees in Uganda have been beading their way out of poverty, one necklace at a time. Each of the vibrantly colored accessories is crafted by hand from recycled magazine pages. Starting at $5, they are sold through the **Bead for Life** organization. Profits support a community of nearly 3,000 people. (beadforlife.org)



A large herd of camels in Darfur. ▲

The **"Darfur/Darfur"** exhibition continues its 24-month journey across the globe, spreading outrage about the genocide happening in Sudan. The show, on display at Milan's Centro Internazionale di Fotografia, features hundreds of images from eight photojournalists projected onto walls for monumental effect. (7/3–7/6)

13

In the heart of Napa Valley, the **Festival del Sole,** which spans 10 days, offers winetastings, gourmet food, and spa treatments, and features musical performances. (7/13–7/22; festivaldelsole.com)



Xanadu movie poster (1980); ◀ roller skate from the musical.

Dreams Come True

Remember the film ***Xanadu,*** with **Olivia Newton-John** as a roller-skating disco queen? The new musical version, starring **Kerry Butler,** opens July 26, on Broadway, at the Helen Hayes Theatre.



BIG LOVE℠

NOW ON MONDAY NIGHTS

THE ACCLAIMED SERIES RETURNS JUNE 11, 9PM/8C

HBO

PLAY TONE

©2007 Home Box Office, Inc. All rights reserved. HBO® and Big Love℠ are service marks of Home Box Office, Inc.


34
FIND YOUR FIT AT THE LEVI'S STORE AND LEVI.COM


THE
ORIGINAL
501®
BUTTON FLY JEANS



TUBULAR RIDE
Kelly Slater's surfboard, ...et, and Slater surfing at ... Bay Billabong Pro, in ...ys Bay, South Africa.

Surf's Up in South Africa

My first memory of Jeffreys Bay, South Africa, a spot I had heard of and wanted to surf my whole life, is a trip I took there in 1993. The first thing I saw when I arrived at the beach were dolphins riding waves and a whale swimming just beyond the surf. A shark jumped past the break, and I watched flamingos fly overhead. (They live in two local estuaries.) I was amazed by the amount of sea life but also by the stark differences between the white people and the black.

The whites, most of whom are fishermen and surfers, live on the point along the surf and have a nice view of the ocean. This town was basically made on surfing and fishing—the local fisheries export much of the squid that is enjoyed around the world. It's not upper-class—the houses are modest but well kept. Many of the blacks, on the other hand, live on the outskirts in a sort of shantytown that visitors to the area don't take much interest in. Most people aren't here for anything other than a vacation and to surf. For many years I wondered why more of the local black kids didn't surf.

What I didn't know was that they just don't surf at Supertubes, the spot with waves that people travel the world to ride. Instead, they surf about two miles down the point, at Kitchen Windows, named after the restaurant on the beach there. They have their own little surf club, run by a dedicated and loyal coach who helps raise money for them. They share boards—mostly old ones. I have gotten to surf with these guys a few times over the last few years. I usually set a day aside, as do many of the traveling pros, to spend with them. Most of us have donated a bit of money, and we hit up our sponsors to supply wet suits (the water's cold here) and used boards. The surf club's a good way to give some direction in a place without much else to do. It's a mostly barren area—not very inviting or lush—except when you look out at the ocean. The water is beautiful and vast, and it's given many a better day to so many of these kids.

Unfortunately, some do get led astray. One young boy I surfed with and really took a liking to had resorted to sniffing glue. (A lot of them do it in an attempt to ward off cold and hunger.) About a year after my last visit, I asked about him, but no one had seen him around Kitchen Windows.

Hopefully, though, surfing will become a future for many of these young kids. They will be able to find a job with a local surf shop or company, and some will become good enough to have sponsorships of their own. As for now, just riding a wave is a passion for them, an end in itself. What others travel the whole world searching for they have right in their backyard. I hope they stick with that feeling they love forever. I can't wait to surf with them again. —KELLY SLATER

WATER DANCE
Slater (far right) after he won the J-Bay Billabong Pro in July 2005; left, Slater photographed at Jeffreys Bay.

FASHIONABLE

COMFORTABLE

SOME PERFECTION IS DEBATABLE.



SOME IS NOT.

Made by hand from 100% blue agave.
The world's #1 ultra-premium tequila.

SIMPLY PERFECT.

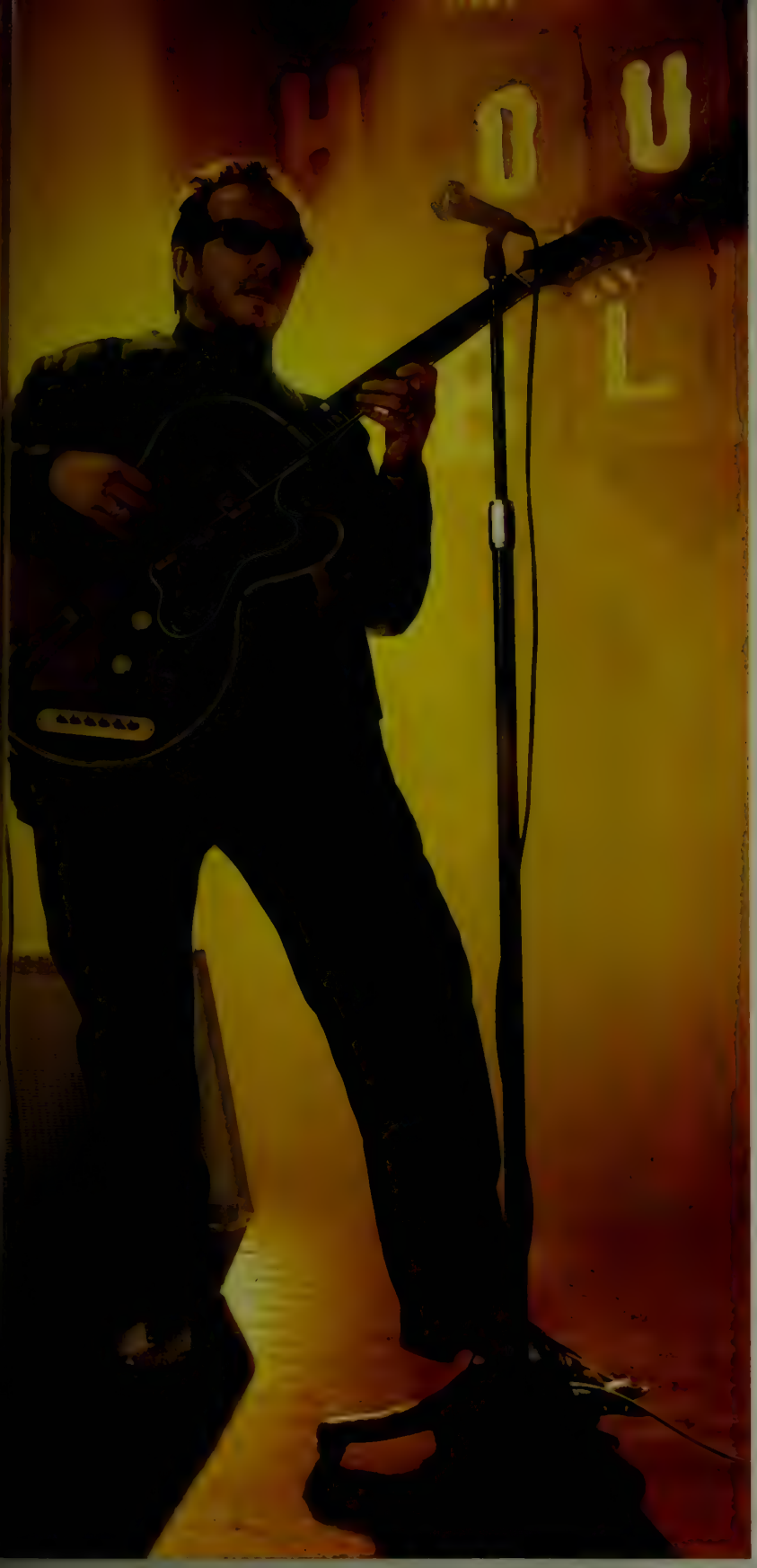
simplyperfect.com

perfect way to enjoy Patrón is responsibly.

Things to do while you're alive:

- ☐ Go to the Olympic Games
- ☐ Tour MoMA with a personal guide
- ☐ Visit an uninhabited island
- ☐ Write a screenplay
- ☐ Run with the bulls in Pamplona
- ☐ Go scuba diving in Belize
- ☐ Take your parents on a vacation
- ☐ Experience Mongolia's Naadam Festival
- ☐ Bungee jump
- ☐ Read and finish *Moby-Dick*
- ☐ Swim in all five oceans
- ☐ Celebrate Mardi Gras in New Orleans
- ☐ Ride the Orient Express
- ☐ Visit the Taj Mahal
- ☐ Drive on the autobahn
- ☐ See Iguazu Falls
- ☐ Heli-ski in British Columbia
- ☐ Play Pinehurst No. 2
- ☐ Ski first tracks at Deer Valley
- ☐ Go to the Super Bowl
- ☐ Find peace, love and understanding

Whatever's on your list of things to do in life, do it better with Visa Signature. Benefits like early access to artists such as Elvis Cos



LIFE TAKES VISA

VISA SIGNATURE

louse of Blues can take you places regular rewards cards can't: the front row.



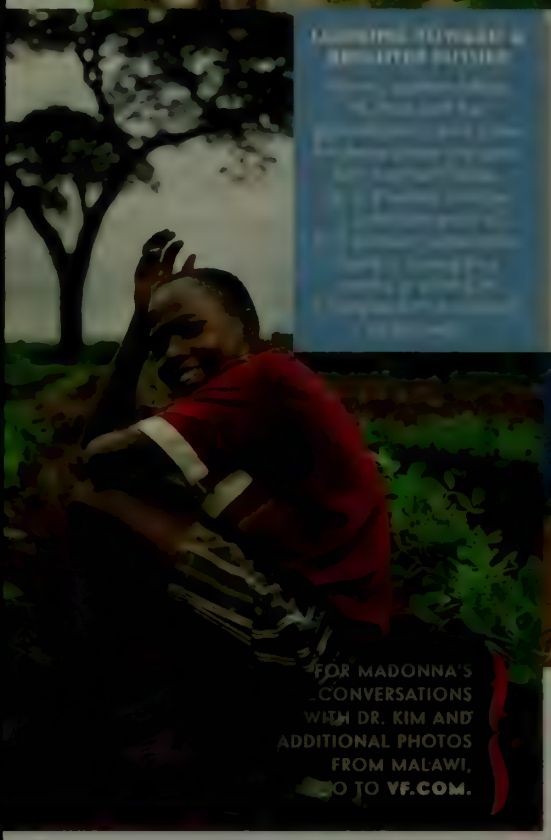
Presenting Visa's line of luxury rewards cards. Benefits beyond rewards. Dozens of card choices. Visa.com/signature.

©2007 Visa U.S.A. Inc.





Raising Malawi



FOR MADONNA'S CONVERSATIONS WITH DR. KIM AND ADDITIONAL PHOTOS FROM MALAWI, GO TO VF.COM.

MADONNA LENDS A HAND

Madonna has done her homework. And her fieldwork. She first visited Malawi in April 2006 after **Victoria Keelan,** a native Malawian businesswoman, reached out to her because of the work Madonna has done with Spirituality for Kids, a nonprofit organization which aids children in impoverished and devastated areas across the globe. Madonna recalls that Keelan advised, "Look, if you're in the business of helping children, we have over a million orphans here in Malawi and the problem is insane. It's an emergency. And they need your help."



This past October, Madonna took her second trip to Malawi—one of the poorest countries in the world, with 42 percent of its citizens living on less than a dollar a day—and adopted her son **David,** almost two, who, at the time, was suffering from malaria and pneumonia. In this nation of about 13 million, one million are children who have lost at least one parent to AIDS.

Madonna was spurred to action. She met with medical anthropologist **Dr. Paul Farmer,** who has dedicated his life to raising the standard of health care for the world's destitute, and had conversations with **Dr. Jim Yong Kim,** the director of the FXB Center for Health and Human Rights, at the Harvard School of Public Health. Through her Raising Malawi organization, she joined a team that began setting up Millennium Villages, which provide maize seed and fertilizer to households, build water and sanitation infrastructures, help start schools, and make medicine more accessible.

Currently, she is working with film director **Nathan Rissman** on a documentary which aims not only to heighten awareness and effect change in Africa but also to explore what goes on in the heads and hearts of orphaned children. "I'm making my own discoveries as I go," she says. "You have those great moments of despair and inspiration simultaneously." —PUNCH HUTTON

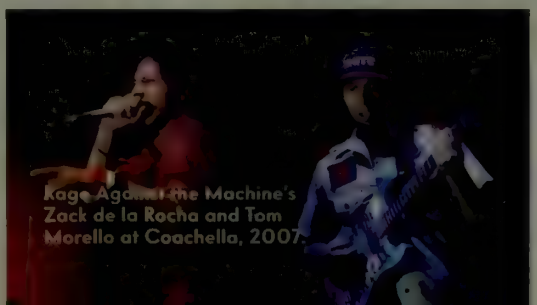
HOT TRACKS

LISA ROBINSON

From rock star to rocking chair, this summer's concert attractions cover a not-so-instant replay of years—sometimes decades—gone by. It's been 40 years since the **Monterey Pop Festival** (resurrected as a DVD boxed set) and the "Summer of Love," and while most of this year's musical reunions don't go back quite that far, stages will be crowded with **Crowded House, Genesis, Smashing Pumpkins, the Stooges, Jesus and Mary Chain, Rage Against the Machine,** and **the Police.** And from what we saw on the Grammys, we can expect the Police, this summer's biggest draw, to perform jazz-fusion versions of their old hits. Apparently people will still pay to see music live, and there are some welcome returns: the Stooges are older but no less intense, the political times are right for a Rage reunion, and the vocals of **Patty Smyth**—who tours with members of her original **Scandal**—have been missed. **Marianne Faithfull, Nine Inch Nails, Morrissey,** and **Gwen Stefani** are all on the road, **the Rolling Stones** are back on tour in Europe, and the "band" from *Spinal Tap* will "get back together" for Al Gore's **Live Earth** show at London's Wembley Stadium on July 7. That London show, along with one at Giants Stadium and others in Sydney, Tokyo, Rio, and elsewhere on the same day, will be streamed live around the world on liveearth.msn.com. Performers at Wembley include **the Beastie Boys, Black Eyed Peas, Duran Duran, Madonna, Red Hot Chili Peppers,** and many younger acts, such as **Damien Rice** and **Corinne Bailey Rae.** Giants Stadium Live Earth headliners are **Bon Jovi, Ludacris, Kanye West, Sheryl Crow, KT Tunstall, John Mayer,** the Police, and many born after 1980. The U.S. festival scene kicks off with **Bonnaroo**—the four-day, multi-stage camping event in Manchester, Tennessee (June 14–17), with **Tool, the White Stripes, Wilco,** and, yes, the Police. Chicago's **Lollapalooza** (August 3–5) has **Pearl Jam, Ben Harper, Modest Mouse,** and the Stooges, and the **Virgin Mobile Festival** (August 4–5), at Baltimore's Pimlico racetrack, has **Regina Spektor, TV on the Radio, LCD Soundsystem,** and, yes, the Police. Coming to Randall's Island (July 28–29) are Rage with **the Wu-Tang Clan,** and this year, the metal **Ozzfest** is offering free tickets to see the likes of **Ozzy Osbourne** and **3 Inches of Blood.** Who's missing? Thankfully, **Kiss.** Sadly, there's no **Led Zeppelin** reunion. Yet.

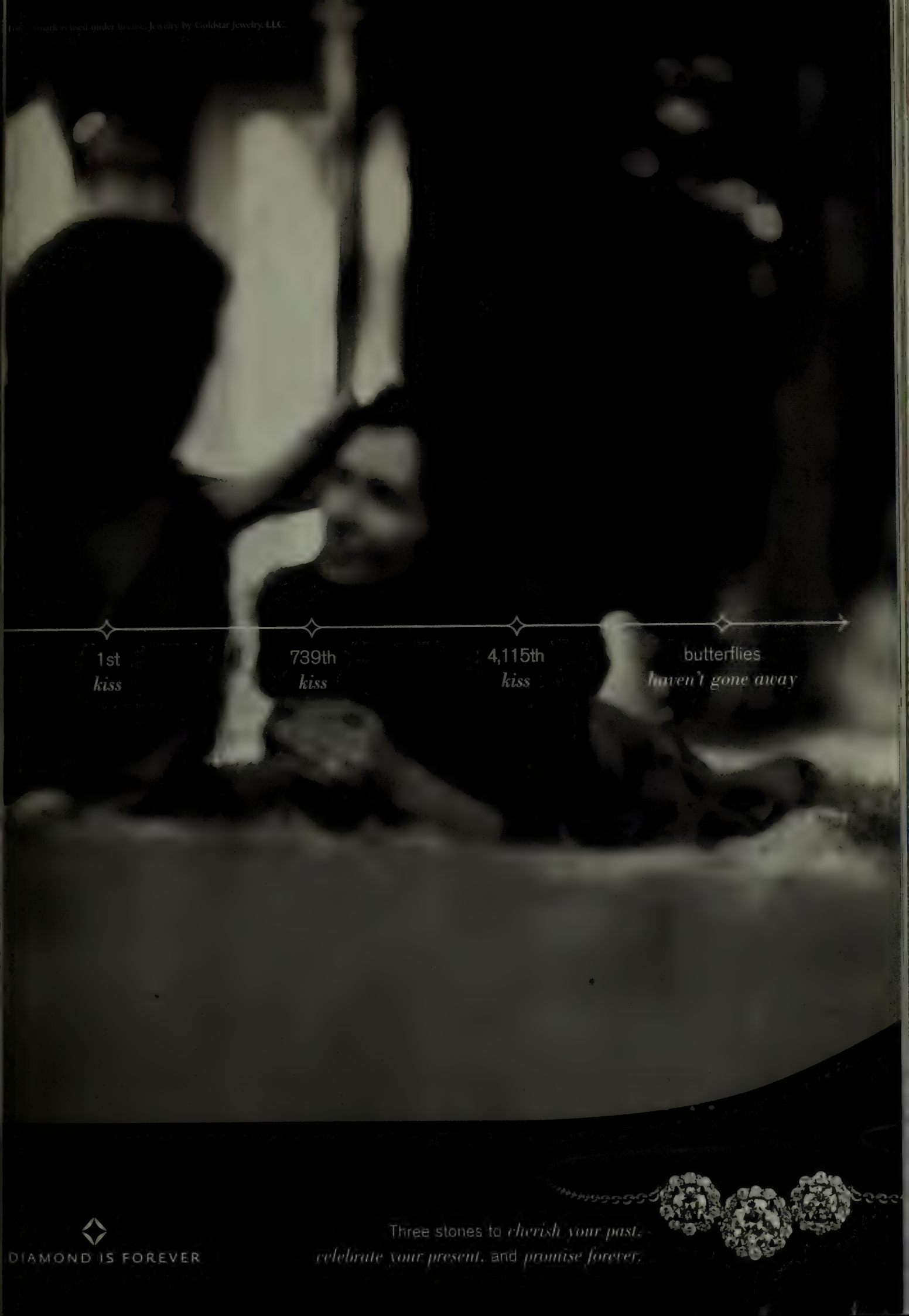


Nico and Brian Jones at the Monterey Pop Festival, 1967.



Rage Against the Machine's Zack de la Rocha and Tom Morello at Coachella, 2007.

Trademark is used under license. Jewelry by Goldstar Jewelry, LLC.



DIAMOND IS FOREVER

Three stones to *cherish your past, celebrate your present,* and *promise forever.*

PLANETARIUM

MICHAEL LUTIN

Zinédine Zidane



CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

You can be the richest, most powerful noble in the kingdom, but if you're a Cancer you're usually going to have at least one leech sucking away at you, especially as Saturn makes its final opposition to Neptune from your 2nd house to your 8th. Just laugh it off and be grateful that your 6th house is in such great shape. You're functioning well, and you have good people on your side to help you cope with details. Even if your worries about health and sex haven't disappeared completely, at least now you can sleep in peace.

Halle Berry



LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

There's music all around, but you haven't noticed. You've been too busy obsessing over your workload, your latest freckle, and every other self-absorbed detail that fascinates you but could make others fall on their swords in boredom. You're also weighed down by the wounded soldiers you insist on carrying. Jupiter in your solar 5th house means that, in spite of it all, you're still young at heart. You might even get up and dance one day soon.

Salif Keita



VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

You're still grieving, and work is still a battle, but feeling sorry for yourself will only drive you cuckoo. Besides, you have a lot to be thankful for. Once upon a time, you couldn't get far enough away from family members who really did pose a threat to your sanity and emotional well-being. My, how things have changed. With the ruler of your solar 4th house in dignity, nagging issues may go on nagging, but at least you have a great home where you can rest your tired dogs and enjoy a few minutes of peace and quiet.

Fannie Lou Hamer



LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

It's hard to be open, loving, and connected to others without sacrificing your independence. Anyone who has experienced some of your mood swings can see that. Luckily, you have the power to pull it off now, even with the Saturn-Neptune opposition in effect and Chiron going retrograde in your solar 5th house. So next time somebody tells you to stay cool, try not to lash out. Adopting a cheery attitude may feel a bit phony at first, but you'd be surprised how far it can go to resolve the conflict between love and friendship.

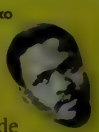
Chinua Achebe



SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

The filthy-rich and the dirt-poor alike can be squeezed dry by a serious business or family crisis. Scorpios, however, have the advantage of usually ending up on top. Scream all you want about how you're cracking under the strain; the fact is, you enjoy sticking to the grind until every problem is solved and every job is done. Does it help that you're flush and dealing from a position of strength thanks to the greater benefic planet transiting your 2nd house? You bet it does.

Stephen Biko



SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

You may still be wearing that friendly Sadge smile, but with your planetary ruler in your solar 1st house, you're standing on your own now, apart from everyone else. Chiron in retrograde isn't exactly encouraging you to share all your feelings, either. Besides, suppose you did decide to explain to everyone how the events of the past 10 years have turned you into an outsider. Would that do anything to change the situation? If not, then why bother? What's strange is that you're beyond being lonely. You're actually happier this way.

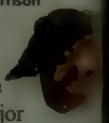
Dion Fossey



CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 1

While you might once have believed that an evil eye caused your mother to give birth to a Capricorn, as you get older you see how lucky you really are, especially when it comes to achieving mastery over a material world that others will never figure out. Only you could juggle resources so deftly when planets and asteroids are going retrograde in your solar 2nd house. Now that your security is tied up with that of others, however, you need to stop manipulating and do the thing that makes you most nervous: trust.

Toni Morrison



AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

As Neptune and Chiron go retrograde in Aquarius, you can expect that some mornings even crawling out of bed will be a major trip. The fog won't want to lift, and the pressure to perform will make you dizzy. Thank God you have a good group of friends. They may not be able to patch up all your boo-boos, but where would you be without their love, counsel, and support? Lost in the fog, probably.

Miriam Makeba



PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

With Jupiter elevated to the solar midheaven of your astrological chart, you can expect the generous people upstairs to praise you for good work and cut you slack when you screw up. With that kind of support, it is strange that there are still days when you can barely get anything done. So many planetary forces are operating in your solar 12th house that you're bound to have moments when you feel rather nuts. If you must worry, cry, or pray yourself to sleep, do it behind closed doors.

Alek Wek



ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

What's the right course of action? Do you let it all hang out? Or do you hold back and keep your feelings in check? With celestial bodies retrograde in your 11th house, you won't win any popularity contests if you let everyone know just how disappointed you are to see your dreams of Utopia go up in smoke all because of them. Jupiter's transit through your solar 9th house, on the other hand, encourages you to be 100 percent honest, and helps you understand that whatever happens among friends is part of a learning process.

Malcolm X



TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

We all have our issues. At the moment many of yours happen to lie in your solar midheaven—the house of career, politics, authority figures, and, of course, your mother. You don't want to get stuck dealing with family stuff for the rest of your life, but some Tauruses are weighing that drudgery against a future that seems as uncertain as an orphan's. Where can you find some bliss? In your 8th house. There you will be materially compensated for all your angst—and see some opportunities for great sex, if conscience permits.

Thabo Mbeki



GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

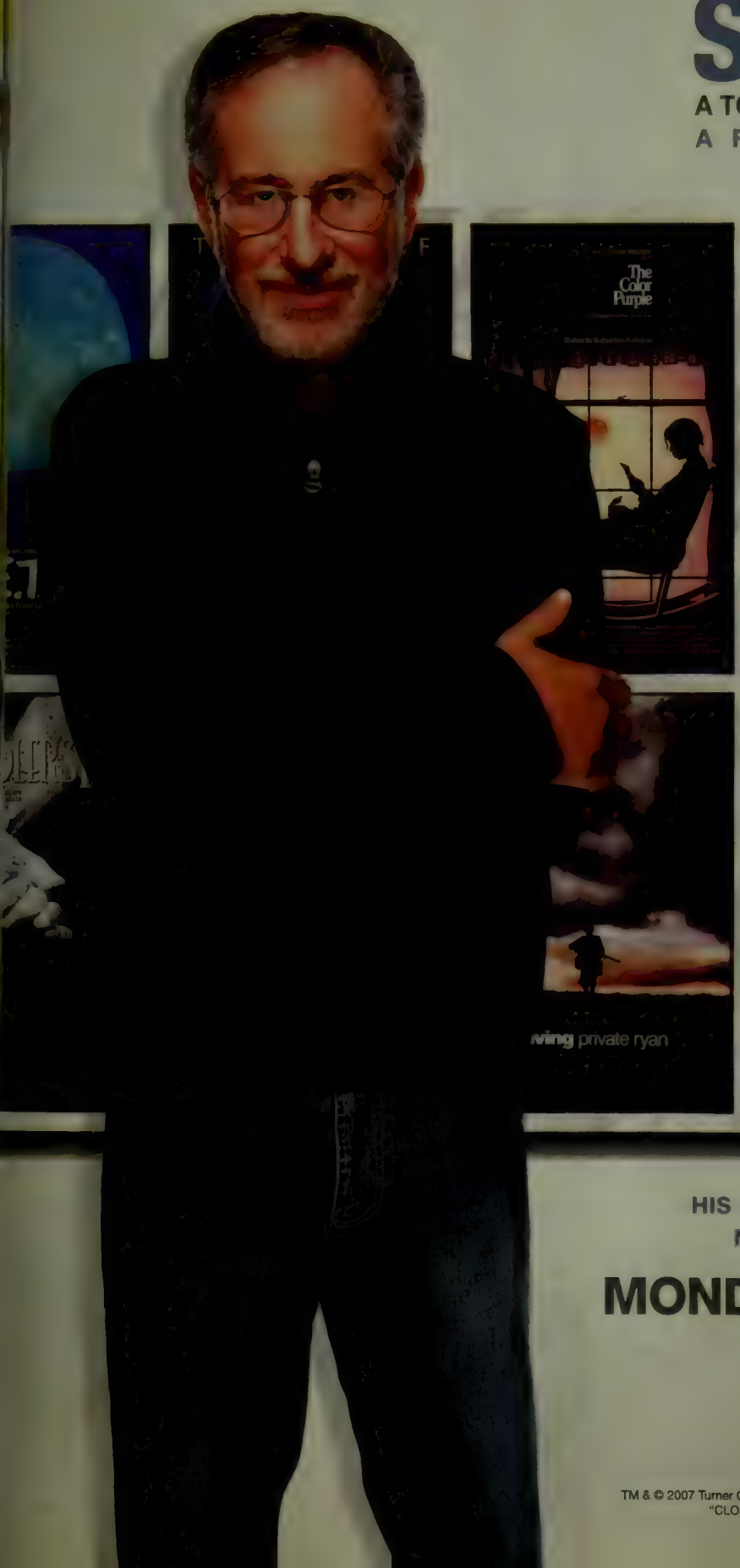
If you're fortunate enough to have a supportive significant other, a good shrink, a spiritual guide, or even just a wise pal, be glad. It might be excessive to get down on your knees and kiss the ground they walk on, but try to show at least a smidgen of gratitude this month. You're tough to deal with when you do that out-to-lunch Gemini thing, and the Saturn-Neptune opposition is affecting you psychologically. The worst thing you could do is talk yourself into believing that ignorance is bliss. It isn't. You're smarter than that.

ME STORIES NEED TO BE TOLD IN THE FIRST PERSON.

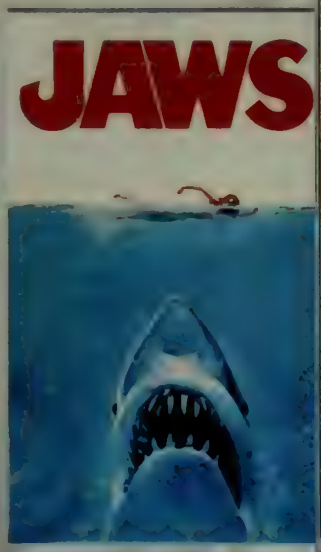
SPIELBERG ON SPIELBERG

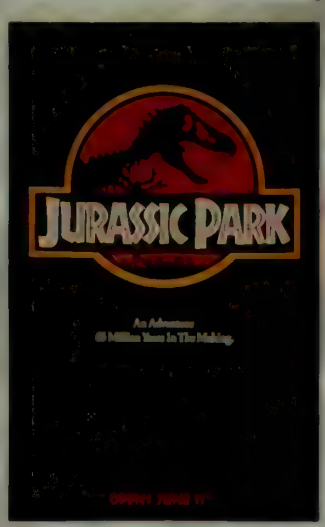
A TCM WORLD PREMIERE DOCUMENTARY

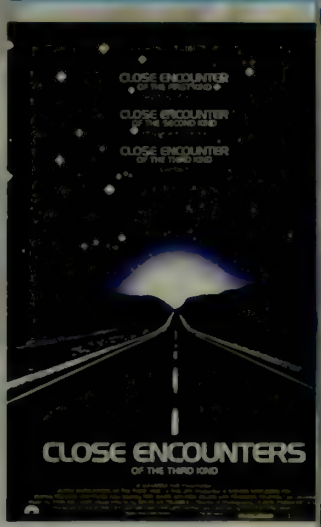
A FILM BY RICHARD SCHICKEL











HIS MOVIES SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.
NOW HE SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF.

MONDAY, JULY 9 AT 8PM ET/9PM PT

UNCUT AND COMMERCIAL FREE

TCM

TURNER CLASSIC MOVIES

TM & © 2007 Turner Classic Movies, a Time Warner Company, or its licensors. All Rights Reserved. tcm.com
"CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND" Courtesy of Columbia Pictures

Generation Kenya

The media often treat Africa's 53 countries as a vast, hopeless mass. That hurts, writes one of Kenya's young literary stars, who has a deeply individual tale of his country's stunning political change and the emergence of "the Equity Generation"

By Binyavanga Wainaina

If you asked me, today, to tell you the most urgent and pressing story about my country, Kenya, I would tell you the story of the 1990s.

Kenya got independence from Great Britain in 1963. During the next two decades, Kenya had an average economic growth of 5.5 percent. Much of this came because small-scale farmers of coffee, tea, and pyrethrum greatly expanded their acreage and productivity in Kenya the moment they were allowed and encouraged to do so. Until the 1950s, the settler community was threatened by the idea of allowing black Africans to grow and market cash crops.

But we were building an economy on top of a crumbling colonial infrastructure and sensibility. In the late 80s, roads fell apart and water pipes burst, and we were being held hostage by the tyranny of small minds and big ambitions, our political leaders.

We were in trouble.

In June 2000, my mother died. I was living in South Africa at the time. Illegally. I had been away from Kenya for 10 years. I was tired of low returns from frantic efforts, of being away from home for so long and being held hostage by paperwork. My father and I had a fight over the phone. He did not want me to come back home for the funeral. There had been ethnic clashes not 10 miles from where we lived, in 1997. Years of public pressure had yielded some successes: the president was now limited to two terms by law. President Daniel arap Moi, who had ruled Kenya for 22 years, was using all measures possible to cling to power, as multi-party and democracy activists held public demonstrations to pressure him and his government to retire in 2002, as the constitution required. In the early 1990s, a massive corruption scandal—called the Goldenberg scandal, in which an election was funded by a now desperate government, had sent the economy down a gurgling sinkhole.

The country was unraveling. Western donors, unable to deal with a nakedly criminal government, essentially pulled out.

Five years earlier, my father had retired as C.E.O. of a marketing co-operative called the Pyrethrum Board of Kenya (P.B.K.), which handled the processing and marketing of a world-renowned natural insecticide called pyrethrum. Since World War II and up to the mid-1990s, Kenya was the source of more than 70 percent of the world's pyrethrum supply. We were also among the world leaders in pyrethrum research. It was one of the country's major providers of hard currency. We had developed a world-class farming, industrial, and business operation which not only supplied the vital raw material to world-renowned marketers of insect-control products such as SC Johnson and others, but was also the source of a regular cash income to thousands of small farmers.

Building this company was my father's lifetime occupation. He was 27 when he started work there. He retired at 55, in 1995, and left a relatively large and successful business operation, with cash reserves in the bank, a vibrant world market, and decent housing for workers. He earned a civil-service salary for his efforts and did not retire with much in way of pension or personal assets. In all those years, he refused to take a private-sector job. My mother's illness and hospital bills left him financially challenged.

Then came a new crop of politically well-connected but largely inexperienced C.E.O.'s. My father and many dedicated former managers, researchers, skilled workers of state corporations and business agencies like P.B.K., the Kenya Co-operative Creameries, the Cotton and Sisal Boards, the Agricultural Finance Corporation of Kenya, and others, watched helplessly as years of work went down the drain, as politically expedient decisions and appointments and theft stripped assets bare and left some of these institutions either permanently disabled or seriously wounded.

My father was lucky. He is a careful man and never tried to make unduly risky financial decisions. And in the 1990s, a highly risky financial decision was to maintain more than one bank account, or take a bank loan—these things spiraled out of control, as interest rates were avalanching in the whole country. He closed his accounts and kept his head down. Many others—doctors, professors, teachers, C.E.O.'s—crashed and burned, selling their last assets to send their children to America to clean floors and wire home $50 a week, by Western Union.

I arrived home.

In 2000, Nairobi was one big bar. There were bars on sidewalks, at every street corner, in all the housing developments. There was sex and dancing everywhere. My generation was not wasting time. There was alcohol for every budget. If you kept your salary in the bank, bank charges ate it up. The big banks were actively seeking to shed customers—poor, rich, they didn't really

SNAPSHOTS OF KENYA

CELEBRATING PRESIDENT MWAI KIBAKI'S 2002 ELECTION.





PRESIDENT DANIEL ARAP MOI STEPS DOWN.

AN EASTLEIGH SHOP.





THE MATHARE VALLEY SLUM.





What do you drink for purity?
It's dirty out there. Smartwater makes water the way nature used to, but in a totally pure environment. 100% pure water, 100% pure electrolytes. Nothing else.
How smart is that?

care. They were making huge profits lending the now completely amoral government money through treasury bonds.

Thousands and thousands of people were broken by the banks. And the rest of us were dancing, loving frenziedly, fighting, eating up time, cash in pocket. There were so many holes in the government that cash was leaking everywhere, little booms and busts; benders and debts were the status quo. Tourists had left, and the Nairobi middle class was now spending cash on bargain trips to Kenyan hotels that used to be terrified of hosting black Africans. I had some foreign currency those first few days after I arrived home, and I dove right into it. Soon, the money ran out. And I was living in Eastlands next to Nairobi's most notorious slum, in a place called the Beverly Hills Hostel.

The other side of the city.

Eastlands and Mathare North, a slum, were booming. Somali traders had set up shop. There were bazaars everywhere, and thousands of people milling about wheeling and dealing. As Kenyans' capital left banks and formal businesses, as more and more college graduates started small, informal businesses, as nearly everybody started to buy secondhand clothes and handmade furniture and smuggled goods, the informal sector in Nairobi became the engine of the economy.

It seemed as if the whole Somali economy had settled here—and it set the bar high—bringing in all manner of products, cheap and useful, and sometimes just shiny, breakable, and new-looking. The bar that reportedly sold the most beer in Kenya was a few meters away from Beverly Hills Hostel. Mateso Bila Chuki ("Suffering Without Bitterness") is a raucous, violent, happy, crazy place. *Matatus,* those bright and anarchic public-transport vehicles, were at their most elaborate here. A *matatu* designer could earn up to $2,000 to make the vehicle edgy and beautiful, full of speakers, carpets, flashing lights of all kinds, and electronic sounds, precursors of the ringtone revolution. At night, you could see them bearing down on you, Times Square on chrome wheels, snarling and beeping and flashing.

Since independence, in 1963, there has been a war of sorts between "formal" retail and "informal" retail. Informal retail paid off the city council, set up shacks and mobile shops, and overwhelmed the city. Formal retail complained, and the informal traders were cleared away—there were pitched battles on the streets every day. Old women could pack up their goods in minutes and disappear. The most hated people in Kenya, the city-council *askaris*—a very colonial enterprise—would disembark from trucks and use batons and tear gas to disperse people.

By 2000, Nairobi was also one giant, heaving market. A new craze swept the city: exhibition centers. As formal businesses closed up, buildings were left empty. One enterprising guy established a giant market in the city's largest park, Uhuru (Freedom) Park. It was called Freemark. Goods were brought in from Dubai and sold in little partitioned stalls. Soon, every second abandoned building, it seemed, was taking short-term leases to start these "Dubai exhibitions." One floor of a building could host sometimes hundreds of vendors. The informal sector was drilling into the heart of the city, selling anything you could think of. Soon, trade in leases began. You could sell your 10-by-10-meter stall for a goodwill payment of up to $5,000. Today, these small stalls, thousands of them, are the formal retail industry of the city. An evolution took place, and space is now used more efficiently, to maximize profits.

We were all becoming hustlers. I was learning angles to make money doing freelance writing work on the Internet. A young 11-year-old I knew, Vincent Ogutu (who helped me do research for this piece), was selling hand-painted greeting cards on the streets. He was putting himself and his younger brother and sister through school. He was taking care of his invalid mother. In high school he was head prefect and an above-average student. The family's only asset is his bicycle. His brother and sister are now in good boarding schools. They did very well in their national school examinations, studying by the light of a paraffin lamp. Vincent is now 18, has finished high school, and continues to support his family, while looking for a scholarship to study in the U.S.

For 30 years, Kenya was a partly subsidized country. Western donor money flowed into the economy. Jobs were reserved, space made, in the civil service, in hospitals and multinational businesses, for certain so-and-sos. The country's income gap between rich and poor is one of the world's 10 worst.

You did not need to be creative. You could own a large business without any entrepreneurial skills: just be the sober African face in a British company; or the strategic surname in a foreign-owned company that needed to get its stuff through customs. Real enterprise in Kenya has always been in the streets, in the markets, in the large dusty parks where people beat metal and wood and soldered things into being. This enterprise was regulated to the hilt, beaten down, beaten up, by *askaris,* fined, charged, and locked down in what we now call the slums, which were, 40 years ago, the only place in the city where "Africans" could live.

In the 1990s, nobody outside of the politically connected and the banks was making real money. We hobbled on, dizzy and frenzied, sinking even when we thought we were climbing. Trying to avoid at all costs dealing with the vampire state: paying tax, registering your business, even holding a bank account. Then came 2002.

We really did not see the change coming. We knew President Moi had agreed to retire, and we expected doom. He was every policeman, the photo on every wall; he was all the cash in the bank, the constitution. We hated him for sure, but we worried that without him there would be no law and order. For as venal as he was, he and his machine *were* law and order. Most of all, we feared that this thing called Kenya—just 39 years old and speaking at least 60 languages, with roughly 30 million people, who had been many things for very long, but only one bewildered pretend nation for one generation—this façade called Kenya, would crumble under the weight. We had had two leaders since independence: Jomo Kenyatta and Moi. Both, for the most part, dictators. Father of the Nation types. They were hard; they were a threat, but also our security.

What else was Kenya, really? Behind the praise songs and sy-

FIRST LADY LUCY KIBAKI.





MASAI SUPPORTERS OF NARC PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE MWAI KIBAKI.

A PYRETHRUM FLOWER.





A MOBILE EQUITY BANK.

Generation Kenya

The media often treat Africa's 53 countries as a vast, hopeless mass. That hurts, writes one of Kenya's young literary stars, who has a deeply individual tale of his country's stunning political change and the emergence of "the Equity Generation"

By Binyavanga Wainaina

If you asked me, today, to tell you the most urgent and pressing story about my country, Kenya, I would tell you the story of the 1990s.

Kenya got independence from Great Britain in 1963. During the next two decades, Kenya had an average economic growth of 5.5 percent. Much of this came because small-scale farmers of coffee, tea, and pyrethrum greatly expanded their acreage and productivity in Kenya the moment they were allowed and encouraged to do so. Until the 1950s, the settler community was threatened by the idea of allowing black Africans to grow and market cash crops.

But we were building an economy on top of a crumbling colonial infrastructure and sensibility. In the late 80s, roads fell apart and water pipes burst, and we were being held hostage by the tyranny of small minds and big ambitions, our political leaders.

We were in trouble.

In June 2000, my mother died. I was living in South Africa at the time. Illegally. I had been away from Kenya for 10 years. I was tired of low returns from frantic efforts, of being away from home for so long and being held hostage by paperwork. My father and I had a fight over the phone. He did not want me to come back home for the funeral. There had been ethnic clashes not 10 miles from where we lived, in 1997. Years of public pressure had yielded some successes: the president was now limited to two terms by law. President Daniel arap Moi, who had ruled Kenya for 22 years, was using all measures possible to cling to power, as multi-party and democracy activists held public demonstrations to pressure him and his government to retire in 2002, as the constitution required. In the early 1990s, a massive corruption scandal—called the Goldenberg scandal, in which an election was funded by a now desperate government, had sent the economy down a gurgling sinkhole.

The country was unraveling. Western donors, unable to deal with a nakedly criminal government, essentially pulled out.

Five years earlier, my father had retired as C.E.O. of a marketing co-operative called the Pyrethrum Board of Kenya (P.B.K.), which handled the processing and marketing of a world-renowned natural insecticide called pyrethrum. Since World War II and up to the mid-1990s, Kenya was the source of more than 70 percent of the world's pyrethrum supply. We were also among the world leaders in pyrethrum research. It was one of the country's major providers of hard currency. We had developed a world-class farming, industrial, and business operation which not only supplied the vital raw material to world-renowned marketers of insect-control products such as SC Johnson and others, but was also the source of a regular cash income to thousands of small farmers.

Building this company was my father's lifetime occupation. He was 27 when he started work there. He retired at 55, in 1995, and left a relatively large and successful business operation, with cash reserves in the bank, a vibrant world market, and decent housing for workers. He earned a civil-service salary for his efforts and did not retire with much in way of pension or personal assets. In all those years, he refused to take a private-sector job. My mother's illness and hospital bills left him financially challenged.

Then came a new crop of politically well-connected but largely inexperienced C.E.O.'s. My father and many dedicated former managers, researchers, skilled workers of state corporations and business agencies like P.B.K., the Kenya Co-operative Creameries, the Cotton and Sisal Boards, the Agricultural Finance Corporation of Kenya, and others, watched helplessly as years of work went down the drain, as politically expedient decisions and appointments and theft stripped assets bare and left some of these institutions either permanently disabled or seriously wounded.

My father was lucky. He is a careful man and never tried to make unduly risky financial decisions. And in the 1990s, a highly risky financial decision was to maintain more than one bank account, or take a bank loan—these things spiraled out of control, as interest rates were avalanching in the whole country. He closed his accounts and kept his head down. Many others—doctors, professors, teachers, C.E.O.'s—crashed and burned, selling their last assets to send their children to America to clean floors and wire home $50 a week, by Western Union.

I arrived home.

In 2000, Nairobi was one big bar. There were bars on sidewalks, at every street corner, in all the housing developments. There was sex and dancing everywhere. My generation was not wasting time. There was alcohol for every budget. If you kept your salary in the bank, bank charges ate it up. The big banks were actively seeking to shed customers—poor, rich, they didn't really

SNAPSHOTS OF KENYA

CELEBRATING PRESIDENT MWAI KIBAKI'S 2002 ELECTION.





PRESIDENT DANIEL ARAP MOI STEPS DOWN.

AN EASTLEIGH SHOP.





THE MATHARE VALLEY SLUM.


smart
GLACÉAU
water
the water with all the answers


smartwater
GLACÉAU
smartwater
the water with all the answers

care. They were making huge profits lending the now completely amoral government money through treasury bonds.

Thousands and thousands of people were broken by the banks. And the rest of us were dancing, loving frenziedly, fighting, eating up time, cash in pocket. There were so many holes in the government that cash was leaking everywhere, little booms and busts; benders and debts were the status quo. Tourists had left, and the Nairobi middle class was now spending cash on bargain trips to Kenyan hotels that used to be terrified of hosting black Africans. I had some foreign currency those first few days after I arrived home, and I dove right into it. Soon, the money ran out. And I was living in Eastlands next to Nairobi's most notorious slum, in a place called the Beverly Hills Hostel.

The other side of the city.

Eastlands and Mathare North, a slum, were booming. Somali traders had set up shop. There were bazaars everywhere, and thousands of people milling about wheeling and dealing. As Kenyans' capital left banks and formal businesses, as more and more college graduates started small, informal businesses, as nearly everybody started to buy secondhand clothes and handmade furniture and smuggled goods, the informal sector in Nairobi became the engine of the economy.

It seemed as if the whole Somali economy had settled here—and it set the bar high—bringing in all manner of products, cheap and useful, and sometimes just shiny, breakable, and new-looking. The bar that reportedly sold the most beer in Kenya was a few meters away from Beverly Hills Hostel. Mateso Bila Chuki ("Suffering Without Bitterness") is a raucous, violent, happy, crazy place. *Matatus,* those bright and anarchic public-transport vehicles, were at their most elaborate here. A *matatu* designer could earn up to $2,000 to make the vehicle edgy and beautiful, full of speakers, carpets, flashing lights of all kinds, and electronic sounds, precursors of the ringtone revolution. At night, you could see them bearing down on you, Times Square on chrome wheels, snarling and beeping and flashing.

Since independence, in 1963, there has been a war of sorts between "formal" retail and "informal" retail. Informal retail paid off the city council, set up shacks and mobile shops, and overwhelmed the city. Formal retail complained, and the informal traders were cleared away—there were pitched battles on the streets every day. Old women could pack up their goods in minutes and disappear. The most hated people in Kenya, the city-council *askaris*—a very colonial enterprise—would disembark from trucks and use batons and tear gas to disperse people.

By 2000, Nairobi was also one giant, heaving market. A new craze swept the city: exhibition centers. As formal businesses closed up, buildings were left empty. One enterprising guy established a giant market in the city's largest park, Uhuru (Freedom) Park. It was called Freemark. Goods were brought in from Dubai and sold in little partitioned stalls. Soon, every second abandoned building, it seemed, was taking short-term leases to start these "Dubai exhibitions." One floor of a building could host sometimes hundreds of vendors. The informal sector was drilling into the heart of the city, selling anything you could think of. Soon, trade in leases began. You could sell your 10-by-10-meter stall for a goodwill payment of up to $5,000. Today, these small stalls, thousands of them, are the formal retail industry of the city. An evolution took place, and space is now used more efficiently, to maximize profits.

We were all becoming hustlers. I was learning angles to make money doing freelance writing work on the Internet. A young 11-year-old I knew, Vincent Ogutu (who helped me do research for this piece), was selling hand-painted greeting cards on the streets. He was putting himself and his younger brother and sister through school. He was taking care of his invalid mother. In high school he was head prefect and an above-average student. The family's only asset is his bicycle. His brother and sister are now in good boarding schools. They did very well in their national school examinations, studying by the light of a paraffin lamp. Vincent is now 18, has finished high school, and continues to support his family, while looking for a scholarship to study in the U.S.

For 30 years, Kenya was a partly subsidized country. Western donor money flowed into the economy. Jobs were reserved, space made, in the civil service, in hospitals and multinational businesses, for certain so-and-sos. The country's income gap between rich and poor is one of the world's 10 worst.

You did not need to be creative. You could own a large business without any entrepreneurial skills: just be the sober African face in a British company; or the strategic surname in a foreign-owned company that needed to get its stuff through customs. Real enterprise in Kenya has always been in the streets, in the markets, in the large dusty parks where people beat metal and wood and soldered things into being. This enterprise was regulated to the hilt, beaten down, beaten up, by *askaris,* fined, charged, and locked down in what we now call the slums, which were, 40 years ago, the only place in the city where "Africans" could live.

In the 1990s, nobody outside of the politically connected and the banks was making real money. We hobbled on, dizzy and frenzied, sinking even when we thought we were climbing. Trying to avoid at all costs dealing with the vampire state: paying tax, registering your business, even holding a bank account. Then came 2002.

We really did not see the change coming. We knew President Moi had agreed to retire, and we expected doom. He was every policeman, the photo on every wall; he was all the cash in the bank, the constitution. We hated him for sure, but we worried that without him there would be no law and order. For as venal as he was, he and his machine *were* law and order. Most of all, we feared that this thing called Kenya—just 39 years old and speaking at least 60 languages, with roughly 30 million people, who had been many things for very long, but only one bewildered pretend nation for one generation—this façade called Kenya, would crumble under the weight. We had had two leaders since independence: Jomo Kenyatta and Moi. Both, for the most part, dictators. Father of the Nation types. They were hard; they were a threat, but also our security.

What else was Kenya, really? Behind the praise songs and sy-

FIRST LADY LUCY KIBAKI.





MASAI SUPPORTERS OF NARC PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE MWAI KIBAKI.

A PYRETHRUM FLOWER.





A MOBILE EQUITY BANK.

cophants, government-managed television programming, and safe school syllabi, we had been trained to see Kenya as a gift built for us by 5 or 10 people who told us they had sacrificed their time to liberate and develop us. We were a kind of mindless soup, waiting for upliftment from the gods above.

This soup began bubbling a month or two before the election. For a decade Kenyans had marched in the streets for a multiparty democracy. For two elections we had failed to get Moi out. Each time Moi made concessions: the press became more free and emboldened. When some leaders broke from Moi's party and held an impromptu rally in Uhuru Park, the whole country, it seemed, woke up and decided to take things into our own hands. In one day, Moi's 24 years of power started to crumble.

In the months building up to the elections, we began to trust one another. Everywhere I went, I heard the same words. Roads. A new constitution. Taps. Water. Electricity. Education. The usual tribal chauvinism and crude political sycophancy vanished. Nations are mythical creatures, gaseous, and sometimes poisonous. But they start to solidify when diverse people have moments when aspirations coincide.

The international media gathered to record the frenzy. I was a little well known then and was fielding questions from various people. So, will he retire? Will there be a military coup? Where, when, how will the meltdown happen? Where should we look for the carnage? Will the ethnics do what ethnics do?

Voting day was probably the quietest day in Kenya's history. From Nairobi, I took a *matatu* to my hometown. There was little traffic; all the streets were virtually empty; the tin-shack cities were ghost towns; at the fog-dark, freezing height of the escarpment as we wheeled down the Rift Valley—where man first stood up and started to arrange the world in his image—as far as we could see were little patches of green and brown, tea and coffee and pyrethrum and cattle: fields of dreams.

Some seemingly small things made all the difference that day: Samuel Kivuitu, the wily, perpetually ironic chairman of the Electoral Commission of Kenya, who managed to put together an infrastructure that worked within an administration completely oriented to deliver the election to the president's heir apparent.

A new law directed that all results be announced and displayed immediately after the first count, at the counting center, after recounts and disputes from the various party operatives had been dealt with. Previously, ballot boxes had been transported to larger centers following the first count, and the results were announced there. The whole country voted, and the whole country stayed at their local voting centers and waited for the count. Radio stations, notably Citizen Radio, asked people to immediately text in any results—everybody, it seemed, now had a mobile phone. Results were being announced on the radio before the government had time to release them. Any fishy business spotted was being texted to the radio stations and broadcast. I saw a policeman lift his baton to a person pushing forward to see the results; the crowd turned and just looked at him. His arm fell. There were no rude civil servants that day. No bribes. Late into the night, huge crowds of people on foot, in cars, and on bicycles followed their ballot boxes to the larger centers, just to make sure nothing happened to them on the way. For one day, the idea of Kenya and its reality were one thing.

Moi had been the commander in chief for 24 years. He had filled the country with sycophants, especially after a coup attempt in 1982. But the Kenyan Army was disciplined. Its cars were old but in immaculate order, its barracks well maintained. Kenyan soldiers have the highest of reputations among United Nations peacekeepers: in Namibia, in the Democratic Republic of the Congo, and in other places.

What they did was carefully symbolic. Nearly every public ceremony while Moi was in power had been held in a giant stadium or park—full of pomp and grandeur. We watched his televised ceremonial removal in disbelief. In a small room, with only a few generals and media, a small bureaucratic moment. No big deal. It is over, and life goes on.

A few days later, the largest crowd in Kenya's history gathered, in Uhuru Park, to inaugurate a new president. Some say over half a million people filled the streets. There was minimal policing, and for a while people were dancing on the podium as cars tried to make their way through a euphoric ocean of people. When Moi stood up to speak, he was booed, and mud was thrown at him. If, before this, we had wondered whether we could easily become a non-country if we challenged the status quo, this fear died forever that day. We began to become something resolute and possible.

For—and this must be remembered—like most African countries, we had been a nation for a short time—only 39 years. This year, Ghana is 50, Zimbabwe 27. Eritrea, already called a "basket case," is only 14 years old. It should be remembered, also, that not much was left to build new nations with. The British disemboweled the entire industrial infrastructure in Eritrea during World War II. In 1958, when the French were pulling out of Guinea, they took every-

KENYA—JUST 39 YEARS OLD AND SPEAKING AT LEAST 60 LANGUAGES—

HAS BEEN MANY THINGS FOR VERY LONG,

BUT ONLY ONE BEWILDERED PRETEND NATION FOR ONE GENERATION.



A *MATATU* IN NAIROBI.

PRESIDENT AND FIRST LADY KIBAKI.





ZEBRAS GRAZE OUTSIDE NAIROBI.



THE WORLD'S BEST RUM.

Made With

FIRST PRESS CANE JUICE

REST ASSURED WE WOULD NEVER USE MOLASSES.

THE HIGHEST RATED RUM BY THE NEW YORK TIMES TASTING PANEL.

10CANE.COM

HE BEST WAY TO DRINK IS RESPONSIBLY. 10 CANE™ IMPORTED RUM, 40% ALC./VOL. ©2007 IMPORTED BY MOËT HENNESSY U.S.A., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

thing: cutlery, furniture, telephones, even, it is said, the blueprints to the electricity grid. In the Congo, the Belgians left overnight.

After its conception in the mid-1980s, Equity Bank was a small mortgage lender. In 1994, it rebounded from financial struggles to become a micro-finance institution. Since the mid-90s, it has tightened its ship and attacked the market. It made clear that it could provide low-cost loans to anybody. In Kenya we are used to the idea that banking is a privilege: you needed, until recently, a letter of introduction to open an account in the snootier banks. Once, a teller laughed at me when I told her I wanted to see the manager. "We need the right kind of people," a banker friend once told me.

Today, Equity is Kenya's largest bank. It recently hit the million-customer mark. It controls one-third of the country's bank accounts. It targets as customers the vast majority of Kenyans who, until recently, did not have bank accounts at all. It has invested millions of dollars in building a sophisticated I.T. system. It is commonly thought to be a bank of the people. They call you Sir! They are nice to you! You can see the manager! You can get a small loan in one day! No more seven months of frenzied calls and asking your cousin to talk to so-and-so. They have a rapidly expanding network of more than 100 A.T.M.'s across the country.

Let us call them the Equity Generation. They are in their late 20s, their 30s, their 40s. They managed to keep their heads down and survive the 1990s. Some of them went abroad—maybe college graduates drove U.N. trucks in Sudan; qualified professionals cleaned toilets in London or Johannesburg. There were all kinds of stories and legends being told in bars during the 1990s about lost dreams. One was that the army had gone to a small rural village in Central Province and announced that they needed recruits. The next day, so the story goes, hundreds of barefoot people, their feet stained red by the volcanic soil, poured into the village center, hoes in hand, carefully carrying brown envelopes containing master's degrees, engineering diplomas, and the like.

Others were luckier. Kenya sends more students to the U.S. to study than any other African country, including giants such as Nigeria and South Africa. And in the United States, African college students are doing exceptionally well, despite the usual stereotypes. In a 2003 study, John R. Logan, then a sociologist at the Lewis Mumford Center at the State University of New York–Albany, found that, in 2000, Africans averaged the highest educational attainments of any group in the United States—higher even than whites and Asians.

Many people—many people whom I loved, brilliant people—did not survive the 90s; they drank themselves to near death, or simply refused to enter the real world: they stayed at home and lived off their parents. Since around 2003 the tectonic plates have shifted, and my generation, which came of age in the mid-80s, is at last releasing itself on the economy. Kenyans abroad have started to invest seriously in the country. Nairobi's landscape has changed completely: ugly high-rise apartments, all bought up before they are even built. The streets are choked with cars—many bought their first car in the last three years. There are weddings, new babies, call centers, small manufacturing businesses, I.T. start-ups everywhere you look.

The Nairobi Stock Exchange is on fire. Since 2002 the index has risen 787 percent in dollar terms, making it one of the world's best-performing markets. This boom is not unique to Kenya. African stock markets in general have been performing with increasing robustness. In 1994 the Ghana Stock Exchange was the best-performing among all the emerging stock markets in the world. In 2002–3, it was one of the best-performing stock markets in the world. It continues to grow, as do the markets of Nigeria and Uganda.

IN 2000, AFRICANS AVERAGED THE HIGHEST
EDUCATIONAL ATTAINMENTS OF ANY
GROUP IN THE UNITED STATES.

Richard Ekhalie and I were in college together. He was an enterprising guy even then, though he was better known for his giant boom box, his red muscle shirt, his Bermuda shorts. And parties. After college, he started some small businesses: a little shack selling secondhand clothes on a street corner in posh Westlands; a little bar made of plastic and cheap wood leaning over an open drain on a road reserve not far from the clothes stall. After a while, he bought two *matatus,* then moved to a poky office in one of the city's then emptying high-rises. He called the business Berich Limited, and he became a guerrilla dealer—diving in and out of "small deals"—and making useful profits. He was doing better than many in the 90s. He bought a town house, got married, and had twin boys.

Over the past few years, now that farmers are paid more regularly, an industry has grown, from nothing, in River Road, Nairobi's infamous street of brokers and small mafias, of thugs and the music business and small-scale enterprise. It is called Riverwood, and movies are being made—some in one week, from concept to production to market. Many, Richard tells me, sell up to 50,000 copies. Richard set up a studio to make music videos (in one day) of the latest Gikuyu musicians. Then he approached East African Breweries, one of the largest companies in Kenya, and it is now paying him handsomely to do product placements in his music videos. The informal market meets the formal market.

Mary Mwangi is middle-aged. She could pass for 35. She is a devout Christian. With her husband, she has had a *matatu* business,

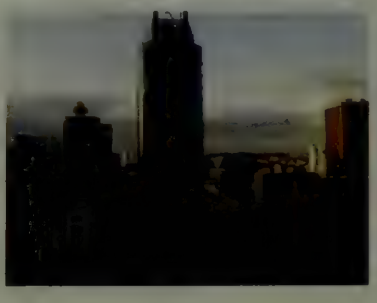
THE 2002 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.





THE NAIROBI STOCK EXCHANGE.

I&M BANK TOWER IN NAIROBI.





KENYAN DOCTORS STUDY AIDS TREATMENT AT NEW YORK'S BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.


New Movie From HBO Films®
Vanessa Redgrave
Look beyond comfort.
The Fever
A Personal Awakening
HBO FILMS
Premieres Wednesday, June 13, 9:30pm
HBO
©2007 Home Box Office, Inc. All rights reserved. HBO® is a service mark of Home Box Office, Inc.

known as Double M, since the mid-1980s. In 2003 they had some 20 vehicles—Isuzu mini-buses. Today they have about 105 cars and have fast become a Nairobi legend. They have turned a typical *matatu* business—mostly underground colorful speed demons—into a company that can receive investment from the formal economy. *Matatus* have, since colonial times, dodged law and regulation to provide transport to African workers. Today, *matatus* have a reputation, all over the world, as wildly colored, loud, aggressive vehicles which dominate the roads in Nairobi and all over Kenya.

Not Double M's. People queue up, sometimes for close to an hour, to get a seat in one of Double M's cars. Your ticket has a bar code, so you can claim lost property. Mary Mwangi's personal cell-phone number is posted in each vehicle. The employees are trained, conform to a tidy dress code, are polite, and are reasonably well paid. She says publicly that she is paying taxes—and loves it.

Since its inception, in 1995, the Kenya Revenue Authority has more than doubled its annual revenue. Our budget, which now includes an allocation for free universal primary-school education, is now almost fully funded from our own resources.

In the 1990s, Nelson Muturi, a genuine I.T. geek, decided to become a writer. But he felt he did not know enough African history, so he started to build a library of books. But he did not trust his own memory for all these accumulating facts—and he was keen, now, to find a "formula" to create entertaining and positive books for a new generation of Africans. He created database software for managing the information in his books. This was one of the wild and fanciful ideas that were fermenting during the long sleep of the 1990s. I, too, spent 10 years locked indoors trying to make writing work, full of crazy acts of imagination and fear.

All these changes have something to do, too, with a changed technological landscape. Africa is the fastest-growing mobile-phone market in the world. In 2005, the continent had 135 million subscribers. There are more than 6.5 million mobile phones in Kenya, a country of 37 million people. Now all you need to start a business is a phone. To get your national high-school exam results you text 7070 and provide your student number. You can pay your electricity bill by text message as well. This year, Kenya was one of the first countries in the world to introduce digital money. Now you can wire money to anybody in the country who has a Safaricom mobile phone. With just a black marker and a piece of wood bearing your number nailed to a tree, you can get potential clients to call you and request your services.

Last year, the Kenyan economy grew by 6 percent. Following Equity's example, the historically aloof banks are now scrambling to make solutions for the small entrepreneur. A source at Barclays Bank projects that in 10 years Kenya's boom will be driven by small- to medium-scale enterprises.

We are, though, far away from where we need to be. Our new government is struggling to adjust to a transparent way of doing business. We have seen our anti-corruption czar John Githongo run away to England, in fear for his life, after exposing a massive corruption scandal that reaches to the highest levels of government. Two mercenary types appeared in Nairobi, toting arms, threatening people at the airport; it is claimed they were responsible for a midnight raid on *The Standard*—one of Kenya's leading newspapers. Our First Lady, Lucy Kibaki, held our major newspaper hostage for some six hours. She assaulted a cameraman, as we watched the whole thing unfold on television. What was a coalition government, demanded by Kenyans so we could peacefully start to rebuild our country and government, has been commandeered by Gikuyu ethnic nationalists. The capital base of Kenya, of Ghana too, is still small, and it will take many years before these countries can build more durable economies. In Kenya, poverty remains—the majority of Kenyans struggle to feed themselves when the rains fail. At least 46 percent of Kenyans still live below the poverty line.

MOST SCANDALS IN KENYA ARE NOW REVEALED BEFORE THEY BECOME A SIGNIFICANT THREAT TO PUBLIC SAFETY AND ECONOMIC SECURITY.

All this is the stuff of CNN—and they have enjoyed reporting it. What is notable is that most scandals are now revealed before they become a significant threat to public safety and economic security. What has changed is that you can get a civil servant fired. What has changed is that we *saw* the First Lady misbehave. And she went mostly silent after this. What has changed is that we can vote in a referendum *against* the desires of the president when they do not suit us. What has changed is that, according to government statistics, in 2005 a full 10 percent fewer Kenyans than in 2000 were living below the poverty line.

As I sit here, in upstate New York, and read *The New York Times*, or watch CNN, Africa feels like one fevered and infectious place. In this diseased world, viruses spread all over—and a small local crisis in one corner can infect the rest of the continent in one quick blink. In a highly suggestive *New York Times* piece, dated April 23, 2007, and titled "Africa's Crisis of Democracy," Nigeria's recent flawed election is used to show how everything democratic in sub-Saharan Africa is teetering on shaky stilts.

This habit—of trying to turn the second-largest continent in the world, which has 53 countries and nearly a billion people of every variety and situation, into one giant crisis—is now one of the biggest problems Kenya, South Africa, Tanzania, and Ghana face.

We have learned to ignore the shrill screams coming from the peddlers of hopelessness. We motor on faith and enterprise, with small steps. On hope, and without hysteria. □

A BARBERSHOP IN MATHARE.



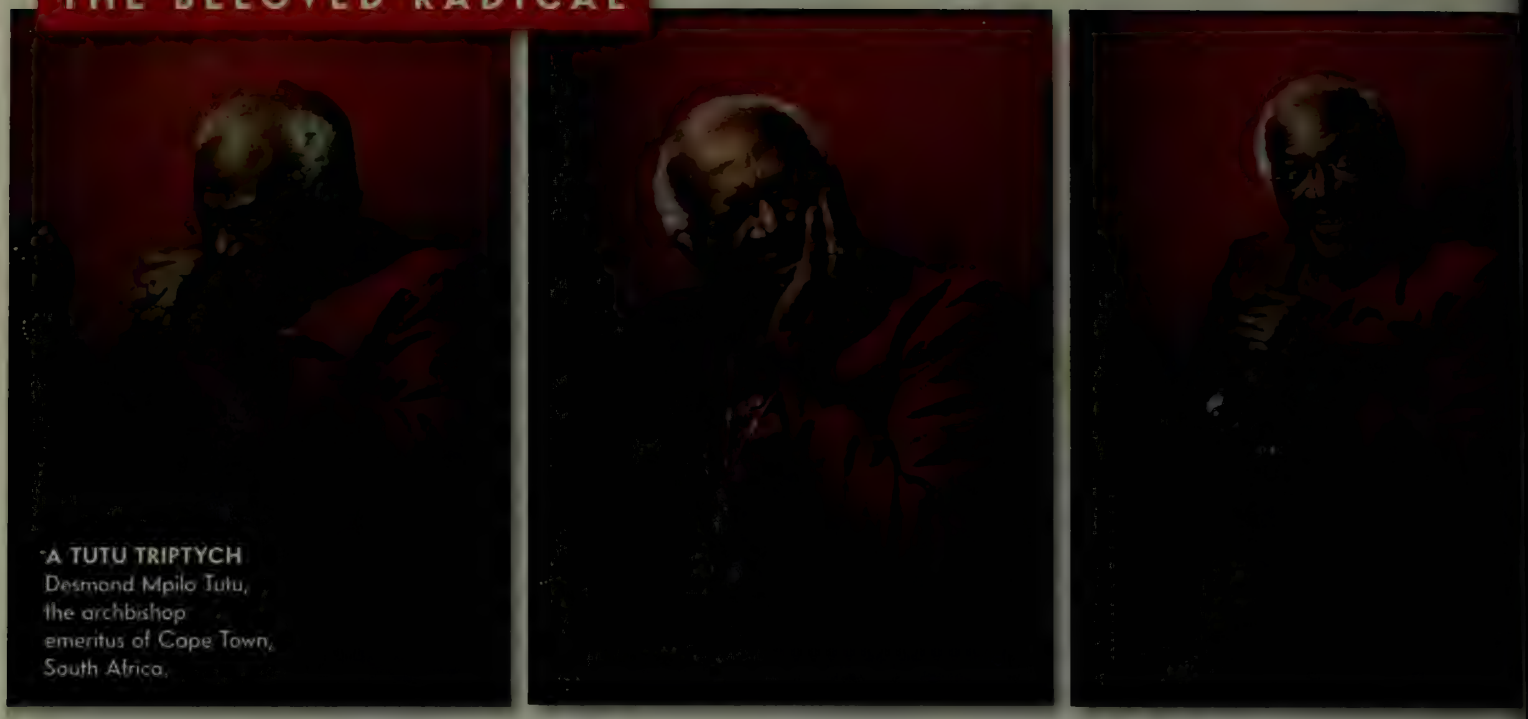


KENYA MUSIC WEEK IN NAIROBI, 2006.

A MASAI TRIBESMAN AND HIS CELL PHONE.




W
HOTELS
WORLDWIDE
WARMTH OF COOL_REFLECTIONS
EXPLORE WHOTELS.COM
877 WHOTELS



A TUTU TRIPTYCH
Desmond Mpilo Tutu, the archbishop emeritus of Cape Town, South Africa.

The Tutu Connection

South Africa's ARCHBISHOP DESMOND TUTU has earned every major humanitarian award, including the Nobel Peace Prize: just the kind of man a younger activist (and sometime movie star) such as BRAD PITT should consult about *ubuntu*, among other ideas

Brad Pitt: *It's a real pleasure for me to get to speak with you.*
Archbishop Desmond Tutu: You don't know—I mean, my stock has gone up. When people knew that I was going to be talking to you...
B.P. *Let me say, I've seen all your movies, and I'm a big fan.*
D.T. Thank you. God bless.
B.P. *What is this concept of* ubuntu *I keep reading about?*
D.T. *Ubuntu* is the essence of being human. And in our language a person is *ubuntu,* and *ubuntu* is a noun to speak about what it means to be human. In essence, it is something that you find especially in the Old Testament, where you're not quite sure sometimes—when you are reading, say, the Psalms—whether the Psalm is speaking, where it says "I," only of an individual, or is it speaking in a corporate sense? We say a person is a person through other persons. You can't be human in isolation. You are human only in relationships.
B.P. *So that speaks to our interconnectedness.*
D.T. We are interconnected. I'm sure you know the movie *The Defiant Ones.* It's a movie in which there were two convicts. One was white, and one was black. They escaped, but they are still manacled to one another. They fall down a ditch, and the one tries to slither up out of the ditch and almost makes it. But when he gets to the top, he realizes he actually can't get out, because he's still manacled to his mate down there, and he slithers back down to the bottom and realizes that the only way they can make it is together. Up, up, up and out together. So we say that "I need you to be all of who you are in order for me to be all that I am." Because no human being is totally self-sufficient. In fact, a self-sufficient human being is subhuman.
B.P. *I don't think we have a single word in English that describes just that.*
D.T. No, I don't think so.
B.P. *What is it about the great religions? Why can't the great religions play well with each other? What are they defending? I'll tell you my interpretation: it signifies a lack of faith to always be threatened and always to have to prove your way is the best. It seems again to be antithetical to the teachings of the individual religion.*
D.T. Yes, I think you are quite right, that what you are actually saying is it's not the religions that have a problem. Because the religion actually does produce wonderful people.... Let's take Buddhism. It has produced the Dalai Lama. Hinduism—it has produced Mahatma Gandhi. Christianity produces, say, a Mother Teresa, a Martin Luther King Jr. So you see. But how can a thing produce good in the one case, and then it produces bad? Because look at the Ku Klux Klan. The Ku Klux Klan claimed to be Christian. And look at the ghastly things that they do in the name of religion. You look at what they are doing, say, in Northern Ireland. Then you have to say, no, it isn't in any way a faith, a religion. Because no religion has ever sanctioned murder. No religion has sanctioned the oppression of another.
B.P. *Does it get misrepresented as religion when the real argument is again about human dignity and equality? What would you tell—*
D.T. Kofi Annan, when he was receiving a report from something called the Alliance of Civilizations, a high-level group, said, "It is not faith that is the problem. It is the faithful."
B.P. *So certainly discrimination has no place in Christianity. There's a big argument going on in America right now, on gay rights and equality.*
D.T. For me, I couldn't ever keep quiet. I come from a situation where for a very long time people were discriminated against, made to suffer for something about which they could do nothing—their ethnicity. We were made to suffer because we were not white. Then, for a very long time in our church, we didn't ordain women, and we were penalizing a huge section of humanity for something about which they could do nothing—their gender. And I'm glad that now the church has changed all that. I'm glad that apartheid has ended. I could not for any part of me be able to keep quiet, because people were being penalized, ostracized, treated as if they were less than human,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ


MasterCard
priceless.com
: $2,106
: priceless

because of something they could do nothing to change—their sexual orientation. For me, I can't imagine the Lord that I worship, this Jesus Christ, actually concurring with the persecution of a minority that is already being persecuted. The Jesus who I worship is a Jesus who was forever on the side of those who were being clobbered, and he got into trouble precisely because of that. Our church, the Anglican Church, is experiencing a very, very serious crisis. It is all to do with human sexuality. I think God is weeping. He is weeping that we should be spending so much energy, time, resources on this subject at a time when the world is aching.

B.P. *I couldn't agree with you more. Thank you for saying that.*

You have talked about Nelson Mandela and how he had every right, as well as South Africa itself, to come out of the apartheid machine embittered and wanting revenge and retribution. You guys came up with this radical idea—the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. Quickly, you had two known routes. You could go for justice, retribution justice, as in Nuremberg. Or you could get blanket amnesty. But you came up with this idea for healing the country and a new definition of justice called "restorative justice."

D.T. In a way, because it's an example again of *ubuntu*. The greatest good in the concept of *ubuntu* is communal harmony. Anger, revenge are subversive of this great good.

But let me just say, don't go away with the idea that this is something peculiarly African.

I was telling students recently about a young American woman, white woman, Amy Biehl, who went to South Africa as a Fulbright scholar. One day she gave some black friends a lift in her car to take them home in one of the townships. When she got to the township, she was met by a horde of youngsters who belonged to one of the political groupings that had as a slogan "One settler, one bullet." Meaning that they wanted to get rid of white people, more or less. They saw Amy Biehl. They got her out of her car. She ran, fell, and they started stabbing, and they killed her quite gruesomely. These young people, the ringleaders, were arrested and ultimately sentenced to long terms in prison.

Then they came to our Truth and Reconciliation Commission to apply for amnesty. Amy Biehl's parents, white Americans, Peter and Linda Biehl, came all the way from California. They went all the way

"A person is a person through other persons," says Archbishop Tutu.

to Cape Town, where the amnesty application was being heard. They had the right to oppose the granting of amnesty. Do you know what they did? They got there and they said, "We support these young people's application for amnesty." Now, that is mind-boggling. But that was not the end. After these young people were granted amnesty, then Amy Biehl's parents founded the Amy Biehl Foundation, in Cape Town. Part of its purpose was to rescue black kids who would be victims of the violence of the townships. And they employed the two guys who were the chief murderers of their daughter.

B.P. *So restorative justice can end the cycle?*

D.T. Yes, it is in fact a universal characteristic, this human longing not for revenge but to seek reconciliation.

B.P. *Then is it worth asking what is the outcome for societies who have rushed toward retributive justice, like the Shia in Iraq? It goes directly to that judgment. What is their future? Because you speak of retributive justice as something that comes back to haunt you.*

D.T. I don't want to sound, as it were, deeply morbid. But just look at what is happening in the Middle East, where you see something happen and then there is a reprisal. You pay back for what has happened. And sure, then we know, I mean, that there is going to be a counter-reprisal. But there is a spiral that is going to go on and on and on. Countries, too, have no hope of survival if they say "an eye for an eye." As Gandhi said, when that law is applied, in the end all the people end up being blind... I wish I was a pacifist. I am not a pacifist. I'm a peace-lover.

B.P. *History certainly shows us that wherever there is injustice or inequity, disruption ensues. But I believe you defined it as "peace becomes a casualty." Given today's global insecurity, there has been much focus on these immense and obscene defense budgets. The repercussion is that aid usually gets sacrificed. You talk about aid not as altruism. In fact, that is a misconception. But aid, investment in Africa, investment in areas where there's great disruption and inequality, is actually in our self-interest. Can you elaborate on this?*

D.T. Just simply that if a community is a poor community, it's going to be a seedbed for instability. If that community is helped up and becomes profitable, then it becomes a very good market. I mean, then you are going to have more customers for your goods. We are doing a nice act of P.R.; it's wonderful. But in fact we are doing ourselves a huge favor because we are now saying there is a potential prosperous market which we can exploit.

I for myself can't understand how we can spend the obscene amount that we do on defense. I mean, billions, trillions—I don't know what the quantum is. But we're spending a heck of a lot of money! I am hoping that people like yourselves, especially, but then ordinary people like ourselves too, would become increasingly vocal and say, "Let's stop this nonsense. It doesn't make sense. It makes the world more insecure." The United States has one of the most sophisticated defense systems, the most expensive. But it is made obsolete by a wire cutter. There's no way in which you can have a foolproof system. It's really far better to create friends, rather than to imagine that everybody is an enemy until they are proven otherwise... I keep trying to say, You want to fight a war against terrorism? Let me tell you one thing for sure. You are not going to win it, period. You won't win that war until you work so that conditions that make people desperate are eradicated. Then you will realize you won't have to worry about guys being upset with you.

B.P. *We've got the G-8 summit coming up, and we've made some very big promises to Africa. Let's be frank—how are we doing? How are we doing in meeting those promises?*

D.T. The positive is that they are beginning to be more aware that we inhabit one planet. Aid, yes, is O.K. Cancellation of debt is O.K. But it makes no sense when you have the skewed trade rules. You look at the things that they do with the subsidies. They give subsidies to European farmers so that they can sell their goods at lower prices in our markets. Then they say to us, "Grow your own food, and sell, but don't have any tariff. Don't put up tariffs to prevent our goods coming your way. We will put up tariffs so that your goods don't easily come into our market." It doesn't make sense. If we are serious, then we are going to have to begin to talk about a more equitable economic order.

B.P. *Right, certainly an order based on fairness instead of the guys that got to the table first, cutting up the debt. You said this about apartheid, that it was operated on the principles of exclusion. I can't help but think that the same thing is going on with our trade rules.*

D.T. You have got an A, man, in my class. You are doing very, very well in this. We're having a lovely seminar.

B.P. *I stumble gracefully.*

D.T. We have the capacity to feed everybody on our planet. We have the capacity to ensure that everybody has clean water. We have the capacity to ensure that everybody has affordable health care. We have the capacity to ensure that every child gets the inoculations that they ought to have as children. We can prevent many of the diseases to which our children in the poorer parts of the world succumb. For goodness' sake. Why don't we wake up to the fact that you can't have an apartheid security. You can't have an apartheid prosperity. If you are going to have security, it's going to be security for all. If you are going to have prosperity, it is going to be prosperity for all. If you want to be free, you can't have a quarantine freedom. It's going to be a freedom for all. And if you want to be human, we are not going to be able to be human in isolation. It will be that we are human together. □

Like a fine wine, each comes with its own set of adjectives.

2007



floral

spicy

©2007 The Hershey Company

Like grapes from a growing region, chocolate that comes from a single origin has its own unique flavors and tasting notes.

Explore Arríba, dark milk chocolate born from a rainforest of flowers, or São Tomé, intense dark chocolate from a volcanic island.

EXPLORE
CACAO RESERVE™
A NEW WORLD

www.cacaoreserve.com

Meanwhile, in the *Next* White House . .

It hasn't been a frequent question as the presidential campaign heats up, but it's among the most important. So *V.F.* asked current presidential candidates what they would do for Africa

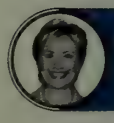
By Bono

When I was growing up in Dublin, people like my father were in love with America. The United States had not just liberated Europe, but rebuilt Europe after the war with the aid and trade of the Marshall Plan. Brand U.S.A. was at its brightest. My earliest memory of America is watching Neil Armstong take a walk on the moon. Wow, I thought to myself, these Yanks are crazy.

Fast-forward, and a part of me is still that child with his mouth open at this great idea called America—sometimes in disbelief, but mostly with the surety that there's nothing you Americans can't do if y'all want to do it.

In the 21st century, what does America want to do? The 2008 election might give some clues. Whoever wins holds the most powerful office in the world, which is why the world itself is so interested. As an Irish bystander, I think the candidate most likely to succeed is the one who most people believe can build respect for the American flag in the wider world. Figuring out how to do that is America's great challenge. Our global challenge is figuring out what to do about the extreme, stupid poverty which sees millions die each year because they are too poor to live. Nowhere more than in Africa.

Is it too much of a stretch to think these challenges could be connected? It's hard to hate a country which puts your kids in school and gives medication to save your husband's life. We asked the candidates what they would do for the poorest in the world, if they got the job.



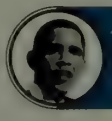
HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
Senator, New York

I would start by providing funds to put all of Africa's children in school. Education is the foundation on which the life of a child and the future of a nation are built. Education is women's rights and human rights, because girls and boys deserve the same chance to chart their own course. Education is health care, because accurate information about AIDS and H.I.V. saves lives. Education is economics, because there is a straight path from a good school to a good job. If my bill to achieve universal basic education, the Education for All Act, does not become law before January 1, 2009, that will be my first priority. Of course, we should also help Africa with proven economic-development strategies and with building health systems to support now affordable treatment for H.I.V./AIDS. But with universal education, Africans will soon work themselves out of extreme poverty.



JOHN EDWARDS
Former senator, North Carolina

The problems of Africa are both a moral challenge and a threat to our security. We cannot be safe alongside countries torn apart by AIDS, other diseases, and extreme poverty. It is a disgrace that 100 million poor children have no schooling. As president, I will lead a worldwide effort to teach them. I will work with drug companies to share AIDS drugs across Africa, and double our investment in clean water to avoid preventable diseases. Finally, I will expand microfinance to give people tools to rise out of poverty. An ambitious $5 billion investment could change the face of Africa.



BARACK OBAMA
Senator, Illinois

In Kenya, my father's homeland, I witnessed the struggles and suffering caused by poverty and H.I.V./AIDS, reinforcing my belief in our common responsibility to uphold our common humanity. As president, by 2012, I will double to $50 billion annually our foreign investments, much of which will go to sustainable development and poverty reduction, and I will expand the President's Emergency Plan for AIDS Relief (PEPFAR) by providing at least $1 billion a year in new money. America must do more than take a few steps—we must lead a global march to make this a more just and equitable world.



CHRIS DODD
Senator, Connecticut

We must work to achieve the U.N. Millennium Development Goals—halving global poverty, reducing maternal mortality by three-quarters, providing primary education for all children, and reducing child mortality by two-thirds. The I.M.F. should sell a portion of its gold reserves and use the proceeds to establish a trust fund with interest generated devoted to financing the debts of poor countries. Countries ravaged by H.I.V./AIDS, malaria, and tuberculosis will never be free of poverty. My support for the Global Fund and PEPFAR will continue, removing restrictions that impair their effectiveness.



JOSEPH BIDEN
Senator, Delaware

First, I'd end the war in Iraq. That would restore the freedom, flexibility, and credibility we need. On H.I.V./AIDS, I'd stop playing domestic politics by diverting vital resources to abstinence-only programs that don't work. Violence against women contributes to the spread of disease; I'd work to protect them. Conflict cripples our assistance programs. We must end the Darfur genocide and empower Africans at peacekeeping. Our thirst for African oil fuels inequality, conflict, and environmental disaster. That's another reason to diversify. I have worked with Bono to relieve Africa's debt; now we have to build the capacity of its countries to govern effectively and create sustainable economies.



DENNIS KUCINICH
Representative, Ohio

Extreme poverty is the medium in which diseases flourish. As president, I will appeal to the heart of the American people to commit fully to the Millennium Development Goals. I will work to ensure a peace economy based on fair trade; reform international monetary and trade structures; write trade agreements based on human rights, workers' rights, and the environment; lead the way

WHY IS THIS TOP MODEL GIVING HER FRIEND PRAVDA VODKA?



TURN THE PAGE



The top model is giving Pravda Vodka because she is knowledgeable.
She has read the results of taste competitions.
The American Academy of Taste in 2006 and
the World Beverage Championships in 2004
both ranked Pravda as the best
SUPERIOR VODKA.
Better than Grey Goose,
Belvedere, Level...
The very best of all.

SEE WWW.PRAVDAVODKA.COM FOR THE PERFECT MARTIN

to deliver generic drugs; sign the Kyoto [Protocol] and all arms treaties; and restore America's role as an honorable global partner.



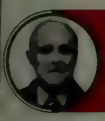
BILL RICHARDSON
Governor, New Mexico

We must stop treating Africa as an afterthought. As president, I will work to launch a multilateral Marshall Plan that helps Africans prevent societal collapse. This new plan will improve access to medical treatment, expand education opportunities, and stimulate economic development. The plan must also anticipate and respond to the impact that global warming will have upon African food and water supplies. It's time for us to act.



JOHN McCAIN
Senator, Arizona

Fighting disease and extreme poverty in Africa is in America's strategic and moral interests. If elected, I will fund AIDS treatment and prevention at levels befitting a wealthy and great nation, and establish a goal of eradicating malaria—the No. 1 killer of African children under five—from the continent. I would link other forms of aid to good governance and economic reform, because no amount of assistance can succeed when governments fail their people. And I would pursue policies that enable African entrepreneurs and exporters to increase their access to international markets.



RUDOLPH GIULIANI
Former mayor, New York City

Africa offers so much hope for the future. More Americans need to see how helping Africa today will help to create a world of increased peace and decency tomorrow. That's why the next president needs to continue and expand the administration's effort to help Africa overcome AIDS. But the most important thing we can do to help Africa build a better future is not just increase aid but increase trade. Increasing U.S. aid to Africa is important, but giving aid without conditions for reform perpetuates bad policies and poverty. Ultimately, it's better to give people a hand-up rather than a handout.



MITT ROMNEY
Former governor, Massachusetts

We are all created by God, and when so many are suffering, we must help our neighbors in need. Extreme poverty and AIDS in Africa represent a global crisis. We must build on America's historic efforts to bring hope and build a safe world. This requires bringing the same focus and unified action to efforts that show America's heart as we do to those showing America's military might. New partnerships with the international community, private sector, and African leaders can mobilize the power of our health-care, education, and development efforts, and build sustainable solutions vital to Africa and the world.



TOMMY THOMPSON
Former governor, Wisconsin

I would bring more of America's spirit of entrepreneurship and volunteerism to PEPFAR by establishing a new volunteer corps of doctors, dentists, nurses, hospital managers, and other health professionals, who would spend three months to two years at work in the field. The idea would be not to replace local workers but to train more of them, and bring existing ones the latest skills and best practices. We should provide incentives for private companies (hospitals, universities) to allow their employees to take sabbaticals for such service.



MIKE HUCKABEE
Former governor, Arkansas

The first step I will take is to invite Bono to the White House to meet with me about fulfilling the promise of the One Campaign. I intend to make the One Campaign a significant part of my presidential campaign so that more Americans will share my enthusiasm and excitement about it. I will explain to them why this is both a moral and a strategic imperative. I look forward to working with other world leaders to transform the lives and health and prospects of our African brothers and sisters.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND OTHER TOPICS, GO TO **VF.COM.**



JIM GILMORE
Former governor, Virginia

While the U.S. is doing much to help with the fight against H.I.V./AIDS in Africa, more must be done. Success can be obtained only if America is in full partnership with African nations to turn the tide against this devastating pandemic. As president, I will commit additional American financial support. I will push for advances in efforts to end mother-to-child transmission of H.I.V./AIDS and insist on full accountability, to ensure that funds are being received where they are most needed and that the latest medical supplies are safe and readily available. □



CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS



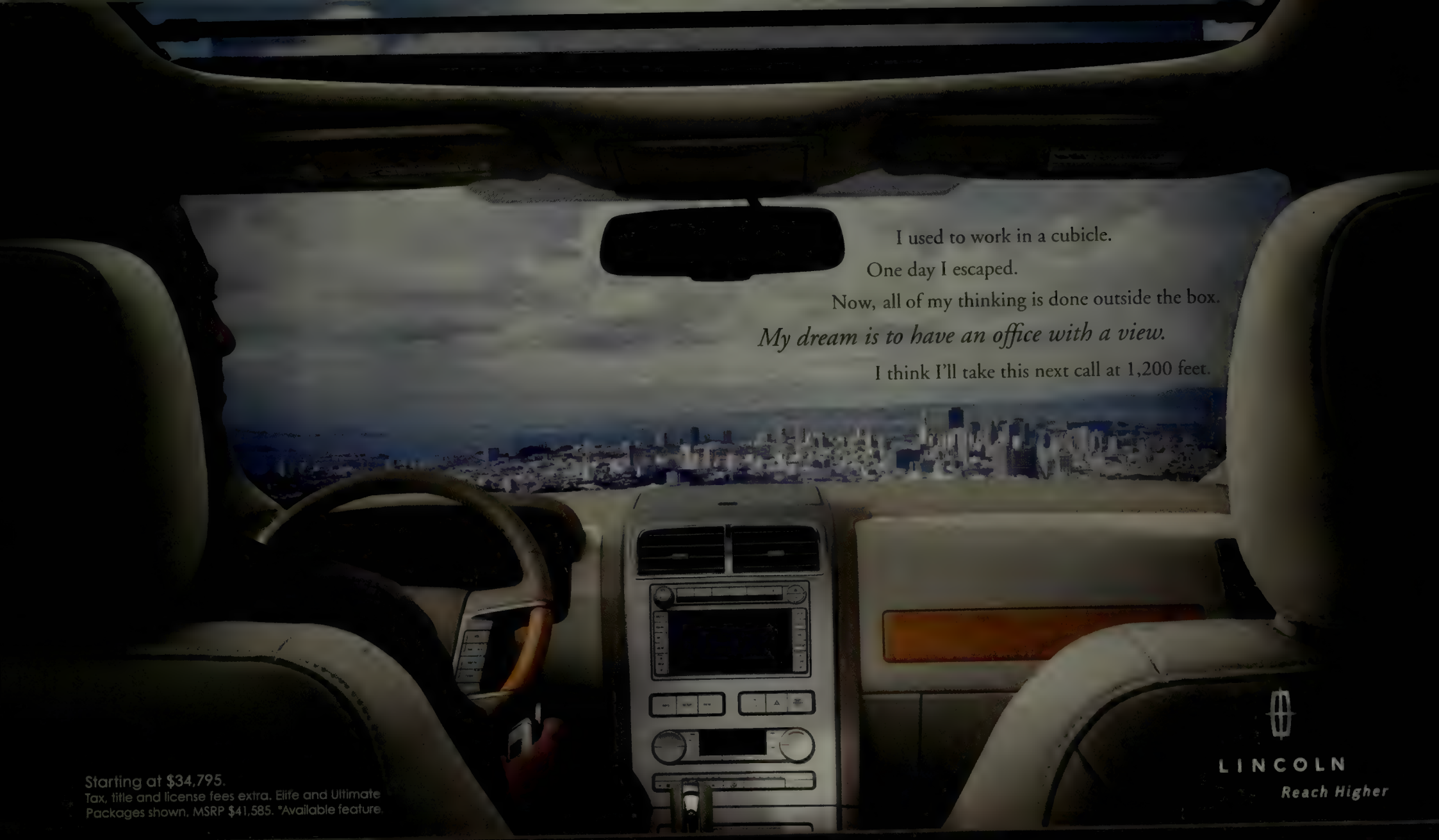
At the Desert's Edge

Where Africa faces Europe, on the ruins of Carthage's mighty civilization, Tunisia is holding fast against encroaching desert–and fundamentalism's arid tyranny. Five years after a brutal al-Qaeda bombing, the author explores the pressure points in one of the continent's most successful countries

If we all indeed come from Africa, then the very idea of Africa itself comes from the antique northern coast of that great landmass, where the cosmology is subtly different and where the inhabitants look north to Europe and southward at the Sahara. Here was the mighty civilization known as Carthage, which came as close as possible to reversing what we think of as the course of "history" and conquering Europe from Africa instead of the other way around. With its elephants and armies, and under the brilliant generalship of Hannibal, it penetrated all the way through Spain and France and down over the Alps onto the smiling northern plains of Italy. Not even the later Muslim conquests, which surged out of the Arabian Desert and along northern Africa and across the Strait of Gibraltar, ever got so far. After Rome took its revenge and deleted Carthage from the historical page a hundred and forty-six years before Christ—as I was told by the Tunisian archaeologist Neguib Ben Lazuz as we sat in the shadow of the magnificent Roman amphitheater of El Djem—it cast around for a name to call its new colony. The most imposing local people were the Afri, a Berber tribe in the northeastern quarter of what is now Tunisia. And the new province of "Africa," or "Ifriqiyyah," as its later, Muslim rulers were to call it, was sophisticated enough to give its title to a continent. There were Roman emperors—such as Septimius Severus—of African descent. In the eighth book of his *Natural History,* written in the first century A.D., Pliny the Elder made the observation, possibly borrowed from Aristotle, "*Ex Africa semper aliquid novi*" ("There is always something new out of Africa").

And so there is. If you look at the map now, you will see that Tunisia is like a little diamond-shaped keystone, its different facets constituting a frontline territory between Europe and Africa, North and South, East and West, the desert and the sea. It was from its gorgeous city of Kairouan—the oldest Muslim city in Africa—with its huge mosque built with the pillars of Roman and Carthaginian temples, that Islam was spread to the black sub-Saharan regions of Mali and Nigeria, and also northward to the Spanish region of Andalusia. And it is here that the crosscurrents between fundamentalism and cosmopolitanism, syncretism and puritanism, are being most acutely registered. From the northern tip of Tunisia on a clear day, you can see the shimmering Italian island of Pantelleria. Spanish and French and Italian coast guards regularly pick up Africans from as far south as Guinea who have traversed the interior to launch their craft across the Mediterranean. (One of these was picked up the other day, having attempted the perilous crossing with no more than an oil-drum raft and a G.P.S. navigation system. Give that man an entry permit! We require people with such initiative.)

On the other hand, so to speak, it was in Tunisia in April 2002 that an al-Qaeda suicide murderer drove a truckload of propane up to El Ghriba, the oldest synagogue in North Africa, a little gem of a building that has been the centerpiece of an ancient


I used to work in a cubicle.
One day I escaped.
Now, all of my thinking is done outside the box.
My dream is to have an office with a view.
I think I'll take this next call at 1,200 feet.
Starting at $34,795.
Tax, title and license fees extra. Elite and Ultimate Packages shown. MSRP $41,585. *Available feature.
LINCOLN
Reach Higher
Introducing the new 2007 Lincoln MKX with a panoramic Vista Roof™* and an inspired interior. Your future is wide open. Life's calling. Where to next?
lincoln.com

Jewish community—the largest in the Muslim world—that dates back two millennia. Nineteen people, mostly German tourists, were slaughtered.

I recently made my own visit to the place, which is on the island of Djerba, where Ulysses is said to have passed his time among the lotus-eaters. I was walking through the old ghetto, in which Arabs and Jews mix freely, when a series of bombs tore through cities in neighboring Morocco and Algeria, apparently to mark the fifth anniversary of this revolting crime. In January, there had been a firefight between Tunisian security forces and the newly named Al-Qaeda in the Islamic Maghreb, a gang formerly known as the Salafist Group for Preaching and Combat, which joined the bin Ladenists and has apparently been granted the bearded one's franchise. This poses a fairly stark choice. Will the northern littoral of Africa become a zone of tension, uneasily demarcating a watery yet fiery line between Europe and the southern continent? Or will it evolve into a meeting place of cultures, trading freely and cross-fertilizing the civilizations, as it did once before?



Tunisian society contains some of the answers to these questions. On the face of it, the country is one of Africa's most outstanding success stories. In the 2006–7 *World Economic Forum Global Competitiveness Report,* it was ranked No. 1 in Africa for economic competitiveness, even, incidentally, outpacing three European states (Italy, Greece, and Portugal). Home ownership is 80 percent. Life expectancy, the highest on the continent, is 72. Less than 4 percent of the population is below the poverty line, and the alleviation of misery by a "solidarity fund" has been adopted by the United Nations as a model program. Nine out of 10 households are connected to electricity and clean water. Tunisia is the first African state to have been accepted as an associate member of the European Union. Its Code of Personal Status was the first in the Arab world to abolish polygamy, and the veil and the burka are never seen. More than 40 percent of the judges and lawyers are female. The country makes delicious wine and even exports it to France. The Tunisian Jews make a potent grappa out of figs, which is available as a *digestif* in most restaurants. There were several moments, as I was loafing around the beautiful blue-and-white seaside towns or the exquisite classical museums and ruins, when the combination of stylish females, excellent food, clean streets, smart-looking traffic cops, and cheap and efficient taxis made me feel I was in a place more upscale than many European recreational resorts and spas. I remembered what my old friend the late Edward Said had told me: "You should go to Tunisia, Christopher. It's the gentlest country in Africa. Even the Islamists are highly civilized!"

TUNISIA constitutes a frontline territory between Europe and Africa . . . the desert and the sea.

But before I could be seduced into abject boosterism, I had a lengthy, not to say lavish, dinner with some of the country's academics and intellectuals and writers. The atmosphere in the restaurant was quasi–Left Bank Parisian, and I think I lulled them a bit by recounting some of the Davos statistics cited above. Then I added two more. Since its independence from France, in 1956, Tunisia has had exactly two presidents, the first of whom, Habib Bourguiba, became a "president for life" before being deposed for senility and megalomania. The current ruler, Zine El Abidine Ben Ali, will celebrate his 20th year of uninterrupted power this November. At election times, he has been known to win more than 90 percent of the vote: a figure that never fails to make me nervous. I have not met the man, but within hours of landing in the country I could have passed an exam in what he looks like, because his portrait is rather widely displayed.

Well, you can say for Tunisia that people do not lower their voices or look over their shoulders (another thing that has made me nervous in my time) before discussing these questions. But the conversation still took on a slightly pained tone. Was the West—that's me—not judging the country by rather exacting standards? To the east lay the huge territory of Libya, underdeveloped and backward and Islamized even though floating on a lake of oil, and, furthermore, governed since 1969 by a flamboyantly violent nutcase. ("We are the same people as them," said my friend Hamid, "but they are *so* much *en retard.*") To the west lay the enormous country of Algeria, again artificially prosperous through oil and natural gas, but recently the scene of a heinous Islamist insurgency that—along with harsh and vigorous state repression—had killed perhaps 150,000 people. Looking farther away and to the south, Sudan's fanatical and genocidal militia, not content with what they had done in Darfur, were spreading their jihad into neighboring Chad, extending a belt of violent Islamism across the sub-Saharan zone. Increasingly, Africa was becoming the newest site of confrontation not just between Islam and other religions (as in the battle between Christian Ethiopia and Islamist Somalia, or between Islamists and Christians in Nigeria, or Islamists and Christians and animists in Sudan) but between competing versions of Islam itself. Why pick on mild Tunisia, where the coup in 1987 had been bloodless, where religious parties are forbidden, where the population grows evenly because of the availability of contraception, where you can see male and female students holding hands and wearing blue jeans, and where thousands of Americans and more than four million Europeans take their vacations every year?

When it's put like that, who wouldn't want the alternative of an African Titoism, or perhaps an African Gaullism, where presidential rule keeps a guiding but not tyrannical

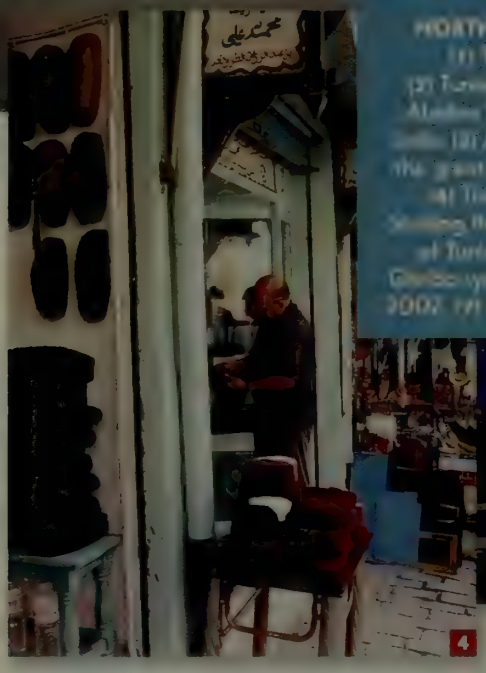


HERE IS NO EASY OIL. MUCH OF IT IS SCATTERED IN HUNDREDS OF ISOLATED POCKETS. AND BUILDING OTS OF RIGS IS JUST NOT AN OPTION, ENVIRONMENTALLY OR ECONOMICALLY. THEN SHELL ENGINEER AAP VAN BALLEGOOIJEN WATCHED HIS SON DRINK A MILKSHAKE. SUCKING THE BITS OF FROTH IN HE CORNERS OF THE GLASS WITH HIS BENDY STRAW. HEY PRESTO, THE SNAKE WELL DRILL WAS ORN. A DRILL THAT CAN BEND ROUND CORNERS AND SNAKE FROM SIDE TO SIDE TO REACH THOSE CATTERED POCKETS OF OIL, ALL FROM ONE RIG. REAL ENERGY SOLUTIONS FOR THE REAL WORLD. HELL.COM/US/REALENERGY



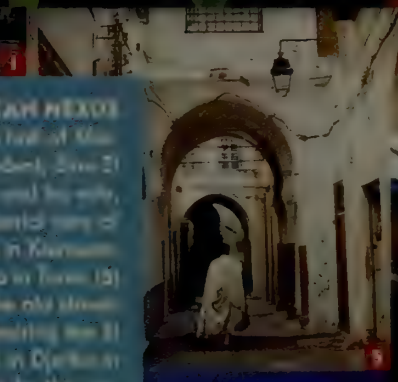






NORTH AFRICAN NEXUS

(1) The coastal city of Mahdia. (2) Tunisia's president, Zine El Abidine Ben Ali, and his wife, Leila. (3) A 19th-century copy of the great mosque in Kairouan. (4) The medina in Tunis. (5) Strolling through the old streets of Tunis. (6) Dancing on El Ghriba synagogue in Djerba in 2007. (7) Monastir, by the sea.





TUNISIA has been spared the awful toxicity of ethnic and religious rivalry.

hand? A country where people discuss microcredits for small business instead of "macro" schemes such as holy war? Mr. Ben Ali does not make lengthy speeches on TV every night, or appear in gorgeously barbaric uniforms, or live in a different palace for every day of the week. Tunisia has no grandiose armed forces, the curse of the rest of the continent, feeding parasitically off the national income and rewarding their own restlessness with the occasional coup. And the country is lucky in other ways as well. Its population is a smooth blend of black and Berber and Arab, and though it proudly defends its small minorities of Shiites, Christians (Saint Augustine spent time here), Baha'is, and Jews (there is a Jewish member of the Senate), it is otherwise uniformly Sunni. It has been spared the awful toxicity of ethnic and religious rivalry, which makes it very unusual in Africa. Its international airport is named Tunis-Carthage, evoking African roots without Afrocentric demagogy. I still could not shake the feeling that its system of government is fractionally less intelligent and risktaking than the majority of its citizens.

However, it is not every day that you can go downtown to a university that is attached to a mosque—in this case the Zitouna, or "Olive Tree," mosque, with an old library housing thousands of ancient texts—and sit with a female professor of theology. Mongia Souaihi cheerfully explained to me the many reasons why the veil is not authorized by the Koran and why she is in danger for drawing this conclusion in print. "The fundamentalists from overseas have declared me to be *kuffar*—an unbeliever." This I know to be dangerous, because a Muslim who has once been declared to be an apostate is also a person who can be sentenced to death. "Which fundamentalists? And from where overseas?" "Rachid Ghannouchi, from London." Oh no, not again. If you saw my "Londonistan" essay, in the June *Vanity Fair*, you will know that fanatics who are unwelcome in Africa and Arabia are allowed an astonishing freedom in the United Kingdom. The leader of Ennahda, the outlawed Tunisian Islamist group, the aforesaid Mr. Ghannouchi, was until September 11, 2001, allowed to broadcast his hysterical incitements into Tunisia from a London station. "Almost everything we have worked for in this country among the young," I was told by Mounir Khelifa, a highly polished professor of English, "can be undermined by any one of a hundred satellite stations beamed into our society." I thought perhaps he was exaggerating, or perhaps feeling insecure. The Tunisian authorities sometimes give the same impression by hovering around in Internet cafés trying to invigilate what sites people are clicking on. In a society where satellite dishes are everywhere, this looks crude and old-fashioned.

So Tunisia's achievements, though real enough, are fragile. When the terrorists target tourists, they pick the economy's most vulnerable spot. (The Djerba atrocity had a real effect on that year's overall figures.) But, of course, they also isolate themselves, first by creating poverty and unemployment and second by violating the inflexible laws of Muslim hospitality. So this is the edge of uncertain awareness on which an outwardly happy and thriving society is poised. Some way to the south of that Roman amphitheater at El Djem, you begin to hit the Sahara. It was in this imposing dune landscape that *Star Wars, Raiders of the Lost Ark,* and *The English Patient* were filmed. It is also here that the desert ceaselessly, mindlessly, but somehow deliberately tries to move northward. Its rate of progress is uneven, and varies from country to country, and when you do see the Tunisian Army it is often helping in measures—of planting and irrigation—to stave off the remorseless encroachment. An enclave of development, Tunisia is menaced by the harsh extremists of a desert religion, and ultimately by the desert itself. As with everything else in Africa, this is not a contest we can view with indifference. □

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND OTHER TOPICS, GO TO VF.COM.

the perfect manicure slips you into party mode,
do your sunglasses?



LENSCRAFTERS®

open your eyes

s Dolce & Gabbana 2019 © 2007 LensCrafters, Inc. All Rights Reserved

lenscrafters.com

Out of Africa

Somewhere between 80,000 and 50,000 years ago, Africa saved *Homo sapiens* from extinction. Charting the DNA shared by more than six billion people, a population geneticist—and director of the Genographic Project—suggests what humanity "owes" its first home

By Spencer Wells



ROAD TRIP! Following different routes out of Africa, successive waves of early humans migrated into new territories, eventually populating the entire globe save Antarctica. This map shows this complex web of migrations in their broadest strokes.

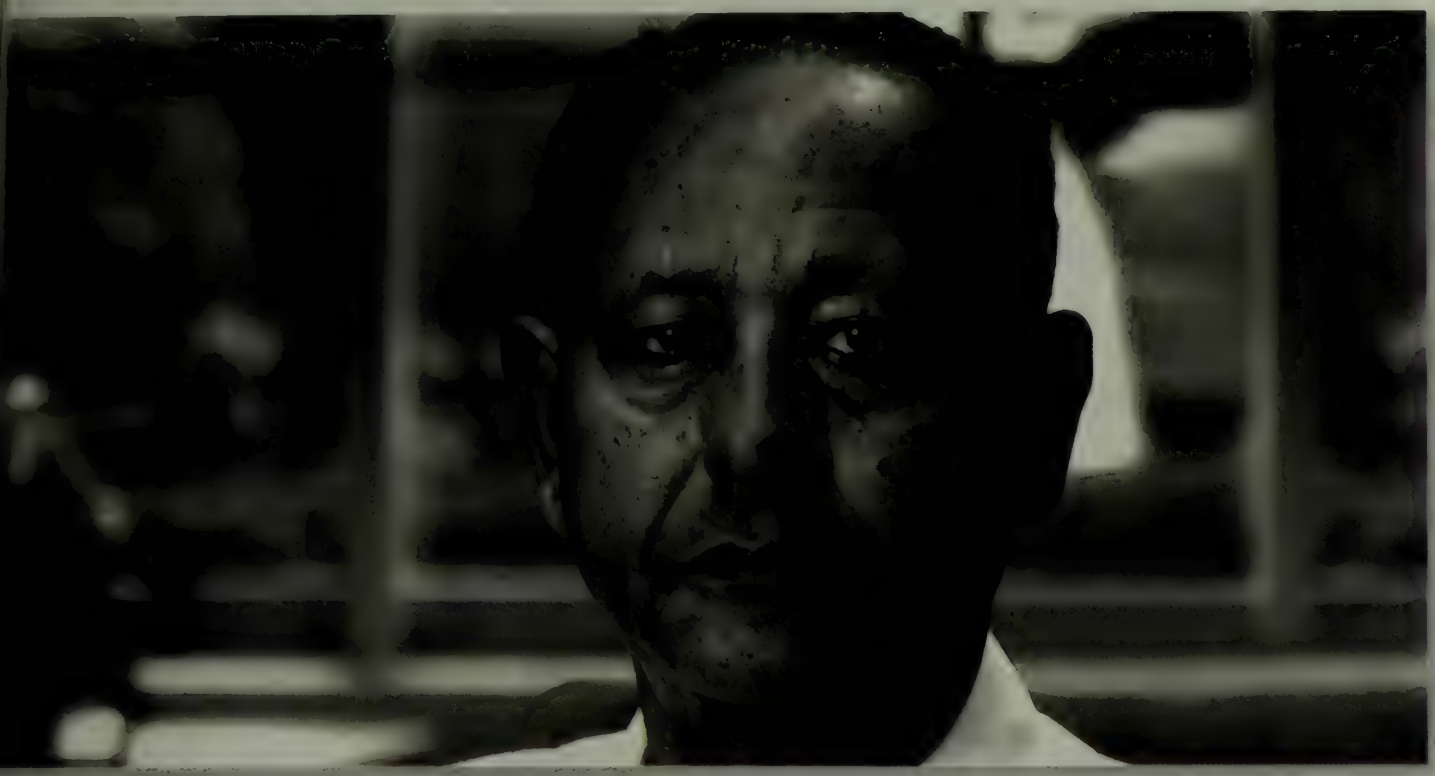
Do you think you know who you are? Maybe Irish, Italian, Jewish, Chinese, or one of the dozens of other hyphenated Americans that make up the United States melting pot? Think deeper—beyond the past few hundred years. Back beyond genealogy, where everyone loses track of his or her ancestry—back in that dark, mysterious realm we call prehistory. What if I told you every single person in America—every single person on earth—is African? With a small scrape of cells from the inside of anyone's cheek, the science of genetics can even prove it.

Here's how it works. The human genome, the blueprint that describes how to make another version of you, is huge. It's composed of billions of sub-units called nucleotides, repeated in a long, linear code that contains all of your biological information. Skin color, hair type, the way you metabolize milk: it's all in there. You got your DNA from your parents, who got it from theirs, and so on, for millions of generations to the very beginning of life on earth. If you go far enough back, your genome connects you with bacteria, butterflies, and barracuda—the great chain of being linked together through DNA.

What about humanity, though? What about creatures you would recognize as being like you if they were peering over your shoulder right now? It turns out that every person alive today can trace his or her ancestry back to Africa. Everyone's DNA tells a story of a journey from an African homeland to wherever you live. You may be from Cambodia or County Cork, but you are carrying a map inside your genome that describes the wanderings of your ancestors as they moved from the savannas of Africa to wherever your family came from most recently. This is thanks to genetic markers—tiny changes that arise rarely and spontaneously as our DNA is copied and passed down through the generations—which serve to unite people on ever older branches of the human family tree. If you share a marker with someone, you share an ancestor with him or her at some point in the past: the person whose DNA first had the marker that defines your shared lineage. These markers can be traced to

Dr. Ingida Asfaw left Ethiopia on a cargo ship as a teenager.

He returned as a man on a mission.



The greatest achievements in life are often born in humble places.

For Ingida Asfaw, that humble place was a cargo ship bound for America. He left Ethiopia as a teenager with a dream of becoming a doctor. He also left with vivid memories of the profound health crisis in his homeland.

He became a world-renowned cardiovascular surgeon in Detroit. A husband. A father. And a client of Merrill Lynch.

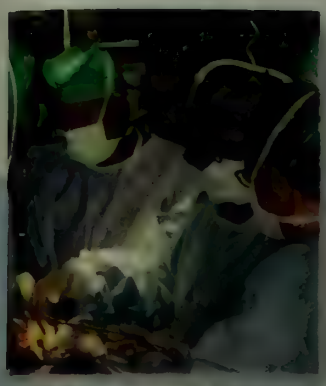
So when Dr. Asfaw created a non-profit organization to deliver medical training, donate medical supplies, perform surgeries and create clinics, Darnell Jackson, his Merrill Lynch Financial Advisor was there. He not only helped Dr. Asfaw achieve his personal goals, but also helped grow his group and organize its finances.

When your dream is to build a cardiovascular hospital in Ethiopia, you appreciate the power of partnerships. In Merrill Lynch, he found one.

You never know where the opportunity to make a difference in this world is going to come from. But there is one thing Dr. Asfaw and the clients of all our 15,900 Financial Advisors do know.

True wealth is about more than money. It's about achieving life.[SM]

al Merrill brand is used to refer to the broad range of brokerage, investment advisory (including financial planning), banking, trust, mortgage, and other fin ial se ions will differ among these services. *Total Merrill (design)* is a registered service mark of Merrill Lynch & Co., Inc. *It's about achieving life, Total Living* and tal Me





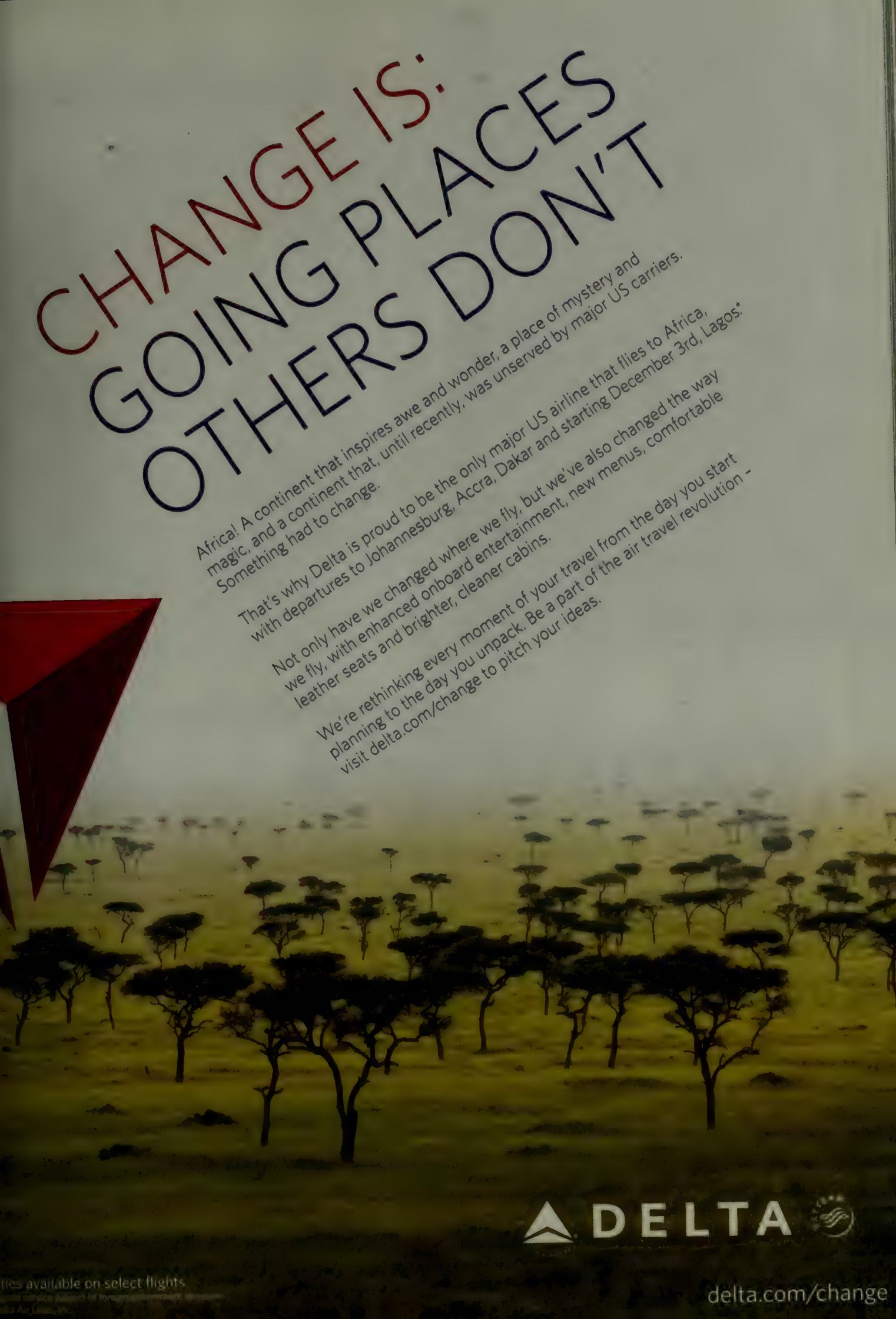



To learn more about how Dr. Asfaw and other clients achieved the life they envisioned with the help of their Financial Advisors, visit www.essentialpartner.com.

TOTAL LIVING

TOTAL MERRILL®

...ices and ...oducts offered by Merrill Lynch. The nature and degree of advice and assistance provided, the fees charged, and client rights and Merrill Lynch's ...rill are service marks of Merrill Lynch & Co., Inc. © 2007 Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Incorporated. Member, SIPC.


CHANGE IS:
GOING PLACES
OTHERS DON'T
Africa! A continent that inspires awe and wonder, a place of mystery and magic, and a continent that, until recently, was unserved by major US carriers. Something had to change.
That's why Delta is proud to be the only major US airline that flies to Africa, with departures to Johannesburg, Accra, Dakar and starting December 3rd, Lagos.*
Not only have we changed where we fly, but we've also changed the way we fly, with enhanced onboard entertainment, new menus, comfortable leather seats and brighter, cleaner cabins.
We're rethinking every moment of your travel from the day you start planning to the day you unpack. Be a part of the air travel revolution – visit delta.com/change to pitch your ideas.
DELTA
ties available on select flights.
delta.com/change

Out of Africa

Somewhere between 80,000 and 50,000 years ago, Africa saved *Homo sapiens* from extinction. Charting the DNA shared by more than six billion people, a population geneticist—and director of the Genographic Project—suggests what humanity "owes" its first home

By Spencer Wells



ROAD TRIP!
Following different routes out of Africa, successive waves of early humans migrated into new territories, eventually populating the entire globe save Antarctica. This map shows this complex web of migrations in their broadest strokes.

Do you think you know who you are? Maybe Irish, Italian, Jewish, Chinese, or one of the dozens of other hyphenated Americans that make up the United States melting pot? Think deeper—beyond the past few hundred years. Back beyond genealogy, where everyone loses track of his or her ancestry—back in that dark, mysterious realm we call prehistory. What if I told you every single person in America—every single person on earth—is African? With a small scrape of cells from the inside of anyone's cheek, the science of genetics can even prove it.

Here's how it works. The human genome, the blueprint that describes how to make another version of you, is huge. It's composed of billions of sub-units called nucleotides, repeated in a long, linear code that contains all of your biological information. Skin color, hair type, the way you metabolize milk: it's all in there. You got your DNA from your parents, who got it from theirs, and so on, for millions of generations to the very beginning of life on earth. If you go far enough back, your genome connects you with bacteria, butterflies, and barracuda—the great chain of being linked together through DNA.

What about humanity, though? What about creatures you would recognize as being like you if they were peering over your shoulder right now? It turns out that every person alive today can trace his or her ancestry back to Africa. Everyone's DNA tells a story of a journey from an African homeland to wherever you live. You may be from Cambodia or County Cork, but you are carrying a map inside your genome that describes the wanderings of your ancestors as they moved from the savannas of Africa to wherever your family came from most recently. This is thanks to genetic markers—tiny changes that arise rarely and spontaneously as our DNA is copied and passed down through the generations—which serve to unite people on ever older branches of the human family tree. If you share a marker with someone, you share an ancestor with him or her at some point in the past: the person whose DNA first had the marker that defines your shared lineage. These markers can be traced to

The country is beautiful. The people are warm.

The life expectancy is 49.







Merrill Lynch

relatively specific times and places as humans moved across the globe. The farther back in time and the closer to Africa we get, the more markers we all share.

What set these migrations in motion? Climate change—today's big threat—seems to have had a long history of tormenting our species. Around 70,000 years ago it was getting very nippy in the northern part of the globe, with ice sheets bearing down on Seattle and New York; this was the last Ice Age. At that time, though, our species, *Homo sapiens,* was still limited to Africa; we were very much homebodies. But the encroaching Ice Age, perhaps coupled with the eruption of a super-volcano named Toba, in Sumatra, dried out the tropics and nearly decimated the early human population. While *Homo sapiens* can be traced to around 200,000 years ago in the fossil record, it is remarkably difficult to find an archaeological record of our species between 80,000 and 50,000 years ago, and genetic data suggest that the population eventually dwindled to as few as 2,000 individuals. Yes, 2,000—fewer than fit into many symphony halls. We were on the brink of extinction.

sphere. Along the way we kept adapting to new climates, in sor cases lost our dark tropical skin pigmentation, developed differe languages, and generated the complex tapestry of human divers we see around the world today, from Africa to Iceland to Tierra d Fuego. But the thing that set it all in motion, the thing that saved from extinction, happened first in Africa. Some anthropologists c it the Great Leap Forward, and it marked the true origin of our sp cies—the time when we started to behave like humans.

Africa gave us the tool we needed, in the form of a powerf abstract mind, to take on the world (and eventually to decode t markers in our DNA that make it possible to track our amazi journeys). Perhaps just a few small genetic mutations that appear around 50,000 years ago gave humans the amazing minds we u to make sense of the confusing and challenging world around

AFRICA GAVE US THE TOOL WE NEEDED, IN THE FORM OF A POWERFUL, ABSTRACT MIND, TO TAKE ON THE WORLD.







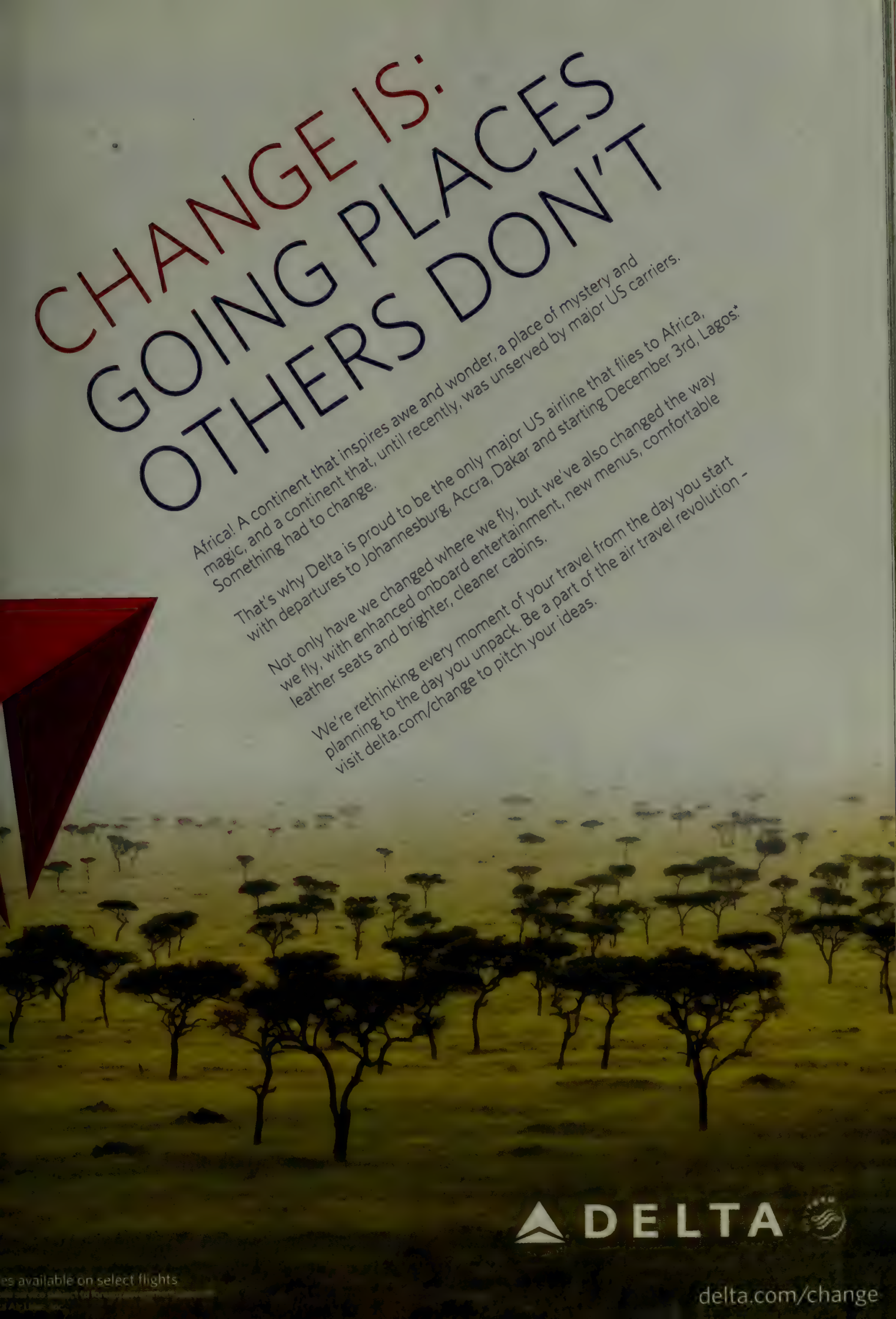
BEFORE HE WAS IRISH
Guest editor Bono, above, as a toddler, circa 1961, with maps showing the migrations of his matrilineal, *left,* and patrilineal ancestors, based on analysis of his DNA. His father's ancestors were among the first modern humans to enter Europe.

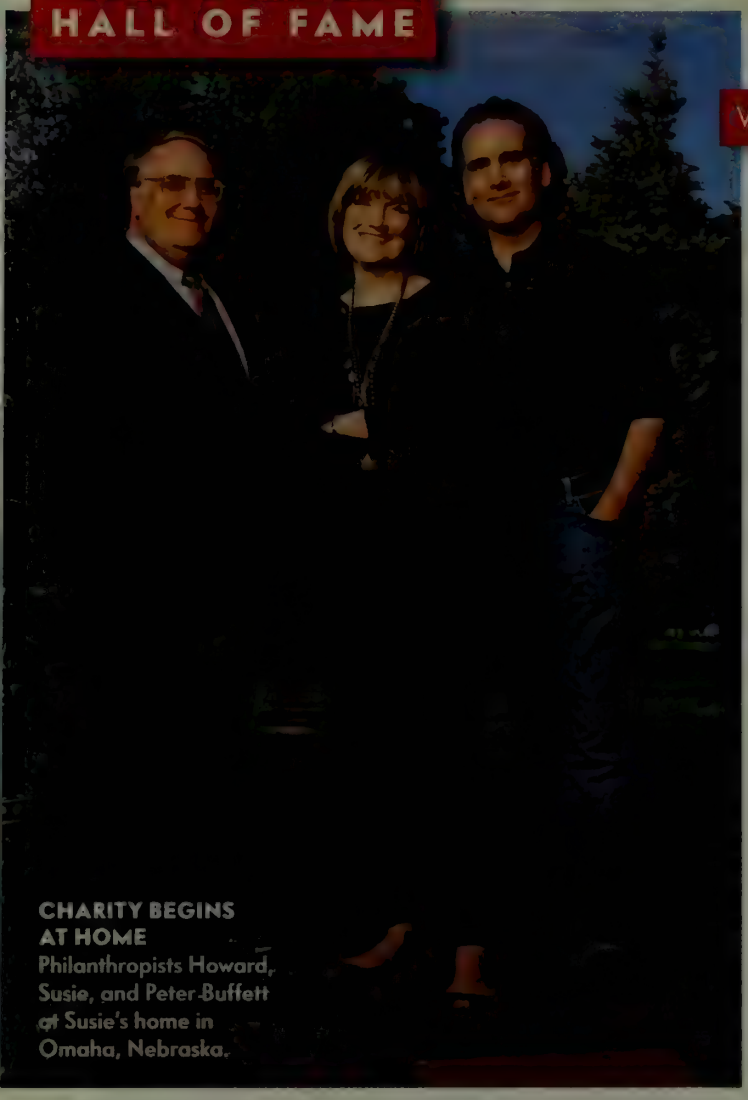
And then something happened. It began slowly, with only a few hints of the explosion to come: The first stirrings were art—tangible evidence of advanced, abstract thought—and a significant improvement in the types of tools humans made. Then, around 50,000 years ago, all hell broke loose. The human population began to expand, first in Africa, then leaving the homeland to spread into Eurasia. Within a couple of thousand years we had reached Australia, walking along the coast of South Asia. A slightly later wave of expansion into the Middle East, around 45,000 years ago, was aided by a brief damp period in the Sahara. Within 15,000 years of the exodus from Africa our species had entered Europe, defeating the Neanderthals in the process. (Neanderthals are distant cousins, not ancestors; our evolutionary lineages have been separated for more than 500,000 years.) We had also populated Asia, learning to live in frigid temperatures not unlike those on the Moon, and around 15,000 years ago we walked across a short-lived, icy land bridge to enter the Americas—the first hominids ever to set foot on the continents of the Western Hemi-

Using our incredible capacity to put abstract mu ing into practice, we have managed to populate e ery continent on earth, in the process increasi the size of our population from a paltry few tho sand to more than six billion. Now, 50 millenn after that first spark, times have changed. A hug number of things have contributed to Africa's rel tive decline on the world stage, perhaps most in portant geography. As Jared Diamond describ in his masterly book *Guns, Germs, and Steel,* Eu asia, with its East-West axis, allowed the rapid latitudinal diffusion of ideas and tools that would give its populations a huge advantage after the initial leap out of Africa. Couple that with the results of colonial exploitation over the past five centuries, and Africa, despite many strengths and resources, is once again in need, as it was 70,000 years ago. This time, though things are different.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND RELATED TOPICS, GO TO VF.COM.

The world population that was spawned in Africa now has th power to save it. We are all alive today because of what happene to a small group of hungry Africans around 50,000 years ago. A their good sons and daughters, those of us who left, whether lon ago or more recently, surely have a moral imperative to use ou gifts to support our cousins who stayed. It's the least we can d for the continent that saved us all thousands of years ago. □


CHANGE IS:
GOING PLACES
OTHERS DON'T
Africa! A continent that inspires awe and wonder, a place of mystery and magic, and a continent that, until recently, was unserved by major US carriers. Something had to change.
That's why Delta is proud to be the only major US airline that flies to Africa, with departures to Johannesburg, Accra, Dakar and starting December 3rd, Lagos.*
Not only have we changed where we fly, but we've also changed the way we fly, with enhanced onboard entertainment, new menus, comfortable leather seats and brighter, cleaner cabins.
We're rethinking every moment of your travel from the day you start planning to the day you unpack. Be a part of the air travel revolution – visit delta.com/change to pitch your ideas.
DELTA
es available on select flights
delta.com/change



CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME
Philanthropists Howard, Susie, and Peter Buffett at Susie's home in Omaha, Nebraska.

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES BUFFETT SIBLINGS

While their father, the investor and current *Vanity Fair* cover subject, was compiling his legendary investment record, their mother, Susan, got each of them started. Thinking about pro-social ideas. She was working! No long vacations for her kids! In the late 60s, she helped start Omaha's Head Start program and took 15-year-old daughter Susie along to work. Susie served food, read stories. She started a sewing program. Today, her philanthropy, the Sherwood Foundation, focuses on education for young children from low-income families. She chairs the Susan Thompson Buffett Foundation, serves on DATA's board, and is an adviser to (Red), of which I am C.E.O. Peter, the youngest, watched his mom organize what she called "the Panel" for the Urban League, and she took him along as she and her colleagues spoke about injustice. Bella Isenberg, Charlene Gibson (wife of Hall of Fame pitcher Bob Gibson), and "Mom" billed themselves as "a Jew, a black, and a Wasp" as they visited tough audiences to talk about racial prejudice. Peter adopted his mother's "Go where nobody else is going" strategy in his philanthropic projects. In West Africa, he is helping to organize vocational training and refugee services for child soldiers and displaced persons. Howard accompanied his mom to the North Omaha projects, where he saw the "significant differences" in the way people lived. At 12, he started a Cub Scout program in the projects. That experience led him to focus, through his photographs and foundation work, on what he calls the "extreme poor" in Africa. His teams are developing virus-resistant sweet potatoes, techniques for subsistence farming, and clean-water delivery systems. With their youth, assets, and determination, these three will create surprising new progress. —BOBBY SHRIVER

PHOTOGRAPH BY GASPER TRINGALE

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES ONE CAMPAIGN

What does Agnes Nyamayarwo, a Ugandan nurse, have in common with Shayne Moore, an Evangelical soccer mom from the Midwest? As volunteers with the One Campaign, they understand the fact that hundreds of millions living in poverty and tens of millions living with H.I.V./AIDS is simply not acceptable. Co-founded by Bono, One: The Campaign to Make Poverty History is a coalition of more than a hundred of the world's most respected advocacy and humanitarian groups. It is also a collective of American actors, activists, politicians, religious leaders, students, teachers, and parents that now numbers 2.4 million and is growing by the day. Supporters are buying the T-shirts and bracelets—single acts that can save single lives. They are donating their time to help bring medical care, clean water, and education to those who would otherwise become statistics or lead fruitless lives. The name One has a very practical significance: by signing the "declaration" on one.org, citizens are urging our government to dig into its pocket for another 1 percent of its budget to solve the crisis. One also means one person. Nyamayarwo, who is living with H.I.V. and who lost her husband and six-year-old son to the disease, knows that one person is always the most important person to someone else. —EVGENIA PERETZ

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTIAN WITKIN



SINGULAR SENSATIONS
One Campaign supporters Senator Bill Frist, House Speaker Nancy Pelosi, Ashley Judd, Pastor Rick Warren (standing), Matt Damon, mothers Shayne Moore and Agnes Nyamayarwo, and N.A.A.C.P. chairman Julian Bond.


HE MOTHER OF
ALL VODKAS FROM
THE MOTHERLAND
OF VODKA
GENUINE RUSSIAN VODKA
STOLICHNAYA
КЛАССИЧЕСКАЯ РУ
STOLICHNAYA
IMPORTED RUSSIAN VODKA
Stolichnaya
vodka
1979
RUSSIAN VODKA
CHOOSE
AUTHENTICITY
STOLICHNAYA
RUSSIAN VODKA
RESPONSIBLY
Imported by Pernod Ricard USA, Purchase, NY



THE GODF
Chinua Ac
photograp
at Bard Co
where h
is a profe

The Continental Shelf

On the heels of such literary giants as Chinua Achebe and Nadine Gordimer–and with a boost from the Internet–a new generation of authors, from Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie to Mohamed Magani, is telling African stories to the world

By Elissa Schappell and Rob Spillman

It seems everywhere one goes these days—coffee shops, bookstores, all the right parties—those in the know are buzzing about an African Literary Renaissance. Much like the literary scene of India in the late 1970s and early 80s, which spawned writers such as Salman Rushdie and Anita Desai, the cultural climate of Africa, with its rapid urbanization, expanding educational and economic opportunities, and relative artistic freedom, has forged a hotbed of creativity, giving rise to a vibrant new generation of writers demanding to be read.

Nowhere was this more in evidence than at the SLS Kenya/*Kwani?* Literary Festival in Nairobi this past December, where a historic number of writers, journalists, and magazine editors

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIGITTE LACOMBE

om Congo to Cape Town, Bangalore to Boston, gathered to atch a ride on literature's new wave.

The name on everybody's lips—from cabdrivers to waiters to reet vendors—was Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie. Referred to mply by her first name ("Chimamanda" was intoned with a ride and fondness usually reserved for family—or celebrities), dichie appeared radiant, fresh off her rock-star-style tour of Niria and splashy *New Yorker* debut. Anyone (even hideously et-lagged Brooklynites) observing the way Chimamanda parted he crowds, Cleopatra-style, at standing-room-only readings, ould sense the dawn of a new age.

While respectfully acknowledging that they've reached the potlight in part by standing on the shoulders of venerable giants uch as Chinua Achebe and Ben Okri, the youthquakers are fast reating a new tradition in African letters. Breaking away from old-school storytelling steeped in myth and legend and born out of a long oral tradition, the new generation has invented its own idiom, a gritty mash-up of languages (English, Swahili, and Sheng—Nairobi street slang) and cultures (Zulu, Islamic, Western, and hip-hop).

While the old pioneers continue to wrestle with the devastating effects of colonialism, racism, war, and corruption, the young guns are taking aim at post-colonial subject matter such as racial and gender inequality. The fire in their works is sparked not only by a clash of cultures but also by intimate battles waged between lovers and families. Notable too is the fact that the powerful voices of black African women writers are finally being heard in numbers approaching those of their male counterparts, and to great acclaim.

Given that Africa is the cradle of civilization, the birthplace of the written word, and also a continent of 800 million people and 53 countries, it's shocking that outside of Nadine Gordimer, Achebe, and J. M. Coetzee we are so ill-versed in African literature. Well, darlings, that's all about to change. Fueled by the Internet (and the few savvy Western publishers who've rubbed the sleep out of their eyes), the African revolution is on your doorstep—coming to you live, instant, and wired. Lucky, lucky you.

Herewith, a primer on the legends and the comers, arranged alphabetically—we won't pretend it's exhaustive—a jumping-off point that we hope leads you much deeper into the heart of African fiction.

Let the Lions Roar

Chinua Achebe (Albert Chinualumogu Achebe) is the dignified elder statesman of African letters. Long considered a favorite for the Nobel Prize in Literature, the revered Nigerian author is snubbed year after year in favor of an obscure Italian satirical playwright or a lugubrious Scandinavian novelist. This despite being the most translated African writer in the world, as well as the author of *Things Fall Apart* (1958), widely considered to be one of the finest novels of the 20th century. Its theme, the corrupting influence of Western customs and values on traditional African culture and society, reverberates throughout his oeuvre. The rap on Achebe, a self-described "cultural nationalist," is that his groundbreaking essay, "An Image of Africa," which elegantly slams Joseph Conrad's novel *Heart of Darkness* for dehumanizing Africans and Africa, coupled with his assertion that European and Western intellectuals consistently marginalize Africa and Africans with their misguided portrayals, has made him no friends on the Nobel committee.

It's ironic that one of the most famous African writers, the reclusive, ascetic novelist **J. M. Coetzee,** not only is now an Australian citizen but also refuses to identify himself with his homeland. The second South African–born Nobel laureate (the first was Gordimer) insists, "My intellectual allegiances are clearly European, not African." The role of the outsider in a dystopian society appears frequently in his work (evoking grim shades of Kafka and Beckett), most notably in *The Life and Times of Michael K* and *Disgrace,* each of which won the Man Booker Prize (the British Commonwealth's most prestigious literary award), though Coetzee never showed up to accept.

Best known as the voice of the voiceless, Somali novelist and activist **Nuruddin Farah** lays bare the African woman's battle for familial, economic, and religious freedom, savaging the age-old practices of arranged marriages and female circumcision in novels such as *Maps* and *Knots.* Believing it is the role of the writer to enact change, Farah says, "I have tried my best to keep my country alive by writing about it, and the reason is because nothing good comes out of a country until the artists of that country turn to writing about it in a truthful way." Farah has been in exile since 1974, when the Somali government pronounced his second novel, *A Naked Needle,* treasonable. Realizing imprisonment (or worse) was imminent, Farah stayed in Italy, where he was studying, and now resides in South Africa.

Best known as the voice of the voiceless, Nuruddin Farah lays bare the African woman's battle for freedom.

With her long-cool-drink-of-water demeanor and serious street cred, **Nadine Gordimer,** a founding member of the once banned African National Congress and "the conscience of South Africa," earns the title of Grande Dame of South African Literature. For more than half a century, her short stories and epic novels have articulated the real-life ramifications of apartheid in the lives of ordinary men and women. A master of employing multiple viewpoints—often those of the oppressed—she also has the chops to authentically paint the psychological nuances of apartheid's supporters, revealing the panoramic range of human experience under repression. Despite Gordimer's international fame, her novels *Burger's Daughter* and *July's People* were once banned in her own country. Ironically, when Gordimer received the Nobel Prize, in 1991, Nelson Mandela still did not have the right to vote.

Feminist-book-club favorite **Doris Lessing** was born in Persia (modern-day Iran) but grew up in Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe). At 13 she chucked high school to pursue the glamorous life of the self-educated intellectual, and at 15 abandoned home to escape her controlling mother. Lessing's early work mines the politics of race, crystallizing both the lives of dispossessed black Africans and the seemingly barren lives of white colonials, but it was the politics of gender that shot Lessing into the spotlight and the literary canon. Published in 1962, *The Golden Notebook,* a brutally honest, unapologetic rendering of female aggression and rage, is widely considered to be a feminist landmark in fiction.

Wizard of the Crow is the latest novel by Kenyan **Ngugi wa Thiong'o,** the scourge of African dictators and warlords. His nearly 800-page magnum opus is a sweeping satire of an African despot and his acolytes. Never one to cast a blind eye on government corruption, Ngugi (formerly James Ngugi) landed in jail for his 1977 play, *I Will Marry When I Want.* While in the slammer he wrote an entire novel, *Devil on the Cross,* on toilet paper, and also stopped doing his primary writing in English. Believing

passionately that the only way to sever ties with colonialism and develop a true, authentic African literature is for African authors to reject the language of the oppressor, Ngugi urges his countrymen to write in the tongue of their indigenous cultures. Currently ensconced in sunny California, Ngugi now writes in the Niger-Congo language Gikuyu, and then translates his own work into English.

Prolific poet and magical-realist novelist **Ben Okri's** work is born out of the ancient oral storytelling traditions, steeped in African mysticism, and is deeply influenced by his childhood memories of the Biafran war for independence from Nigeria. In 1991, Okri won the Booker Prize for his novel *The Famished Road,* a lyrical and dreamlike account of a spirit child living in the urban ghetto of Lagos. Because Okri's tales are peppered with political and social commentary, populated with memorable characters from the underclass, and spun in a wide array of dialects and languages, he has been called the African Dickens.

The first African recipient of the Nobel Prize in Literature was Nigerian **Wole Soyinka,** in 1986, 20 years after the playwright, novelist, and poet was imprisoned for writing an article appealing for peace between the Biafran rebels and the Nigerian government in the midst of Nigeria's bloody civil war. Soyinka's 22 months in solitary confinement gave rise to his memoir, *The Man Died.* While greatly influenced by the mythology of his own tribe, the Yoruba (particularly their stories about Ogun, the god of iron and war), his two densely plotted, moralistic novels, *The Interpreters* and *Season of Anomy,* have also inspired critics to tease out comparisons to the works of Great Dead White Male Authors William Faulkner and James Joyce.

Wizard of the Crow, Ngugi wa Thiong'o's nearly 800-page magnum opus, is a sweeping satire of an African despot and his acolytes.

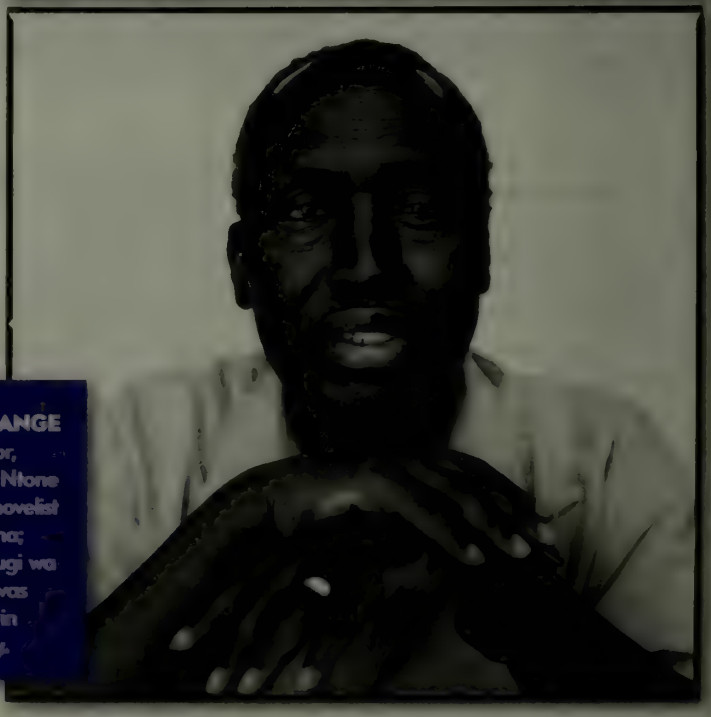
Catch the New Wave

In 2003 the 30-year-old Nigerian "It girl" **Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie** served notice to the male-dominated lit patriarchy when her debut novel, *Purple Hibiscus,* beat all comers for the Commonwealth Writers' Prize for Best First Book. Her most recent novel, *Half of a Yellow Sun,* an artful and evocative depiction of the legacy of the Biafran war, was nominated for the U.S.'s National Book Critics Circle Award. Perhaps the fastest-rising star on the African literary scene, she has been hailed as the heir to Chinua Achebe. Eerily, Adichie grew up not only in the same university town as Achebe but in the very house he once lived in.

The shadow of the Idi Amin era hangs over the lives of three middle-class sisters in Ugandan author **Doreen Baingana's** *Tropical Fish: Tales out of Entebbe,* winner of both the Association of Writers and Writing Programs award for short fiction and the Commonwealth Writers' Prize for Best First







AUTHORS OF CHANGE *From top:* editor, journalist, and D.J. Ntone Edjabe; Ugandan novelist Doreen Baingana; Kenyan author Ngugi wa Thiong'o. Each was photographed in New York City.

we face challenges all over the world.

n Africa, it's malaria.





Today, Africa's economies are growing and contributing significantly to the world's energy supply.

But millions of African lives are still being affected by malaria, a preventable disease that's spread by infected mosquitoes.

With a presence in Africa for more than 100 years, ExxonMobil is working to drastically cut the number of malaria cases through sustained financial and on-the-ground support. We're partnering with many groups, including governments and international health organizations, to combat malaria and save lives. These efforts include everything from developing new drugs to distributing insecticide-treated bed nets to places where they're desperately needed.

Because if we work together, we can all help ensure Africa has a brighter future.

exxonmobil.com/malaria

ExxonMobil

Taking on the world's toughest energy challenges.™



THE NEW QUEEN
Nigerian novelist Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, photographed in New York City.

Book in the Africa region in 2006. The book's subtitle is a not so subtle jab at Isak Dinesen (also known as Danish aristocrat Karen Blixen) and her book *Out of Africa*. By forgoing the cosmic wide-angle lens of her forebearers, Baingana gets at big truths by going micro. Her stories, like those of Jhumpa Lahiri and Monica Ali, dwell less in the history and politics of the homeland, more in the modern, messy intimate politics of home life.

Mia Couto, Mozambique's foremost novelist, was active in his country's mid-70s revolution against colonial Portugal and has gone on to become a literary hero of his liberated country. With his trademark surreal, playful prose style (think Gabriel García Márquez and Jorge Luis Borges eating, drinking, and speaking Portuguese), Couto's most celebrated novel, *Under the Frangipani,* draws readers down into the world of the dead to find spirits old and new wrestling over the soul of Mozambique.

Cameroon-born journalist **Ntone Edjabe** is the editor of the *über*-cool Cape Town–based magazine *Chimurenga,* a multilingual journal spinning a funky mix of art, culture, and political writing from and about Africa. Recent themes included "Music as Weapon" and "Futbol, Politricks & Ostentatious Cripples." Edjabe chose the name *Chimurenga* not only because it means "struggle for liberation" in the Zimbabwean language of Shona but also because it is a description of the music that stoked the rebellion against British colonialism and the white-supremacist regime that rose to power in Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) in the 1970s. Music is clearly Edjabe's obsession; at present he's at work on a highly anticipated book on the Pan-African influence of Fela Anikulapo Kuti, the late, great Nigerian bandleader and father of Afro-beat, while supporting *Chimurenga* and himself by working as the most righteous D.J. in Cape Town.

A native of war-ravaged Sierra Leone, **Aminatta Forna,** broadcast journalist and novelist, describes the legacy of 20 years of civil war on one family in her 2006 novel, *Ancestor Stones.* When she began researching her own family's past for her memoir, she had no clue what she might dig up. *The Devil That Danced on the Water* (2003) is her horrifying excavation of the truth behind the execution of her father, a prominent dissident.

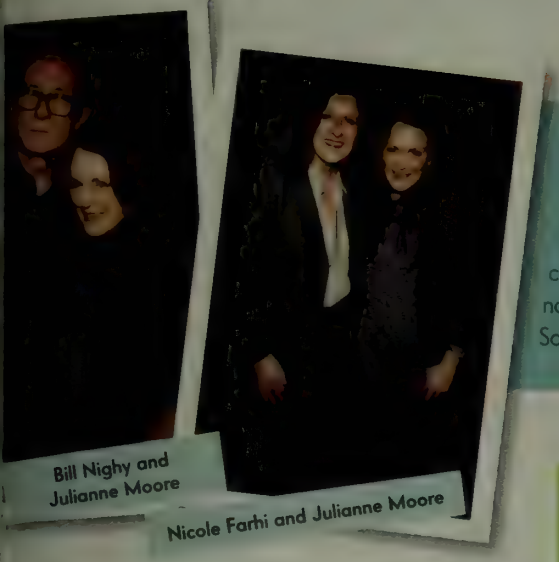
Nigerian **Helon Habila** credits E. M. Forster's *Aspects of the Novel* with luring him into the dark art of fiction writing and spurring him to go back to college. In 2001 Habila won the Caine Prize (established in 2000, the Caine is commonly referred to as "the African Booker Prize"), as well as the Commonwealth Writers' Prize, for a selection from his first novel, *Waiting for an Angel.* Due to a lack of publishing venues in Nigeria at the time, Habila, like many other African authors, had to self-publish the book, but after winning the Caine prize the novel was reissued by Penguin. Habila's most recent novel, *Measuring Time,* features twin brothers facing equally tragic futures: one battles sickle-cell anemia, while the other, a soldier of fortune, kills for cash.

> Anyone observing the way Chimamanda parted the crowds, Cleopatra-style, could sense the dawn of a new age.

Last year, the 24-year-old American-born Nigerian **Uzodinma Iweala** beat down the doors of the international literary establishment with his blunt, brutal, heart-stopping debut novel, *Beasts of No Nation,* the harrowing tale of a child soldier in an unnamed African country who morphs from innocent soul into murderous butcher. Iweala won both the New York Public Library's Young Lions Award and the *Los Angeles Times*'s Art Seidenbaum Award

vanity fair agenda

advertising • promotion • events • opportunities

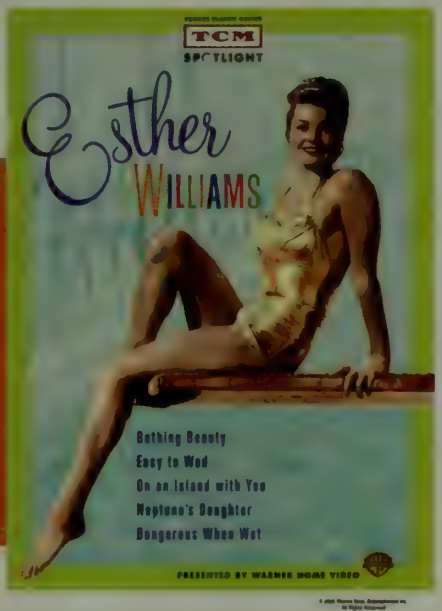


The Nicole Farhi Lifestyle

On March 5, Nicole Farhi and *Vanity Fair* hosted a celebration of style with special guests Julianne Moore and Bill Nighy. Invited guests gathered at 202, Nicole Farhi's café and lifestyle boutique, for a festive evening of cocktails and shopping. Among the notables in attendance were Nicole Farhi, playwright David Hare, photographer Mario Sorrenti, actor Julian Sands, and Oscar®-nominated director Stephen Daldry.

Visit TCM.com for Everything Classic Movies

Make a splash this summer with the Esther Williams TCM Spotlight Collection. Turner Classic Movies celebrates the original bathing beauty with a collection of five films new to DVD, plus an ocean of extras. On sale at tcm.com, your one-stop shop for thousands of DVDs, books, and gift items.





Suggestive Summer Reading

Svedka—voted the #1 vodka of 2033—and Chronicle Books present *2033: The Future of Misbehavior.* The collection of sexy stories is inspired by the social commentary of Svedka_Grl and set in the not-so-distant future. From the active imaginations of Jay McInerney, Rick Moody, Ana Marie Cox, and other top authors selected by Nerve.com's editors, the book is available everywhere books are sold.

Hampton Luxury Liner

Keep your Hamptons weekends stress-free by traveling from Manhattan aboard the Hampton Luxury Liner's spacious, relaxing bus service, departing hourly. Each elegant coach offers beverages, snacks, music, movies, and a newsstand library. Stretch out in oversize seats. Arrive refreshed. Only $24.90 each way when you purchase a 10-trip value pack for $249. For reservations, call 631-537-5800, or visit hamptonluxuryliner.com.





Montblanc Salutes Great Writing

The winners of the 2006 *Vanity Fair* Essay Contest, sponsored by Montblanc, have been announced. Each responded to the question: In a nation defined by video games, reality TV, and virtual friendships, with a White House that has perfected the art of politics as public relations, what is reality to Americans today? And did we ever have a grasp of it?

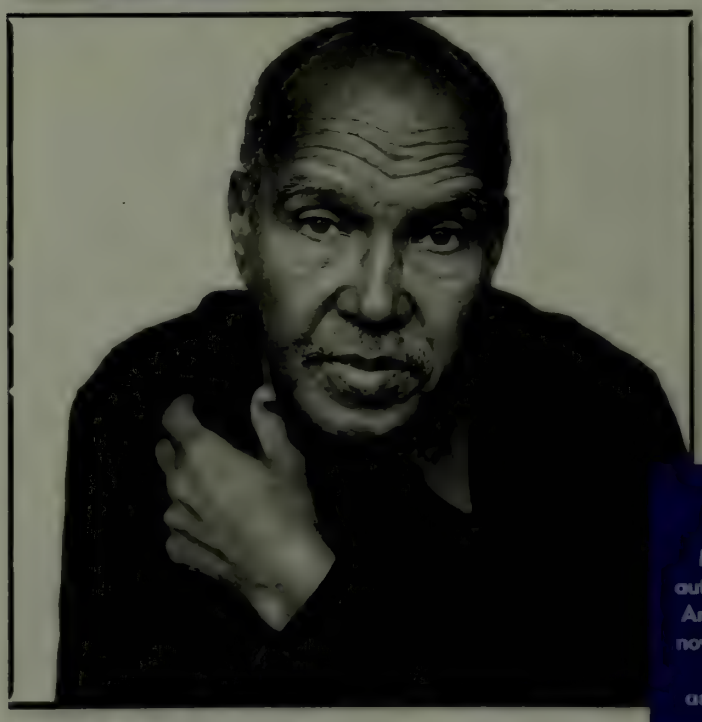
The grand prize went to Kipling Austin Buis, of Ventura, California, whose essay was entitled "Mrs. Trollope's America and Ours." He received $15,000, a week at a writers' retreat in Tuscany, and a Montblanc Meisterstück 149 fountain pen.

Second prize, for a piece called "Our American Stranglehold," went to Ian Gordon, of Glastonbury, Connecticut, who received $5,000 and a Montblanc Bohème fountain pen.

And third prize for an essay entitled "The King's White Beard" went to James Trimarco, of Brooklyn, New York, who received $1,000 and a Montblanc StarWalker fine-liner.







for First Fiction. (His mother, Ngozi Okonjo-Iweala, Nigeria's former finance minister, is featured on page 180 of this issue.) Where some young writers would be setting their careers on cruise control, or cashing in, Iweala is currently stealing time to write before attending Columbia Medical School this fall.

Congolese **Alain Mabanckou's** 2003 novel, *African Psycho,* a macabre but comical take on a would-be serial killer, is his first book to be translated into English (from his native French). The Los Angeles–based Mabanckou is published by Soft Skull Press, a cheeky, freewheeling outfit launched in the back of a Manhattan Kinko's, and now one of a number of small publishers, including Akhashic and Archipelago, gambling that daring American readers will crack international novels.

Algerian **Mohamed Magani** is at the epicenter of the Maghrebian literary landscape. In 1987, Magani won the prestigious Grand Prix Littéraire International de la Ville d'Alger for his transcendent novel, *La Faille du Ciel.* While his work is not in print in the United States, excellent translations can be accessed online courtesy of the heroic efforts of Words Without Borders (wordswithoutborders.org). Consider the Web site a brainy dating service for your intellect—a way to hook up inquisitive readers with otherwise unobtainable but potentially mind-blowing texts.

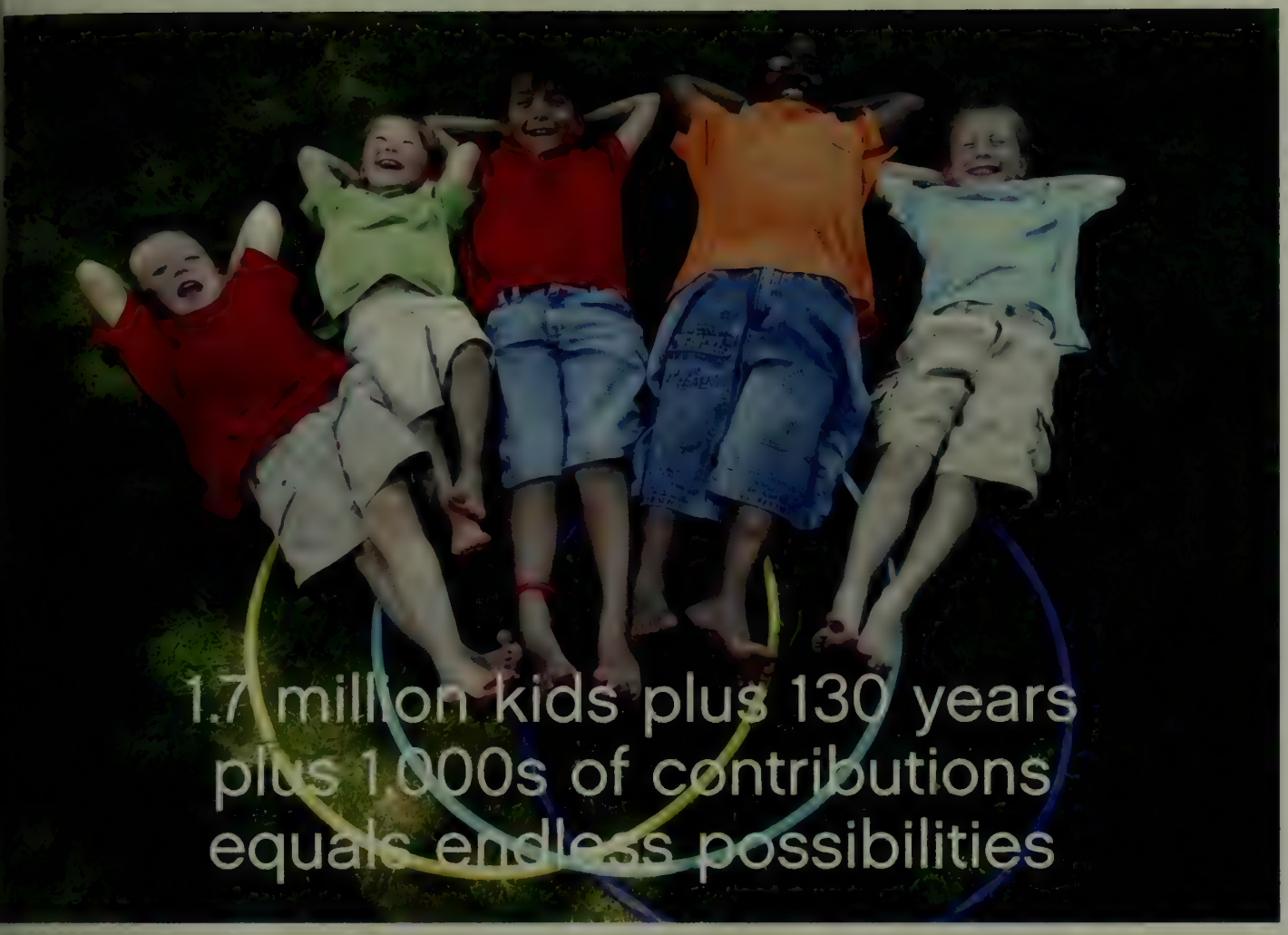
Although **Yvonne Vera** died two years ago at the age of 40, it would be a gross oversight to leave out the Zimbabwean writer, as she is at once emblematic of the outspoken African women writers finally finding publishers, and part of the vanguard of writers addressing the varied and complex roles of women in contemporary African society. Her final book, *The Stone Virgins,* offered a rare and bracing look at how the 20-year-long war for Zimbabwean independence affected women. She explained her mission thus: "I am against silence. The books I write try to undo the silent posture African women have endured over so many decades." And undo it she has.

Last year, Uzodinma Iweala beat down the doors of the international literary establishment with his blunt, brutal debut novel.

Known for his frank, take-no-prisoners style and a sly, diabolical wit, double-barreled literary talent **Binyavanga Wainaina** (whose essay on Kenya appears on page 84) is the firebrand editor of *Kwani?,* a new, Nairobi-based literary magazine at the heart of the burgeoning Kenyan literary scene, as well as the winner of the 2002 Caine Prize for "Discovering Home," an excerpt from his eagerly awaited first novel, due out next year from Graywolf Press. Wainaina's stingingly smart satire "How to Write About Africa," published last year in *Granta,* created legions of fans, who have enthusiastically forwarded the piece to so many people in Africa that the story is now almost considered spam. □

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND OTHER TOPICS, GO TO VF.COM.

AFRICAN STORYTELLERS
From top: Congolese author Alain Mabanckou; American-born Nigerian novelist Uzodinma Iweala; Somalian writer and activist Nuruddin Farah.



be part of the equation

With help from people like you, inner-city children can visit the country and make new friends. They can swim in a lake and walk barefoot in the grass for the very first time – things they might never get to do without The Fresh Air Fund. We send thousands of city children to visit volunteer host families or attend sleep-away camp in the country every summer. And we've been able to do it because of contributions from our generous donors. Be a part of the equation. Donate today.

1.800.367.0003

the *Fresh Air* fund

www.freshair.org

633 Third Avenue, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10017



A copy of our annual financial report may be obtained from The Fresh Air Fund, 633 Third Avenue, 14th Floor, New York, NY (212.897.8900), or from the New York State Attorney General's Charities Bureau, Attn: FOIL Officer, 120 Broadway, New York, NY 10271. ®2007 The Fresh Air Fund. Photographs by James Levine.

Enter China, the Giant

Desperate for Africa's oil, China has been investing hundreds of billions of dollars in pariah regimes—most controversially, Sudan—then selling them the weapons to stay in power. But outrage over the Darfur genocide may change Beijing's bottom line

By Sebastian Junger



OIL TOIL
A Nigerian worker and a Chinese contractor at a French-owned oil-drilling installation in Nigeria.

The rebels came out of the eastern desert in a column of pickup trucks a hundred vehicles long and were not spotted until they had crossed most of Chad. The trucks were rumored to have come from a Chinese oil base, and the rebels carried Chinese weapons and were backed by a country—Sudan—that got most of its revenue by selling oil to the Chinese government. By the time American spy satellites picked them up, the rebels—calling themselves the Front Uni pour le Changement (FUC)—were 60 miles outside the Chadian capital of N'Djamena and closing fast. Mirage jets, part of a French stabilization force, fired warning shots at the advancing column, but nothing would slow it down.

Each truck carried 55-gallon drums of water and spare fuel in the back and could operate across a thousand miles of desert unaided. Pouches of rocket-propelled grenades hung from the sides, and belt-fed machine guns were bolted to the rooftops. Five men rode inside the cab, and another 5 or 10 men rode in the back along with the bedrolls, ammunition, fuel drums, and spare tires. Some trucks were plastered with mud to blend in with the desert, and others had their windshields punched out to allow for an additional machine gun on the dashboard. Outfitted like that, there was virtually nowhere in the Sahara they couldn't go.

Around four A.M. on April 13, 2006, a Chadian Army commander spotted the rebel column on the outskirts of N'Djamena and radioed in to his headquarters, "We are face-to-face." Moments later, the first rockets came in. The FUC commanders had expected Chadian officers to switch sides as soon as the column arrived, but, instead, the rebels found themselves surrounded in the center of town and getting shot to pieces. By midmorning the corpses of scores of FUC fighters had been dumped in front of the new National Assembly building.

The coup had been thwarted, but the fact that rebel forces could get anywhere near the capital was troubling to foreign investors, and Chad's fledgling oil industry was not yet self-sustaining. Facing the combined might of China and its client state Sudan, Chadian president Idriss Déby did what—in African politics—could only be considered the obvious: he made FUC leader Mohamat Nour his minister of defense, and he invited the Chinese government into Chad to drill for oil.

In addition to supplying oil money and weapons to Sudan, China has adamantly defended the country against any international criticism over Darfur, the region of southwestern Sudan where militias, supported by the Islamist government in Khartoum, have killed hundreds of thousands of tribal Africans. The war has spilled into Chad,

LEGENDARY SETTING 3 NEW ARTISTS EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT



MAKING
MUSIC
HISTORY AGAIN

Live From ABBEY ROAD

THURSDAYS 10 PM E/P
SERIES PREMIERE JUNE 21

PRESENTED BY
Cadillac

sundance CHANNEL
for a change.

SUNDANCECHANNEL.COM

©2007 Sundance Channel L.L.C. All rights reserved. SUNDANCE CHANNEL is a registered trademark of Sundance Enterprises, Inc. Sundance Channel L.L.C. is an authorized user. For a Change is a trademark of Sundance Channel L.L.C. All rights reserved.

causing an immense amount of suffering and destabilizing the entire region. Yet, in the year since the attack on N'Djamena, the Chinese have made astonishing inroads into Chad—a country that could easily consider China an enemy. It is the particular brilliance of Chinese foreign relations in Africa, however, that they seem to be able to conduct business with both sides of a raging war without alienating either party.

The groundwork for Chinese involvement in Chad was laid in 2000, when the World Bank lent the African nation $37 million to help build a pipeline from its Doba Basin oil fields, through Cameroon, to the Gulf of Guinea, where it terminated in an offshore loading platform. Chad's portion of the oil revenue was expected to run into hundreds of millions of dollars annually—an enormous boon for a country that ranks at the very bottom of the world's poverty list. In an attempt to break the endless cycle of corruption that so many African countries are known for, the World Bank stipulated that 80 percent of those revenues be spent on social programs. The problem was that the World Bank conditions—though well intentioned—restricted President Déby's military spending so drastically that Sudan was able to outspend him by 50 to 1, which made the outcome of the war almost inevitable. In October 2005, Déby declared that he was no longer abiding by the loan agreement, and within months the World Bank ended all loan payments to Chad.

In the world of international development, there was a huge amount riding on the Chad-Cameroon pipeline. Over the past century, Western companies have extracted trillions of dollars' worth of oil, gas, minerals, and timber from African countries that were simply incapable of investing the revenue in a responsible way. The countries were too young, too fragile, too riven by tribal tensions, and, frankly, led by men who were too greedy to put the money to good use. The elaborate system of loan conditions and monitoring mechanisms set in place by the World Bank was one of the first major attempts to avoid this trap, and by all rights it should have worked. It was innovative and forward-thinking and could well have provided Africa with a way out of poverty.

Instead, Chad's war with Sudan got in the way. Four months after the attack on N'Djamena, President Déby severed diplomatic relations with Taiwan and invited the Chinese into his country to drill for oil. To many experts it seemed a bald attempt to bribe China into easing its support of Sudan. Once in Chad, China didn't waste any time. Last January, the Canadian company EnCana announced the sale of its 50 percent share of a vast, undeveloped oil field, named Block H, split between the northern and southern parts of the country, to the China National Petroleum Corporation. The company then quickly partnered with another Chinese petroleum firm to buy up the rest of the block. With that purchase, the Chinese held oil interests in a swath of troubled, politically repressive countries stretching from the Red Sea to the Gulf of Guinea.

I arrived in N'Djamena just before the one-year anniversary of the April 13 attack. Despite some skirmishes and a Sudanese air raid near the town of Bahai, things were quiet inside the Chad border. There were rumors that Sudan's militias were going to make another attempt on the capital, but there was nothing anyone could do about it except wait and see.

With a population of around one million, N'Djamena is a city of low cement buildings and long boulevards that could never be traversed without the huge shade trees that the French planted a hundred years ago. Chad is a country of almost biblical harshness: kiln-like heat and droughts and locust plagues and deadly scorpions that ride atop the monstrous camel spiders found in the eastern deserts. Refugees from Darfur don't fare well on foot in eastern Chad.

With the discovery of oil there have been some improvements, however. There are now paved roads to the oil fields, a couple of new high-rises in N'Djamena, and the amazingly ghastly National Assembly building that the Chinese slapped together out of steel and beige tile. Farther out of town, beyond the earthen berms of the French military base, the government is building a housing development for the influx of people they expect once the oil money hits town. The site is 143 acres of bone-dry gully and hardpan that had to be filled and graded and laid out in a huge, well-drained grid. An American company put in a bid for the job but never had a chance against the Chinese.

"Not only are the Chinese cheaper, but they said they could do the job in three months," the project director explained to me as we drove around the jobsite. It was around 120 degrees, and workers were moving slowly through the heat and the dust, preparing the roadways for hardtop. The laborers were all Chadian, but everyone else on the job—engineers, drivers, architects,





BORDER WA
For left, a Chine
weapon seized
Abeche; left, Cha
backed rebels ne
the border of Dar

"The U.S. government can't plan past six months from now. The Chinese think a hundred years in advance."



PIRATION PULLED FROM YOUR LIFE. THAT'S PROFESSIONAL GRADE

- easiest form of turn-by-turn navigation available*
- er fuel efficiency than any 8-passenger SUV**
- standard safety features
- l sunroof with breathtaking sky views available
- inTrak® for multiple road surfaces
- entertainment system available
- upholders

GMC ACADIA

WELCOME TO ACADIA. THE CROSSOVER FROM GMC.

r of directions and connections standard. Visit www.onstar.com for system limitations and details. Not available in certain areas. **EPA est. 18 mpg city, 26 mpg hwy (2WD) and 17 mpg city, 24 mpg hwy (AWD). s other GM vehicles. ©2007 General Motors Corp. All rights reserved. Acadia, GMC, StabiliTrak and GMC logo are registered trademarks of General Motors Corp.

crew bosses—was Chinese. "They don't have limited hours; all they do is work," the director says of them with admiration. "And they are not paid well—no insurance, nothing. They're fast, cheap, and they don't argue. That's why they got the job."

According to experts, Chinese construction firms regularly underbid Western rivals by importing cheap Chinese workers and slicing their profit margins to as little as 3 percent. As a result, American companies lose one construction contract after another in Africa. Even in small business ventures, the Chinese are hard to compete with. A Taiwanese restaurant owner in Chad named David Wu, whose parents immigrated to Angola when he was young, admits that he hires Chinese workers because they are so cheap. "I would rather take Taiwanese workers, but I can't," he explains. "They take a month vacation every six months and want to be paid $2,000 a month. The Chinese don't take vacations and will work for $700 or $800 a month. Chinese merchants are everywhere now—in Angola, in Niger, in Congo. They're able to undercut locals because all their goods come from China."

I asked an American military officer with long experience in the region how the Chinese can be so successful doing business in one of the poorest and most unstable parts of the world. The man's answer came out in one long rush. "The Chinese say to these countries, 'Look, roads will help your economy, so let's build a road, and we'll provide most of the money for it,'" he said. "The rest of the loan is then provided by Chinese banks and secured against future oil revenues from the country. The road-building contracts go to Chinese construction firms with Chinese engineers, workers, and equipment. All of this comes in a package. Why internationalize something when you can do it yourself? The construction materials come on Chinese ships and are moved on Chinese trucks and Chinese equipment that use Chinese-made rubber gaskets. The Chinese Embassy in Chad is totally self-contained—they even grow their own vegetables. The U.S. government can't plan past six months from now. The Chinese think a hundred years in advance."

China's relationship with Africa started in earnest in the late 1950s, when its support—along with the Soviets'—for rebel leaders like Zimbabwean president Robert Mugabe helped overthrow colonial administrations all over the continent. It has been in only the last 10 or 15 years, however, that China has entered Africa with bulldozers, engineers, and construction crews. With foreign-currency reserves topping $1 trillion and an economic-growth rate of 11 percent a year, China is both desperate for natural resources and in a position to spend enormous amounts of money to get its hands on them. Oil is of particular concern. Chinese oil needs are rising 10 percent annually—by far the fastest of any nation in the world—and if those needs are not met, their economic expansion will collapse. That has sent them to Africa.

China now gets 31 percent of its oil from Africa and is the top trading partner for several major oil-producing African countries. Chinese trade with the continent has quadrupled since 2000 and is expected to triple again by 2010, blowing past the United States to hit $100 billion a year. To top it off, China has canceled more than $1 billion worth of African debt. On a continent as mired in poverty and corruption as Africa, that kind of money will buy you a lot of friends.

China's relationship with Sudan has received the most scrutiny because of the atrocities in Darfur.

"China's primary goal is to import from Africa those key raw materials that will sustain its booming economy," says David Shinn, former U.S. ambassador to Ethiopia and Burkina Faso and currently an adjunct professor at George Washington University. "That's oil, but it's also minerals and timber. The Communist Party is more or less predicating its future on maintaining booming economic growth, and if it should stumble, then I think the party is in danger of losing power."

Africa arguably needs all the foreign investment and debt relief it can get. But as European and American governments are beginning to realize, unregulated development often produces more—not less—poverty in Africa, and that leads to instability and corruption in the very countries where Western companies are trying to do business. The restrictions on the World Bank loan to Chad were an attempt to avoid that trap, but China is willing to completely ignore those issues. That puts them in an unbeatable negotiating position.

"The Chinese are financing a dam project in Sudan, and there are reports of communities being displaced as a result," a World Bank official in Africa explained to me. "With the World Bank, there would be consultations with the affected populations, along with compensation to people whose land was lost. But China offers [a no-strings-attached] approach that many countries would understand to be simpler, faster, and cheaper."

Giving money away in Africa is good business: it's a continent rich in resources and desperately lacking in everything else, and once an industrialized country is in there, it can insert itself into almost every part of the economy. Let's say that China lends an African country a billion dollars that will be secured by future oil revenues. To produce those



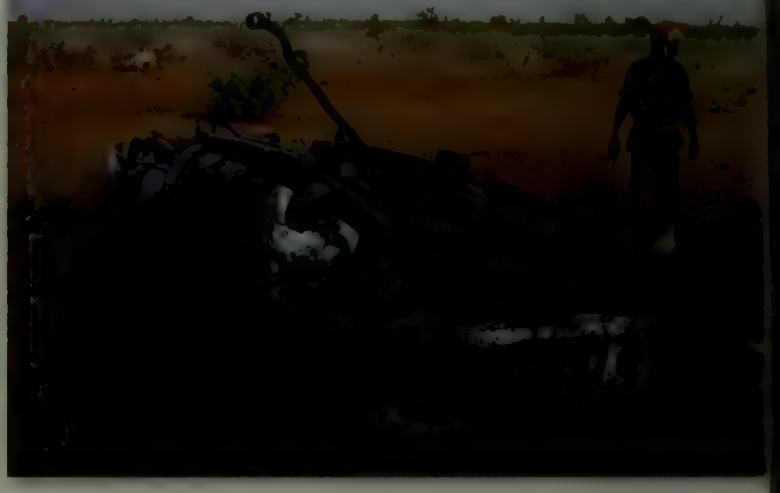
CENTER OF THE STORM A map of the area in central Africa visited by the author.


WHY MAN INVENTED
FIRE.
W.BEEFITSWHATSFORDINNER.COM
BEEF
IT'S WHAT'S FOR DINNER
FUNDED BY AMERICA'S BEEF PRODUCERS

revenues, the Chinese stipulate that the oil infrastructure—pipelines, wells, offshore rigs, roads—must be built by their firms, which either have been written into the loan contract or can underbid everyone else because they are effectively state-owned. (Bids from Chinese construction firms regularly come in at 25 percent below those of Western rivals.) The construction work is also financed by oil revenues, but it hardly matters to China whether the original loan is paid off, because it now owns a huge chunk of the country's future oil revenues—a much more lucrative enterprise than simply calling in loan payments.

In addition, China now has a client for the kinds of huge infrastructure projects that African governments love, as well as a huge, new, untapped market for its cheap manufactured goods. It's not good for the country, necessarily, but since many African governments are breathtakingly corrupt, there is usually a high-level minister—if not the president himself—who will see the deal through.





WAITING FOR PEACE Above, child refugees in Forchana, Chad; *right*, a Chadian general surveys the wreckage of war.

> "Only 23 percent of the world's oil reserves are open for ownership. . . China's fighting for a piece."

China's relationship with Sudan has received the most scrutiny because of the ongoing atrocities in Darfur sponsored by the Sudanese government. In the 1990s, China spent hundreds of millions of dollars building pipelines to serve Sudan's southern oil fields. Those investments gave China a 41 percent stake in the country's main refinery and access to as much as 80 percent of the oil coming out of that country. It was a great investment—except that Sudan has a history of civil war and terrorism that goes back decades.

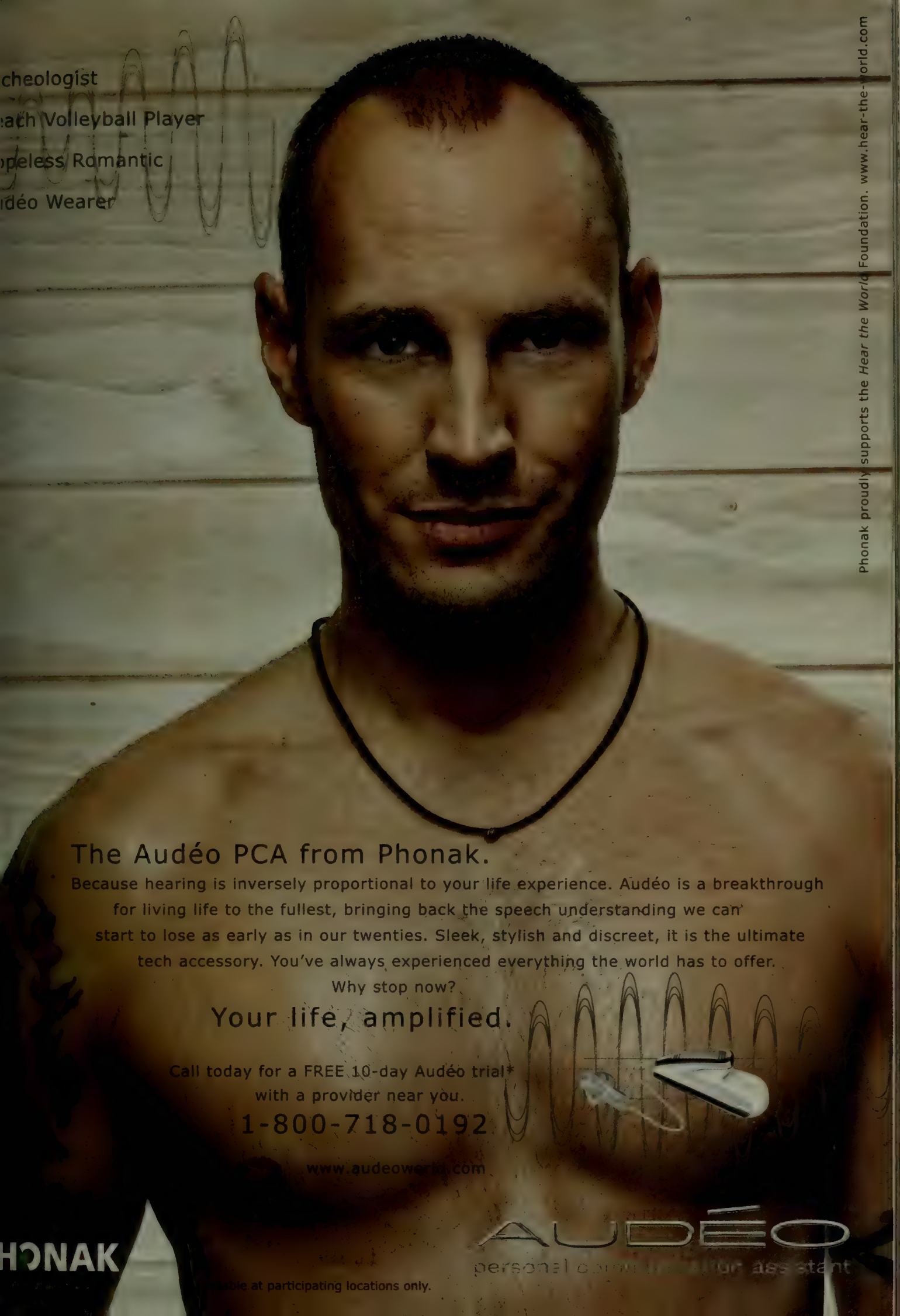
In 2003, ethnic African rebel groups in Darfur began agitating for more power, and when Sudanese president Omar al-Bashir, an Islamist from the country's North, refused to give it to them, they began attacking government troops. The rebels were better fighters than the Sudanese Army and started to rack up an alarming string of successes. In one famous battle, the rebels attacked a Sudanese base with the morning sun at their backs at a time when the Sudanese were expecting a night patrol to come back in. By the time the defenders realized what was happening, rebel trucks had overrun half their positions.

Unable to counter this new threat with his regular army, al-Bashir began arming Arab nomads known as *janjawid* to do the job for him. In exchange for driving African tribesmen out of Darfur, al-Bashir allowed the *janjawid* to take any goods and livestock that the fleeing villagers left behind. Over the next few years at least 200,000 civilians were killed in Darfur, and approximately a quarter-million refugees spilled across the border into Chad. Most of the victims were black Africans, and most of the attackers were Arab tribesmen who fought on horseback or camelback. Often the *janjawid* were backed up by government helicopters or bombers so that the rebel groups would be unable to offer a defense.

The government eventually began to gain the upper hand in the war, in large part because 80 percent of its oil revenue was now devoted to buying arms. The bulk of those arms came from the Chinese, which meant that the Chinese were spending almost $2 billion a year on Sudanese oil and then immediately making much of it back on weapons deals. (Amnesty International has also recently accused Russia of selling attack helicopters to Khartoum.) And the weapons were being used to suppress a rebellion that, in part, was about power sharing in government and access to oil profits. It was a neat circle of economic interests that started to break down only when the rest of the world got involved.

"As the Chinese look around the world to see where they can invest," Jeffrey Bader of the Brookings Institution, explains about China's grim hold on Sudan, "they see that the international oil companies have basically locked up most of the good reserves and they don't have the technological ability to compete. So they look at the niches. And the niches often are places where the big boys won't go. That's one of the reasons we're bumping into the Chinese in places like Iran and Burma and Sudan. Only 23 percent of the world's known oil reserves are open for ownership by foreign oil companies, so China's fighting for a piece of that 23 percent. And Sudan is one of those countries where you can still get a piece."

I flew with the U.N. from N'Djamena to the town of Abeche in mid-March, a couple of weeks after the Chinese had completed their takeover of Block H. Abeche is the last big town in eastern Chad, a jumping-off spot for everyone headed to the front line or beyond, into Darfur. White Toyota Land Cruisers painted with the logos of international relief agencies share the dirt streets with rebel pickup trucks bristling with automatic weapons. There are foreign mercenaries in Abeche—Mexican and Ukrainian pilots contracted by Déby to fly his outdated helicopters—and American intelligence agents and idealistic young relief workers and journalists trying to pick up rides into Dar-


cheologist
ach Volleyball Player
peless Romantic
déo Wearer
Phonak proudly supports the Hear the World Foundation. www.hear-the-world.com
The Audéo PCA from Phonak.
Because hearing is inversely proportional to your life experience. Audéo is a breakthrough for living life to the fullest, bringing back the speech understanding we can start to lose as early as in our twenties. Sleek, stylish and discreet, it is the ultimate tech accessory. You've always experienced everything the world has to offer. Why stop now?
Your life, amplified.
Call today for a FREE 10-day Audéo trial*
with a provider near you.
1-800-718-0192
www.audeoworld.com
AUDÉO
personal
HONAK
at participating locations only.

fur. (Al-Bashir has pretty much shut down access from Sudan to the area, for obvious reasons, so journalists are forced to sneak across the border from Chad in rebel pickup trucks.)

I arrived just as elements of the two main rebel groups in Darfur—the Sudanese Liberation Army and the Justice and Equality Movement—began a meeting about unifying their strategy. The S.L.A. members were spread out under some shade trees just past the army checkpoint north of town, and the JEM was a short distance away in a dry wadi by a cluster of mud houses. The conventional wisdom was that if the two groups could present a unified front there was no way Khartoum could defeat them, but Khartoum had been extremely adept at keeping them apart—and

We sipped tea in the incredible desert heat and I asked questions about the war. For the moment there was a lull in the fighting in Darfur itself, and the chaos had shifted westward across the border into Chad and south into the Central African Republic. *Janjawid* were crossing the border and attacking villages inside Chad; incredibly, people were now fleeing *into* Darfur for safety. It was a world turned upside down. "Darfur was a sovereign state until 1916," JEM chairman Ibrahim Khalil told me. "Now 95 percent of the population lives on half a dollar a day. We don't have a single paved road. We are fighting for very basic human rights, like education. We are fighting for drinking water. Our country

four or five such weapons four months earlier. They were obviously part of a weapons package that China had provided to Sudan at some point. China is the only major arms exporter in the world that has refused to sign arms-sales agreements that include human-rights considerations.

Mour is 38 years old and said he had studied political science in Khartoum before fleeing to avoid arrest for sedition. His dissertation was on Chinese-Sudanese relations, and all he had to do to finish his degree was return to Khartoum and defend his thesis at the university. For that he would have to wait for peace or for the al-Bashir regime to fall.

"I think the Chinese have a master plan,' Mour told me the following day when I re-





WARM WELCOME *Above, a Chinese billboard in N'Djamena, Chad; right, Chinese president Hu Jintao and Sudanese president Omar al-Bashir last February.*

In Sudan, Mour tells me, both China and the United States are known as "oil mosquitoes."

sowing terror and chaos in Darfur was one way of doing that.

My JEM contact was an erudite middle-aged man named Tadjadine, who spoke fluent English and had spent time in the United States. I parked my truck by the wadi and was led to a group of 20 or 30 men seated on an old rug in the shade of a tree. Plastic chairs were brought and tea was prepared and I was introduced to each man, one by one. They were possibly the most educated group of rebels in the world: there was a doctor from London and a lawyer from Eritrea and a professor-in-exile who was lying on his back with an IV drip in his arm. He said he had some kind of intestinal ailment. Almost all of the men spoke English, and many had been to the United States. Among them were a few men in camouflage who did not speak English. They were field commanders who had just come in off the desert in the trucks we saw parked along the wadi.

is not poor; we are living on a big cistern of petroleum. And the central government is killing us like snakes."

We talked for an hour or more, the JEM ministers insisting that, although war was not the answer, it was the only way to force Khartoum to negotiate. When I asked about China, wise nods rippled through the group. "Chinese relations with another country are purely economic," one of the men said. "Those relations only last as long as they get what they want. The Chinese in Sudan are absolutely indifferent to whether people live or die."

After our meeting, as if for proof, I was shown an anti-aircraft gun mounted on the back of a JEM pickup truck. It was a Chinese-made twin-barreled 14.5-mm. heavy machine gun that the JEM had captured from the Sudanese Army in battle. JEM's deputy secretary of political affairs, Abdul-Aziz Mour, said that they had captured

turned to the JEM camp to talk to him. Evening was falling, and the sounds of village life—a goat bleating, children laughing—mixed with the occasional ringing of rebel cell phones. Groups of JEM soldiers sat under the trees or in the wadi smoking cigarettes. "Some analyses say that China wants to challenge the West not militarily but economically," Mour went on. "They were colonized by the West, and they have to return this act. Africa is essential for this strategy. African votes brought China to the U.N. Security Council. The Chinese treat Africans as equals because they, too, were colonized. Especially in Sudan: the English general Charles Gordon was sent to China with the colonizing army and then from there to Sudan, where he was killed [beheaded by anti-Ottoman Islamic rebels], in 1885. That makes China have very special feelings for Sudan."

Dark had fallen by the time we finished our conversation, and the mosquitoes were

JOINRED.COM

MEANING IS THE NEW LUXURY

(RED)™

out. Swatting at them, Mour said that in Sudan both China and the United States are known as "oil mosquitoes." It is not, he said, a complimentary term.

Last January, just as the Chinese National Petroleum Corporation was clinching its deal for Chad's Block H, Chinese president Hu Jintao began a 12-day tour of Africa to strengthen political and economic ties. He started in Cameroon, where China is building a sports stadium and has pledged $100 million in soft loans (i.e., those with below-market interest rates), and continued on to half a dozen other countries where Chinese political and business interests converge. Virtually every country on the tour played an important part in China's economic plans, but also raised thorny diplomatic issues for President Hu. Just seven weeks earlier, South African president Thabo Mbeki had said publicly that African countries risked falling into a "colonial relationship" with China if they didn't insist on equal trade—a severe blow to China's preferred image on the continent.

In Liberia, Hu found himself having to sidestep the fact that, during that country's civil war, China had been widely condemned for buying tropical hardwoods from President Charles Taylor, who used the money to buy arms. In Zambia, Hu canceled an excursion to the country's copper-producing region because of the threat of demonstrations. China is heavily invested in the area, but it is highly unpopular because of the poor working conditions and high mortality rates in its copper mines.

"The Chinese are interested in resources and markets and allies," I was told by Marc Wall, the American ambassador in Chad. We were sitting by the embassy pool at the end of the workday, and at a certain moment several hundred bats left the fruit trees where they sleep and descended on the pool to drink. The ambassador was unperturbed by the frantic activity behind him. "Those are all their motivations for their interest in Chad, but, frankly, overriding all their interests is the last. China is potentially a major strategic competitor but also a major economic force at all levels. Not just the low-wage, cheap-merchandise kind of thing, but also they've got the technological capacity to challenge industries that we kind of consider our own. There are balance-of-power academics predicting a global struggle . . . but I think it all depends on how we and they manage the process of their emergence on the world scene."

Also left out of Hu Jintao's tour were several countries where the Chinese have attracted international concern over their policies. In Gabon, China is buying up enormous amounts of tropical hardwood and illegally prospecting for oil in a nature preserve. In Zimbabwe it has sold $240 million worth of arms to the highly repressive Mugabe regime. And in the Democratic Republic of the Congo it's an open secret that many children work in the Chinese-owned cobalt mines. One could compile the same sort of list of Western misbehavior in Africa, of course, but recent public-awareness campaigns over such things as blood diamonds, child labor, and human-rights violations have started to change the way Western companies do business. They are becoming—to use a well-worn diplomatic term—responsible stakeholders. After half a century of atrocious conduct in Nigeria, for example, Shell and other Western oil companies have been forced to scale back their operations because the level of violence—and bad press—has gotten so high.

But what to an American C.E.O. might now look morally or financially alarming can still just look like a good business deal to the Chinese. Unfettered by environmental and social concerns, China has committed $4 billion to oil exploration in Nigeria, for example; signed an $8 billion deal to build a railroad across the country; and sold the government a fleet of gunboats to patrol the militant-infested Niger Delta. They are committing these resources just as Western companies are reducing their involvement in the country.

And the problems in Nigeria pale in comparison with those in Angola, where China extended a $3 billion line of credit that will, of course, be guaranteed by future oil revenue. According to the public-interest group Transparency International, Angola at that time was one of the top 10 most corrupt countries in the world, based on the calculation that as much as 12 percent of its yearly gross national product—roughly $6 billion—simply vanishes. Seventy percent of the population of Angola lives on less than a dollar a day, life expectancy is 36 years, and the rate of infant mortality is one of the highest in the world.

The loan allowed Angola to spurn an International Monetary Fund offer that would have required guarantees of transparency and responsible governance. In exchange, China gets 40,000 barrels per day of crude oil and has a guarantee that 70 percent of associated construction contracts will go to Chinese businesses. In a country where local industry is struggling to gain momentum after nearly three decades of civil war, it was a devastating blow. Now thousands of imported Chinese workers are constructing office buildings, apartment complexes, hospitals, schools, highways, railroads, and an airport in Angola. They even use imported Chinese cement.

In September 2004, President George Bush sent shudders through the diplomatic world by using the word "genocide" in reference to Darfur. It is a word that makes statesmen cringe because the 1948 Genocide Convention clearly requires the community of nations to protect civilian populations from genocide—even one perpetrated by their own government. The problem with this doctrine is that it flies in the face of China's absolutely non-negotiable insistence on sovereignty. In China's opinion, no international body can reach inside a nation, as it were, and tell the government how to run its affairs. The sovereignty wall protects China from censure on everything from human rights to the seizure of Tibet to government censorship. Not only would putting U.N. peacekeepers into Sudan jeopardize China's vast oil interests, it would be the thin end of a wedge that could breach sovereignty all around the world.

"The Chinese don't take vacations and will work for $700 a month," says a Taiwanese restaurant owner in Chad.

For three years, China has threatened to veto any U.N. Security Council vote that proposed sanctions or military force against Sudan. (The United States has had economic sanctions in place against Sudan since 1997, but they are undermined by the fact that the United Nations is not participating.) As a result, those proposals—though much discussed—have never actually made it to a vote. That started to change in 2006. China found itself coming under withering criticism not only from Western countries but also from African leaders, who finally seem to have become troubled by the carnage in Darfur. If there is one imperative more important to the Chinese than Sudanese oil—which, after all, supplies only 7 percent of their needs—it is good relations with other African countries. Without those countries, China's vast ambitions on the continent are dead.

"Africa represents 53 countries, 48 of which recognize Beijing," points out former ambassador Shinn. "That's more than one-quarter of the General Assembly of the United Nations. And they rely on that support not only in the General Assembly but in some of the separate commissions, like the human-rights council."

Adding to China's woes was a very success-

JOINRED.COM

BE A GOOD-LOOKING SAMARITAN

(RED)™



ON TRACK Chinese workers build a railroad line in Angola last December.

ful publicity campaign threatening a Western boycott of the Beijing Olympics—"the Genocide Games," as they were nicknamed—if China didn't change its position on Darfur. As a statement about its new position in the world, the Beijing Olympics are integral to China's plans for the next century, and the last thing it wants is an international boycott.

The diplomatic world runs on shades of meaning and nuance too subtle for most people to pick up, and in this case the entire dynamic changed when Chinese assistant foreign minister Zhai Jun told President al-Bashir that he hoped Sudan would show more "flexibility" on Darfur. A word like that reverberates through the diplomatic world like someone taking a hammer to a church bell, and immediately things began to shift. Within days, Sudan publicly agreed to Kofi Annan's peacekeeping plan, which featured a 20,000-man "hybrid" force of United Nations and African Union troops.

"Sudan doesn't want a larger, more effective peacekeeping force in Darfur, because they're still fighting a major counterinsurgency," says John Prendergast of the International Crisis Group. "They believe they can defeat the rebels militarily over time. They're not winning battle after battle, but they're winning the larger battle by sowing so much instability and conflict between groups and factions in Darfur. They are basically destroying the non-Arab population in Darfur in order to destroy the rebellion. The rebels pose no strategic threat and it's potentially a winnable conflict."

Prendergast's fear is that Sudan will balk at the last minute and refuse entry to the United Nations. If Khartoum is willing to take limited losses from NATO-led air strikes, then nothing would prevent the regime from cutting off food aid to the hundreds of thousands of displaced people living in camps. "Just like Saddam in the 90s, Khartoum could hand out food and say, 'Kids are starving to death because America attacked with its warplanes,'" Prendergast says. "And half the world would believe that."

In that case, once again, it would be up to China.

"We are living on a big cistern of petroleum," says JEM's chairman. "And the central government is killing us like snakes."

The irony of China's new position in the world is that—precisely because of its intransigence over situations like Darfur—it has a huge amount of leverage. One word from China and four years of negotiations become unstuck. The tragedy in Darfur—and perhaps a future tragedy in Chad—is fueled by China's reliance on brutal regimes for access to oil. That reliance, however, stems directly from Western domination of more easily accessible supplies. For example: in 2005, a state-owned Chinese oil company tried to buy the American oil giant UNOCAL for a price that was $1 billion higher than that of the closest Western bidder. Reaction in the U.S. Congress was so blistering that UNOCAL accepted the lower bid rather than open the door to China.

"Don't underestimate the anger that came out of the failed UNOCAL bid," says Africa expert J. Stephen Morrison. "This was proof positive the United States was going to block Chinese aspirations to become a globalized energy front. You had an acceleration of the Africa strategy directly tied to the UNOCAL defeat."

As long as China remains shut out of the Western oil markets, it will inevitably turn to countries like Sudan to meet its energy needs—and will wind up protecting violent, repressive governments like the one in Khartoum. Any long-term soloution to Darfur will require a truly global energy strategy that allows China greater access to world oil wealth. And that will require a significant sacrifice from the West—which, after all, now uses the vast majority of the almost 90 million barrels of oil consumed worldwide every day.

Meanwhile, the killing continues. On March 31, *janjawid* horsemen thought to be from Sudan rode 25 miles into Chad and attacked two villages in the area of Koukou-Angarana. Villagers who survived the attack said that the *janjawid* were backed up by heavily armed insurgents on trucks and that they were deliberately targeting the men of the village, while women could buy their lives with jewelry or other valuables. Others said that the killing was completely indiscriminate.

"Hundreds of homes had been burned," the U.N. reported, and "an overwhelming stench came from the rotting carcasses of domestic animals that had been hit by stray bullets, consumed by fire or died of thirst, as the owners had no time to untie them. Famished and frightened dogs barked incessantly."

The first reports were of 60 or 70 people killed, though those numbers are now thought to be way too low. Three or four hundred deaths are more likely. International reaction to the attack was outraged but transitory, and within days the incident was subsumed by news from other parts of the world.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND OTHER TOPICS, GO TO VF.COM.

Another 300 or 400 people were dead, though; another two villages were turned into a stinking wasteland. Another sliver of human dignity was gone forever. □

JOINRED.COM

ALL THINGS BEING EQUAL, THEY ARE NOT.

AS FIRST WORLD CONSUMERS, WE HAVE TREMENDOUS POWER. WHAT WE COLLECTIVELY CHOOSE TO BUY, OR NOT TO BUY, CAN CHANGE THE COURSE OF LIFE AND HISTORY ON THIS PLANET.

(RED) IS THAT SIMPLE AN IDEA. AND THAT POWERFUL. NOW, YOU HAVE A CHOICE. THERE ARE (RED) PHONES, (RED) SHOES, (RED) FASHION BRANDS. AND NO, THIS DOES NOT MEAN THEY ARE ALL RED IN COLOR, ALTHOUGH SOME ARE.

THE (RED)™ MANIFESTO

IF YOU BUY A (RED) PRODUCT OR SIGN UP FOR A (RED) SERVICE, AT NO COST TO YOU, A (RED) COMPANY WILL GIVE SOME OF ITS PROFITS TO BUY AND DISTRIBUTE ANTIRETROVIRAL MEDICINE TO OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS DYING OF AIDS IN AFRICA.

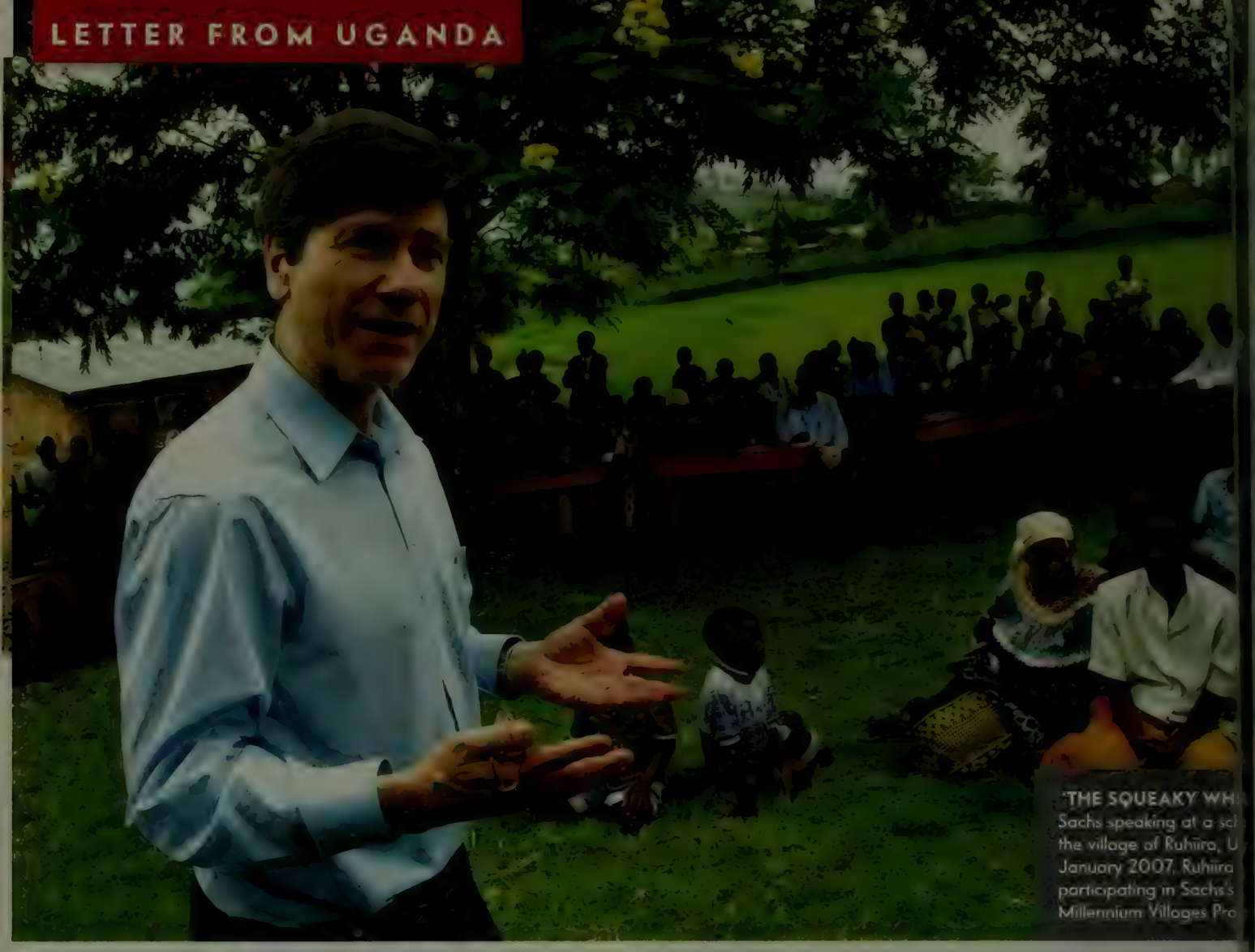
WE BELIEVE THAT WHEN CONSUMERS ARE OFFERED THIS CHOICE, AND THE PRODUCTS MEET THEIR NEEDS, THEY WILL CHOOSE (RED). AND WHEN THEY CHOOSE (RED) OVER NON-(RED), THEN MORE BRANDS WILL CHOOSE TO BECOME (RED) BECAUSE IT WILL MAKE GOOD BUSINESS SENSE TO DO SO. AND MORE LIVES WILL BE SAVED.

(RED) IS NOT A CHARITY. IT IS SIMPLY A BUSINESS MODEL. YOU BUY (RED) STUFF, WE GET THE MONEY, BUY THE PILLS AND DISTRIBUTE THEM. THEY TAKE THE PILLS, STAY ALIVE, AND CONTINUE TO TAKE CARE OF THEIR FAMILIES AND CONTRIBUTE SOCIALLY AND ECONOMICALLY IN THEIR COMMUNITIES.

IF THEY DON'T GET THE PILLS, THEY DIE. WE DON'T WANT THEM TO DIE. WE WANT TO GIVE THEM THE PILLS. AND WE CAN. AND YOU CAN. AND IT'S EASY.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS UPGRADE YOUR CHOICE.

(PRODUCT)RED is a trademark of The Persuaders, LLC and is licensed to (RED) partners. The goods and services of (RED) partners bear the (PRODUCT)RED trademark to support (RED).



'THE SQUEAKY WH
Sachs speaking at a sc
the village of Ruhiira, U
January 2007. Ruhiira
participating in Sachs's
Millennium Villages Pro

Jeffrey Sachs's $200 Billion Dream

Jeffrey Sachs—visionary economist, savior of Bolivia, Poland, and other struggling nations, adviser to the U.N. and movie stars—won't settle for less than the global eradication of extreme poverty. And he hasn't got a second to waste

By Nina Munk

In the respected opinion of Jeffrey David Sachs—distinguished Quetelet Professor of Sustainable Development at Columbia University, director of the Earth Institute, and special adviser to the secretary-general of the United Nations—the problem of extreme poverty can be solved. In fact, the problem can be solved "easily." "We have enough on the planet to make sure, easily, that people aren't dying of their poverty. That's the basic truth," he tells me firmly, without a doubt.

It's November 2006, and Sachs has just addressed the General Assembly of the United Nations. His message is straightforward: "Millions of people die every year for the stupid reason they are too poor to stay alive. . . . That is a plight we can end." Afterward, as the two of us have lunch in the crowded U.N. cafeteria, overlooking New York's East River, he continues: "The basic truth is that for less than a percent of the income of the rich world nobody has to die of poverty on the planet. That's really a powerful truth."

Sachs, 52, is devoting his life to this all-powerful truth. As one exhausted member of his staff explained to me, "It feels like we're running a campaign—all the time."

Day after day, without pausing for air, it seems, Sachs makes one speech after another (as many as three in one day). At the same time, he meets heads of state, holds press conferences, attends symposiums, lobbies government officials and legislators, participates in panel discussions, gives interviews, writes opinion pieces for newspapers and magazines, and connects with anyone, absolutely anyone, who might help him spread the word.

One week in early December, Sachs scheduled three overnight flights in five days. First, after a full day of teaching at Columbia, he flew from New York to Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, and Brasília for two days of meetings with President Luiz Inacio Lula da Silva's Cabinet. From there he headed to Washington to attend the White House Summit on Malaria, hosted by President and Mrs. Bush. Afterward he left for San Francisco, where he made a presentation to the founders of Google. That same day, a Friday, he flew home to New York.

Over the weekend he attended a dinner with Ban Ki-moon, the incoming secretary-general of the United Nations. As far as I can tell, the only time Sachs slows down is when he sleeps, never more than four or five hours a night. His wife, Sonia Ehrlich, a pediatrician and the mother of his three children, has been quoted saying (more than once), "I'm a happily married single parent."

According to Sachs, his job is to be "a pest." Bono, who wrote the foreword to Sachs's best-selling book, *The End of Poverty,* makes the same point, more or less poetically: "He's an irritant," Bono told me, paying Sachs a compliment. "He's the squeaky wheel that roars."

Mark Malloch Brown, who was deputy secretary-general of the United Nations under Kofi Annan, described Sachs to me as "this magnificent battering ram." In unadorned English he added, not without respect, "He's a bully. For the record, he's a bully."

Never mind. To Sachs, the end of poverty justifies the means. By hook or by crook, relentlessly, he has done more than anyone else to move the issue of global poverty into the mainstream—to force the developed world to consider his utopian thesis: with enough focus, enough determination, and, especially, enough money, extreme poverty can finally be eradicated.

Once, when I asked what kept him going at this frenzied pace, he snapped back, "If you haven't noticed, people are dying. It's an emergency."

I *had* noticed. It's a Sunday in mid-January, and I'm in sub-Saharan Africa. A few of us have trekked to Ruhiira, an isolated village in the highlands of southwestern Uganda. Having passed the equator some time ago, we're now, according to my map, 20 miles or so from the borders of Rwanda and Tanzania.

There's not much of anything in Ruhiira. No electricity or running water. No roads to speak of. We're in a place of lack, of deprivation, of absence. This is the dead land. The soil, once rich and fertile, is utterly depleted from years of abuse. The surrounding hills have been plundered, stripped bare of trees. With no firewood at hand, villagers are forced to dig up banana rootstalks to use as cooking fuel. *Matoke,* a green starch banana that people boil and then mash, is the staple in these parts; it's about the only thing that grows freely. You won't starve on *matoke,* I'm told, but you certainly won't thrive. In Ruhiira, 4 in every 10 children are chronically malnourished; their growth has been stunted.

Unsteadily, we make our way down a long and steep and narrow footpath—loose dirt and small stones. At the bottom of the hill we come upon the village's main water supply: a stagnant, filthy water hole with bugs floating on the surface. Women in bare feet, with babies strapped to their backs, bend over to fill plastic buckets and jerricans. Some of the women wear sarongs. Others are dressed in ankle-length *gomesi,* the traditional dress of Uganda, with high puffed sleeves and wide sashes.

Young children too are helping to collect water. A few of the smallest girls, incongruously, are dressed in torn party dresses, pink, with ruffles, that might have been collected by, say, a church in Tulsa, Oklahoma. I notice one young boy's badly swollen feet: they're a sign of a medical condition known as kwashiorkor, or severe protein deficiency. It's what happens when someone lives on bananas alone, a doctor in our group informs me.

> "If you haven't noticed, people are dying. It's an emergency."

Hunger won't kill these children, despite appearances. Instead, they'll most likely die of malaria. One day they'll fall into a malaria coma—fever, convulsions—and never come out of it. For African children under five years of age, malaria is the No. 1 cause of death. In Ruhiira, it's endemic.

More and more observers arrive; one after the other they scramble down the footpath to get a good look at the women and children standing beside the cesspool. A dozen men wearing brand-new United Nations caps join us. Behind them, snapping photo after photo, is a graduate student from Germany, a sunburned woman in an emerald-green muumuu.

Plenty of journalists have also gathered around the water hole. Over there, that way, being filmed for the BBC, and using Ruhiira's contaminated water as a colorful and authentic backdrop, is George Osborne, a member of Britain's Parliament and a rising star in the Conservative Party. "We're here at the only water source for the village," he intones, looking right into the camera. "And as you can see, the mothers there, some of whom are pregnant, are picking up water which they've then got to take up the hill."

Still more spectators arrive. I meet four sincere, nice-looking Canadian men, square-jawed and blond: Ryan, Tyler, Joel, and John. They're volunteers with a Christian mission whose aim is to bring clean water to villages in the area. "What's going on?" asks Tyler.

What's going on today, in a nutshell, is Jeffrey Sachs: he's the reason we're here in Ruhiira staring at women and children doing what they do every day whether we're here or not—collecting dirty water in jerricans and plastic pails, and carrying it up the hill.

About a year ago, Sachs named Ruhiira a "Millennium Village," one of 79 villages in 10 African countries where his controversial theories on ending extreme poverty are being tested. He approaches alleviating poverty as if it were a rigorous scientific experiment, allocating exactly $110 per person each year for five years to implement a prescribed set of basic "interventions": fertilizer and high-yield seeds, clean water, rudimentary health care, basic education, mosquito bed nets, and a communication link to the outside world. The results are tested and monitored, his goal being to prove that the same scientific model can be used on a grand scale to save the lives of hundreds of millions of people trapped by poverty.

The first of Sachs's Millennium Villages was in Sauri, Kenya, where intervention began almost three years ago. Since then, production of maize in Sauri has more than tripled, while the incidence of malaria in the village has fallen by two-thirds. As well, lured perhaps by the free school lunches, more children than ever are attending the Bar Sauri Primary School. These are the sorts of results Sachs hopes to replicate all across sub-Saharan Africa, starting first in villages and countries that are relatively stable, receptive to change, and eager to work with him.

One of Sachs's biggest supporters is the financier and philanthropist George Soros, who recently donated $50 million to the Millennium Villages Project. (The project is a partnership among the U.N., Columbia, and Sachs's own nonprofit organization, Millennium Promise.) According to Soros, whose foundation gives away between $350 million and $400 million a year, investing in Sachs offered an attractive "risk-reward ratio." "Even though it's a large amount of money, $50 million, I thought there was really little downside," Soros told me. "As a humanitarian action, it was a good investment on its own.... But if it succeeded, then of course you would get a reward that would be way out of proportion to the investment made."

In short, Ruhiira is a kind of petri dish

in the laboratory of Jeff Sachs. And here today, at the center of this tableau, is Sachs himself, standing among the water gatherers of Ruhiira. Wearing a pale-blue dress shirt, he squints awkwardly, uncomfortably, in the sunlight. His head, with its thick sandy-brown hair, seems unusually large for his slight frame. As usual, he's badly shaven. The crowd hushes respectfully.

"Thank you for bringing us to this place," he begins, addressing the villagers off the top of his head, without notes. "We are honored that you have taken us into your community."

His deep midwestern voice is resonant, deliberate. "We have seen how we can work with you to improve the agriculture, with new crops and ideas to improve your income." A translator repeats his words to the crowd in the local Bantu language, Runyankole.

"And we have seen the bed nets in your houses. Do you have bed nets in your houses?"

"Yes!"

"All right!" responds Sachs. He's getting fired up now, and his voice gets stronger. "And are they working? Do they help?"

"Yes!"

"We are happy to see that. We went to the school and we saw how the school feeding program has started and we're very proud of what you have done with that. And we went to the health center to see how it is being expanded, with more health workers in the community.

"Why do I mention all these things? Because for every problem you have, there is a solution! We want to help you find the solution!"

The people clap. Then they begin to cheer. Sachs is pleased with himself and he grins. Now, in a traditional Ugandan gesture that is the equivalent of a standing ovation, the villagers, all of them, stretch out their hands toward Sachs and begin wiggling their fingers. Everywhere you look, like the gentle rain from heaven, fingers wiggle and flutter. The people of Ruhiira are raining blessings on Jeff Sachs, the merciful one.

For many years, during the 1980s and 1990s, Sachs was known as "Dr. Shock," the brilliant macroeconomist from Harvard who prescribed radical fiscal and monetary discipline, so-called shock therapy, to countries emerging from Communism. These days, he's better known glibly in the media as "Bono's guru" and as the professor in MTV's masterful documentary *The Diary of Angelina Jolie and Dr. Jeffrey Sachs in Africa.* In the movie, Jolie calls him "one of the smartest people in the world."

When it was released two years ago, Sachs's latest book, *The End of Poverty,* was excerpted for a cover story in *Time* magazine. It also made *The New York Times* best-seller list; more than 230,000 copies have been sold in the United States, an extraordinary accomplishment for what can be, truthfully, a dreary slog with only charts and graphs for company.

In some of his fine-tuned speeches, Sachs presents his audience with an ethical choice: "Either you decide to leave people to die or you decide to do something about it." Who in the world can resist that call to action? After all, one billion people on the planet are scraping by, barely, on less than a dollar a day. Industrialization has passed them by. They have not been lifted out of poverty by what proponents of free markets like to call "the rising tide." For Sachs, the way to end extreme poverty is obvious; his one question is, How long will it take the rest of us to come around?

"Have you seen children dying?" he asks his audience. We're in Montreal, at an all-day conference devoted to poverty. Bill Clinton will be speaking later in the day. So will Mia Farrow. But, for now, above Sachs's head, projected on a giant screen, is a photograph he took a few months ago at Zomba Central Hospital, in Malawi. Row after row of small children in malaria comas are lying on the bare floor, their yellow eyes rolled back.

"I never thought in the 21st century, growing up in the 20th century, I'd ever see that," Sachs exclaims, outraged by the shortsightedness implicit in that photograph. "Lack of a bed net. Lack of a dollar medicine. Lack of an oral rehydration solution in time to save a child dehydrated from a diarrheal infection. Lack of antibiotics to cure a child of acute lower respiratory infection contracted from living in a hut where dung is burned to cook the meals in a smoke-filled chamber."

His catalogue goes on: "Lack of a five-cent immunization, so that you have hundreds of thousands of children dying of vaccine-preventable diseases. Half a million mothers dying in childbirth because there's no obstetrician or even emergency care to stop the hemorrhaging, to deliver a child in breech, to do a C-section. *The most straightforward things that we've known how to do for centuries . . .*"

Angelina Jolie calls Sachs "one of the smartest people in the world."

Africa is a lost cause, Sachs's critic are happy to tell you. It's a hopeles proposition. Corrupt. Over the pas 50 years, more than $500 billion in foreig aid to Africa has gone down the drain; wh would anyone in his right mind pour goo money after bad? Sachs has learned to ig nore that litany of complaints and other like them: "Maybe it's having had the goo experience of hearing, as I have many many times, 'Impossible, impossible, im possible, impossible, impossible—obvious If you've gone through that over a perio of 25 years, it helps you to filter out a lot o what you're told."

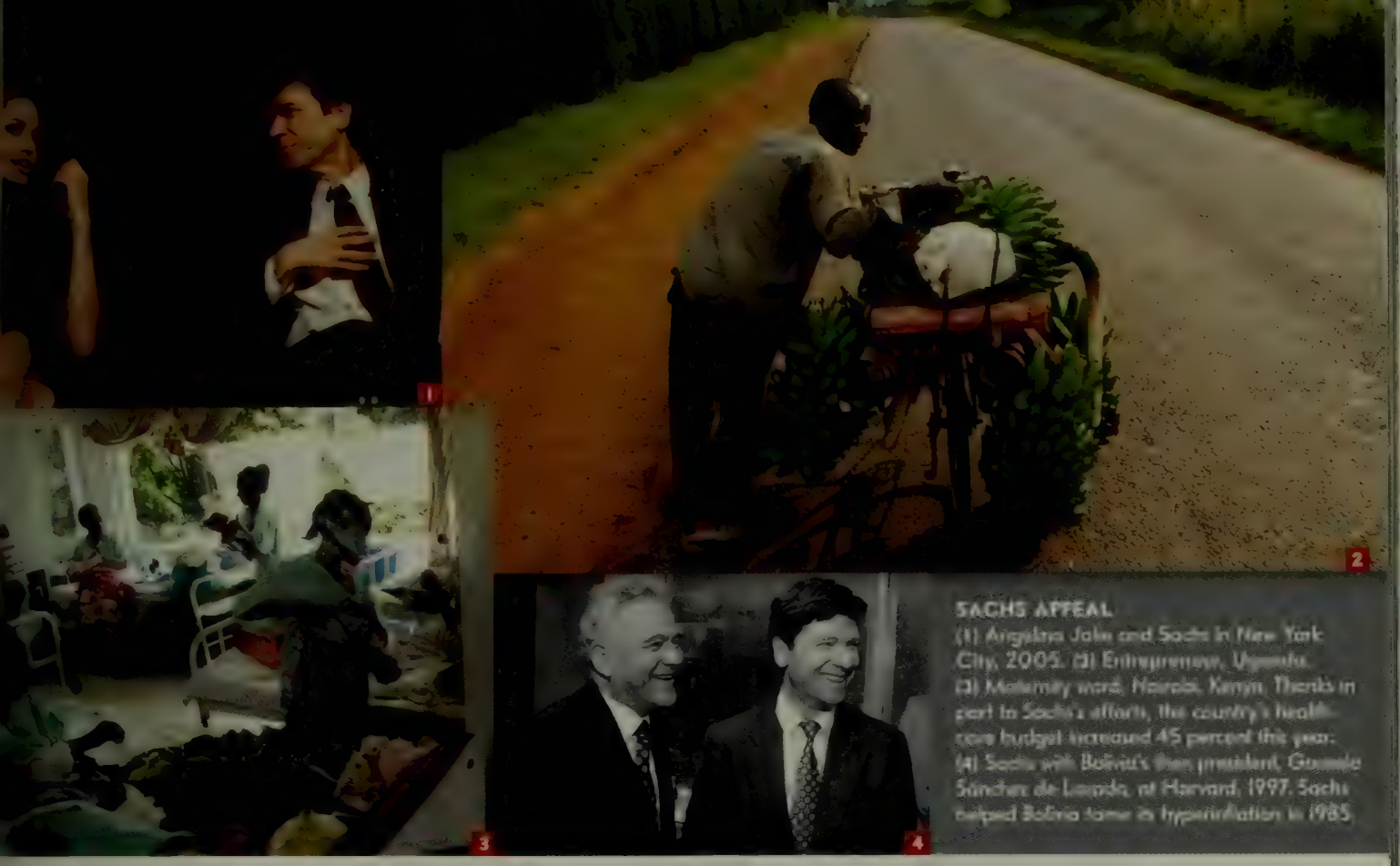
More than a few people I spoke to ir the field of international development sug gested that Sachs is blinded by ego and am bition. "There's a certain messianic quality about him," George Soros explained, "and it needs to be kept under critical control."

Still, if you spend enough time with Sachs as I have, you may come around to his point of view: if the history of international development is a history of failure, it is because too many people in the field are complacent, or incompetent, or not accountable.

We're at the Entebbe airport, in Uganda, waiting to board our flight to Nairobi. Grabbing another handful of peanuts, settling onto a leather sofa in the waiting room, Sachs thinks out loud: "People generally view systems as unchanging. They have very static views of things. They don't really see how change comes about."

How *does* change come about? A few days later, in Nairobi, I meet Charity Ngilu, Kenya's dynamic minister for health. When she took office, in 2002, her priority was to somehow contain the fast-moving epidemics of AIDS, tuberculosis, and malaria that were ravaging the country. But Kenya faced severe shortages: of doctors and nurses, of medicines, and of such basic supplies as surgical gloves, IV fluids, even hospital food. The health-care system—exhausted, chronically underfunded—had collapsed.

That's when and where Sachs came in. Passionately, he argued Ngilu's case to the World Bank, to the International Monetary Fund, to major foreign-aid donors, and to Kenya's bureaucrats themselves. As a result of his and others' determined work on her behalf, Ngilu attests, Kenya's health budget, while still bare-bones, was increased 20 percent last year and another 45 percent this year. In the past two years, Kenya has managed to hire an additional 3,018 health-care workers and the government recently distributed 3.4 million insecticide-treated bed nets. Meanwhile, new cases of H.I.V./AIDS have fallen even as the



SACHS APPEAL
(1) Angelina Jolie and Sachs in New York City, 2005. (2) Entrepreneur, Uganda. (3) Maternity ward, Nairobi, Kenya. Thanks in part to Sachs's efforts, the country's health-care budget increased 45 percent this year. (4) Sachs with Bolivia's then president, Gonzalo Sánchez de Lozada, at Harvard, 1997. Sachs helped Bolivia tame its hyperinflation in 1985.

number of patients receiving anti-retroviral treatment has sharply increased.

"If it wasn't for Professor Jeffrey Sachs, we would not have moved forward," Ngilu states, when we meet at her office in Nairobi. "Those people who are on treatment would still be dying. Those children who are under bed nets would be dead. Women would not be accessing care." Pausing, she shakes her head as if imagining her job without the good professor's help: "The support he has given me!"

Paul Farmer, the renowned medical doctor and humanitarian, whose organization, Partners in Health, cares for people in the poorest, most godforsaken corners of the world, explained to me, "Just five years ago, people like me who were trying to take care of the destitute sick with diseases like AIDS, we had almost nobody on our side. We had everyone saying, 'It's not doable, it's too complicated, you need a health infrastructure, it's not sustainable.' Then Jeff got involved in this and said, 'Buck up, stop whining, and start getting work done.'"

One of Sachs's most significant contributions to the cause of ending world poverty is a gigantic report, published by the World Health Organization in 2001 and titled *Macroeconomics and Health: Investing in Health for Economic Development.*

The W.H.O. report lays out the facts in stark terms. Every day, 22,000 people on the planet die of poverty. Spending money on health care in the world's poorest countries is more than a humanitarian imperative, Sachs's report argues; it is also the key to driving economic growth. Co-opting the rhetoric of corporate America, cunningly, the report manages to transform a health catastrophe into a business proposition: saving lives can offer huge returns to investors. With an annual investment of $66 billion, the report states, we could be saving eight million lives a year *and* generating economic benefits worth $360 billion a year.

In the skilled hands of Jeff Sachs, macroeconomist, such gigantic, almost unimaginable figures are made to sound reasonable, even modest. "He's not embarrassed by large numbers. And he's not apologetic for large numbers," said Richard Feachem, who served on the commission for Sachs's report and recently stepped down as the executive director of the Geneva-based Global Fund to Fight AIDS, Tuberculosis and Malaria. "What he's saying is 'If it needs billions for health and development, don't be ashamed to ask for it.' And, by the way, to anyone who says, 'Oh, that's a lot of money,' say, 'Well, by whose standards?' because by the standards of military expenditure it's not a lot of money."

The total annual sum spent on health care in sub-Saharan Africa is typically $20 per person or less. To put that into perspective, in the United States we spend about $6,000 per person each year on health care.

In Ruhiira, where TB and malaria are rampant and, according to UNICEF, where one in 13 women will die during pregnancy or in childbirth (the odds are one in 2,500 in the United States), there really is no health care to speak of. The closest hospital is three to four hours away by wheelbarrow, the vehicle most often used to transport the sick from place to place.

I visit the hospital with Sachs. Located 20 miles off the national electric grid, the Kabuiyanda Health Centre has no power or running water. At one time, for a short period, two solar panels had been mounted on the roof. They were stolen. As for the 19-kilowatt generator parked outside the building like a totem, there's not enough money in the budget for fuel.

Without electric power, how do you provide standard medical treatment to people who are dying? Without running water, how do you sterilize surgical tools and wash the blood from floors and beds and open wounds? How do you keep your hands clean or refrigerate medicine and vaccines? As we make our way through the hospital, Sachs looks distraught.

"How many beds are there here?" he asks the young doctor on staff, Stephen Mucunguzi.

"Twenty-eight."

"Twenty-eight beds for 125,000 people?" repeats Sachs, trying to grasp the implication of those figures. "Aren't they filled, filled, filled?"

Dr. Mucunguzi leads us to the operating theater, a plain cement room built in 2002. For several reasons it has never been used for surgery. First of all, it took three years for surgical equipment to arrive after it was ordered. Then, just after the equipment arrived, the only doctor on staff quit, and for almost five months the hospital had no doctor at all. Finally, in late December



ONE STEP AT A TIME
(1) Children at the primary school in Sauri, Kenya, during their lunch break, January 2007. Sauri was the first of Sachs's Millennium Villages. Attendance at the school has increased with the introduction of a free-lunch program. (2) Surplus maize in Sauri, where production has tripled over the last three years thanks to better seeds and fertilizer. The village now has more maize than it knows what to do with. (3) Bono and Sachs at Harvard, June 2001. (4) Children collecting water, Kenya.

2006, Dr. Mucunguzi accepted the job, but only after Sachs's Millennium Villages Project offered to supplement his official $315-a-month salary.

Further problems have plagued the hospital. So shoddy was the original construction of the operating theater that, until repairs are carried out, it cannot be used for general surgery. "We are hoping it will be working in a month," says Dr. Mucunguzi.

Sachs looks skeptical. "And running water?" he asks.

"Well, we plan to put in a water tank. We need a maximum of one month to improve the system."

"So," says Sachs, questioning the young doctor, "today is January 14. Could we really try to have this working by March 1? No later."

"Yes, yes."

"I think it would be good for us to have a goal."

That evening, at dinner with Dr. William Nyehangane, the district's health officer, Sachs discovers that the total annual budget for health care in the area that includes Ruhiira is only $1.90 per person. "Unbelievable!" shouts Sachs. "Unbelievable!

"Did you hear that?" he asks no one in particular. "One dollar and 90 cents. *One dollar and 90 cents.* Unbelievable."

As a young child growing up in Oak Park, Michigan, Jeff Sachs had a preternatural mind. At 12 or 13 years of age, in middle school, he won a mathematics contest for gifted children, with the result that he spent his summer taking college-level math courses at Oakland University, in Rochester, Michigan. One time, not uncharacteristically, when a high-school teacher assigned a 5-page essay, Sachs handed in 40 pages. "He never had a rebellious day in his life," according to his sister, Andrea Sachs.

You will not be surprised to hear that Jeff Sachs was named class valedictorian when he graduated, in 1972. Nothing less was expected of him, apparently. "His father was extremely bright and was top of his class. We just assumed our children would be the same," his mother, Joan Sachs, told me.

Jeff Sachs's father, Theodore, was a legend in Detroit. A labor and constitutional lawyer who successfully argued several cases before the U.S. Supreme Court (including *Scholle* v. *Hare,* in 1962, which helped establish the principle of "one man, one vote" for legislative apportionment), Ted Sachs was said to have one of his generation's finest legal minds. He was stunning in the courtroom, and he was admired for his deep commitment to social justice. "It was his primary goal to do good for others, and he did," Joan Sachs said of her husband, who died in 2001.

It was taken for granted that Jeff Sachs would attend his father's alma mater, the University of Michigan, and that he too would become a lawyer. In the worst case, his family imagined, he'd become a medical doctor. Instead, when he was 17 years old Sachs left Oak Park to study economics at Harvard.

Martin Feldstein, the well-known economist and a longtime professor at Harvard, remembers meeting Sachs for the first time. "I was teaching the graduate macro-economics course," Feldstein recalled. "And he came along—remember, he's a second-year undergraduate, so he's about 19 years old—and he says, 'Well, I'd like to take your course.'" Warning Sachs that he was an unforgiving and demanding teacher, Feldstein discouraged him and advised the young man to stay away from trouble. "I'll take my chances," replied Sachs.

Sachs received an A in Feldstein's class, then stayed on at Harvard for graduate school. A scant three years after being awarded his Ph.D. in economics, with a focus on international macro-economics, he was granted tenure and made a full professor at the university. It was 1983, and he was 28 years old.

It was during his freshman year at Harvard, at a screening of *The Sorrow and the Pity,* Marcel Ophüls's four-hour documentary, that Sachs met his future wife, Sonia Ehrlich. She quickly got a sense of his single-mindedness. "In the beginning, Jeff would say, 'Wait until I finish my undergrad thesis,'" Ehrlich once told *The Boston Globe,* describing her husband's promise to eventually slow down. "Then it was 'Wait until I get my PhD thesis' and 'Wait until I get tenured.' Then it was 'Wait until I finish my first book.' Then Bolivia came up.

"It really took me a while to realize this was his *modus vivendi,*" she concluded. "I stopped waiting and began enjoying the positive."

In 1985, Sachs found himself in the Andean mountains of La Paz, Bolivia, acting as an adviser to the country's president, Victor Páz. Desperately poor and chaotic, Bolivia, with its then annualized inflation rate of 25,000 percent, was spiraling out of control. Sachs identified the root problem: runaway government spending leading to a textbook case of hyperinflation, the likes of which no one had seen since 1923, when Germany's Weimar Republic just kept on printing money.

Consulting academic articles on hyperinflation, and recalling his undergraduate training, Sachs designed an austerity plan to jump-start Bolivia. It called for huge cuts in government spending, massive layoffs of state employees, the end of fixed gasoline prices, a complete overhaul of the tax system, debt cancellation, and, above all, an abrupt shift to a free-market economy.

With its country in disarray, the government of Bolivia followed Sachs's advice. It had few other options.

Sachs's plan for Bolivia actually worked: strict fiscal and monetary discipline quickly lowered the country's annual inflation rate to about 15 percent. "Shock therapy," as the plan was later called (to Sachs's chagrin), would become Sachs's trademark. From Bolivia, he proceeded, in 1989, to Poland. When the so-called Sachs Plan, conceived with his colleague David Lipton, was implemented in Poland, it followed the authors' road map and timetable almost exactly. Slovenia and Mongolia came next.

Sachs, then 35, had become an international star in policy circles; some people even referred to him as the most influential economist since John Maynard Keynes. Then, in the early 1990s, at the government's invitation, he attempted to straighten out Russia's economy.

In hindsight, Sachs was probably naïve. Assuming that his reforms could be imposed on Russia as they had been on Bolivia and Poland, he was defeated by a massively bloated and stubborn economy. Russia was not resuscitated by Sachs's shock therapy; on the contrary, Russia was ravaged while Sachs and his ideas were ignored. The country's state assets were looted, and everything valuable wound up in the hands of a few clever men.

In Sachs's view, his failure to reform the country was due, in his words, to "the triumph of politics over economics." One way or another, Sachs and his Harvard colleagues were widely blamed for Russia's failed transition to capitalism. To the delight of many of Sachs's harshest critics—in particular, liberals who viewed economic shock therapy as coldhearted and mechanical—Russia became the blot on his escutcheon.

When I ask Sachs about his failure in Russia, he becomes agitated, prickly, like a hedgehog: "Do I consider Russia a failure of the West? Yes, definitely. Do I consider it a personal failure? No, I find that absolutely preposterous. I don't understand why somebody doesn't ask Robert Rubin, or ask Dick Cheney, or ask Larry Summers, or ask anybody that actually had power at the time about it." He's had it with this line of questioning: "It's preposterous by now, and tired. And it's tiresome, and it's a tired question, and it's absolutely absurd."

According to his account in *The End of Poverty,* Sachs's focus on extreme poverty began in 1995, when, for the first time, he traveled to sub-Saharan Africa: "Never, not even in the highlands of Bolivia, where illness is rife, had I confronted so much illness and death." Early in his career, when he was thinking about ways of improving people's lives, Sachs had been convinced of the power of open markets, free trade, deregulation, privatization, and fiscal discipline. Now, perhaps in response to this first trip to Africa, he started to promote benevolent intervention.

Some people believe that Sachs's crusade to wipe out poverty is the direct result of his failure in Russia, that he's atoning for his public errors of judgment and compensating for them. Sachs dismisses that simpleminded theory out of hand. As far as he is concerned, his work in the developing world is not all that different from his earlier work in Bolivia and Poland. In an e-mail, he explains to me that his goal has always been "to take on complex challenges and bring to bear expertise in economics and other disciplines to find workable solutions." What I think he means is this: it doesn't matter whether you're using shock therapy to save a nation's economy or prescribing interventions for a village to save human beings. The messianic pattern is the same.

Sachs is impatient with arguments about corruption in Africa.

We're sitting cross-legged under one of the few shade trees in Dertu, a parched, inhospitable stretch of land about 85 miles from the Somali border in Kenya. A group of community leaders has gathered to air their grievances and share their frustrations. The temperature hovers around 100 degrees in the shade. I am offered warm sweet tea with powdered milk.

"Our needs are many," begins one of the men, a tall Somali wearing an embroidered kufi. "We suffered through the drought," continues someone else. "We lost many animals, even our donkey. And now the flood has caused even more problems. The little we had has been washed away by the rains."

Of all Jeff Sachs's 79 Millennium Villages, Dertu, a sprawling settlement in Kenya's wretched North Eastern Province, may be the most challenging. The place is marked by catastrophe: drought, famine, floods, pestilence, tribulation—biblical woes. "It is only God and us who know the kinds of problems we have had here," says Sahalan Badi.

One year ago, during the five-year drought that affected the Horn of Africa, the nomadic herders of this region were forced to walk for hours, sometimes days, in search of water. Even their camels were dying.

At last the rains came, in October 2006, a drop or two at first, afterward the deluge. Rushing to save themselves from the floodwaters, Sahalan Badi and her family lost everything they had, which, God knows, was little enough to begin with.

Now, using basic materials donated by Sachs's Millennium Villages Project and by UNICEF, the people of Dertu are learning to dig and build their own pit latrines. As well, in the hope of encouraging the business of trading camels and cattle, the project has funded the Dertu Millennium Livestock Market, whose long-term goal is for the settlement to keep itself out of poverty and, if things go well, to move up a rung on the economic ladder. The Millennium Villages Project aims to teach people self-sufficiency.

At the same time, problematically, a growing number of households in Dertu have become dependent on international food aid. Month after month, accustomed to the ritual by this time, the people line up for rations: a jug of cooking oil, enriched porridge for children, bags of rice and maize. The local homes—small domed huts made of twigs and held together with ropes of camel leather—are patched with empty grain bags reading, USAID: FROM THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Less than 10 percent of Dertu's population is literate. Female genital mutilation is a normal and accepted practice: almost every girl is circumcised at the age of six. Most men have three wives, and the women, on average, have nine children. There are bitter tribal clashes. Just recently, Fatuma Shide, the Millennium Villages Project's local health coordinator, was beaten

during a fight between two clans. Bleeding heavily, she had to be rushed to the nearest hospital, a drive of more than four hours over rough terrain.

Today, Ahmed Mohamed, the leader of Dertu's Millennium Villages Project, is trying to explain to the local people the benefits of hay. If you gather and dry the tall grass now, he tells them, you will have food for your animals the next time the drought comes.

The son of a nomad—the eldest son of 19 children—Mohamed grew up in this area, moving between northern Kenya, southern Ethiopia, and Somalia, wherever conditions were favorable for his father's herd of camels. He speaks the same language as the people of Dertu; he is one of them. For all that, they are not receptive to his ideas about drying the tall grass.

"God has brought us this grass," one man objects. "It is not ours to cut." Mohamed nods patiently. An old woman confronts him, and others join in. Mohamed is interfering in their way of life, they say. Soon everyone is shouting. Mohamed translates for me: "They are saying it is God's gift and the more you cut, the angrier God gets. It's a bad omen, they say." Gesticulating wildly, the old woman pokes her finger in Mohamed's face. "Please," she begs him, "for heaven's sake don't cut our grass."

In Dertu, attitudes are deeply ingrained. It can be difficult, for instance, to convince a nomadic herdsman that anything is as valuable as his camels or his goats. A few months ago, the Millennium Villages Project handed out 3,000 insecticide-treated bed nets to help protect the community from malaria and Rift Valley fever. To make sure the nets would be used as planned, Mohamed issued an edict: "We told them, 'This is for human life, donated by someone to ensure your survival. If we see you put it on a goat, we will withdraw it.'"

Traditionally, the people of Dertu have used smoke to keep mosquitoes from attacking their livestock. But using smoke as a mosquito repellent means that someone has to feed the fire every hour or so through the night. "It is easier to simply use the nets to protect the animals," said Mohamed, explaining to me why some nets are diverted from a child's bed to a herd of kid goats. "And in a pastoral community, the livestock have more value than the humans."

Leaving the region of Dertu, sitting in the back of an ancient Land Rover, I'm reminded of a meeting I had with Simon Bland, head of Britain's Department for International Development in Kenya. Referring to the Millennium Villages Project, and to Sachs in particular, Bland laid it out for me in plain terms: "I want to say, 'What concept are you trying to prove?' Because I know that if you spend enough money on each person in a village you will change their lives. If you put in enough resources—enough foreigners, technical assistance, and money—lives change. We know that. I've been doing it for years. I've lived and worked on and managed [development] projects.

"The problem is," he added, "when you walk away, what happens?"

Last year, the United States spent $499 billion on its military. In sharp contrast, it spent $22.7 billion on foreign aid. Measured in dollars, the sum of $22.7 billion makes the U.S. the biggest foreign-aid donor in the world. Still, considered as a percentage of the country's G.N.P., America's foreign-aid budget, at only 0.17 percent, is almost negligible.

Here are points of comparison: Britain and France give away 0.52 and 0.47 percent of their G.N.P., respectively. The goal established by the U.N. is for every developed country to contribute at least 0.7 percent of its G.N.P. to foreign aid.

People who argue against increasing America's foreign aid point out that poor countries, especially poor African countries, are often run by tyrants who loot their public treasuries. Foreign aid keeps those tyrants in power by helping them buy votes; either that or the money winds up in a numbered bank account somewhere. Sachs, though, is impatient with arguments about corruption in Africa; they're a convenient excuse for doing nothing, as far as he is concerned.

> "We're talking about 1 percent of our income to avert calamity."

Another standard argument against increasing foreign aid goes like this: we've spent billions already, and so far we've had almost no return on our investment.

Responding to this defeatist line of thinking, Sachs argues that foreign aid has failed to produce obvious results because we have spent too little. In his favorite analogy he compares the current situation in Africa to a forest fire: if you try to put out the fire with one hose, and the fire continues to rage, do you conclude that fighting fires is hopeless? From Sachs's point of view, the only logical conclusion is: you don't have enough firefighters.

That said, how many firefighters do we need? How much money would it take to eradicate poverty? Sachs's estimates are somewhere in the range of $200 to $25 billion a year. That huge figure is doub what the developed world now spends foreign aid. It's almost the entire G.N.P. Denmark.

To Sachs, $200 billion is an absolute ba gain. "It's much cheaper than giving fo aid," he told me, as though he were stati the obvious. "It's much cheaper than ha ing wars, and it's much cheaper than havi mass migration." Here's the bottom lin it is less than 1 percent of the total incon of the "rich world." That's how rich we re ly are.

"Look," Sachs elaborated, in case hadn't understood what he'd said. "Th is not the great titanic battle of morali that I'm on. I'm not saying the only w for the rich and the poor to live togeth is if the rich cut their living standard by half, give up their cars, understan modern life is a false contrivance and false consciousness that is destroying th planet and is enslaving and impoverishin the poor and that we have to move awa from globalization in the corporate worl which owns politics and dominates..." H voice trailed off.

"I don't believe that stuff anyway, bu that's not the kind of battle that this about," he added. "We're just talking abou 1 percent of our income in the world fo the need to avert potential calamity."

Yoweri Museveni, the longtime pres dent of Uganda, seems distracte today. That's not surprising, whe you think about it. After all, just this week his government's peace talks with Ugan da's brutal insurgent group, the Lord Resistance Army, hav collapsed. More trou bling to Museveni, pe haps, is that he's n longer the West's favo ite African leader.

For many years afte he seized power in 1986 Museveni was considered to be the mode of a new generation of African leaders—modern and principled, devoted to de mocracy and reform. Then, in 2005, jus in time for the national election, Museven abruptly changed Uganda's constitution which meant he could run for an unprec edented third term. During the election his opponents were largely kept out o sight, and Museveni won handily. In the West, some observers are now asking themselves, Is Museveni just another Af rican "big man" after all?

One way or another, Museveni look like someone with a lot on his mind. To day, in his office in Kampala, sitting i a black leather executive chair, he keeps swiveling back and forth. Jeff Sachs







EALTH OF IDEAS
e advisory committee for Dertu, lennium Village at the Somalia-Kenya er, January 2007. (2) Habil Nyahaya, a ear-old farmer from Sauri, with his maize (3) Sachs at a United Nations press rence with then secretary-general Kofi n in 2005. The U.N. is a co-sponsor e Millennium Villages Project.

meanwhile, is making an impassioned presentation about ending poverty in Uganda.

"The idea is a poverty-eradication effort, but focusing on practical investments," Sachs informs the president. "The idea is six goals with strict timetables."

Museveni may or may not be listening. He gestures to an assistant: he wants some tea.

"First," Sachs explains, "we want to help the farmers have a bumper harvest of food."

"Mmmmm," murmurs Museveni in reply. "Mmmmm."

"And they're having a bumper harvest," Sachs goes on, referring specifically to maize in Ruhiira, his Millennium Village in southwestern Uganda, "and it's really incredible actually, because of the fertilizer and the good seeds, they're getting six tons per hectare."

Museveni appears restless and he keeps swiveling. His tea has arrived. "Mmmmm," he says.

Sachs moves on to the subject of Ruhiira's water supply. "It was daunting, I have to say, the water situation," he reports, "because we went down a steep slope to a pond that they had dug, and they just collect, you know, the runoff, and it's muddy, the excrement from the animals is coming in, bugs are coming in. Completely unprotected. *And that's their water hole!* And we saw the women there, a pregnant woman, baby on her back, with a jerrican trying to get water out. It was shocking, actually."

Museveni is not so shocked, it seems to me. Or he may be thinking of something else. "Mmmmm."

Sachs outlines his plan of interventions. "My impression, Mr. President, is that this will all happen within one year," he says. "And it shows to me a pretty basic point, which is that . . . when we're talking about extreme world poverty, it shouldn't take a lot of time to make a difference."

Museveni's support is needed urgently, Sachs wants to say. The situation is dire. People are dying. It's an emergency.

Museveni is interested in the root meaning of the word *ruhiira*: "Burnt grass, that's what *ruhiira* means," he informs us, stirring his tea. "That's what *ruhiira* means."

"Yeah," says Sachs, hurrying to the crucial matter of Uganda's farm productivity. "What we saw in Ruhiira, they're going to get, in maize, six tons per hectare probably. This is really a bumper crop—not just a crop, a bumper crop. And it's because they never had fertilizer before."

Sachs is urging Museveni to launch a nationwide voucher program: offer bags of fertilizer and high-yield seeds to every small-hold farmer in the nation, he suggests. "Go for the big scale," he says dramatically. "Why wait? There's no reason to wait."

Museveni clears his throat. "I use fertilizers once in a while," he remarks, referring to his personal farm, his own situation. "I'm trying to remember: when I grew maize, I harvested 800 bags."

"Eight hundred," repeats Sachs, politely.

"Yes, 800. Eight hundred bags. I must have been using like 50 acres. The bag is 100 kilograms."

"That's 80 tons over 50 acres," says Sachs, running the numbers off the top of his head.

"Mmmmm." Museveni, reaching for the calculator on his desk, starts tapping the keys: "That's 1.6 . . . "

Sachs is way ahead of him. "Times 2.5 would be . . . " he says, before concluding, "That would be four tons per hectare."

"Four tons?" asks Museveni, puzzled by the figure.

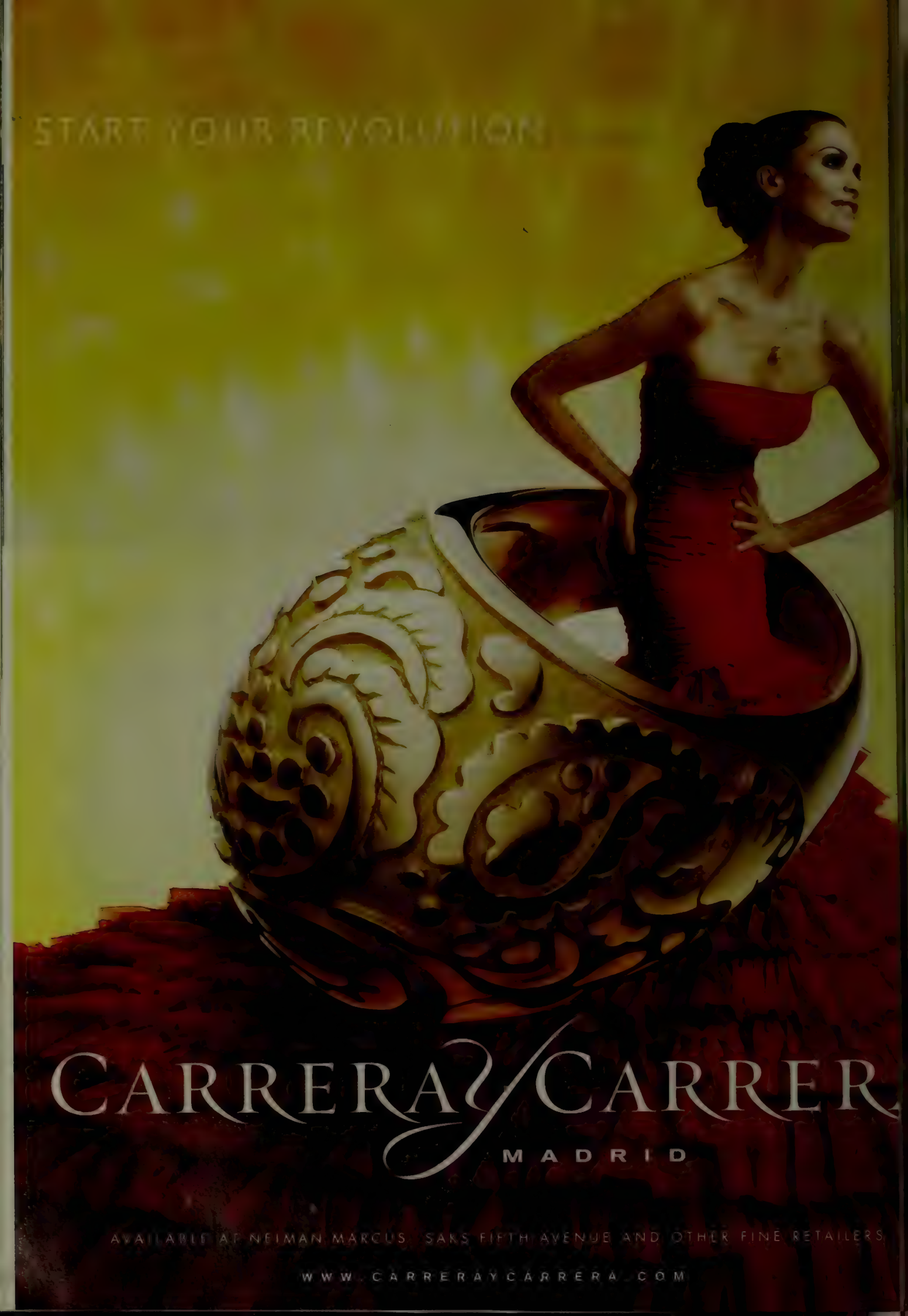
"Per hectare," repeats Sachs.

"Ah, O.K.," agrees Museveni. "That's what I harvested. Yes."

"You're a master farmer: you got four tons," says Sachs, complimenting the president on his crop yield and anxious to return to the matter at hand. "But the average here is less than a ton," he points out, referring to Uganda. "But with fertilizer you get four tons," Sachs adds, hoping to seize the day. "If you had all the farmers quadrupling their yields, do you know what kind of growth that would mean for this country? That's like a 25 percent increase of G.N.P.!"

Museveni has settled back into his chair. As he sips his sweet tea, his response to Sachs is: "Mmmmm." On the wall directly behind his desk is a single framed photograph, of Museveni.

Later I ask Sachs: what was his impression of the meeting with Museveni? Sachs seems startled, taken aback by my question. Was there any doubt it had been a success? "I thought it was a very good meeting," he answers, with the utmost sincerity. □


START YOUR REVOLUTION
CARRERA Y CARRERA
MADRID
AVAILABLE AT NEIMAN MARCUS, SAKS FIFTH AVENUE AND OTHER FINE RETAILERS
WWW.CARRERAYCARRERA.COM

JULY **VANITIES** 2007



Terry Pheto

AGE: 26. **RESIDENCE:** Vaal Triangle, South Africa. **WALKED THE RED CARPET AT THE 2006 ACADEMY AWARDS...** on account of her starring role in *Tsotsi*, which won the Oscar for best foreign-language film. **WALKED IT LIKE SHE TALKED IT BECAUSE...** Pheto is a product of a poor, crime-ravaged township outside of Johannesburg, much like the one where *Tsotsi* takes place. **NEXT:** She'll play a daughter of Nelson Mandela's in Bille August's *Goodbye Bafana*, a film based on the memoirs of one of Mandela's white prison guards. **AND AFTER THAT?** "Audition, audition, audition. Unlike Hollywood, we in South Africa don't have enough movies being made. Therefore your choices are very limited." KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER

The COASTER Correspondence

MORE OF THE VERY EXPENSIVE WORDS OF *Edwin John Coaster,* CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

SHEILA ROCHE
(HEAD OF GLOBAL COMMUNICATIONS)

Dear Graydon:

16 May 2007

Bono and Ed Coaster have just returned from their listening tour of Africa. I've included some snippets from their journals to give you a sense of what we've got. Bono envisions this as a "multi-media dialectic on the meaning of Africa including Web links, diesel fumes, mini-bar empties. drum patterns, and two white men talking bollocks. Fourteen pages, minimum." See for yourself.

With best wishes,

Sheila Roche

4 May

Mali. We are visiting a textile factory outside of Bamako where Fair Trade cotton is processed for EDUN and RED products. The workers had been informed of our pending visit and greet us joyously with gifts of jeans made from their cotton. But it turns out they were expecting *Edge,* not Ed, whose waist size is about 14 inches larger. Ed defuses the awkward moment by taking the jeans and raffishly fashioning them into a scarf. Thunderous applause. Ed's more than fat—he's phat.

Bono



GRAND HOTEL KINSHASA

Democratic Republic of Congo

5/7/07

Democratic Republic of Congo, formerly Zaire. My first time here since the Ali-Foreman fight. I remember a little dive in Kinshasa—a shebeen, they called it—where LeRoy Neiman and I used to pound back huge bottles of Primus beer. Bono tells me "shebeen" is an Irish word: "You see, Ed, we Irish are d with the Africans." Whatever. Our driver takes us to the spot I remember. It's a crêp stand now.

Ed

9 May

Navrongo, northern Ghana. Ed sits under a thorn tree with a village elder, explaining the plot of *The Big Red One* entirely through hand gestures and pictograms scratched in the dirt with a stick.

Bono

LESOTHO
Hotel Maseru

5/12/

Lesotho. The international media have caught on to us. Sixteen microphones in Bono's face. He does his usual song and dance about debt relief. You know what I want? Bono relief. I'm craving a Chibuku, the slurry-like homebrew you can get everywhere in southern Africa. As Bono's speech enters its third hour, I slip out in search of a local shebeen.

Ed

13 May

Soweto. A ramshackle meeting house. A flimsy dais has been set up for us. Ed slumps on it, half asleep, badly hung over from too much Chibuku. The gathered Sowetans point at him and murmur. Our guide whispers an explanation to me: They think I have brought along a pillowy effigy of P. W. Botha, and expect me to fling it ceremonially off a bridge.

Bono

EDWIN COASTER

5/15/07

In the limo from J.F.K. back up to Maine. When I finally came to in Soweto, Bono was a champ about my misbehavior. But I've only just noticed, after using the airport loo, that I now have WWW.ONE.ORG tattooed on my ass.

Ed

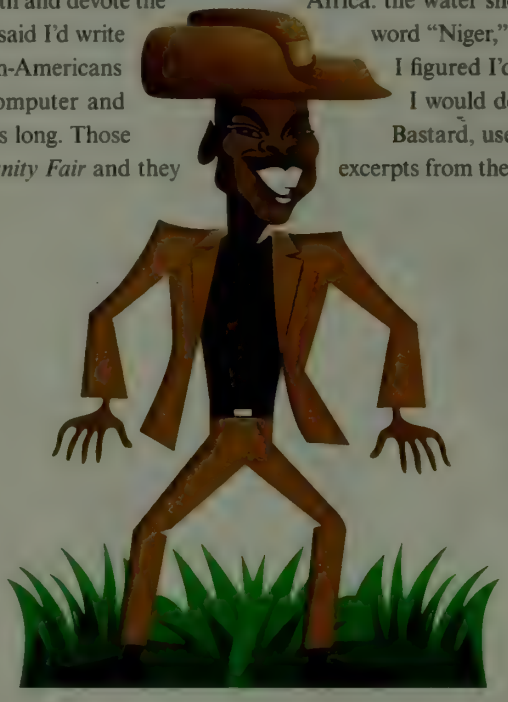

RTING AT $29,995*
GM 100,000-MILE/5-YEAR POWERTRAIN WARRANTY†
EPA ESTIMATED 20 MPG
HUMMER.COM
HUMMER
LIKE NOTHING ELSE.
*MSRP. Tax, title, license, dealer fees extra. †2007 Models: ...whichever ... See dealer for limited warranty ... ©General Motors Corporation, 2006.

The UGLY American

EARNEST? SOMBER? SANCTIMONIOUS? NOT *Chris Rock*, WHO HERE RECOUNTS HIS 2005 TRIP TO SOUTH AFRICA

One day I was at home listening to the Three 6 Mafia interview on Imus, and I got a call from my good friend Bono. He told me, "The good people at *Vanity Fair* said I could be guest editor this month and devote the whole magazine to Africa." I said I'd write a piece about the non-participation of African-Americans in Pan-African affairs. I sat down at my computer and realized that piece would only be three words long. Those words are: *Niggers is broke.* I sent that to *Vanity Fair* and they rejected it—not because it was three words, but because they didn't fee like getting a call from Al Sharpton.

So I thought about some of the things that are going on i Africa: the water shortage, poverty, AIDS, and the banning of th word "Niger," which is now referred to as "The N-Country I figured I'd leave that stuff to smart people, and instea I would do what my favorite American poet, Ol' Dirt Bastard, used to do: just wing it. I decided to share som excerpts from the diary of my last trip to Africa.



ARRIVAL IN JOHANNESBURG

The flight kicked my ass. My wife, my two kids, and I flew 20 hours from New York, which gives you an idea of how long it took the slave ships to get to America. The flight felt like the Middle Passage to me. When we landed I had lost my religion, my culture, my name. Africa is almost as far away as the Moon. They should have the Space Shuttle take you to Africa. I walked back to coach where my nanny was, and she was dead. I mentioned to my flight attendant that my nanny was dead and she said, "Sorry to hear that, but we lose about eight coach passengers per flight to Africa."

DAY TWO

Left the comfort of Johannesburg and drove into Soweto. There's nothing like the poverty I saw in Soweto. Imagine the worst ghetto in America. Now set it on fire. Now try to put out the fire with shit—and it's still not as bad as how people live in parts of Soweto. Now, the nice parts of Johannesburg were as nice as anything in the world. Don't know why we break the world into nations. We really should divide the world into nice part/bad part. That would be more useful when you're traveling. That way you'd know when to tuck your jewelry in.

DAY FOUR

Driving the streets of Johannesburg can be a little depressing. Everywhere you looked, there were H.I.V.-testing signs up. The traffic lights flashed green, yellow, and then a picture of a syringe. As we continued to drive through Johannesburg, I kept looking for a sign that would connect me to my African brethren—something that would indicate that we were all one. Finally I saw it: the biggest Kentucky Fried Chicken I'd ever seen. As I marveled at the Eighth Wonder of the World, I also remembered seeing K.F.C. when I went to Jamaica the previous year. There was also one when I went to Haiti. Their slogan should be "Wherever black people are, we're not far."

After eating my 12-piece, my family and I went on a UNICEF visit to find a new nanny. While we were there, my daughter Lola saw a little African girl with a lollipop and started crying because she didn't have one. Lola is one of the most privileged kids on earth, but she started crying because, at that moment, she didn't have what this poor girl had. So when no one was looking, I took the lollipop from the girl. She started crying. I said, "Well, you just blew your chance at adoption."

DAY FIVE

Got on another plane. Went to the great Nelson Mandela's house. I felt a lot of pressure. It was around the time that Richard Pryor had died, so I asked him, Did he get to see any Richard Pryor while he was in jail? He paused, looked me in the eye, and said, "Who's Richard Pryor?" I guess Mr. Mandela was in *real* prison. Not the American prisons we have with cable TV. After that, I didn't know what to say to him besides "It's an honor to meet you." It's not like we had a lot in common. He was 90, I was 40. He's South African, I'm American. He's a scholar, I'm a high-school dropout. He went to prison for 27 years, I worked at Red Lobster for eight months. When you really think about it, I have a lot more in common with Pauly Shore.

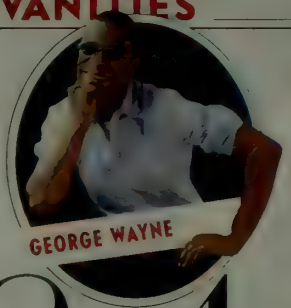
DAY EIGHT

Got on a plane to Cape Town with 20 bags and a new nanny. Great place. One of the nicest places I've ever been. Kind of like the South of France without the attitude. After checking into our hotel, we went on a tour o Robben Island. This is where Mandela was in prison. Saw a cell that Mandela stayed in for 14 years. I didn't want any mistakes to happen. "Ooh, Chris, the wind blew the cell door closed . . . What key?" Our tour guide was a former prisoner. I have a lot of respect for that man. I don't know if I could go back to a place I was incarcerated and show people around: "You know, when I used to be here, I thought I would never get away from this place, and look at me now!" He had no idea who Richard Pryor was, either.

LAST DAY

After spending 10 days on the most beautiful continent in the world, I realized I had been on one of the most incredible journeys of my life. It made an indelible impact on my psyche. I got in touch with my ancestry, and in a small way I felt like I had gotten closer to God. As my family and I boarded the plane and I looked out at the breathtaking expanse that was the Motherland, all I could think about was, *I hope our nanny makes it.*


BON JOVI
LOST HIGHWAY
THE NEW ALBUM IN STORES
JUNE 19TH
FEATURING THE SINGLE
(YOU WANT TO)
MAKE A
MEMORY
AVAILABLE AT:
BEST BUY
WWW.BONJOVI.COM
WWW.BACKSTAGEJBJ.COM
WWW.ISLANDRECORDS.COM
Mercury RECORDS
A UNIVERSAL MUSIC COMPANY



Eureka, Archimedes! I have finally found her! The absolute flawless fashionista. The adage rings true in this particular instance: beautiful on the outside, even more beautiful on the inside.

G-Dub's only complaint? Liya Kebede has had greatness thrust upon her. She needs to ramp up the profile. So many more need to be intrigued and inspired by this most incredible woman.

Is it any surprise she is from the land of Ethiopia? A land seemingly blessed for more reasons than one.

Estée Lauder could not have found a more perfect woman of color with which to create beauty history.

Q&A

Liya Rising

Liya Kebede ON HER ETHIOPIAN CHILDHOOD AND THE ROUGH WORLD OF GLAMOUR

Ethiopian-born model Liya Kebede, 29, was praised by the fashion world as the very embodiment of modern beauty when she became the first woman of color to be named the face of Estée Lauder, in 2003. Now a wife and a mother of two, she spends less time on the runway and more in Africa raising money as a Goodwill Ambassador for the World Health Organization. Our correspondent catches up with Kebede.

George Wayne: *You grew up in an affluent Ethiopia. Mother was in public relations. Father worked at the national airline. You grew up well off by Ethiopian standards. When was the first time you modeled?*

Liya Kebede: In high school. I went to a French academy.

G.W. *So you weren't really discovered by a photographer in the African bush.*

L.K. Oh, the Iman story.

G.W. *I know it's all myth.*

L.K. You found out.

G.W. *What would be the first superstar break—that catapult?*

L.K. I think it would be 1999, getting to do the Tom Ford Gucci show.

G.W. *Humility, grace, poise, charm—those are all your middle names. What sign are you?*

L.K. I am a Pisces, and I think that's why.

G.W. *Well, that virago at the height of "The Trinity"—Linda, Christy, Naomi—always used to say, "Why is it I don't have a beauty contract?" Well, now we know why.*

L.K. Who is this?

G.W. *That virago. What is your favorite Naomi Campbell horror story?*

L.K. I don't have a Naomi Campbell horror story. I think she is a very interesting girl. I think this business is really tough. She does what she has to do. By the way, I used to have a poster of Naomi Campbell in my bedroom in Addis Ababa.

G.W. *You created fashion history when you became the first Negress to have a beauty contract with Estée Lauder.*

L.K. Oh my God, "Negress," where did you get that word in 2007?

G.W. *That had to be a monumental day in your life when you first heard the news.*

L.K. Yes, it is huge.

G.W. *Well, think about it: the first woman of color ever to have such a lucrative contract with not just any house of beauty but* the *American house of beauty, iconic Estée Lauder! Tell me about this husband. Who is the luckiest man in the world?*

L.K. I am actually the luckiest woman in the world. He is wonderful. He is in finance.

G.W. *And he is 20 years older than you, which I found to be rather odd.*

L.K. Why?

G.W. *What, was he some kind of Svengali?*

"I don't have a Naomi Campbell horror story."

L.K. It was almost love at first sight. It's great.

G.W. *You are in this glamorous business working with gorgeous beauties all the time. Does he get nervous?*

L.K. He's a very secure man.

G.W. *My one complaint is this: We do not see enough of Liya Kebede. As RuPaul would say, "Work the runway, sweetie." Stop coasting on that beauty contract, Liya Kebede! Tell me about your charity foundation.*

L.K. Women in the world's poorest countries do not have access to the best medical care. When a woman is pregnant her chances of surviving childbirth are so low that more than half a million women die each year from complications during pregnancy or childbirth, which could easily be prevented. Sweden has a rate of nearly zero. All countries should have that rate.

G.W. *This is where the Liya Kebede Foundation is trying to bring awareness.*

L.K. I work with the World Health Organization as a Goodwill Ambassador.

G.W. *Are you friends with that other glamorous ambassadress?*

L.K. I met Angelina once.

G.W. *What about Zahara? She needs to be friends with your two-year-old daughter, Raee.*

L.K. Yes, they are around the same age. I would love to meet Zahara.

G.W. *C'mon, Angelina! Get it together. Why do Ethiopians have such beautiful skin?*

L.K. All those Estée Lauder products.

G.W. *I can spot an Ethiopian from across the room. There is a special glow that is God-given. Thank you, Liya Kebede. That's a wrap.*


Dove Bar
Deliciously dipped
eat yourself to rich and creamy DOVE® Ice Cream
nothered in silky smooth DOVE® Chocolate.
ne best chocolate experience in ice cream.
Dove
Original DOVE® Chocolate
My Moment. My Dove.

The Lazarus Effec

Dedicated to providing lifesaving drugs to Africans with AIDS, through a partnership between the Global Fund and companies such as Apple, Armani, and Gap, (Product) R could be a revolution in consumer-driven philanthropy. ALEX SHOUMATOFF reports on both sides of the equation: the marketing of sunglasses, sneakers, and T-shirts, and t medicine's miraculous effects on dying patients in the poorest countries



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL



Living Proof
Shot in Zambia in late March and early May 2007, these pictures show the improvement in Silvia Ng'andwe, 28, after just 40 days on anti-retroviral drugs.

A Population on the Mend

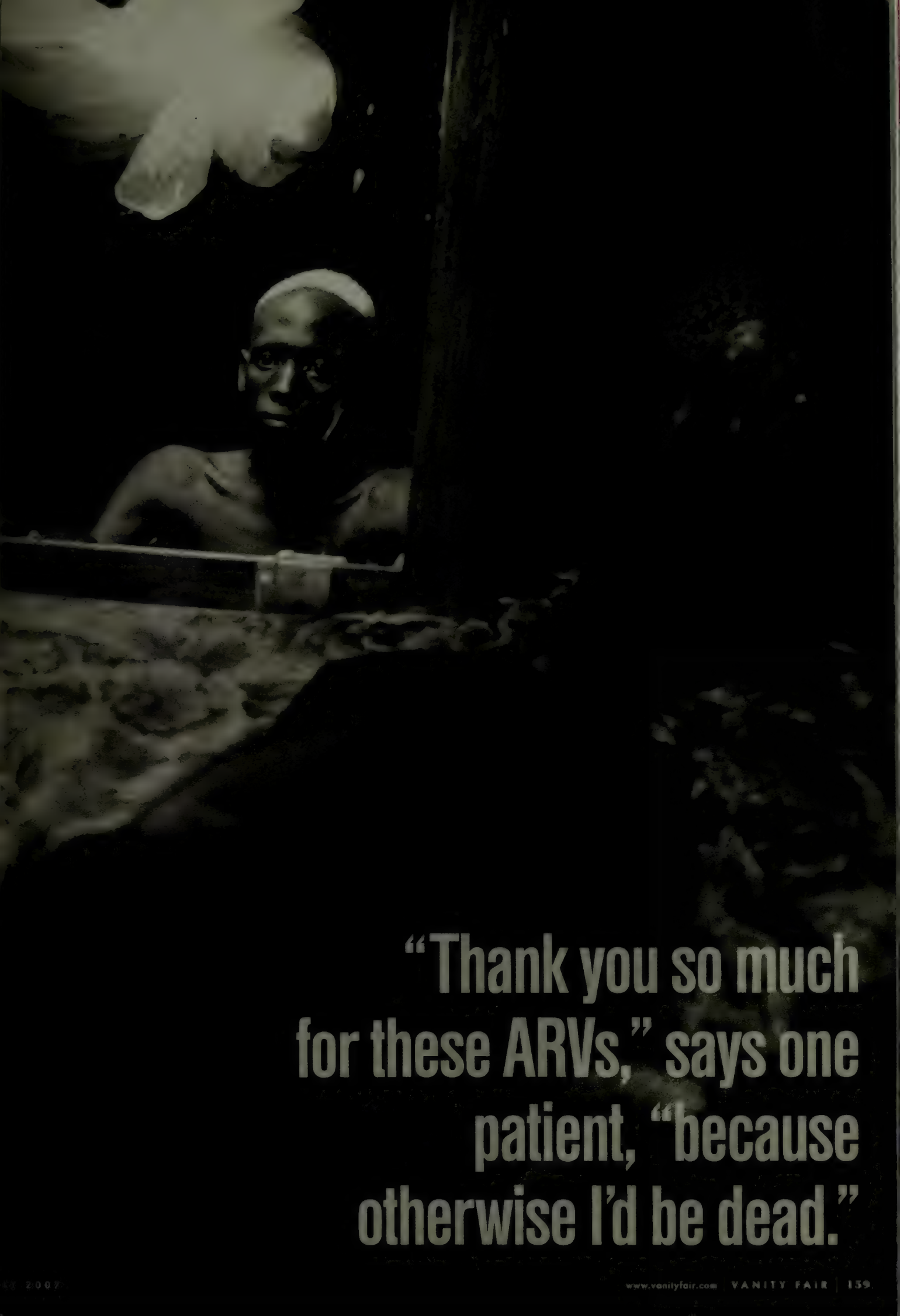
I am not sure what I expected to find inside the AIDS ward at the Kinyinya Health Center, but it sure wasn't empty beds. This local government facility sits on a hilltop on the outskirts of Rwanda's capital, Kigali, where some 7 percent of the population is infected with H.I.V., the human retrovirus that causes AIDS. So what gives? Where are all the sick people? "All the beds used to be full," says Dr. Fred Mutabazi, who works at the center. "Now there are much fewer patients, because of the ARVs."

First introduced in 1987, anti-retroviral drugs—ARVs for short—block H.I.V.'s assault on the body's immune system. As the drugs have improved, becoming less toxic and easier to take, they have largely turned AIDS in the Western world from a death sentence into a manageable disease. But the drugs' high price—a year's supply can exceed $10,000 in the developed world—has kept them way out of reach for most Africans. In 2003, a coalition of activists led by former president Bill Clinton pulled off the heroic feat of persuading four manufacturers to make ARVs available to developing countries for $140 a year. They accomplished this not by appealing to the corporations' sense of compassion but by pointing out that, if you sell 1,000 times as many drugs at one-hundredth the price, you still increase your earnings tenfold. The drug companies were well aware that the African market for anti-retrovirals is huge and getting bigger all the time: roughly 28 million Africans are living with H.I.V., and roughly 15 percent of them are in dire need of ARV therapy.

But $140 for a year's worth of ARVs is still beyond the means of most H.I.V.-



Brightening Prospects
Elimas Mokola, 24, had recently begun taking ARVs when he was photographed in late March in Lusaka, Zambia; by early May, *inset*, he felt much better.



"Thank you so much for these ARVs," says one patient, "because otherwise I'd be dead."



Back on Their Feet
"Before and after" photographs of Nancy Malaku, 27, and, *opposite*, Nigel Itwy, 34, showing how ARV treatment has allowed them to resume their lives.



positive Africans. So the question then was: How can the medicine be made available to them for free? This time it was President George W. Bush who stepped up to the plate, pledging $15 billion through the President's Emergency Plan for AIDS Relief (PEPFAR). In addition, the Geneva-based Global Fund has raised $10.5 billion from 52 governments to distribute among 450 programs to combat AIDS, malaria, and tuberculosis. The results are impressive: in 2002, only 50,000 Africans—1 percent of those who needed ARVs—had them. Today, 28 percent—or 1.34 million people—are getting the treatment. And the rate of increase is getting faster. Between December 2005 and December 2006, the number of Africans receiving AIDS drugs rose by 530,000—or 1,450 per day.

Even so, 5,800 people who could be saved are dying of AIDS every day. In 2 the consortium of rich nations know the Group of Eight (G-8) promised "ne universal access" to ARVs by 2010. T requires an annual increase of 655, treated patients in Africa alone.

"Judo Strategy"

There are only two patients in I yinya's eight-bed AIDS ward. Mutabazi introduces me to of them, an emaciated man in early 40s. "He was much thi when he came in, three mo ago, and so weak he was carried in by brothers," the doctor says. "Now he can w again. He is on the mend." Dr. Mutabaz plains that the man is a miller, "and wo who bring grain to get milled sometir slept with him to get served first. He doe know who infected him, but thinks there three main possibilities, women he was sl ing with in 1995. He became sick in 200 started with some small disease."

One of the outpatients, a 35-year- pregnant woman who is also on AR is strong enough to lead us at a fast through banana and cassava *shamba* her house, a few hundred yards from health center. We sit on sisal mats in front room. "She was infected by her h band, who died in 2004, leaving her w

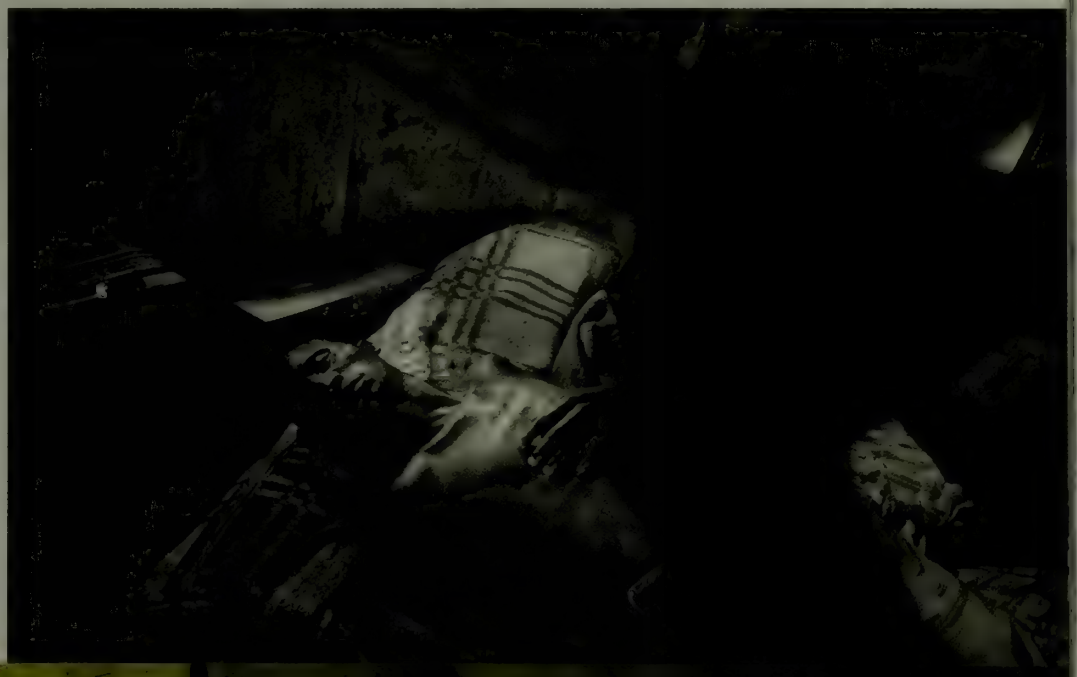
› children," Dr. Mutabazi says, translat-
as the woman tells her story. "She found
that she had H.I.V. during a routine
gnancy. She never suspected she had
She is from Gikongoro [about 70 miles
thwest of Kigali], but she came here for
atment, which is common: usually they
ne from far away, because they don't
nt the community to know. She made
nds here and gets food from the cen-
so two years ago she moved here to be
se to it. Later on, as you see, she became
gnant by a man, who also has H.I.V. He
›k off and is no longer in the picture.
r two children are with her mother, so
re is social sharing of the burden. She
s a support system, which many don't.
en if she dies, her brothers will take care
her children, but she doesn't think she
l. Compared with the state she was in
2004, she thinks she will survive. The
Vs have given her new life."

These two survivors are examples of
at is being hailed as "the Lazarus ef-
t." In the Gospel of John, Jesus raises a
n named Lazarus from the dead, and in
ence that's what these drugs are doing
people with AIDS. Antonin Kratochvil's
otographs accompanying this article
w the extraordinary transformation that can take place in critically ill patients after as little as 40 days of ARV treatment. While there is still no cure for AIDS, some patients have been restored to vibrant normalcy in just three months.

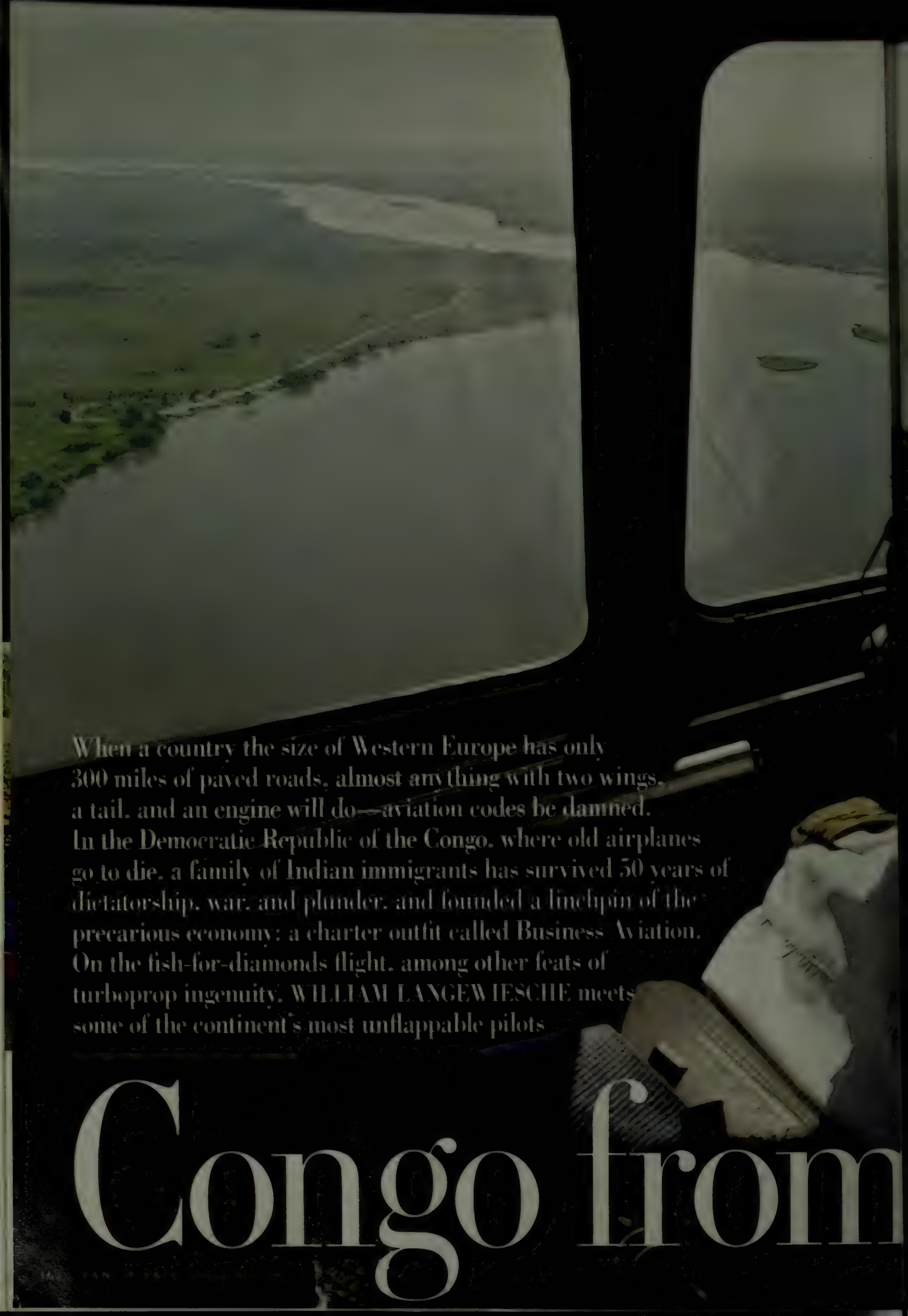
This medicinal miracle wouldn't be possible without the efforts of foundations such as the Global Fund, which began distributing free ARVs in Rwanda in 2004. The Global Fund gets most of its financing from world governments, but a growing proportion ($25 million by the end of 2006) comes from an altogether unlikely set of benefactors: Western retailers and the shoppers who can't resist them.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND OTHER TOPICS, GO TO VF.COM.

I admit to having been skeptical at first about the concept CONTINUED ON PAGE 221







When a country the size of Western Europe has only 300 miles of paved roads, almost anything with two wings, a tail, and an engine will do—aviation codes be damned. In the Democratic Republic of the Congo, where old airplanes go to die, a family of Indian immigrants has survived 50 years of dictatorship, war, and plunder, and founded a linchpin of the precarious economy: a charter outfit called Business Aviation. On the fish-for-diamonds flight, among other feats of turboprop ingenuity, WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE meets some of the continent's most unflappable pilots

Congo from

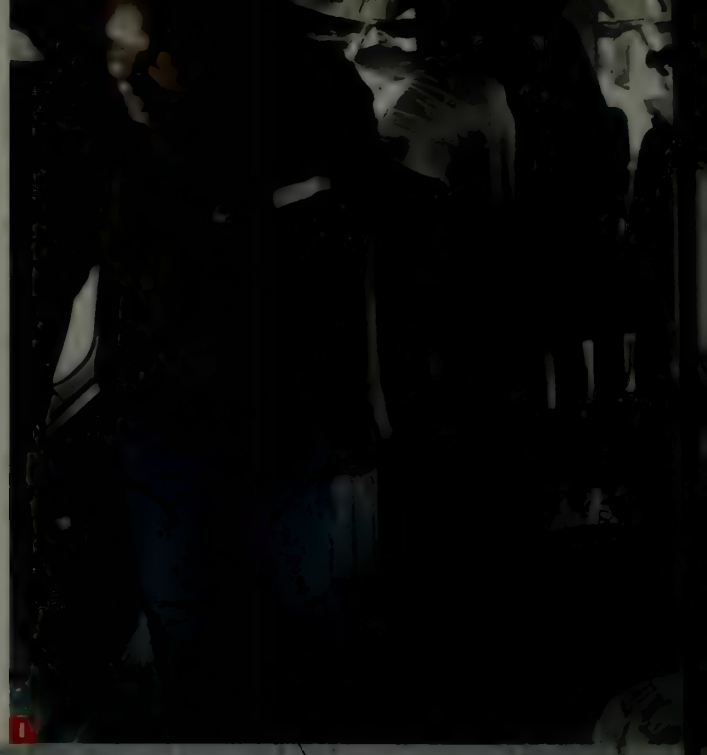


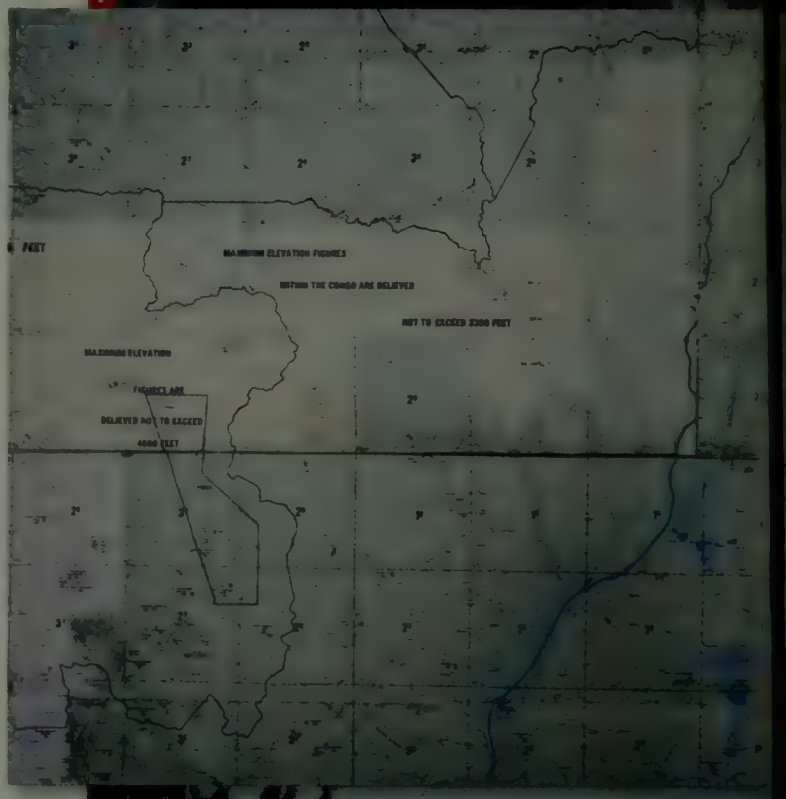
FINAL APPROACH

Senior pilot Diarra Fousseyni at the controls of an old Nord 262, crossing the Kasai River into Kinshasa.

the Cockpit

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUY TILLIM





The country formerly known as Zaire, now known as the Democratic Republic of the Congo, or the D.R.C., is an aeronautical paradise if only because it gives old airplanes a chance to keep flying after elsewhere they would have died. It offers benefits to the pilots and mechanics, too, allowing them to work creatively with airplanes in their organic state—two wings, a tail, and engines of various kinds. That freedom compensates for the low pay. Even the drive to the airport offers challenges, around potholes that can swallow a Jeep, through markets teeming with the ultra-poor, along walls pockmarked by rifle rounds from the latest political exercise, past the checkpoints where renegade soldiers and policemen extort bribes. In the capital, Kinshasa, the president is holed up behind a few thousand guards. He comes from the embattled East and barely speaks the local language, Lingala. He controls the forces of order only to the extent that he does not interfere with their rackets. Diplomats treat his government as a relative success, but honestly—the Democratic Republic of the Congo? I've heard it more accurately called the C.F.U.C., for Crazy Fucked-Up Congo. It is a country the size of Western Europe, with 300 miles of paved roads. It has plenty of dirt landing strips, but only a handful of tarmac runways, most of them rough. The airplanes arrive from the graveyards of America, Europe, and the former Soviet Union. Once they are branded with the Congolese registration, an unmistakable "9Q" followed by other markings on the fuselage, they join the ranks of a fleet that has been outlawed by developed nations and is shunned even by the neighboring African states. Congolese airplanes do seem to crash on a regular basis, sagging overloaded into the ground after unsuccessful liftoffs, descending with failing engines into forest clearings, or hitting holes after touchdown, shearing off landing gear, and swerving into the rough. But so what—look at how they are being used, transporting all manner of people and goods into all manner of places. Local pilots resent the blacklisting, given the skill with which they fly. They insist that God smiles on aviation in the Congo, because so many of them have crashed and survived. The exception, they say, are the Russian pilots, who when they crash usually lose their lives. Recently in the Congo I asked a lot about this, but no one could explain why.

I stayed in Kinshasa with a charter airline called Business Aviation, which serves the Congo with three high-wing turboprops—tough old airplanes that can handle the dirt strips and broken runways. One of the senior pilots was a dignified Senegalese named Diarra











LEAVE THE FLYING TO US

(1 and 2) Ground staff off-load one of Business Aviation's Let aircraft after a flight from Tembo. (3) Aeronautical chart of a portion of central Africa, on the wall at Business Aviation. (4) Airline flight attendant Dalycia Mpase. (5) The Munshi family, from left: Shafika, Asil, Ishaque, Yunus (who runs the business), and Najma. (6) A technician at Kinshasa's N'Dolo airport servicing the radar on the Nord. (7) Pilot Chris D'Altera (left) and mechanic Ken Roberts.

Fousseyni, who captained the largest airplane, a 30-passenger Nord 262 built in France in 1968. Fousseyni had been the chief pilot of Air Sénégal until he quit to fly in Gambia and then Sudan. In 2005 he crashed an old British Andover there while delivering Norwegian relief supplies. At 13,000 feet the right engine quit and the left engine lost power; using a handheld G.P.S., he located the nearest runway, but was unable to stretch the glide. No matter: God smiled and everyone survived. Fousseyni moved on to the Congo. He had started flying at the age of 21, in 1969. By the time I met him he had logged 19,800-but-who's-counting cockpit hours. He was 59 and had less than a year to go until the mandatory retirement age for pilots back home in Senegal. The cutoff in the Congo was less clear. This was not a subject he spoke of easily. When I broached it he said, "I tried to retire once before, but whenever an airplane passed overhead I wished I was inside. Piloting is all I know, my friend. But I am tired now. I think the time has come for me to write."

Pilots in Africa are held very high. We were standing by the Nord under a sweltering sun in a city named Kikwit, 350 miles east of Kinshasa. Kikwit is famous for an Ebola outbreak which killed 245 people in 1995. It has a population of about 300,000 and a modern cell-phone network, but except for the output from a few privately held generators, it has no electric power. This should not be so, given the region's hydroelectric potential, but the Congo is like an airplane poorly flown no matter how good its original design. Kikwit had power before, but at night now it is lit only by little pools of candlelight. It used to be accessible by the Congo's main road, but the road has eroded away, transforming the overland trip from Kinshasa into a one-week ordeal with days spent waiting behind mired trucks or digging ramps through the vertical cuts. The trip by riverboat is even longer, but the riverboats run only rarely these days. Kikwit, however, has an asphalt runway, and though it is jarring, it is good enough to allow old airplanes to serve it at very low cost. That morning we had flown in 14 adult passengers, one baby boy, one flight attendant (female, beautiful, neatly uniformed), one diesel generator, a personal computer, 10 boxes of disposable syringes, a carton of notepads, a carton of nested ice-cream cones, a stack of plastic basins, and perhaps a thousand pounds of compactly taped mystery bundles containing manufactured goods for the street markets there. The Nord's main cargo hold is a void containing radio racks between the cockpit and the passenger cabin. For the return flight, it was being loaded, floor to ceiling, with one of Kikwit's main food crops, cassava leaves, known as *pondu,* which are consumed as a vegetable mash. A pickup truck arrived with about 10 passengers, who climbed early into the airplane through an aft door, and sat inside sweating patiently and mopping their brows.

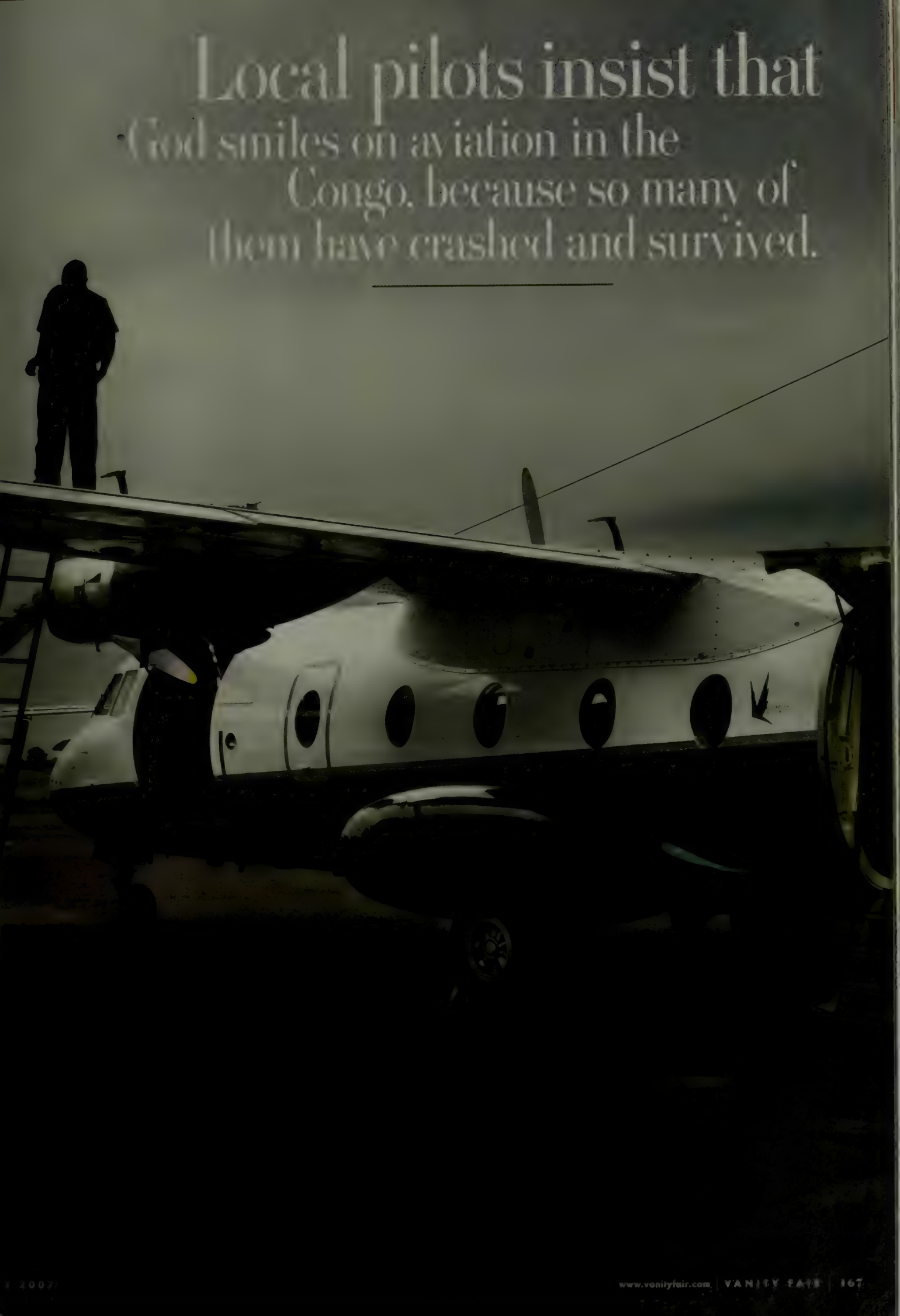
FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND OTHER TOPICS, GO TO **VF.COM.**

Fousseyni walked me out to survey the runway, which had buckled in the heat. He eyed the surface glumly and said, "On the departure roll we'll start on the left and pick our holes." A C-130 Hercules hauling United Nations supplies had landed hard several days before and was resting wounded beside the runway. Farther along lay the wreck of another Nord, now partially stripped, also belonging to Business Aviation. It had crashed several months previously with Fousseyni at the controls after an internal support structure for the landing gear failed in flight, leaving one wheel dangling but registering "green" CONTINUED ON PAGE 214



THE ROADS ARE WORSE

At N'Dolo, battered and tough airplanes face a gathering storm.


Local pilots insist that
God smiles on aviation in the
Congo, because so many of
them have crashed and survived.



PRESIDENTIAL PAIR

During a 1998 ceremony in Washington, D.C., Bill Clinton applauds as his South African counterpart accepts a Congressional Gold Medal.

A MAN CALLED HOPE

As if Nelson Mandela's political legacy—bringing democracy, peace, and freedom to South Africa, and hope to the world—weren't powerful enough, he has devoted himself, in his 80s, to fighting a global pandemic. A partner in the H.I.V./AIDS crusade, BILL CLINTON, shares his personal experience with this greatest of leaders

At my Harlem office, the headquarters of the Clinton Foundation, several portraits that have particular meaning to me are clustered together on a prominent wall, next to a small conference table I use to meet with staff and guests, including a daguerreotype of Abraham Lincoln and a photograph of Martin Luther King Jr. at the Lorraine Motel, in Memphis, on the last night is life. There are also three photographs of Nelson Mandela, two n during his presidency, and another, more pensive one taken r he left office. At home I have a picture of Mandela walking arm rm with me outside his old jail cell on Robben Island. I treasure f these photos because of what Mandela has meant to South Af- and the world.

've told this story about a thousand times, and I'll keep telling it he rest of my life, because it's so unforgettable. In 1998, I made first visit by an American president to South Africa. By then sident Mandela and I had become friends. We had met during Democratic convention in New York in 1992, and I had hosted at the White House in my first term. After we toured Robben nd, I told Mandela that on the day he was released from prison, r 27 years, I had awakened Chelsea, who was then 9, so she could ch him walk to freedom. I told him I knew he was a great man ave overcome his anger enough to invite his jailers to his inaugu- n and put the leaders of previously pro-apartheid parties in his rnment.

hen I asked, "But when you were walking to freedom, didn't you them again?" With wonderful candor he replied, "Of course I old anger rising up again, and fear. After all, I had not been free 7 years. But I knew that, when I drove away from the gate, if I inued to hate them, they would still have me. I wanted to be free, so I let it go." Whenever I feel anger and resentment rising inside elf, I try to think of what Mandela said, and follow his example. d all be a lot happier if we could do that.

For several years now, I have traveled to Africa in July to see firsthand the work my foundation is doing there, and also to spend time with my friend on his birthday. Last year, the very thing Mandela said to me as I stepped out of the car to greet was "Where are Hillary and Chelsea?" I told him that Hillary working hard in the Senate, and that Chelsea was putting in long rs at her job. When Mandela and I were both in office, we had ral official calls, usually at night in the U.S. He always asked to k to them after our business was done. I have seen him extend same kindness and show the same interest in total strangers, es- ally children.

Nelson Mandela has a fine mind, natural charisma, and a progres- vision. But it is his loving heart and reconciling spirit that have le him the greatest of leaders. He gave South Africa democracy, dom, and peace. After he left office, his moral leadership on behalf eace and reconciliation elsewhere in Africa and his clarion call global action on H.I.V./AIDS have continued to inspire the world. n his campaign against H.I.V./AIDS, Mandela's message has been the disease isn't a death sentence, that we have the means to ent and treat it, and that no one who is H.I.V.-positive should be riminated against. In recent years, this work has taken on personal significance for him, with the painful loss of his son, Makgatho, to AIDS, in 2005. His willingness to speak publicly about his personal tragedy has done a tremendous amount to further reduce the stigma associated with H.I.V./AIDS across sub-Saharan Africa.

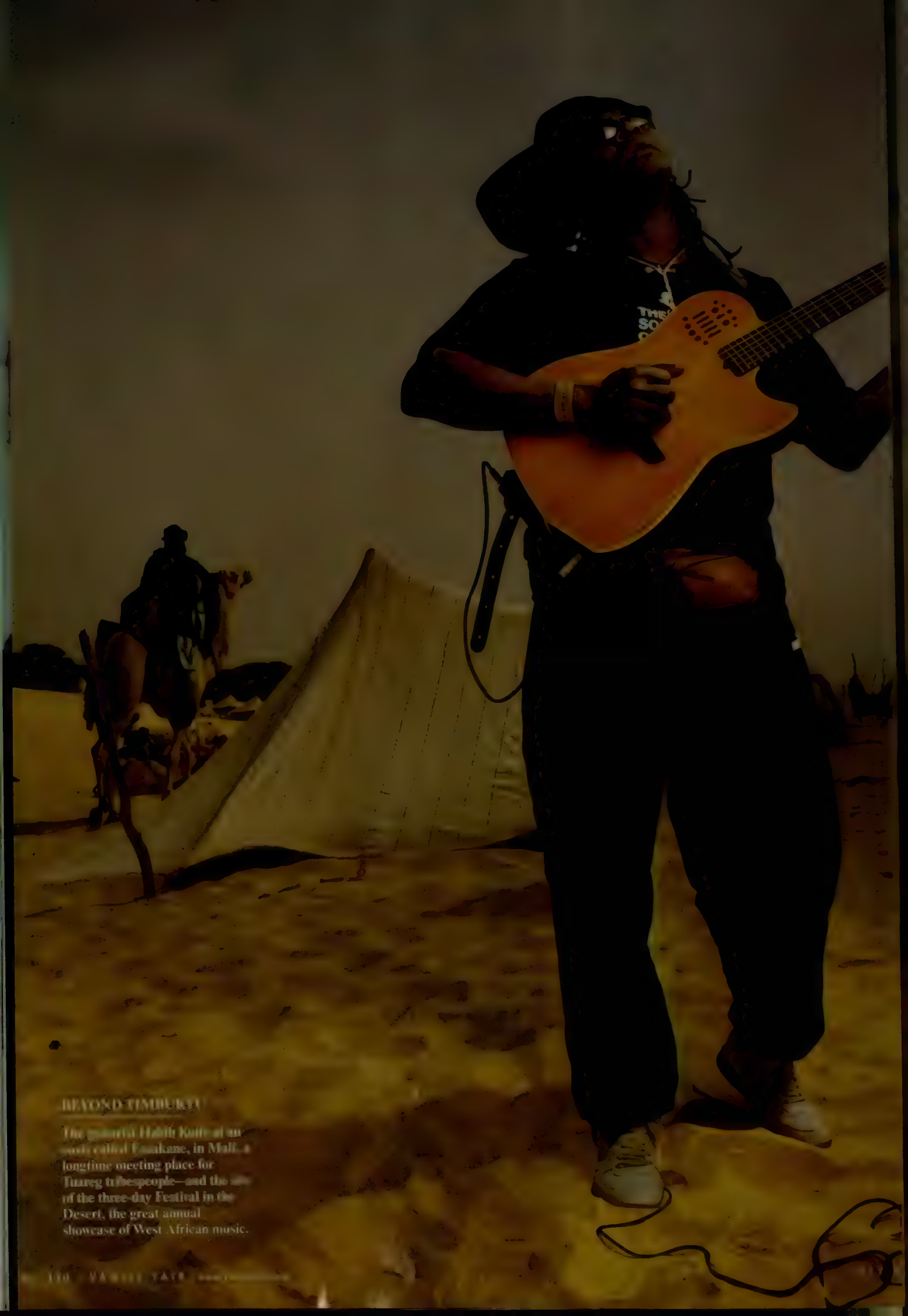
At the International AIDS Conference in Barcelona, in 2002, Mandela asked me to devote my foundation's attention to the epidemic, and in particular to the millions of H.I.V.-positive people living in nations unable to afford lifesaving anti-retroviral drugs for their citizens. After speaking with other leaders from the developing world at the conference, I became convinced that treating the sick was a surmountable, albeit enormous, challenge. I started the Clinton H.I.V./AIDS Initiative that year with the goal of dramatically lowering the cost for AIDS drugs. As of today, we have knocked down the annual cost for a typical adult from $500 to less than $140. The price of children's drugs has fallen, on average, from $600 to $60. Some 500,000 people are receiving medicine bought under our contract terms, and I'm hopeful that two million will have been helped by the end of 2008.

Still, we are far from our goal of universal access to H.I.V./AIDS medicine, and we fall pathetically short in providing treatment to children, though rapid progress is being made now, thanks to the French-led UNITAID program. What we have accomplished, however, is in no small measure due to the inspiration and urging of Mandela, who has forcefully, repeatedly, and effectively argued that saving lives is both morally imperative and economically feasible.

Given the way we have been able to expand treatment for those living with H.I.V./AIDS in just a few years, I am convinced that we can have a similarly positive impact on the other pressing challenges that the Clinton Foundation is focused on, including climate change, economic development in Africa, and the childhood-obesity epidemic in the United States. These efforts and those of other foundations and individuals also derive momentum from Mandela, because when he left public affairs, though he was over 80, he didn't stop being a public servant. The Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, movements such as the One Campaign, and many others around the world are able to do critical work on H.I.V./AIDS and other challenges in part because Mandela helped to create a climate in which donors, governments, and activists understand that change is possible and that we all have a responsibility to do our part.

Last July, I visited Lesotho, a small mountain nation surrounded by South Africa, and only a few hundred miles from Johannesburg, where Mandela lives. I spent time there talking with doctors and patients at the Karabong Clinic, where my foundation is working to help provide more than a thousand H.I.V./AIDS patients with the treatment they need. At one point, we stood outside the clinic to talk to the local press about the stigma surrounding the disease, and about our ability to treat those who are sick and give them back their lives. A young girl from the clinic, who couldn't have been more than six years old, joined us. I'll never forget her, because she clung to my hand for a long time. The next day, in Johannesburg, I held another hand, Mandela's, as we talked about our families, his health, and things to come. I doubt that Mandela will ever meet the little girl in Lesotho, but I know that he has touched her life, and millions of others, changing their course for the better, and offering them a hope-filled future. □

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS AND OTHER TOPICS, GO TO VF.COM.

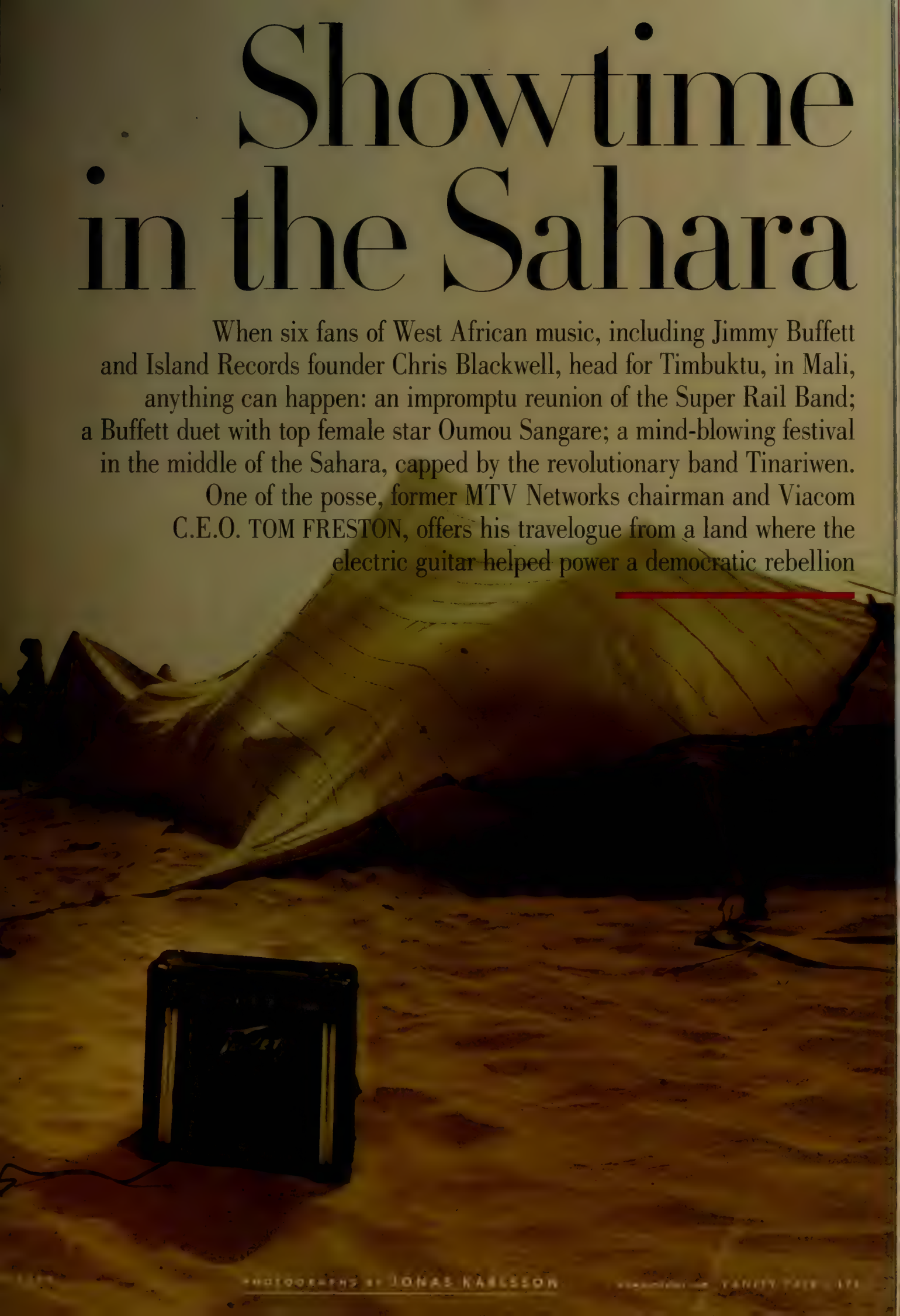


BEYOND TIMBUKTU

The guitarist Habib Koite at an oasis called Essakane, in Mali, a longtime meeting place for Tuareg tribespeople—and the site of the three-day Festival in the Desert, the great annual showcase of West African music.

Showtime in the Sahara

When six fans of West African music, including Jimmy Buffett and Island Records founder Chris Blackwell, head for Timbuktu, in Mali, anything can happen: an impromptu reunion of the Super Rail Band; a Buffett duet with top female star Oumou Sangare; a mind-blowing festival in the middle of the Sahara, capped by the revolutionary band Tinariwen. One of the posse, former MTV Networks chairman and Viacom C.E.O. TOM FRESTON, offers his travelogue from a land where the electric guitar helped power a democratic rebellion



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONAS KÅRLSSON

Monday
TO BAMAKO

The city of Dakar lies at the westernmost tip of Africa, on the big continental bulge that juts out to the left on the map. We flew over it at night, on a flight from the Cape Verde Islands. The city was ablaze with lights, and then—wham!—it was total darkness out the window for the next two hours, until we hit Bamako, the capital of Mali, and our destination.

We are six friends looking to check out Mali's renowned music scene. Over the years we've all been captivated by West African music. We'll be in Bamako a few days, and then off to Timbuktu, in the North, and ultimately beyond Timbuktu and into the Sahara for the Festival in the Desert. It's often called the "world's most remote music festival," a claim that should hold up.

Who's "we"? We are: Chris Blackwell, a Jamaican and the founder of Island Records (Bob Marley, U2, Cat Stevens, and many African artists). Chris is traveling lighter than any man I've ever seen—flip-flops, African-print cotton clothes, and what is basically a purse. He



Face in the crowd: a man from the
a tribe at the festival. (2) A large portion
he audience, mostly Tuareg tribespeople,
ve at Essakane by camel. (3) The musician
ma Yalomba, famous for his flips from a
ding position. (4) The main stage at the oasis.
The musician Baba Salah in Bamako, Mali,
he street where he lives.



The level of musicianship in Mali is extraordinary. Music comes at you from every angle.





has no visas and seems to just talk his way into countries. There is Jimmy Buffett, troubadour of the Caribbean, accomplished traveler, and aficionado of all things tropical. He's got a G.P.S. device, a bag filled with walkie-talkies, and a guitar. There's Kino Bachellier, from the French West Indies, a doctor on St. Barth's until he met Jimmy there in the 1970s. That put an end to the doctoring. He has toured with Jimmy now for almost 30 years. There's Bill Flanagan, a writer, novelist, editor, executive at MTV Networks, and commentator on all things musical for CBS. You will not find a man more knowledgeable about popular music. And, finally, there is Jonathan Brandstein, from Los Angeles, an adventurous manager of comedians and a world-music nut. He has been to Mali before.

Music is easily Mali's most famous export. The level of musicianship here is extraordinary—there's even a traditional musician class known as griots. Throughout Africa, music holds this incredible power; in a place where life can be hard, it is one of the greatest joys. A visitor quickly notices that music comes at you



Echoes of Africa

YOUSSOU N'DOUR'S PERSONAL PLAYLIST

Youssou N'Dour, 47, a native of Senegal, shot to world-music superstardom in the 1980s, boosted by a soaring voice, a signature "Afro-pop" sound, and a collaboration with Peter Gabriel. For *Vanity Fair*, N'Dour compiled this guide

1. **"LI MA WEESU," BY YOUSSOU N'DOUR.** This song is about the mirror of memory.

2. **"SENEGAL FAST FOOD," BY AMADOU & MARIAM.** The "blind couple of Mali" serves up a slice of life in Dakar (Senegal's capital), where a certain frenetic street energy can make New York or Los Angeles seem sedate.

3. **"SAVANE," BY ALI FARKA TOURÉ.** No one was more responsible than Ali Farka for making clear the links between West African roots music and its New World progeny (blues, jazz, and rock).

4. **"JIIN MA JIIN MA," BY ORCHESTRA BAOBAB.** It represents the round-trip through which Afro-Cuban music returned to our shores. Orchestra Baobab inspired me very much when I was a teenager.

5. **"AFRICA CHALLENGE," BY TOUMANI DIABATE'S SYMMETRIC ORCHESTRA.** An African groove from this master of the kora (the African harp)!

6. **"SAA MAGNI," BY OUMOU SANGARE.** The Malian queen of the Wassoulou sound introduced a strong woman's social and political perspective to our music.

7. **"CHET BOGHASSA," BY TINARIWEN.** Africa has a knack for coming up with things profoundly new. What else to say about this marriage of the electric guitar with the deep desert by these Tuareg soul rebels?

8. **"M'BIFO," BY ROKIA TRAORÉ.** Traoré gracefully transforms her modernist spirit and ideals into a vehicle for hope, connection, and community.

9. **"SOU," BY CHEIKH LÔ.** *Mbalax*'s gentlest poet spins another winning moral tale from his Baye Fall Sufi heart. He is representative of the unique Senegalese religious ethos.

10. **"INIAGIGE," BY SALIF KEITA.** Through Salif, our epic identities breathe in all the world's capitals. *Amul moroom:* There is no one like him.

11. **"MIYAABELE," BY BAABA MAAL.** Graceful, pure, thoughtful, committed, learned—Baaba Maal is a kind of glue for our diverse musical cultures.

12. **"JAMAN MORO," BY AFEL BOCOUM.** Nick Gold at World Circuit Records has unveiled another genius and a worthy heir to Ali Farka Touré.

13. **"SIGUI," BY DJELIMADY TOUNKARA.** Comfort music: this tranquil offering is a balm for my soul from the guitarist of the original, great Super Rail Band, of Bamako (Mali's capital).

14. **"DEBE," BY ALI FARKA TOURÉ AND TOUMANI DIABATE.** Heavenly melodies played by divinely inspired hands. Any commentary would be superfluous.

15. **"ALLAH," BY YOUSSOU N'DOUR.** "He laid forgiveness onto your wrongs and covered you with His favors." Religion is not meant to be sad, or morose. It is meant to be joyous, and connected to human promise.

TO LEARN HOW TO DOWNLOAD ALL THE SONGS ON N'DOUR'S PLAYLIST, GO TO VF.COM.

from every angle, like some exotic mix tape. Mali and Senega perhaps the two leading places to go for West African music, comes in many variations. The good news is that they're all g There is the hypnotic "desert blues" sound from the North, e plified best by Ali Farka Touré, who died last year. There ar more danceable and rhythmic sounds of the South: Salif K and Amadou & Mariam are names you might recognize. Y heard this music. Snatches of it are in movie soundtracks an commercials. Western artists such as Taj Mahal and Ry Co and Robert Plant have done collaborations with African a that have sold well.

Our plan is pretty loose; nothing is really set. We clear i gration and customs (Chris gets a visa), and head off to town 10 P.M. The streets are quiet, and everything seems engulfe smoke. We cross a long bridge over the Niger River and roll our hotel, the Kempinski El Farouk. It's right on the river an it should in a former French colony, has a decent wine list.

Tuesday

ON A ROLL

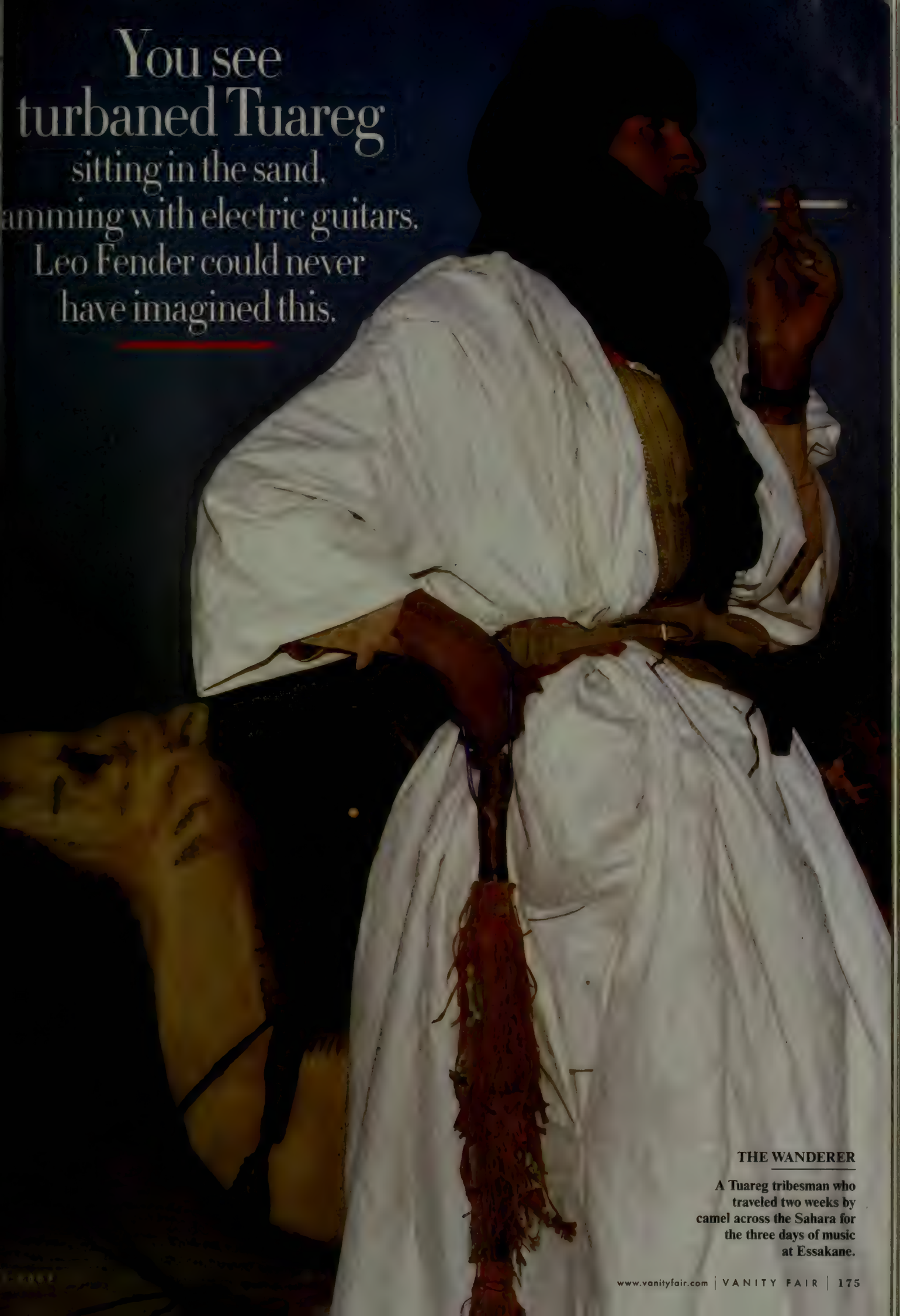
Bamako is low-rise and a bit gritty—n ing fancy here as, say, in Dakar. M streets are jammed with traffic. I see of vans and mini-buses with the d taken off. The women wear bright, derfully mismatched blouse, skirt, head-wrap combinations. The men caps and caftan-like garments called bous. Lots of T-shirts too. Nike's " Do It" seems to be a big seller. Every other person is on a phone, or buying or selling one.

I wanted to see the famous railroad station, built by the Fre The hotel right next to it, the Buffet Hotel de la Gare, was *the* ue for the music scene that exploded in Mali after independe in 1960. The hotel had a bar and a club on an outdoor terr There was a small stage, and back then lanterns were hung ac the dance floor. The Buffet Hotel de la Gare was the Malian sion of Max's Kansas City.

In the 70s, Mali's government, like many others in Afr funded large bands to express the culture and vitality of the nation. The Super Rail Band, which played at the Buffet Ho was one of them. It became the hottest group in the countr Mali's Beatles. Some of its members, such as Salif Keita and M Kanté, went on to African superstardom and international fa The Super Rail Band created a new sound, mixing Afro-Cu dance rhythms and varieties of traditional Malian music. It wildly infectious.

Today, it's obvious that the good times have moved on. place is in serious disrepair. But as we stand outside, ima ing what had been, a man approaches us, curious. He is an o fellow, and through him we meet an actual member of the Su Rail Band. We propose a "reunion show" for that night. He s it is possible, and we negotiate a fee and ask him to bring an a ence too. We set the show for nine P.M.

On a roll, we decide to try to contact Toumani Diabate, an ternational star who, at 41, is widely regarded as the world's kora player. (A kora is a 21-string harp-like instrument that ates a defining African sound.) He was once on Chris's label, we had heard that he was back in Bamako. Incredibly, he, too available, and agrees to play for us with his big-band ensem the Symmetric Orchestra. We settle on a CONTINUED ON PAGE

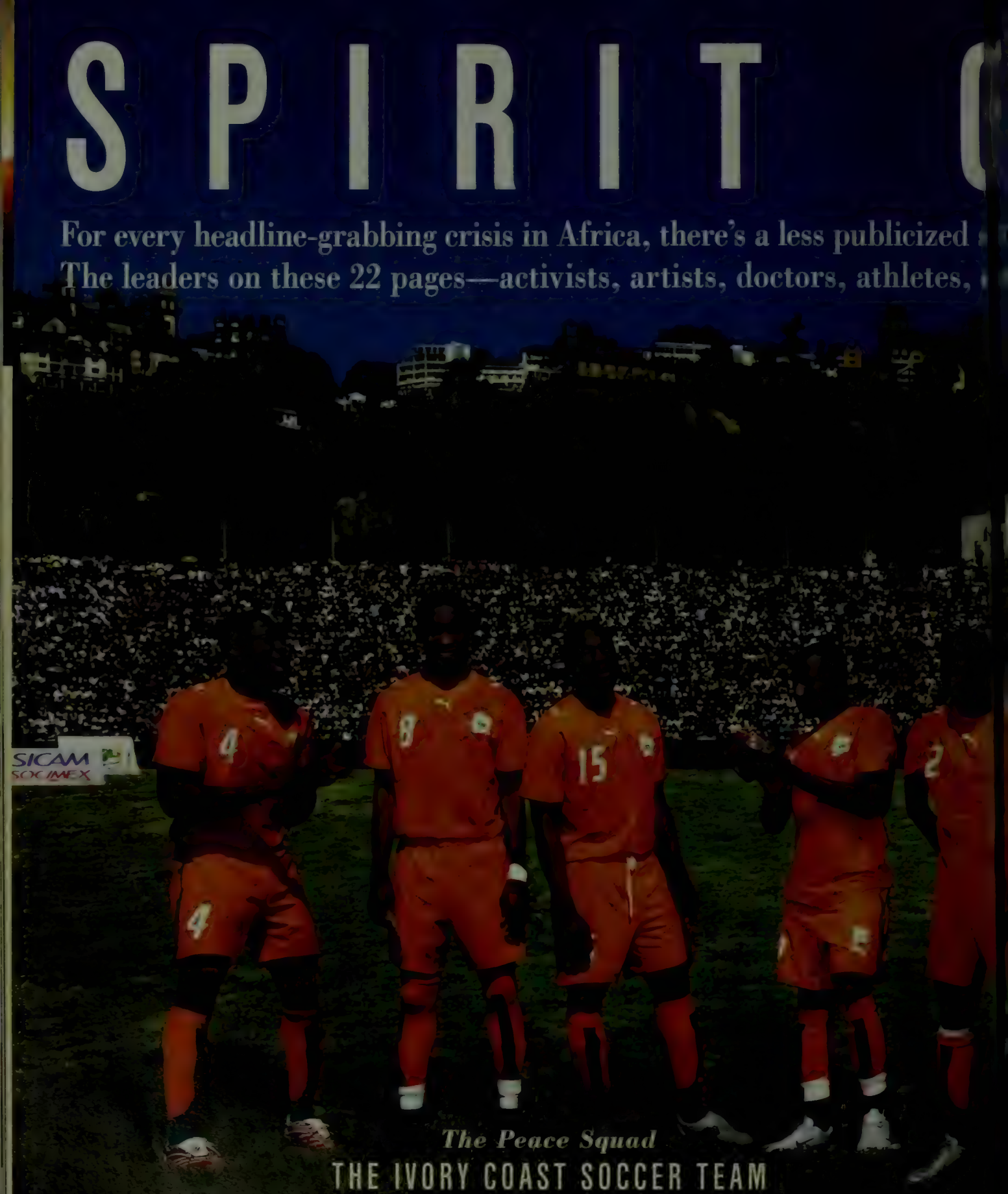


THE WANDERER

A Tuareg tribesman who traveled two weeks by camel across the Sahara for the three days of music at Essakane.

SPIRIT

For every headline-grabbing crisis in Africa, there's a less publicized
The leaders on these 22 pages—activists, artists, doctors, athletes,



The Peace Squad

THE IVORY COAST SOCCER TEAM

Kolo Toure, Salomon Kalou, Aruna Dindane, Gilles Yapi Yapo, Kanga Akalé, Steve Gohouri, Siaka Tiene, Arthur Boka, Romaric N'Dri Koffi, Boubacar "Copa" Barry, Didier Drogba.

Back in early October 2005, when the whistle blew on the last game of Ivory Coast's successful qualification run for the 2006 World Cup, a 3–1 win against Sudan, captain Didier Drogba sank to his knees and led his teammates in pleading for peace back home. Ivory Coast, a West African state, has been divided since a civil war started in 2002 between the eventually rebel-held North and the government-controlled South. Every game les Elephants have played since the beginning of the war has been an encounter against both the opposing 11 men on the pitch and the civil war back home, every trip to the dressing room a quick opportunity to call home and find out the latest news.

E AFRICA

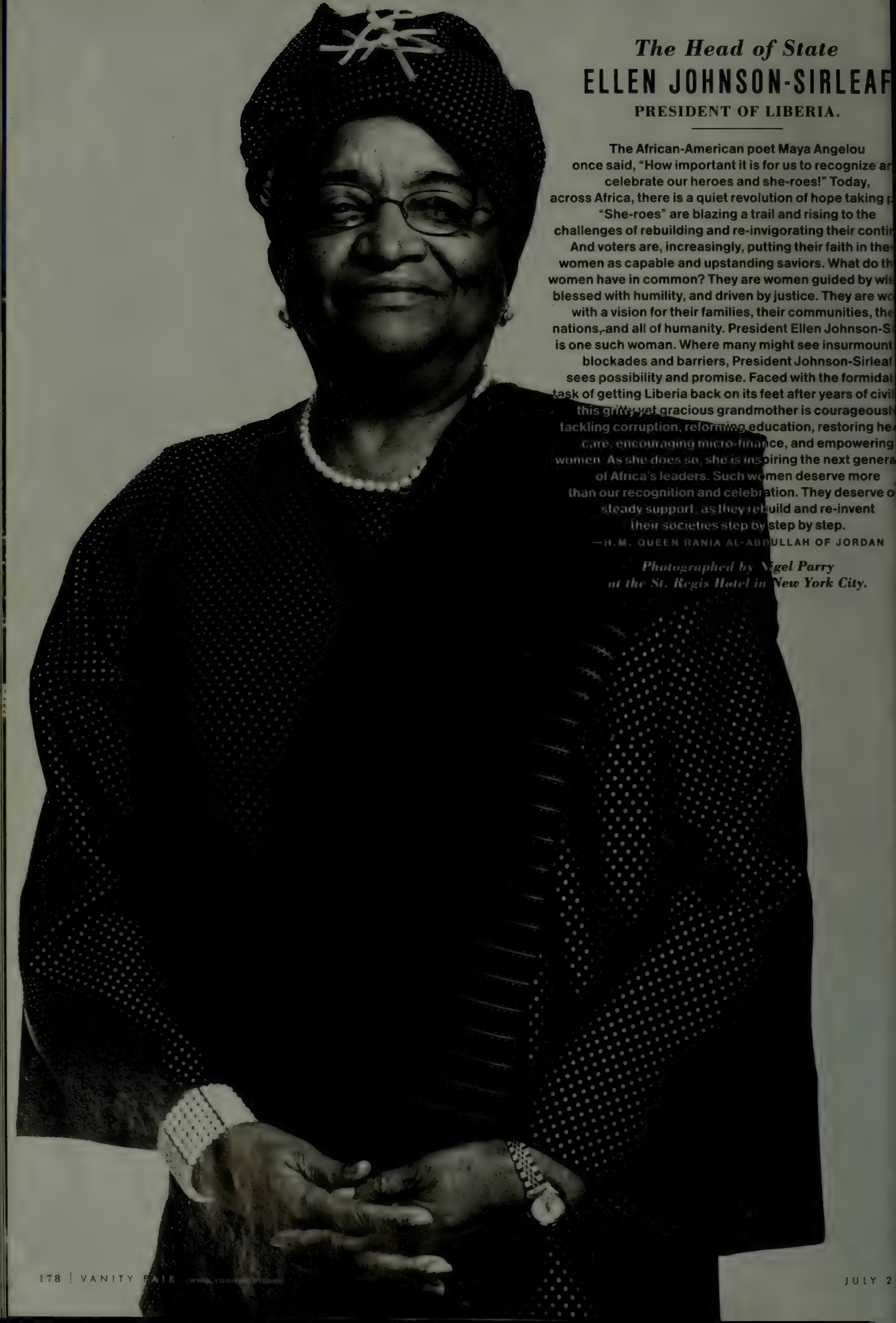
Africans confronting it, their courage, imagination, brains, and grit. neurs, economists, and more—are their continent's hidden wealth

TO READ ABOUT THE AUTHORS WHO WROTE THE PROFILES FOR THIS PORTFOLIO, GO TO VF.COM.



With World Cup qualification, the team's prayers were answered. North and South danced in the streets for two days. President Laurent Gbagbo, who controls the South, awarded all players, North and South alike, million-dollar villas and honorary knighthoods and called for a truce. For a brief moment the divisive concept of "Ivoirité," which excludes most northerners, was forgotten. An ABC/ESPN ad starring the team members and the music of U2 spread the story worldwide, hailing soccer as a universal incentive for peace. With some recent success in these peace initiatives, Ivorians are starting to have hope in more than soccer. Recently, Drogba, also this season's leading scorer in the U.K.'s Premier League, visited the North and dedicated his African Footballer of the Year award to a united Ivory Coast. Currently, even as the Elephants cut an early swath in their qualifying group for the 2008 African Cup of Nations, they continue their peacemaking attempts, trying to still the guns of civil war through today's most Pan-African of movements: soccer. —BILLY KAHORA

Photographed by Barry Salzman at Mahamasina Stadium in Madagascar.



The Head of State

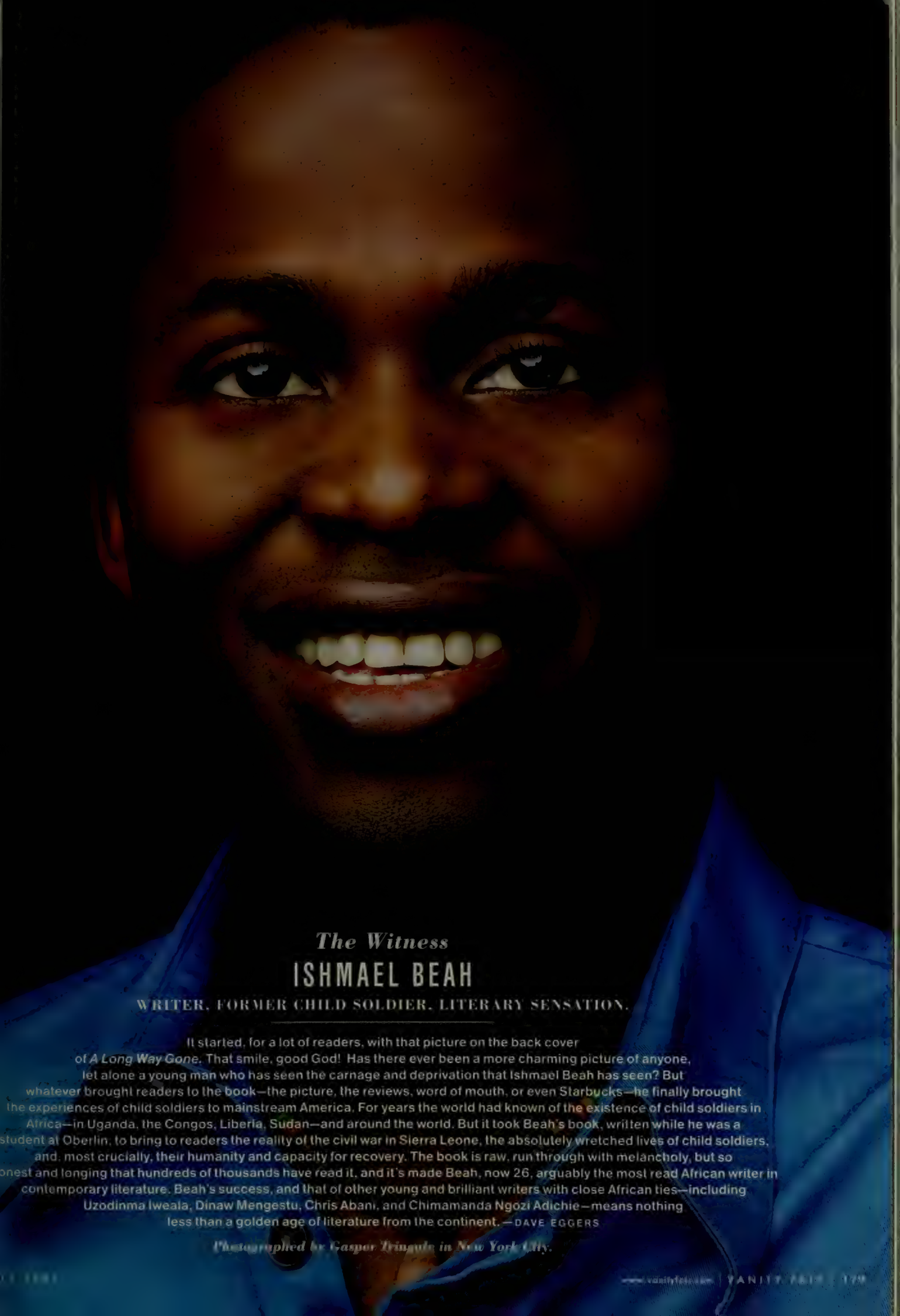
ELLEN JOHNSON-SIRLEAF

PRESIDENT OF LIBERIA.

The African-American poet Maya Angelou once said, "How important it is for us to recognize ar celebrate our heroes and she-roes!" Today, across Africa, there is a quiet revolution of hope taking p "She-roes" are blazing a trail and rising to the challenges of rebuilding and re-invigorating their contir And voters are, increasingly, putting their faith in the women as capable and upstanding saviors. What do th women have in common? They are women guided by wis blessed with humility, and driven by justice. They are wo with a vision for their families, their communities, the nations, and all of humanity. President Ellen Johnson-S is one such woman. Where many might see insurmount blockades and barriers, President Johnson-Sirleaf sees possibility and promise. Faced with the formidat task of getting Liberia back on its feet after years of civil this gritty yet gracious grandmother is courageousl tackling corruption, reforming education, restoring he care, encouraging micro-finance, and empowering women. As she does so, she is inspiring the next genera of Africa's leaders. Such women deserve more than our recognition and celebration. They deserve o steady support, as they rebuild and re-invent their societies step by step by step.

—H.M. QUEEN RANIA AL-ABDULLAH OF JORDAN

Photographed by Nigel Parry at the St. Regis Hotel in New York City.



The Witness

ISHMAEL BEAH

WRITER, FORMER CHILD SOLDIER, LITERARY SENSATION.

It started, for a lot of readers, with that picture on the back cover of *A Long Way Gone*. That smile, good God! Has there ever been a more charming picture of anyone, let alone a young man who has seen the carnage and deprivation that Ishmael Beah has seen? But whatever brought readers to the book—the picture, the reviews, word of mouth, or even Starbucks—he finally brought the experiences of child soldiers to mainstream America. For years the world had known of the existence of child soldiers in Africa—in Uganda, the Congos, Liberia, Sudan—and around the world. But it took Beah's book, written while he was a student at Oberlin, to bring to readers the reality of the civil war in Sierra Leone, the absolutely wretched lives of child soldiers, and, most crucially, their humanity and capacity for recovery. The book is raw, run through with melancholy, but so honest and longing that hundreds of thousands have read it, and it's made Beah, now 26, arguably the most read African writer in contemporary literature. Beah's success, and that of other young and brilliant writers with close African ties—including Uzodinma Iweala, Dinaw Mengestu, Chris Abani, and Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie—means nothing less than a golden age of literature from the continent. —DAVE EGGERS

Photographed by Gasper Tringale in New York City.

The Level Heads

NGOZI OKONJO-IWEALA AND K. Y. AMOAKO

ECONOMISTS.

In Ngozi Okonjo-Iweala and K. Y. Amoako, Africa has two economists who care not just about the numbers but also about the people who have to live with the impact of policy changes. During her tenure as Nigeria's finance minister, Okonjo-Iweala (currently distinguished visiting fellow at the Brookings Institution) took on corruption—an issue that was foremost in vote minds after the generals were finally thrown out of power, in the late 1990s—and went where no man (or woman) had gone before. She fired corrupt officials, created an activist anti-corruption commission, and even took on the notorious "419" scammers, who prey o people naïve enough to believe in get-rich-quick schemes. And she undertook tough negotiations at home and abroad that led the world to relieve Nigeria of $18 billion in what's called "odious debt," accrued throughout 15 years of military rule. During his 10 years executive secretary of the United Nations' Economic Commission for Africa, Ghanaian economist Amoako put together a crack team of young economists who work with Africa's finance ministers to develop concrete plans for integrating Africa's small economies into larg economic blocs that could compete in the global market, and are tackling the impact of H.I.V./AIDS on governments' capacities and operati cleaning up corruption, and changing the way Africa's donors do business. Ngozi and K.Y. can debate exchange-rate policies with the best of them, but they've done more to move Africa's economies forward than any number cruncher could ever do. —GAYLE SMITH AND JOHN PRENDERGAST

Photographed by Jonathan Becker at the Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C.





The Visionary

MO IBRAHIM

FOUNDER: CELTEL INTERNATIONAL, THE MO IBRAHIM FOUNDATION, THE IBRAHIM INDEX OF AFRICAN GOVERNANCE.

Trust a man who, even as a poor Sudanese high-school student in Egypt, thought he could be a top international scientist to have grand ideas for changing his continent. Throughout his life Mo Ibrahim has peddled seemingly implausible visions and carried them off. He has built several cell-phone empires and fortunes, the most recent in Africa. Now he is creating an annual Nobel-like prize for Good Governance in sub-Saharan Africa. He has announced he will give a whopping $5 million prize distributed over 10 years to Africa's best head of state, with a smaller retirement stipend after that. The criteria are that the winner has governed democratically and honestly, done a good job for his (or her) people, and retired on time. Just in case anyone does not take his plan seriously, he has recruited Kofi Annan, the former U.N. secretary-general and one of the continent's most famous sons, to chair the selection panel. As in his business ventures, Ibrahim is impatient with conventional thinking. Aid, he argues, helps, but is a Band-Aid. Africa needs good government so that it can attract private investment. Typically, he is not stopping at the prize, but is also putting his money behind a new private investment fund for Africa. —MARK MALLOCH BROWN

Photographed at his London home by Jonas Karlsson.



The Provocateur

CHÉRI SAMBA

ARTIST.

I first saw Chéri Samba's work a long time ago in Paris at the Pompidou Center. The show was called "Magiciens de la Terre." The paintings were "naïve" and complex at the same time and painted with such a vibrant palette of yellows, blues, and greens that I was easily transported to his Africa, an Africa of stereotypes and colonial ignorance as well as pleasures and success. He draws on contemporary imagery such as comic books and advertising posters to paint a tableau of anecdotal scenes depicting power, corruption, fear, mortality, prostitution, and the local marketplace. Along with narrative prose and slogans that cover some of the canvases, his visual imagination is stunning. His work actually reminds me of contemporary *retablos* paintings of Mexico, and like them voices a profound social and moral discontent. It can appear very literal, but all his paintings are reflexive and narrated from a distinctly African point of view, one that can sometimes be quite arrogant. He is aware of the success of his paintings, recognizing that only a few years ago he was just another one of the many artists selling their work at the local market. Now Western critics and dealers all wish to stake ownership of it. This month seven of Samba's paintings (six from Jean Pigozzi's Contemporary African Art Collection) will be exhibited at the Venice Biennale. His work is a modern metaphor for the Africa of today, and through his art he is trying to reclaim it. —DAMIEN HIRST

Photographed with his painting Art Not War at his studio in Kinshasa, Democratic Republic of the Congo, by Tamara Vich.



The Siren

ANGELIQUE KIDJO

SINGER, SONGWRITER, ACTIVIST, UNICEF INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL AMBASSADOR.

Throughout the course of human history, the global family has been unable to find solutions to the evils that persistently deny the achievement of enduring peace and harmony. But as long as these evils persist, they must be resisted. Popular culture believes that the function of the artist is to entertain. Artists are told that to be political or to challenge authority is an abuse of their gift. How fortunate for our common humanity that so many throughout history have refused to acquiesce! I believe that art is a prime facilitator of truth, and those who have come to embrace this have always enhanced our humanity. Angelique Kidjo is such an artist, using her work and her growing fame to change the way the world views Africa. She helps raise the profile of social causes. Beyond her music, she uses the upheaval of her childhood, in Benin, as the backbone for Batonga, her nonprofit effort to help educate young African women. Most artists talk about doing good; few go out and do it. Angelique Kidjo is one of them. —HARRY BELAFONTE

Photographed by Norman Jean Roy in New York City.

Newton Aduaka (Nigeria), Mahamat-Saleh Haroun (Chad), Gaston Kaboré (Burkina Faso), Mahen Bonetti (Sierra Leone), Isabelle Boni-Claverie (Ivory Coast), Cheick Fantamady Camara (Guinea), Daniel Taye Workou (Ethiop Osvalde Lewat-Hallade (Cameroon), Moussa Sene Absa (Senegal), Teddy Mattera (South Africa), Jean-Marie Teno (Cameroon), Fanta Regina Nacro (Burkina Faso), Danny Glover (U.S.), John Akomfrah (Ghana), Safi Faye (Senegal).

In 1969, on the edge of the Sahara Desert in Burkina Faso's dusty capital, Ouagadougou, a film festival was born. With outdoor theaters, mo-ped traffic jams, and mango slices in lieu of popcorn, FESPACO today is the Cannes of Africa, the most impor cinematic stage on the continent. This year the top prize—the Étalon de Yennenga—was given to Newton Aduaka for *Ezra,* his chillir story of a child soldier. Other awards went to Cheick Fantamady Camara for *Clouds over Conakry,* Daniel Taye Workou for *Menged,* a Mahamat-Saleh Haroun for *Darrat.* Other FESPACO regulars include directors John Akomfrah, Fanta Regina Nacro,

The African Screen

FILMMAKERS



and Moussa Sene Absa, and documentarist Jean-Marie Teno. With any luck, Osvalde Lewat-Hallade's nonfiction depictions njustice and Isabelle Boni-Claverie's highly praised short films will help make them the next Safi Faye, the FESPACO veteran and pioneer of women filmmakers in Africa. Teddy Mattera, who teaches writing and directing in Johannesburg, turned to comedy to help define ɔmatic language for the new South Africa with *Max and Mona.* Gaston Kaboré has traded in his award-winning directing talents to focus on training future directors. Helping him open doors for the next generation are Mahen Bonetti, who came to New York in 1970 id has built the African Film Festival into the leading American showcase for African movies, and Danny Glover, whose new production company, Louverture Films, produced the critically acclaimed *Bamako,* a searing indictment of the World Bank's work in Africa. If Senegal's Ousmane Sembène is the father of African cinema, these are his offspring. —AUSTIN MERRILL

Photographed by Mark Seliger.







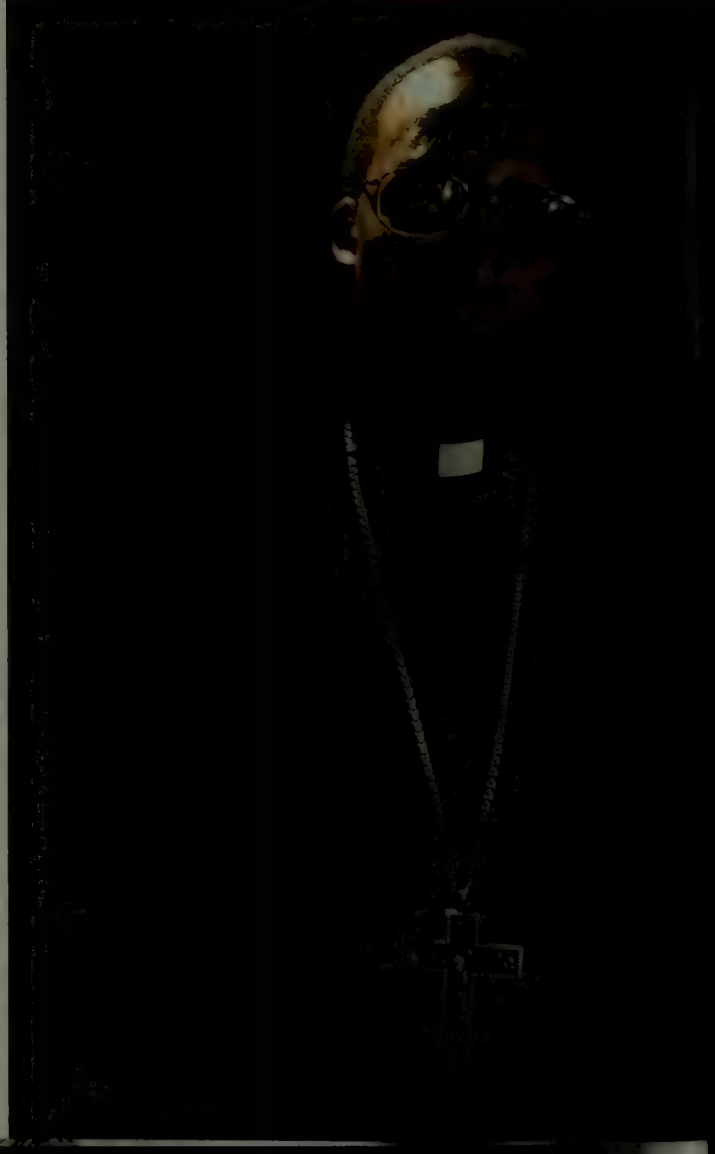
The Believers

CLERICS.

Clockwise from above: Archbishop Ndungane; the Reverend Byamugisha; Archbishop Ncube.

Just as Archbishop Tutu was the scourge of South Africa's apartheid leaders, so Roman Catholic Archbishop Pius Ncube has become the moral leader against Zimbabwe's increasingly repressive president, Robert Mugabe (himself a Catholic), who at 83 refuses to give up power, even if it means destroying his country. Ncube has quite deliberately stepped into the dictator's crosshairs, calling for a popular uprising and comparing Mugabe to Pol Pot. "The church has a prophetic role to speak the truth when no one else dares to," he says. His phone is tapped, he's trailed by agents from Mugabe's secret police, and he has received death threats, as has his elderly mother. But he insists that he can no longer sit by while Zimbabwe—once celebrated as Africa's brightest economic star—falls into the vortex of failed statehood, with unemployment at 80 percent, inflation at more than 3,500 percent, and a life expectancy of barely 36, the world's lowest. Anglican Archbishop Ndungane's first name, Njongonkulu, means "big vision," and it has proved apt. He has headed the Debt, AIDS, Trade caucus for the African Council of Churches; started the African Monitor, to speak out for more effective use of aid; pressured the South African government to do more to combat AIDS; and taken a lead role in trying to heal the emerging schism within the Anglican/Episcopalian church over the acceptance of gay clergy. The Ugandan Anglican cleric, Reverend Canon Gideon Byamugisha, has led by courageous example. Within 20 minutes of hearing he had tested positive for H.I.V., he was at a podium announcing it—this was 1992 and such candor took real guts then; he risked being stoned. He was the very first of Africa's priests to admit to having H.I.V. and, through his African Network of Religious Leaders Living with or Personally Affected by H.I.V./AIDS, has been tilting at taboos ever since. —PETER GODWIN

Photographed by Guillaume Bonn.





The Whistle-Blower

JOHN GITHONGO

JOURNALIST, ANTI-CORRUPTION CRUSADER.

Corruption in Africa, says John Githongo—the youngest person ever elected to the board of the influential anti-corruption lobby Transparency International—is as debilitating as H.I.V./AIDS. In Kenya in the 1990s, officially sanctioned scams drove the economy back by a decade. Appointed anti-corruption czar in 2003 by popularly elected Kenyan president Mwai Kibaki, Githongo attempted to dismantle the old networks within the bureaucracy. But he found himself in trouble when, a year into his tenure, he began investigating an embarrassing security scam—nicknamed the Anglo-Leasing scandal by the Kenyan media—that implicated members of the president's inner circle. Citing threats to his life, he resigned and went into exile in London. From St. Antony's College, Oxford, Githongo turned whistle-blower. Last year he went on the BBC, claiming that a senior Kenyan Cabinet minister had warned him off the Anglo-Leasing investigation. And things became really interesting when he bolstered his claim by producing a recording of that conversation. It turned out that Githongo had been secretly taping his government colleagues as part of his investigation. As the public applauds, the political elite gnashes its teeth. Undaunted, Githongo continues to release his recordings over the Internet. —PARSELELO KANTAI

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson in the Bodleian Library at Oxford University.

The Entrepreneurs

THE YOUTH AND WOMEN'S FOUNDATION

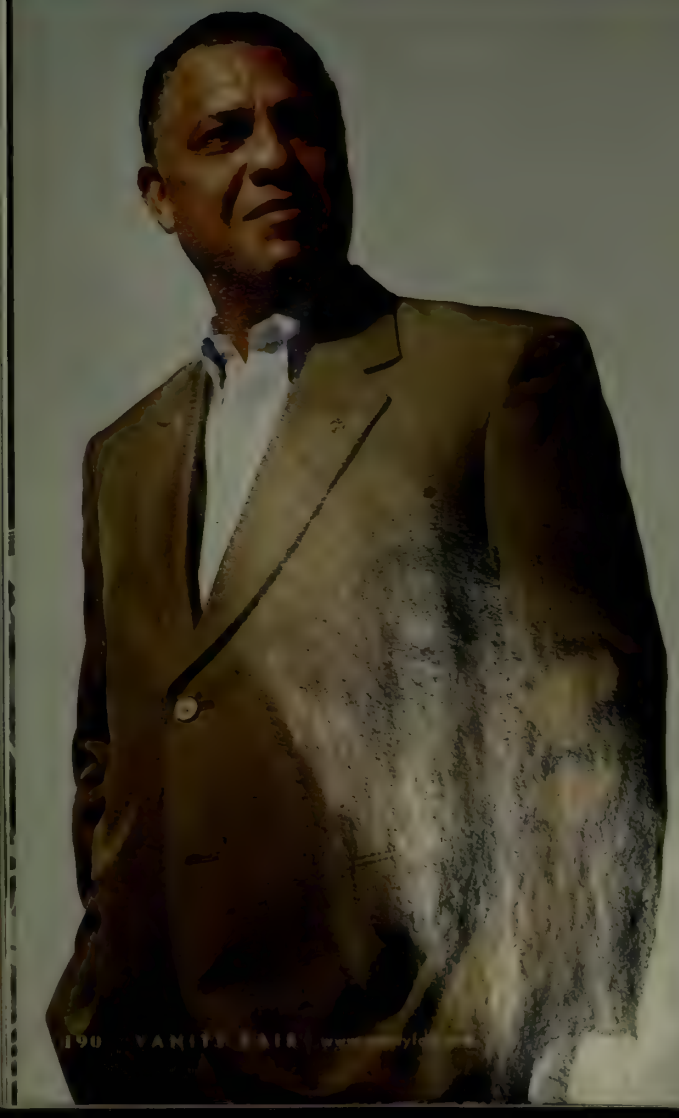
MICRO-FINANCE COLLECTIVE.

Wander through any West African marketplace and what do you see? Women. Women selling everything from spices to souvenir mud cloths. Adolphine Asimah founded the Ghana-based Youth and Women's Foundation in 2001, believing that these women hold the key to transforming lives continent-wide. It's called micro-finance, and it couldn't be simpler. Women traders who otherwise fall beneath the radar of the lending banks club together to borrow, typically around $100. Each uses her share of the capital to develop her trade, be it raising chickens, importing brassieres from Togo, or providing hot meals to office workers. To this savvy, Asimah adds hard business skills with classes in recordkeeping, profit forecasts, and capital growth. A percentage of each woman's weekly profits goes to pay off the loan. Micro-finance works well in Ghana because it builds on an already familiar practice of credit rotation in groups known as *osusu:* "We are working on something old and improving it," explains Asimah. "The women know each other, trust each other, and monitor each other. A failed debt becomes the debt of the entire group." Hence, the global micro-finance repayment rate is more than 95 percent, which would make any bank manager smile. In Africa, where women are often left in charge of households, transforming market women into credit-worthy small-business owners means better education, health care, and nutrition for their kids. "It's sustainable development, not charity," says Asimah. —AMINATTA FORNA

Photographed by Tim Hetherington in Accra, Ghana.







The Healers

TASO

On a pale wall in the reception area of an old building within the grounds of Mulago Hospital, in Kampala, Uganda, hangs a portrait of a handsome gentleman—the late Christopher Kaleeba, who died 20 years ago at 36 of H.I.V./AIDS. The building houses the AIDS Support Organisation (TASO), sub-Saharan Africa's biggest care-and-support group for H.I.V./AIDS patients, founded in 1987 by Christopher's beloved wife, Dr. Noerine Kaleeba. The disease has had a devastating impact over the last few years on this East African country. Dr. Kaleeba was determined to banish the stigma that surrounded H.I.V./AIDS—she became the driving force and face of the organization. It was TASO that helped show Ugandan society that H.I.V./AIDS was not an automatic death sentence. People with this condition could go on living and contributing to their families and society as a whole. Since 2001, TASO has been run by chief executive Dr. Alex Coutinho, a Ugandan public-health physician, with a budget that has risen to $22 million. "TASO delivers cutting-edge H.I.V. services like home-based H.I.V. testing through its countrywide service centers," he says, "while retaining its strong community focus, compassion for the infected and affected, and strong advocacy for the rights of people living with H.I.V./AIDS." Today TASO cares for more than 60,000 people across Uganda, 20,000 of whom are patients on anti-retroviral therapy.

—JOEL KIBAZO

Dr. Noerine Kaleeba photographed by Guillaume Bonn in Lilongwe, Malawi.

Dr. Alex Coutinho photographed by Art Streiber in San Francisco.

The (Red) Stakeholder

LULU VILAPATI

Lulu Vilapati works as a translator at the Baylor pediatric-AIDS clinic in Swaziland. In this "whole family" care setting, anti-retroviral medicine purchased in part by (Red) consumer action is dispensed. Vilapati turned 24 the day this photo was taken. She was tested and found to be H.I.V.-positive in 2003, when she was ɲnant with her daughter Sinethemba ("We have hope"). Because she was diagnosed early, mother-to-child transmission was prevented Sinethemba was born H.I.V.-negative. Today (Red) money—which, in effect, makes shareholders of its beneficiaries—is flowing through Global Fund (a partnership of governments, nonprofit organizations, and the private sector working together to rid the world of AIDS, TB, and malaria) into Swaziland and Rwanda to get the medicine needed to ensure that more babies are born healthy and that more others stay alive to take care of their children. This beautiful and energetic mother-and-child team and the other women and children here are shining examples of the multitude who pass through the clinic each day. In Swaziland, the country with the world's highest H.I.V. infection rate, the Global Fund works to keep people like Lulu Vilapati alive and healthy. —CHRISTY TURLINGTON

Photographed (standing at right, with her daughter Sinethemba and patients) by Mark Seliger at the Baylor-Bristol-Myers Squibb Children's Clinical Center of Excellence in Swaziland.





The Literary Lion

WOLE SOYINKA

PLAYWRIGHT, POET, CRITIC, NOBEL LAUREATE.

Albert Camus wrote, "One either serves the whole of man or one does not serve him at all. And if man needs bread and justice, and if what has to be done must be done to serve this need, he also needs pure beauty which is the bread of his heart," and so Camus called for "courage in one's life and talent in one's work." Wole Soyinka. This great Nigerian writer has in his writings and in the conduct of his life served the whole of humankind. He endured imprisonment in his dedication to the light for bread and justice, and his works attain the pure beauty of imaginative power that fulfills that other hungry need, of the spirit. He has "courage in his life and talent in his work." In Soyinka's fearless searching of human values, which are the deep integument of even our most lyrical poetry, prose, and whatever modes of written-word-created expression we devise, he never takes the easy way, never shirks the lifetime commitment to write as well as he can. In every new work he zestfully masters the challenge that without writing as well as we can, without using the infinite and unique possibilities of the written word, we shall not deserve the great responsibility of our talent, the manifold sensibilities of the lives of our people which cannot be captured in flipped images and can't be heard in the hullabaloo of mobile-phone chatter. Bread, justice, and the bread of the heart—which is the beauty of literature, the written word—Wole Soyinka fulfills all these. —NADINE GORDIMER

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson at the Royal Court Theatre in London.

The Agitator

ZACKIE ACHMAT

CO-FOUNDER, TREATMENT ACTION CAMPAIGN OF SOUTH AFRICA.

In the fiery 1970s, Zackie Achmat was an anti-apartheid activist, jailed five times without trial. With a new society in 1994 came a new foe: AIDS. H.I.V.-positive himself, Achmat founded the Treatment Action Campaign (TAC) in 1998, committing his life to patient rights at a time when H.I.V. was a death sentence the poor. He flew lifesaving generic drugs into the country in defiance of major pharmaceutical companies. He battled the corporations—d won, allowing the import of cheaper generics. The campaign pushed the "denialist" South African government kicking and screaming to ovide drugs to all. The government still struggles to meet its deadlines, but hundreds of thousands of lives have been saved. These battles have cost him. He refused anti-retrovirals—coming close to death—because they weren't generally available. He's never courted respectability. His personal life has been political—he's gay, and was once a "rent boy"—and very public. He's a man of contrasts, the educated man with working-class roots, dangerous to some, romantic hero to others. "Positive" in more ways than one, he radiates charm and vigor. Now in his 40s, Achmat is stepping down as TAC chair to concentrate on his Ph.D.—focusing on social change. "The TAC shows," he explains, "that active citizenship through participatory democracy restores dignity and equality in the face of stigma and discrimination." —JO-ANNE RICHARDS

Photographed with his dog Socrates by Jonas Karlsson at Muizenberg Beach in Cape Town, South Africa.



The Networkers

THE AFRICA CHANNEL

The African talent of the Africa Channel: executive producer George Mazarakis, songwriter and producer Cedric Samson, actor Rosie Molene, host Gaetano Kagwa, vice president of production and operations Irene Mankantonis, host Bongani Bingwa, C.E.O. and co-founder James Makawa, host Sandy Ngema, actor Akin Omotoso, host Justine Drake, actor Ashley Callie, actor Connie Masilo-Ferguson, V.J. Namhla Ndlovu, reporter Okwi Okoh.

As far as the American media are concerned, Africa is the bad-news continent, a real depresso. In news reports, documentaries, and action dramas, the cradle of mankind is depicted almost exclusively as a hopeless case and an open crypt: a festering backdrop of drought, famine, disease, poverty, civil war, refugees with painfully exposed rib cages, and military dictators in sunglasses (whose lenses mirror the billowy fire of exploding pipelines). It's long overdue for someone to change the carousel in the slide projector, get beyond the old Hemingway and Hollywood hand-me-downs, and present a fresh, kaleidoscopic view. Launched in 2005, the all-English-language Africa Channel proposes to do just that, offering American viewers a brocade of music specials, soap operas, travel programs, investigative journalism, and reality shows (such as *Big Brother Africa*) that convey the hidden health and wealth of African life and culture. Zimbabwean James Makawa, C.E.O. and co-founder of the network, recognizes that cracking the domestic cable market and the already crowded programming grid is a toughie. "We're not naïve thinking this is going to be easy," he told *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* in March 2006. Nothing worthwhile ever is. —JAMES WOLCOTT

Photographed by Guillaume Bonn at the home of artist Beezy Bailey in Cape Town, South Africa.





The Uplifter

DIKEMBE MUTOMBO

CENTER, SHOT-BLOCKING SPECIALIST, CHAIRMAN AND PRESIDENT OF THE DIKEMBE MUTOMBO FOUNDATION.

He'll always be grouped with Patrick Ewing and Alonzo Mourning in the pantheon of terrific big men who played for Georgetown University's Hoyas in the 1980s, but Dikembe Mutombo has been, in every way, the biggest. The seven-foot-two-inch four-time N.B.A. Defensive Player of the Year, currently with the Houston Rockets in the twilight of his pro career, was born and raised in Zaire, now the Democratic Republic of the Congo. This month in Kinshasa, the country's capital, he'll preside over the dedication of the $29 million, state-of-the-art Biamba Marie Mutombo Hospital (named for his late mother) and the realization, at last, of a decade-long push by his foundation to improve the poor state of health care in his homeland. A Pan-African altruist, Mutombo has also devoted much of his attention and wealth to South Africa, enlisting fellow N.B.A. veterans (including Ewing and Mourning) to provide material relief and hold basketball clinics for underprivileged children there. Nearly everyone who has played in the N.B.A. in the last 15 years knows what it's like to get "rejected" by the ball-swatting, finger-wagging iconoclast known as Deke, but thousands more people, from Kinshasa to Soweto, have felt his embrace. —DAVID KAMP

Photographed by Mark Seliger at St. Philip Missionary Baptist Church in Houston.


ROCKETS



Princess Diana emerg
from her divorce with a
style, a new crusade
(banning land mines),
a new love, Pakistan
heart surgeon Hasnat K
whom she hid from th
press for 18 months. But
TINA BROWN chronicle
this excerpt from he
forthcoming book, Dia
superstar status—an
her emotional scar
drove away the man she f
to marry, sending he
into the spiral that wou
lead to Paris

Diana's Final

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER



STEALING THE SPOTLIGHT

A sexy Diana arrives at *Vanity Fair*'s 1994 fund-raiser for the Serpentine Gallery, in London, just as Charles appears on TV announcing his adultery. *Opposite,* Diana in 1992.

Heartbreak

On July 15, 1996, in a shabby little room at Court Number One, Somerset House, it took all of three minutes to dissolve the marriage of the century. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, neither of whom was present, were listed as Couple No. 31. Somerset House is less than a mile from St. Paul's Cathedral, where, on another July day, a dashing prince had waited at the altar for the shyly smiling 20-year-old bride in the billowing ivory taffeta wedding dress.

The divorce deal had been sealed mainly on the terms Diana had asked for. Those terms included: the lump sum of £17 million ($26 million), £400,000 ($625,000) annually for Diana's office, and Diana to be known as Diana, Princess of Wales, without the designation H.R.H. Diana had made one last attempt to salvage the H.R.H. before the decree, appealing to Sir Robert Fellowes, her brother-in-law, who was Queen Elizabeth's private secretary. On behalf of the sovereign, he declined the request. For Diana, her son William's response was the one that mattered. "Don't worry, Mummy," he told her when he learned that she was upset that she no longer had the title. "I will give it back to you one day, when I am king."

Diana got to keep her residence and have her office at Kensington Palace. She was not prohibited from a public role—that would be "for her to decide"—though her foreign trips, unless they were private holidays, would have to be signed off on by the Foreign Office and the Queen.

Life After Charles

Diana never looked better than in the days after her divorce. Divestment was the name of the game, in her life and in her looks. The downsizing started with her Kensington Palace staff, which she reduced to cleaner, cook, and dresser. The assiduous Paul Burrell became maître d' of her private life, combining the roles of P.A., man Friday, driver, delivery boy, confidant, and crying towel. Burrell recalls in his memoir *The Way We Were* how Diana reinforced her break with married life by stuffing a heavy-duty garbage bag with a set of Prince of Wales china and then smashing it with a hammer. "Make a list of everything we need," she told Burrell. "Let's spend a bit more of *his* money while we can!"

Diana now used police protection only when she attended a public event. Her favorite officer was Colin Tebbutt, who had retired from the Royal Protection Squad. A tall, well-built matinee idol, Tebbutt knew that by going to work for Diana he was effectively shutting the door to any future work with the Prince of Wales, but he had a soft spot for her. "There was always a buzz when she was at home.... I thought she was beginning to enjoy life. She was a different lad turing." Tebbutt says she would always sit in the front of the car, some of the other royals, such as the late Princess Margaret, who him by his surname and, without looking up from her news would bark "Wireless!" when she wanted him to turn on the

"I drive looking in all three mirrors, so I'd say to Diana not looking at your legs, ma'am,' and she'd laugh." The knew the faces of Diana's drivers, so to shake them off, T sometimes wore disguises. "She wanted to go to the haird one day, shortly before she died. I had an old Toyota, whi called the 'tart trap,' so I drove her in that. I went to the trur got out a big baseball hat and glasses. When she came out, dripping with sweat, and she said, 'What on earth are you d I said, 'I'm in disguise.' She said, 'It may have slipped your but *I'm* the Princess of Wales.'"

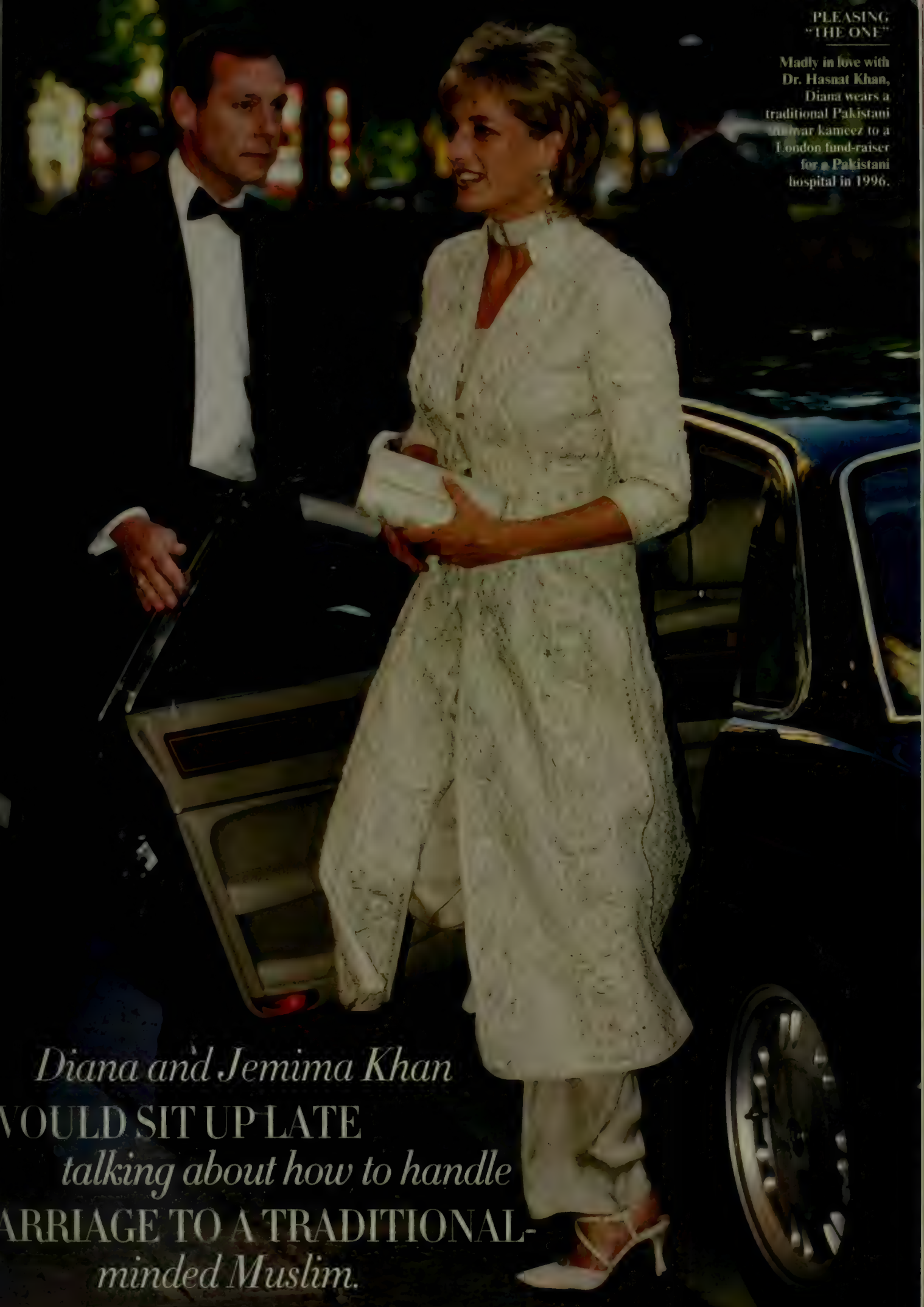
Every Tuesday night, Burrell tells us, Diana would sit at he in her study at Kensington Palace, writing a steady stream of felt thank-you letters and listening to Rachmaninoff's Piano certo No. 2 and—her favorite—Manning Sherwin's "A Night Sang in Berkeley Square." Maureen Stevens, a clerk from the of Wales's office who also happened to be a classically traine nist, would give Diana a weekly private recital as she worked can almost hear Stevens's piano rippling in the background as writes a fulsome note to her close friend Liz Tilberis, the late of *Harper's Bazaar*: "Dearest Liz, How proud I was to be at you on Monday evening.... So deeply moved by your personal to the presents for the boys, candles at the hotel and flowers to but few—but most of all your beaming smile, your loving heart always here for you, Liz." Sometimes Diana would stop and phone the *Daily Mail*'s Richard Kay—Ricardo, she called hi help her with the phraseology of a letter. The palace was her for On warm summer afternoons, she would vanish into its walle den in shorts and vest and Versace sunglasses, carrying a b books and CDs for her Walkman. On weekends, when Wi and Harry were home, Burrell would see her in a flowing c skirt on her bicycle, speeding down the palace drive with the pedaling furiously behind her. On her 36th birthday, in July she received 90 bouquets of flowers, and Harry gathered a gro classmates to sing "Happy Birthday" to her over the telephon

Diana's charity commitments were pared down around a hundred to the six she cared most about Royal Marsden Hospital, the Great Ormond Street pital for Children, the English National Ballet, the rosy Mission, the National AIDS Trust, and Centrepoint, to be the homeless. The public announcement of this, which she ins on, reaped her unnecessary flak and the resignation of her m adviser, Jane Atkinson, but Diana had a reason for being exp She wanted to avoid situations where she was just a letterhead I'm going to talk on behalf of any cause, I want to go and see problem for myself and learn about it," she told the chairman o Washington Post Company, the late Katharine "Kay" Graham

There was a round of social purging. Elton John was in the freeze after a dispute with Diana and Gianni Versace about fashion designer's coffee-table book *Rock and Royalty*. (Picture members of the royal family, including one of the Princess and boys, appeared amid a portfolio of semi-nude male models, and ana feared that would upset the Queen. Royalties from the book efited John's AIDS foundation.) Sir Ronald Grierson was bounce ter he made the mistake of offering a job to Victoria Mendh one of many secretaries Diana had fired. And Fergie was bac

---

Excerpted from *The Diana Chronicles*, by Tina Brown, to be published this month by Doubleday; © 2007 by the author.



PLEASING "THE ONE"

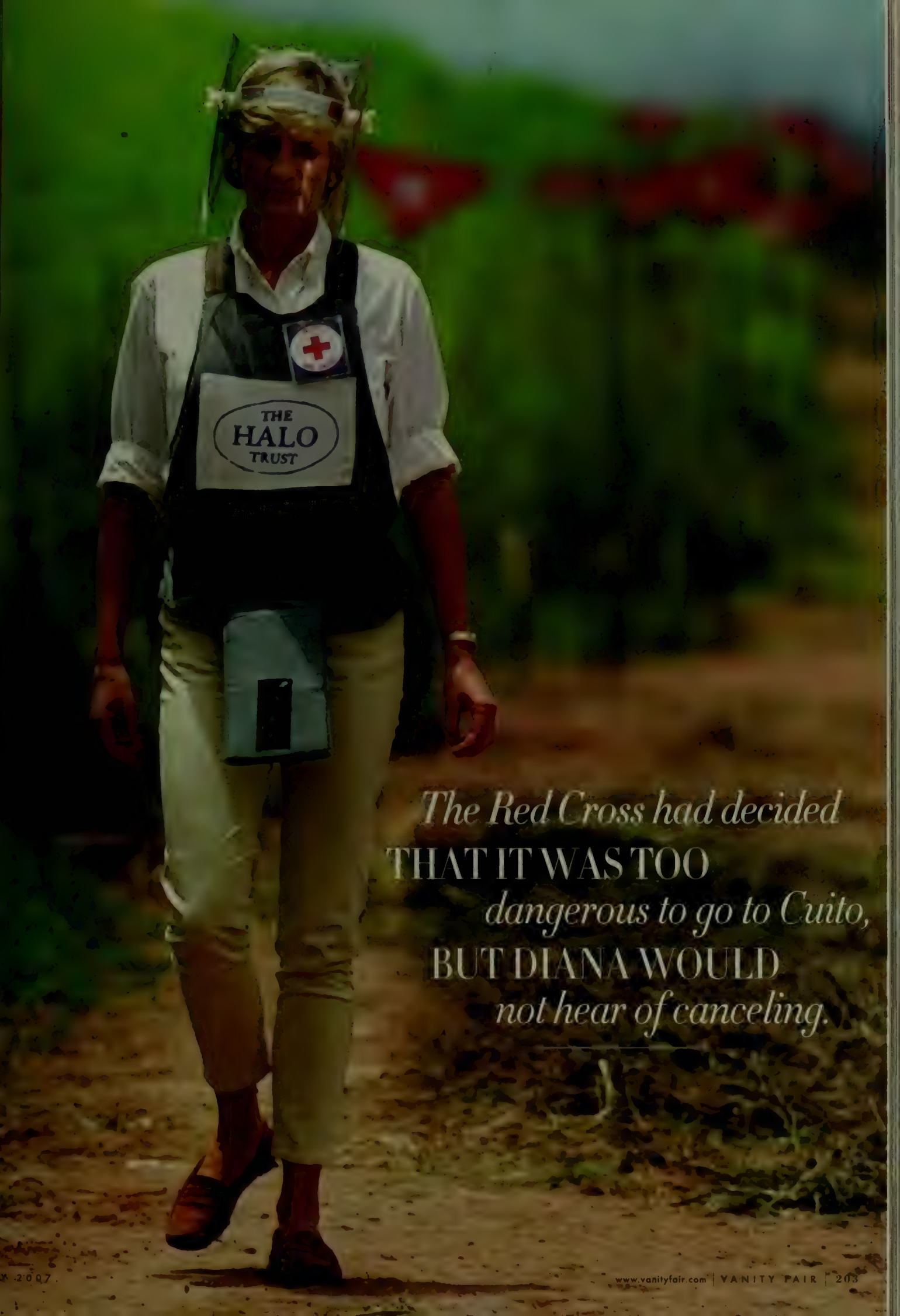
Madly in love with Dr. Hasnat Khan, Diana wears a traditional Pakistani shalwar kameez to a London fund-raiser for a Pakistani hospital in 1996.

Diana and Jemima Khan
VOULD SIT UP LATE
talking about how to handle
ARRIAGE TO A TRADITIONAL-
minded Muslim.



BRAVING IT

Diana, wearing protective armor and a visor, crosses a minefield being cleared by the HALO organization in Huambo, Angola, 1997.



The Red Cross had decided
THAT IT WAS TOO
dangerous to go to Cuito,
BUT DIANA WOULD
not hear of canceling.







THE NEW DIANA

(1) Kensington Palace, Diana's final residence. (2) Dr. Hasnat Khan, Diana's last great love, outside the Royal Brompton Hospital, London, 1997. (3) The Prince and Princess of Wales with their son William on the 50th anniversary of V-E Day, May 7, 1995. (4) Diana on her way to visit patients at the Royal Brompton Hospital, wearing a suit by Versace, 1997. (5) A witness to open-heart surgery in the operating theater of Harefield Hospital, an affiliate of the Royal Brompton, 1996. (6) In Jacques Azagury at the Tate Gallery's centenary on her 36th birthday, July 1, 1997. (7) Wearing a gown by Catherine Walker to a fund-raiser gala in Washington, D.C., 1996. (8) At the Peggy Guggenheim Collection, in Venice, in a dress by Jacques Azagury, 1995. (9) At an English National Ballet gala in a beaded evening shift by Jacques Azagury, 1997. (10) At a party at Christie's in London to launch the auction of her gowns, wearing a dress by Catherine Walker, 1997. (11) Arriving at a restaurant in Pakistan with her friend Jemima Khan, both of them in regional dress, 1996.















Siberia, this time for good. The divorced duchess had cashed in with an anodyne memoir, some of which annoyed her sister-in-law—particularly one fatal line. She wrote that when she had worn a pair of Diana's shoes she caught a verruca—plantar wart—from them. Goddesses don't get warts. Despite Fergie's pleading apologies, Diana never spoke to her again. In 1997 the Princess gave a birthday party for her friend David Tang, the Hong Kong entrepreneur, and told him he could ask anyone he wanted.

"Anyone?" he asked.

"Anyone."

"All right, then—Fergie."

"Absolutely not," Diana replied, and would not be moved.

A new and unexpected ally was Raine, Diana's formidable stepmother. In 1993, Diana had finally made her peace with her. The painful years of separation from Charles made the Princess see her old adversary in a different light. Still grieving for Daddy, her greatest support, Diana was at last able to recognize that Raine had loved him, too. She invited her stepmother for a weepy reconciliation over lunch at Kensington Palace. For moral support, Raine brought along her French fiancé, Count Jean-François de Chambrun. The precaution turned out to be unnecessary. Afterward, the Princess and the countess were often sighted deep in tête-à-têtes in the grill at the Connaught hotel. According to Diana's therapist, Simone Simmons, one of Raine's cautions was to try to stay on friendly terms with Charles for the sake of the children. She told Diana that both she—Raine—and her mother, the romance novelist Barbara Cartland, had maintained warm relations with all their former husbands and lovers.

Diana also made an improbable friend of Kay Graham. They had met in the summer of 1994, when Lucia Flecha de Lima, wife of the Brazilian ambassador to the United States, took Diana to Graham's beachfront house, on Martha's Vineyard. Two years later, Kay gave a luncheon at her Washington home for Diana and Hillary Clinton. At a British Embassy lunch on the same visit, Diana became re-acquainted with Colin Powell. He told her he had been nominated to lead her in the dancing at the gala that night to raise money for the Nina Hyde Center for Breast Cancer Research. Scotland Yard had been worried that at a ball in Chicago earlier in the year a stranger had cut in on Diana's dancing partner. The general was deemed able to handle such an eventuality, but the Princess suggested she do a few practice spins with him in the embassy drawing room. "She was easy with any melody, and we did all right in our rehearsal," says Powell. "She told me, 'There's only one thing you ought to know. I'll be wearing a backless dress tonight. Can you cope with that?'" Flirting with the big boys—what bliss!

Diana thrived in America. "There is no 'Establishment' there," she told her fashion friend Roberto Devorik—wrongly, of course, but correct in the sense that America had no Establishment whose rules or members could possibly hurt her feelings. Richard Kay wrote shortly after her death that she thought of America as "a country so brimming over with glittery people and celebrities she could 'disappear.'"

A Royal Rummage Sale

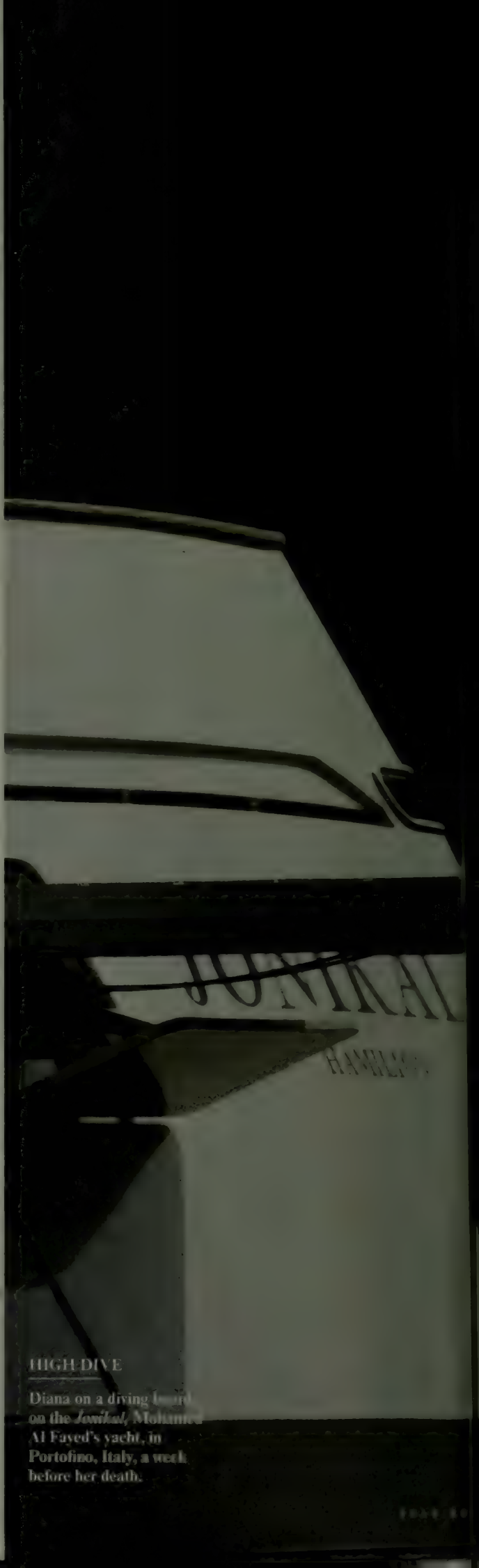
Like her life, Diana's taste in fashion became pared down and emphatic after her divorce. "English style refracted through an un-English sensibility" was how *Vogue*'s Hamish Bowles defined it. Her new evening dresses were minimalist and sexy, a look that had been taboo when she was an in-house royal. "She knew she had great legs, and after her divorce she wanted to show them off," said the designer Jacques

Azagury. She wore his stunning red bugle-beaded tunic over a short pencil skirt in Venice in 1995 and his blue crystal-beaded cocktail dress six inches above the knee to an event in London in 1997. Diana actually looked her best at her most informal, jumping rangily out of her car for lunch at Le Caprice with Rosa Monckton, the former U.K. president of Tiffany. Wearing stone-washed jeans, a white T-shirt, a beautifully cut navy-blue blazer, and flats with bare feet (she was usually shod in Jimmy Choo's black grosgrain "Diana" loafers), she was spectacular. *Vanity Fair* assigned the Peruvian-born photographer Mario Testino to capture her as she now wanted to be seen: a modern woman, active on the world stage—"vivid, energetic, and fascinating," in the words of Meredith Etherington-Smith, the former fashion editor who introduced Diana to Testino. When Etherington-Smith first saw Diana at Kensington Palace, she was astonished at how different she was from the formal, public Princess of old. Now, she wrote, she was "a tall, electrifying figure," wearing no makeup and "revealing the truest English rose complexion. Her hair—no longer a stiff helmet—free of lacquer and back-combing, flew around her head like a dandelion in the wind." With her unerring sense of the dramatic, Diana timed Testino's stunning shoot to appear on the cover of *Vanity Fair* on the first anniversary of her divorce.

She purged her closets of the past. Diana hated the sight of the froufrou'd and sequined relics of her roles as Princess Bride and Windsor Wife and Dynasty Di, embalmed in their suit bags. It was Prince William's brainstorm for her to auction off her old gowns for charity in New York, and Diana loved the notion. It would be at once a glorious psychic gesture to her new life and a boon to the charities she chose, including the AIDS Crisis Trust and the Royal Marsden Hospital. A royal rummage sale had never happened before. Most of the Windsor women, including the Queen, consign their old private-occasion items to a discreetly respectable resale shop in London's West End. Diana's auction would be a first.

Old clothes are often suffused with the emotions of the wearer. Meredith Etherington-Smith, who also worked as marketing director of Christie's, was assigned by the auction house to help Diana choose and catalogue the items. They sorted through gowns every morning for a month while Diana relived the occasions on which she had worn them. "Out! Out!" she would cry, pointing at some star-spangled throwback, or "No! I can't bear to give up this one!" In and out of the catalogue flew Victor Edelstein's oyster dinner dress with a strapless bodice encrusted with white bugle beads and matching bolero, which she had worn that elegant night at the Élysée Palace with President and Madame Mitterrand. "It was such a happy evening," she said. She had been afraid of the French being so chic, but she felt she had really pulled it off. She sighed over another Edelstein gown, an ink-blue silk-velvet creation. This was the dress in which she had wowed the world dancing with John Travolta at the White House. She relinquished it in the end, knowing it would get the auction's top dollar. (An anonymous bidder snapped it up for $222,500.) In retrospect, wrote the fashion maven Suzy Menkes in the *International Herald Tribune,* all the high-glamour outfits of Diana's past looked "like a dress rehearsal for the little black number worn on the evening Prince Charles confessed to adultery on prime-time television."

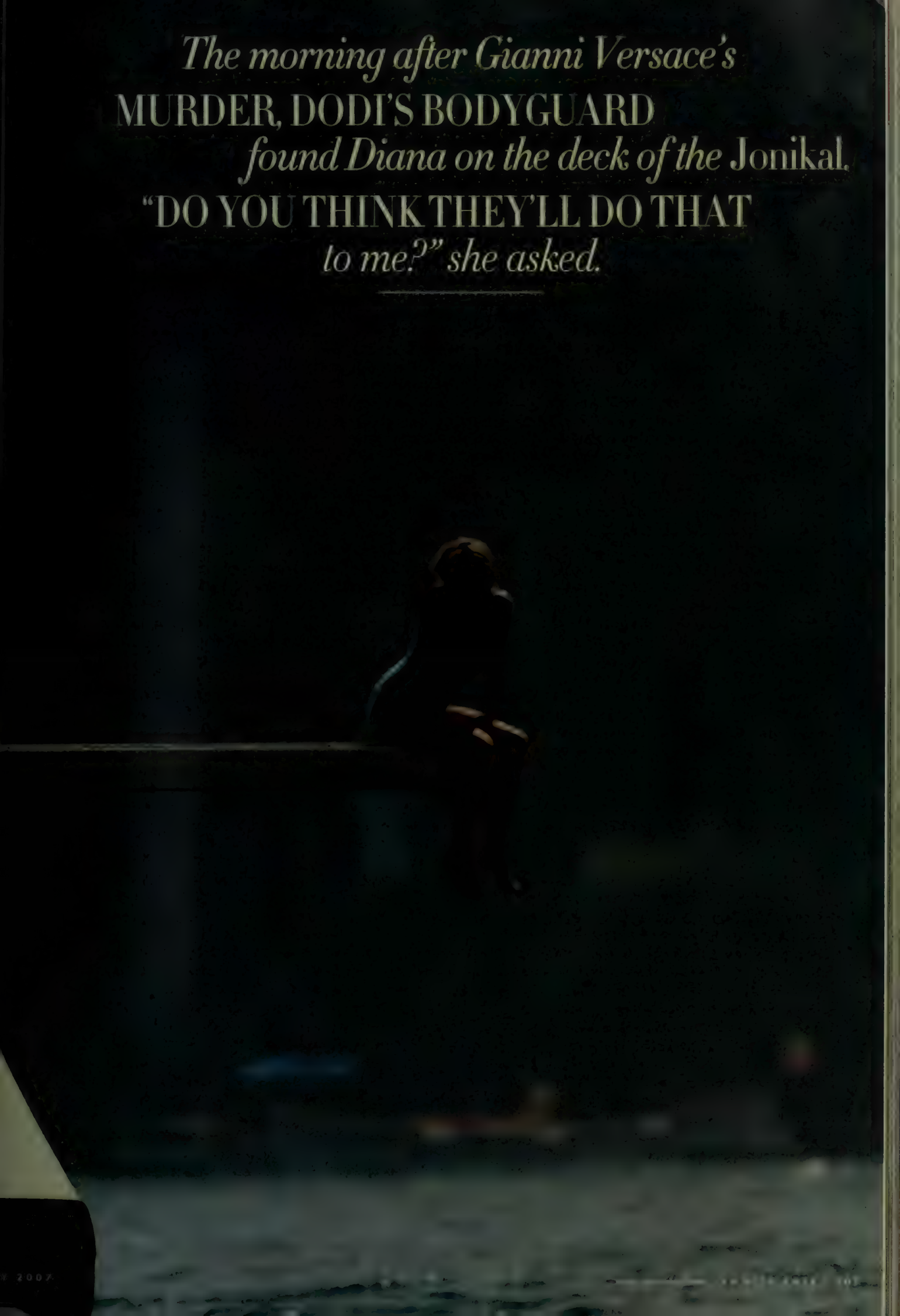
That evening, June 29, 1994, at about the moment the Prince of Wales was heard on the air with Jonathan Dimbleby, his wife was stepping out of a limo to be the patron at *Vanity Fair*'s annual fund-raising event for the Serpentine Gallery, in Kensington Gardens,



HIGH DIVE

Diana on a diving board on the *Jonikal,* Mohamed Al Fayed's yacht, in Portofino, Italy, a week before her death.

The morning after Gianni Versace's
MURDER, DODI'S BODYGUARD
found Diana on the deck of the Jonikal.
"DO YOU THINK THEY'LL DO THAT
to me?" she asked.



hosted by her friend Peter Palumbo and Graydon Carter. She was wearing what fashion editors would later call among themselves "her fuck-you dress," a short, sexy, off-the-shoulder black chiffon number with a scarf panel wafting from the waist, and black silk high-heeled Manolo Blahnik shoes. The dress's previously obscure Greek designer, Christina Stambolian, told the fashion commentator Georgina Howell that the Princess "chose not to play the scene like Odette, innocent in white. She was clearly angry. She played it like Odile, in black. She wore bright red nail enamel, which we had never seen her do before. She was saying, 'Let's be wicked tonight!'" The pictures of her that blew Charles off the front pages the next morning provided the perfect context for discussing the only line in the Dimbleby broadcast that anyone remembered—the one about adultery. Here was, as *The Sun* put it, "the Thrilla He Left to Woo Camilla."

But now, in the year after her divorce, relations with Prince Charles were on a nicely even keel again. The arrival in 1996 of Mark Bolland as Charles's deputy private secretary inaugurated an era of détente between the offices of the Princess and the Prince. Bolland was a shrewd go-to guy with a marketing background and a useful four years of experience as director of the Press Complaints Commission. He lived in the real world, not the palace bubble. He owed his job to Camilla Parker Bowles; he had come to Charles on the recommendation of her divorce lawyer, Hilary Browne-Wilkinson. In spite of that—or more likely because of it—part of his mandate was to end the war between the Waleses. It got in the way, he believed, of the necessary rebuilding of Prince Charles's image. Bolland's first act was to persuade Charles to rid the Prince's office of those individuals who were holdovers from the bitter years of marital competition.

Dr. Khan, "The One"

Better than all of the above, however, was the fact that Diana's love life had simplified in a wonderful way. In the fall of 1995, she had at last fallen for a man who was worthy of her affections, who wasn't married, and who reciprocated her feelings: the 35-year-old Pakistani heart surgeon Dr. Hasnat Khan.

"The One," as she called him, was the oldest of four children from an affluent, closely knit, upper-middle-class family in Jhelum, north of Lahore. Diana met him at the Royal Brompton Hospital, where she had gone to visit the husband of her soother in chief, the Irish nurse-cum-acupuncturist Oonagh Shanley-Toffolo. Joseph Toffolo had suffered a massive hemorrhage during a triple-bypass operation. Dr. Khan, the senior resident working with the distinguished surgeon Professor Sir Magdi Yacoub, was in attendance. Khan, a young Omar Sharif figure in a white coat, arrived with his retinue of assistants when Diana was at the patient's bedside. The doctor was entirely absorbed in Toffolo's condition and took little notice of the Princess—which, for a woman used to having everyone fawn over her, was almost unbearably sexy. So was the blood on his operating shoes, and so were his caring, expressive eyes. "Oonagh, isn't he drop-dead gorgeous!," Diana hissed after Khan had left the room. So gorgeous, in fact, that the bemused Joseph had Diana fussing over him at his bedside for 17 days straight. In no time, the Kensington Palace apartment was fragrant with the scent of burning joss sticks. The Princess became a student of cardiology; her night table groaned under a fat copy of *Gray's Anatomy* and piles of surgical reports. She watched *Casualty,* a hospital soap opera, every Saturday night. Her closet filled up with a colorful selection of shalwar kameezes, the silk tunics and trousers worn by Pakistani women. She even considered converting to Islam.

Diana took to meeting with Dr. Khan in his small overnight room at the Royal Brompton Hospital. She asked if she could watch him perform open-heart surgery. "Anybody with courage enough to watch a heart operation can come in," Khan told her. He couldn't keep her away after that. Sky TV had arranged to film Sir Magdi Yacoub operating at the Harefield Hospital on a seven-year-old African boy, flown to the U.K. by the Chain of Hope charity. The organization asked Diana if she would attend to boost the viewership. The footage of her Bambi eyes with black eyeliner peering over the top of a white surgical mask in the operating theater was the focus of much satirical commentary. Awkwardly, in late November 1995, a photographer from the *News of the World* caught Diana at the hospital at midnight. She was due to meet Khan as he came off his shift. Borrowing the photographer's mobile phone, she spoke to the paper's royal correspondent, Clive Goodman (nicknamed "the Eternal Flame" by his colleagues because he never left the office—no longer the case, alas, since he was sent to jail this year for tapping into the Clarence House voice mail). She told Goodman that, yes, it was true, she was at the hospital comforting terminally ill patients. She did it, she told him, up to four hours a night three times a week. "I try to be there for them.... I seem to draw strength from them.... They all need someone.... I hold their hands, talk to them—whatever helps."

Goodman bit. MY SECRET NIGHTS AS AN ANGEL was the *News of the World*'s headline four days later. The story gave birth to an eerie new image of Diana as a compulsive ambulance chaser and death groupie. *Private Eye* came up with a "Di-no Card," which said, "I, the undersigned, wish to make it clear that in the event of any injury, mental breakdown, life-threatening disease, or other such personal tragedy, I do not wish under any circumstances to be visited by the P cess of Wales." But better to be the bu jokes than to be busted for rendezvous a young Muslim doctor.

It was worth it. The relationship with H nat Khan was the most fulfilling she ever had. "I found my peace," she confe to Lady Bowker, widow of the diploma James Bowker, according to biographer S Bedell Smith. "He has given me all the th I need." The doctor didn't want anyt from her. She reportedly offered to buy a new car, and he proudly refused. He a dread of personal publicity. He was interested in high life or fashionability. one-bedroom apartment in Chelsea w mess, and there was a bit of a paunch u the old T-shirts he wore when he was off d He loved what was best about Diana- compassionate nature, her desire to emb humanitarian causes. Diana intended to t the former equerry's room in her apartm at Kensington Palace into a basement den "Natty," as he was known, so that he c pop open a can of Budweiser and sit aro watching soccer. On weekends, when staff was off, she would try her hand at c ing him dinner. "Marks & Spencer have these very clever little meals that you just in the microwave and you put the timer and press the button and it's done for y she marveled to Simone Simmons.

She would sometimes disappear fo whole day to Khan's apartment, where contentedly vacuumed, did the dishes, ironed his shirts. On the night of her bi day, she reportedly went out to meet K wearing her best sapphire-and-diamond rings, a fur coat, and, underneath, noth Paul Burrell helped run the affair beh the scenes. If there was a lovers' quar he would deliver a message to a pub wh Khan hung out, near the hospital. Di was practiced at keeping things secret. T press rarely found out about the men was seeing if she didn't want them to.

She made trips to Pakistan whenever could to bone up on Hasnat's heritage. I new best friend was Jemima Khan, the be tiful 22-year-old daughter of Annabel a Jimmy Goldsmith. At the time Jemima w married to the Pakistani cricket legend I ran Khan. The two women would sit up ta ing late into the night about how to han marriage to a traditional-minded Musli Diana asked Burrell to talk to a priest ab the possibility of a secret marriage to H nat. The butler had a meeting with Fath Tony Parsons at the Roman Catholic C melite Church, on Kensington Church Stre where Burrell's son was an altar boy. T priest told him it was impossible to marr couple without notifying the authorities— alone without notifying the fiancé, as it turn out. Hasnat Khan was aghast when he learn

urrell's consultation and said to Diana, you honestly think you can just bring a t here and get married?"

February 1996, Diana went to Pakistan ith Annabel Goldsmith and her niece, ma Somerset, to visit Jemima and Im- in Lahore. The ostensible purpose of visit was to raise funds for the Shaukat num Memorial Cancer Hospital, found- y Imran in memory of his mother, who died from the disease. But the real pur- was to flood the zone with images that ld wow Hasnat's family.

Diana's desire to impress Khan gave new purpose. He was a serious man for m she wanted to do serious things. She looking for a cause that would passion- involve her, something in which her pres- could produce a transformative result, had done in the mid-80s with AIDS. "She very strongly about getting involved with ething that wasn't a ballet charity," said a d. Mike Whitlam, then director general e British Red Cross, had the answer. The Cross was among the charities Diana had pped right after the divorce, but Whitlam erstood her value and her temperament. had seen how effective she was in ladling soup to children in the Zimbabwe bush, he had also taken note of why her partici- on on a special advisory committee of the rnational Red Cross in 1994 had failed. ording to royal reporter Andrew Morton, na couldn't cope with long, detail-oriented fings on the Rwandan refugee problem. ommittee meetings she had the attention n of a fruit fly. The Red Cross was in the vork of global organizations campaigning a ban on the use of land mines, their clear- e, and help for their victims. Whitlam be- sending Diana photographs and reports ut the devastating effects of mines that had n left uncleared after wars. He saw this as right cause for Diana at the right time.

The Princess in Africa

On January 13, 1997, wearing blue jeans and a blazer, Diana stepped into the bbing heat of Luanda, the capital of An- , after an 11-hour flight to southern Africa n Whitlam and Lord Deedes, the grand man of *The Daily Telegraph*. The country reeling from a 20-year civil war. During war an estimated nine million mines had n scattered among a population of 10 mil- , and clearance had barely begun. The ets were populated with men, women, children without legs, few of whom had elchairs or even crutches. Some 70,000 ocents had stepped on land mines; every th citizen was an amputee, but only a few dred false limbs were fitted every month. na was galvanized by what she saw. In the ck of Huambo, still a disputed and heav- nined city, she and her party had to walk in single file behind an anti-mine engineer to reach a small, godforsaken hospital that had no electricity and not enough beds. There was 16-year-old Rosaline, who had lost her right leg and the baby in her womb. And there was seven-year-old Helena, who had gone out to get water and stepped on a mine. It had blown out her intestines. A saline drip was keeping her alive. Flies buzzed around her. The photographer Arthur Edwards, who was covering the expedition for *The Sun*, says the child was lying exposed on her back when Diana got to her. "The first thing she did was something instinctive. She made the child decent, covered her up. It was the thing a mother would do. She was concerned for the child's dignity." The rightness of her gesture was something he never forgot, nor was the way she talked softly to the child and stroked her hand. After she moved on, Christina Lamb, the *Sunday Times* foreign correspondent, who spoke Portuguese, stayed with the dying child. "She said to me, 'Who was that?' And it was quite hard trying to explain Princess Diana to somebody who didn't know. And I said, 'She's a princess from England, from far away.' And she said to me, 'Is she an angel?'"

Little Helena died soon afterward. "The last thing she saw," reflected Lamb, was this "beautiful lady that she thought was an angel."

Diana had no celestial qualities in the eyes of various Tory M.P.'s and ministers in the government in London. She was "ill-advised," a "loose cannon," according to Lord Howe, a junior defense minister. Howe was offended that Diana's support for a ban on land mines was out of line with Tory policy, which was to oppose a unilateral ban while working for a worldwide ban that would exempt "smart mines," which are effective only for a short time. Peter Viggers, a Tory member of the Commons Defense Select Committee, popped a vein. Why, she was just like Brigitte Bardot banging on about saving cats! The Princess, he said, was "very ill-informed.... This is an important sophisticated argument. It doesn't help to point at the amputees and say how terrible it is."

Actually, it did help. It helped enormously. The "very ill-informed" Princess was backed by Tony Blair's Labour opposition, by the Liberal Democrats, by Lord Deedes, and by military figures no less imposing than two Gulf War generals, Norman Schwarzkopf and Sir Peter de la Billière. She had landed herself in the middle of exactly the kind of controversy Henry Kissinger had warned her to avoid. Well, too bad. Angola was a snapshot of the woman Diana was about to be. "I never saw someone as much a project under construction as Diana," said one of her friends from this period. "We usually do that stuff in the wings of our personalities, but with Diana you could almost see the plumbing and the wires as she was changing in front of you."

Diana's land-mine commitment was not, to use one of the Queen's favorite pejoratives, a "stunt." It drew forth everything that was best about her in the service of a cause that was heartrending, underpublicized, and controversial. Chased in Angola by the press the day after the Tory smoke bombs went off in London, Diana did not engage in argument. "It's an unnecessary distraction.... It's sad.... I'm a humanitarian, not a politician."

And, indeed, few politicians would have had the courage to do what she did next. The Red Cross had decided that it was too dangerous to go to Cuito, believed to be Africa's most heavily mined town, which was laced with booby traps. Seven children had just been killed playing soccer in an area that was supposed to have been cleared. But Diana would not hear of canceling. She pressed Whitlam, who was anxious about her safety. She lobbied the wife of the president of Angola. And the next day she was in Cuito and then in nearby Huambo, in a visor and body armor over a white cotton shirt and khaki pants, ready to be delicately guided through another allegedly cleared area—even though exposed and half-extracted mines were visible. The staff of the HALO Trust, a British charity that clears mines, warned her to stay close to them. "I think by the end of the briefing she was beginning to wonder whether this was a good idea," said Whitlam. "But she did it."

Bringing to bear all the reckless bravery she'd once used to defy the royal family—but in a much better cause—she walked through a half-cleared minefield. "One or two journalists," said Whitlam, "hadn't quite got the shot they wanted and jokingly asked her if she'd mind doing it again." To everyone's astonishment, she agreed. "She realised that this was one of the shots that was really going to make a big impact around the world," said Whitlam. "So she did the walk a second time." This second walk was Diana's purest synthesis of courage, calculation, and brilliantly directed media power.

The Tory government, having badly lost the public-relations battle, smoothed it over as a "misunderstanding" and promised support for "progress towards" a worldwide ban. Too late. It was just another sign that they were out of step with popular feeling.

A few months later, the Tories lost the general election by a landslide. Tony Blair, Diana's new supporter, was prime minister at the age of 43. His victory, on a bright day in May after 18 long years of Tory dominance, was welcomed with the euphoria of a new dawn. A young, modernizing, and empathetic prime minister and his independent, high-powered wife were pledging to end the corrupt, uptight ways of the crusty old Establishment. High five! Diana stayed up all night watching the results coming in on TV. She saw New Labour's England as a place that would have all the best

things about America—classlessness, freshness, and freedom from stifling tradition. And above all, of course, an appreciation of her.

"How dare anyone criticize Diana, Princess of Wales, for taking up this heartrending cause?" wrote Clare Short, who was Tony Blair's secretary of state for international development, in a July 1997 issue of *The Spectator,* referring to the land-mine campaign. "Diana's stand on the issue deserves the utmost praise. Her public profile is able to give hope to millions of victims and campaigners that once and for all there may be a global ban on the manufacture and use of anti-personnel landmines."

The Start Down

I wish we could leave Diana's story there. I wish we could leave her as I saw her one day that summer in New York, at the Four Seasons restaurant, in her mint-green suit and early tan, when she came for the wildly successful auction of her dresses. Then she was a woman of substance who had found her future. But Diana was always fragile in her new roles. Love, or the lack of it, always dragged her down. With that descent came an emotion that never bedeviled her pioneering efforts on behalf of land-mine victims or AIDS patients: fear.

Hasnat Khan was slipping away. He didn't want to go public—which meant, in effect, that he didn't want to marry her. Hasnat couldn't face the onslaught of becoming Di's New Guy in every tabloid newspaper. He recoiled from the prospect of his work at the hospital being invaded by reporters. There had been a nasty foretaste when the first story of a rumored affair appeared in the *Sunday Mirror.* Panicked when she heard that it was about to run, Diana turned to Richard Kay for a red-herring counter-story.

"It"—the *Mirror*'s story—"is bull____," Kay quoted Diana in the *Mail,* which was always happy to trash the competition. The Princess, wrote Kay, "is understood to be deeply upset at the allegations because of the hurt they will do William and Harry. Diana told friends 'It has given me a lot of laughs. In fact, we are laughing ourselves silly.'" Khan did not share the purported mirth. He was as wounded by Diana's silly denial as he had been irritated by the exposure in the first place. He got on fine with William and Harry—especially William, who had had a long session getting career advice from him one weekend—so that reference annoyed him, too. He was starting to receive racist threats in the mail, which he found stressful. For three weeks after Kay's story, Khan refused all contact with Diana, rendering her predictably hysterical. The secrecy of their affair actually suited Khan, who had no desire to arouse the wrath of his own relatives.

Diana was better qualified than anyone to know that you marry not just a man but his family. Hasnat Khan was a Pathan, a member of a group of peoples in Pakistan and Afghanistan descended from warriors and notable for their fierce attachment to their cultural traditions. His parents had tried twice, in 1987 and 1992, to marry him off to a suitable Muslim bride with equivalent social standing, and by 1996 they were impatient to try again. It is one of the ironies of Diana's life that she was always searching to replace her dysfunctional family with one that didn't want her. This time, as usual, the situation was doomed, but for a novel reason. With the Windsors, she was suitable but not desired. With the Khans, she was desired but not suitable. After Diana had spent 18 months misleading the press, an *Express* reporter landed an interview with Hasnat's father, Rashid Khan, who offered a bruising assessment of Diana as a bridal prospect for his son. "He is not going to marry her," the elder Khan said. "We are looking for a bride for him. She must belong to a respectable family. She should be rich, belonging to upper middle class. Preferably to our bradery (relations) or tribe which is Pathan. But if we do not find her in our own tribe, we can try outside it. But preferably she should be at least a Pakistani Moslem girl." This was the first time a Spencer had been disdained as "not quite our tribe," and it only challenged Diana to try even harder to nail Hasnat down.

It was a hopeless assignment. In May 1997, Diana biographer Kate Snell tells us, Diana's lover was deeply upset when, without forewarning him, she used the cover of a three-day trip to Pakistan to raise funds for Imran Khan's cancer hospital in order to descend without notice on Hasnat's sprawling family in an upscale suburb of Lahore. They clustered around and took her picture and served her English tea until a simultaneous power and water failure drove them outside to sit in a circle in the garden of their walled compound, making pleasant, if stilted, conversation with the charming stranger from the United Kingdom. It was a surreal scene, especially when one considers that Diana pictured herself moving in with them as their new daughter-in-law. The Khans were all perfectly charmed by Diana, who ended the evening lying on the floor watching cartoons with the youngest kids, but charm was irrelevant. Hasnat's mother had no intention of letting the union happen, and Hasnat had doubts of his own.

He loved Diana, yes. How could he not? This beautiful, radiant creature, adored by the world, had chosen him, an obscure Pakistani doctor, when she could have had her pick of any billionaire on earth. But it must have troubled Khan that the love he gave her never seemed to be enough. Was anyone's? "Diana needed more love than perhaps any Englishman can give," observes Diana's hood friend and later Tory M.P. Hugo S But there may have been no man alive could have answered the clamorous brought on by Diana's early abandon by her mother, who chose her lover ov family when Diana was six.

Hasnat's pager would go off 20 times on his medical rounds. For a woman so tive to the needs of others, Diana was str ly blind when it came to those of the p closest to her. She wanted to own his f arrange his life. She wanted to re-arran surgical schedule so that he could travel her. "Diana believed, against all the evide opined the essayist Clive James in *The Yorker* shortly after her death, "that there some kind of enchanted place called Ab where she could be understood and wher could lead a more normal life." James saw place as a recurring theme in the last of Diana's life. Her dream was a mar between two globe-trotting humanitar rushing to trouble spots with her compa and his doctor's bag. An overdose of p adoration had made her almost delusi She told me over lunch that day in New that she thought she could resolve the con of Northern Ireland: "I'm very good at so people's heads out." She wanted to lift Ha out of the annoying grind and insane h of the Brompton Hospital into some me habitat where they could live together in s exile with a swimming pool—in Australi South Africa. At an international think-t dinner in Rimini, Italy, she found herself to Professor Christiaan Barnard, the sep genarian heart-transplant pioneer. She lob him hard to get Hasnat a position in South rica and twice gave him dinner at Kensing Palace to discuss Hasnat's future. The pr Dr. Khan went ballistic, according to K Snell, when, on finally meeting Barnard was asked to submit his résumé.

In June, the Khans arrived en masse Stratford-upon-Avon for their ann holiday. Their presence must have deepe Hasnat's doubts that a superstar princ could ever be absorbed into his close-k Muslim family. It was clear to his relati that he was wrestling with both his love Diana and what he knew he had to do if wished to pursue a serious medical career bad augury for Khan was a *Sunday Mir* story on June 29 alleging that he and Dia had become unofficially engaged after t "astonishing family summit that sealed th love" in Pakistan in May.

In Snell's account, Khan, forced into t open, expressed to a trusted Pakistani co dant his agony about what to do. His frien advice was unequivocal: "End the affair a get on with [your] life."

Resolved to do that, Hasnat met Dia in an agreed-upon spot in Hyde Park at

ck one hot night in the second week of Knowing she was to be rejected, Diana oached him with scalding words and s. She could not really accept that it was . But Khan was not a man who played es. In August the Khan family, returning ahore, gave Hasnat gifts for the beautiful cess who had visited them. He told them ail them to her instead. He wouldn't be g Diana anymore.

iana began to sink. She felt she had no- where to go, no one to share her miseries . She had cut off Simone Simmons. She not on speaking terms with her mother— nces Shand Kydd, sadly, had become unk. She had lost her driver's license in 5 after failing a Breathalyzer test. She told eone close to her that she had bicycled friend's funeral and, because it started ain, hitched a ride home in the hearse. was increasingly indiscreet about the l family, referring to them as "German rfs," and said the Queen's dresses looked something from the Red Cross. Frances riated Diana by giving a paid interview to *o!* magazine in May 1997 in which she in- ently remarked that her daughter's loss of H.R.H. title was "absolutely wonderful," e it allowed her to find her own identity. re seriously, she angered the Princess with ferocity of her objection to her daughter's tionship with Hasnat Khan—"a Pakistani a Muslim." Diana cut her off after that. nces's letters apologizing to her were re- ed unopened.

ncreasingly lonely, Diana became un- thily dependent on Paul Burrell. His busy- y influence only fueled her various para- as. "He didn't like anybody he thought closer or had more access to her," says rvyn Wycherley, Diana's former chef. rell had hardened her attitude to Fergie A friend of the duchess says Burrell whis- ed to Diana that Fergie, on her book tour he United States, was using her relation- with the Princess to get publicity. In fair- s, it was the TV interviewers, not Fergie, kept bringing Diana's name up.

n bad periods like this, the insecure Diana watched and spied on. She had her rooms Kensington Palace twice swept for bugs. On ip to Rome with her Argentinean friend berto Devorik, she startled him with her ent suspicions. A portrait of Prince Philip ging on the wall evoked an outburst: "He es me. He really hates me and would like see me disappear." She would wind up d in a fake accident, she told Devorik. "I a threat in their eyes. They only use me en they need me for official functions and n they drop me again in the darkness.... ey are not going to kill me by poisoning me n a big plane, where others will get hurt. ey will do it when I am in a small plane, in ar when I am driving, or in a helicopter." Devorik asked her why anyone should want to kill her. If she was so afraid, why didn't she travel with a bodyguard, still available to her from the royal protection squad? She told him she thought they spied on her. She was fed up with being followed around.

"She saw the protectors as assailants," Clive James noted. "It seemed she would rather have gone down in a hail of broken glass than live in fear." Diana did live in fear, but it wasn't death she was afraid of. It was the thought of being dropped again in the darkness, as she put it to Devorik. She had carried that darkness inside her since she was a child. She had always fought it with her dazzle. Now more than ever, she feared being left alone in the dark.

"Roberto, you are so naïve," she told him. "Don't you see, they took my H.R.H. title and now they are slowly taking my kids? They are now letting me know when I can have the children."

The Big Problem: Camilla

Diana's feeling of being marginalized was most intense as August approached. The boys disappeared into the heathery wilds of Balmoral, and they loved it. After her divorce from the Prince of Wales, invitations to similar secluded aristocratic estates with shooting for the boys did not gush forth, and she was not inclined to ask her brother for help. With her, William and Harry were stuck in London or harassed at Disney World or forced to behave themselves at some nouveau riche billionaire's country mansion. She told the writer Shirley Conran that she felt that nothing she could offer William and Harry as a vacation could compete with Balmoral. "They do all those manly, killing things," she said, "and there's that wonderful go-cart track."

The propinquity of Eton to Windsor meant William had forged a close bond with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Sometimes in the evening the boy would go for a walk in Windsor Great Park with Prince Philip, eagerly responding to his grandfather's tough code and sense of humor, which Prince Charles had always scorned. Having failed with his own son, Philip saw William as the boy he had always wished he'd had. They shared a passion for military history. It pleased Diana, but it also made her jealous. William was her closest confidant. "She told me she had with her son William very private and very profound conversations," Roberto Devorik said, "and he was an extraordinary moral support." William was older than his years, burdened as much by his mother's confidences as by his future responsibilities; she had taken him through the divorce terms before she agreed to them. She began including him in some of her lunches at Kensington Palace with the press.

"All my hopes are on William now," she told me. "I'm hoping he will grow up to be as smart about handling the media as John Kennedy Jr." But William was not John F. Kennedy's son. He was the heir to the British throne. However much William might look like her and smile like her, he belonged as surely to Prince Charles and the Crown as to Lady Diana Spencer—perhaps more. Inevitably, William would have to become Windsorized. As England's future King, it was his destiny.

Diana's fear of exclusion was aggravated by the deterioration of her relationship with Charles. The promising thaw, in which she had invested hopes, did a nosedive once she perceived the key issue in Mark Bolland's agenda. She had not reckoned that Bolland's rehab plan for her husband's image would be focused so intently on the selling of Camilla to the public. The Prince's mistress would not have sponsored Bolland for the job if his agenda had not tallied with hers. Much of Bolland's day was spent figuring out who was opposed to this agenda and making sure they left the employ of the Prince of Wales. As for Camilla herself, from not wanting to marry Charles because the status quo suited her, she had taken the opposite position. The divorce from Andrew Parker Bowles in March 1995 had reportedly left her short of money. When a friend went to have lunch with her at her house in Wiltshire after her divorce, he was startled when the doorbell rang and she rushed off to hide. "God, it's the fishmonger—I haven't paid him," she exclaimed. "We have to hide until he's gone."

Camilla, however, received good financial counsel to rescue her from the predicament created by Charles. After all, if not for Charles's confession to Jonathan Dimbleby on television, Camilla wouldn't have been divorced in the first place. The crux of the advice was that, with her million-pound half-share of the Parker Bowles marital assets, she should buy a house whose upkeep was suitable for her position. Then, on the grounds that the Prince of Wales must be entertained in the style to which he was entitled, he would be prevailed upon to meet the associated costs. Camilla had to be made "cash poor," one of her friends said to Richard Kay, "to trigger in Charles not so much his sympathy as his responsibility towards the woman in his life."

In May 1995, for £850,000 ($1,375,000), Camilla purchased Ray Mill House, a 17-acre estate on the banks of the river Avon, in Wiltshire, and began a campaign of expansion. The new residence slowly acquired a staff of two housekeepers, two gardeners, a chauffeur and car from Prince Charles's fleet, a separately built security cottage complete with a Scotland Yard protection office, and stabling privileges at Highgrove. Bernie Flannery, the Highgrove butler, was

instructed to do Camilla's grocery shopping at the local Sainsbury's supermarket whenever she wished—and to charge it to the Prince's bill. Arguing, truthfully, that a visible royal mistress has to look good, Camilla was granted an annual dress allowance from the Wales war chest. Eventually, Charles is said to have covered her debt of around £130,000 ($210,000) at Coutts bank. Eventually, he granted Camilla her own stipend of £120,000 ($194,000) a year, later raising it to £180,000 ($291,000). Eventually, Camilla Parker Bowles became H.R.H. the Duchess of Cornwall. Eventually—at least my money's on it—H.R.H. the Duchess of Cornwall will be the Queen. Now that Camilla's image reversal is complete, former St. James's Palace staffers are amused that the favored story line in the press is of the patience and fortitude of "the woman who waited." From the inside, it sure didn't look that way. "It was Bolland who invented that fiction," said a former colleague of his. "And, I can tell you, it was quite an aggressive campaign."

Camilla's rise hit Diana with blunt force when Charles chose Highgrove as the venue for his mistress's 50th-birthday celebration, on July 17, 1997. The flagrant use of their former marital home was an unnecessary blow for Diana. It plunged her more deeply into her "darkness." She was deeply envious as well as deeply hurt: while Charles had found his love, Diana had lost hers. Salt was rubbed in the wound by a flattering television documentary about Camilla—another plank in Bolland's relentless campaign. Shirley Conran advised Diana not to watch it, but she couldn't resist. After all this time, she still wanted one question answered: Why? Why was it this woman who had taken it all—her Prince, her emotional security, her destiny as Queen? After watching the program, Diana called her astrologer, Debbie Frank, in anguish. "All the grief in my past is resurfacing," Diana told her. "I feel terrible . . . so frightened and needy." She sounded, Frank said, "breathy, child-like, again."

A Surprise Invitation

She needed to get out of town. She had toyed for a bit with the idea of spending the summer in the United States, and asked Teddy Forstmann, the financier and a sometime beau, to find her a house near his in Southampton. "I found her something, but five days later she called back and said the security people had said the openness of the Hamptons wasn't safe," said Forstmann. It was a boon when the importunate bullfrog Mohamed Al Fayed asked her to bring the boys to stay at his villa in the South of France. There she would be fully protected, not just by the security men who always accompanied the royal boys but by Al Fayed's own prodigious security. She wanted to nurse her wounds. When her hairdresser, Natalie Symons, arrived on the morning of July 11, after Diana's breakup with Khan, she was packing for the villa holiday and sobbing her heart out. "I could tell she was totally distraught because she didn't have any mascara on, and she always puts her mascara on before she does anything else," Symons recalled.

The spiral had begun. As she used to say to Patrick Jephson, when he was her private secretary, "Stand by for a mood swing, boys." But her last oscillations spun so fast that the contrasts seem more shocking. Dodi Al Fayed appeared three days into her holiday in the South of France, summoned by his father, and the vulnerable Diana fell for the bait. Within weeks she was on a cruise alone with Dodi. The woman whose feet disappeared into the green pile carpet covered in pharaohs' heads aboard Mohamed Al Fayed's private plane and squealed over Dodi's gifts in Bulgari boxes was the same woman who, only weeks before, had driven in somber silence up Sniper Alley in the shattered city of Sarajevo to comfort land-mine victims. The woman who posed for a boatload of French paparazzi in a tiger-striped swimsuit and called the gossip columnist Nigel Dempster at the *Daily Mail* to cackle "we couldn't just sit in KP (Kensington Palace) all summer" was the same woman who, encountering a woman tending her son's grave in a Sarajevo cemetery, had tenderly embraced her.

"God, we heard some terrible stories," said Lord Deedes, who went with her into Sarajevo. "She very often interviewed somebody without an interpreter, and she would take some time over it. There was a widow who had lost her young husband. He had gone fishing and had hit a mine. When we went there the lady was absolutely braindead, but when we left she was revived. I really did think there that Diana had a healing touch. There is really no doubt."

There is no doubt either that the press really preferred the Princess Di of the past. In Angola, Christina Lamb talked to the "royal hacks" in the bar of Luanda's Hotel Presidente and heard them "wistfully recalling previous jaunts to Klosters and Barbuda, and longing for the Diana of old who went to balls and banquets and wore Versace instead of flak jackets." They found that Diana again only a few months later, when Al Fayed's yacht docked in Porto Cervo, in Sardinia, and Diana and Dodi went shopping. Diana came back to the *Jonikal* with armfuls of cashmere sweaters, because Dodi had bought her every color they had. She told Rosa Monckton she found his conspicuous consumption embarrassing, but that did not prevent her from making herself demeaningly complicit. Her mother became frantic at being unable to communicate her deep feelings of unea the pictures appearing at home. Frances repeated calls to the Queen Mother's William Tallon, a favorite of Diana's, be him to try to talk her daughter into bre her silence when she got back. Tallon h success. Frances told an old family frie this time, "I cannot see the sun shining o daughter's head again."

The murder of the flamboyant fashio Gianni Versace in South Beach, Florid July 15, while Diana was on Al Fayed's y was a meteor shower in the exploding s her final summer. Versace had bridge gap between fashion and celebrity, just a ana had bridged the gap between royalty celebrity. Versace had turned hooker styl high fashion, adopted by movie stars and icons in the 80s and 90s. Even a princess feel exciting in his clothes. He had sent D trunkloads of his slinky gowns for nights she wanted to make a splash. "He was kil wrote *La Repubblica,* "like a prince lai in his own blood, with one hand outstret toward his oil paintings, his tapestries gold." Diana at first assumed that the ki (which turned out to be the work of a gay chopath) was a terrorist assassination. D bodyguard Lee Sansum found her on the of the *Jonikal* very early the next morning ing sadly out to sea. "Do you think they' that to me?" she asked him. She made up Elton John at Versace's funeral in Milan ting beside him and Sting and patting El hand comfortingly.

Back and forth she swung that last sum until the pendulum took her to Paris. An in the days in between her boat trips Dodi she seemed to have such a clear future outlined in London. She plotted Shirley Conran something she'd never ha career. "She wanted professional fulfillme said Conran. "She wanted to do someth herself that would show she wasn't an idi The something was a great idea—to prod documentaries like the well-received film had made with the BBC of her trip to Ang She was all excited about the project—a every two years, each one the centerpi of a discrete humanitarian campaign. Fi she told Conran, she would raise awaren of the issue, then produce a documentar partnership with one of the television ch nels, and ultimately leave a structure in pl to maintain her involvement with the caus was Diana's version of a Clinton global ini tive—and she had the idea first. The issue wanted to start with was illiteracy.

Diana, who had once described her as "thick as a plank," was getting herself education after all. Mike Whitlam remin her during their time in Angola, "Don't get there are ten million landmines left by British in the deserts of North Africa." replied, "Mike, I think you'll find it's twe three million." And she was right. "We h

blic meeting on land mines," says Lord ies, "and she really knew what she was g. She wasn't just a royal observer."

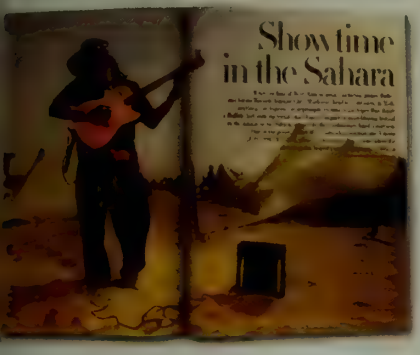
e wasn't just a royal anything. That was ne beauty of it. Had she lived, losing her H. might have turned out to be the best that had ever happened to her, just as nother had said. Yes, she was losing of the perks and protections of the roy- coon. But the power of her magic touch the media and the public was some- thing no one could take from her. And what she was gaining was freedom—the freedom to act without the constraints and limitations of palace and political bureaucrats, the freedom to embrace causes of her own choosing regardless of their potential for controversy, the freedom to make a difference on things that mattered and to see results.

In Ottawa, Canada, not long after her walk through the minefields, 122 governments agreed on a treaty banning the use of anti-personnel land mines. The Nobel committee awarded the campaign the Nobel Peace Prize, coupled with the name of the leading American campaigner, Jody Williams. In the House of Commons, during the second reading of the Landmines Bill, in 1998, the British foreign secretary, Robin Cook, paid handsome tribute to Diana, Princess of Wales, for her "immense contribution to bringing home to many of our constituents the human costs of land mines."

Diana was not there to hear it. She was alone on an island, in her grave at Althorp, the Spencer-family estate. □

---

sert Music Festival



TINUED FROM PAGE 174 price, a place Hogon club), and a time (11 P.M.). Word ld go out, and the club would be filled. were now two for two.

hen, to top it off, Jonathan gets a call Oumou Sangare, Mali's most popular le singer and its greatest advocate for en's rights—a true diva. Oumou has ed all over the world, performing at pres- us venues like the Hollywood Bowl and Montreux Jazz Festival. As is common in West Africa, she also runs her own and hotel, the Hotel Wassoulou. She d "love" to see us later tonight, she says.

t nine P.M. we arrive at the rail station. No sign of a band, but an audience has begun ild. To placate the crowd, Jimmy takes out uitar and does a short acoustic set in the Buffett at the Buffet. Meanwhile, the Super Band does arrive, sets up, plugs in, and be- to play on the stage outside. There are eight rs, including three front men. Some are in ous, others in Western clothes. It's dark, here are no lights. Jonathan gets a taxi to e into the courtyard, and the band plays e headlights. Jimmy has the driver put on linkers too. "More disco-like," he says. hey play a spirited set for two hours. Then uck out for the second show, at the open- logon club. Toumani (in a black T-shirt) he maître d' (in a tuxedo) meet us outside. , man, where's Chris?," Toumani asks in nglish accent. He is handsome, the latest ine of 53 generations of kora players, and l virtuoso. The Symmetric Orchestra is y to go. Toumani sits in the center. There are two electric guitars, a bass, drums, keyboards, a xylophone-like balaphon, and a wide assortment of percussion instruments. When they kick it off, it's like being shot from a gun.

Unfortunately, we have to sneak out again. It's 2:30 A.M. when we arrive at the Hotel Wassoulou, where Oumou Sangare is singing. Oumou came on the music scene back in 1990, at age 21. She hit it big from the start, owing both to her vocal skills and to her ability to generate controversy with lyrics that condemned polygamy and arranged marriages, and pushed for women's rights. She was the first of a kind in Mali. Tonight, to a packed house and with a killer band, she sings while roving among the audience and then implores Jimmy to join her on guitar. A brave man, he takes the stage, and together they knock out a rousing version of Bo Diddley's "Who Do You Love?"

It's well after four A.M. when we stumble back to the El Farouk. Chris tells me it's "the best single night of music" he's ever had—this from the man who gave us Steve Winwood, Bob Marley, and U2.

Wednesday
THE NORTHERN FRONT

Timbuktu is a place I have always wanted to see. Once, in the early 1970s, I was in the Sahara in southern Morocco and saw a sign: TIMBUKTU—45 DAYS. That was for camel caravans, which ply the Sahara even now. Eons ago the big export from Timbuktu was salt, and the caravans made it a wealthy city. In the 1500s it was home to a university and famous mosques.

Timbuktu used to sit on the edge of the desert. Today, with desertification, the sands have passed it by on their journey south. The city is inhabited largely by Tuareg, who are nomadic, very independent, and ethnically different from those who live in southern Mali. There are people in Timbuktu from the Fulani and Songhai tribes as well. The Tuareg have risen up regularly—against the French in colonial times and against the Malian government today. There was a bloody rebellion more than a decade ago, with a lot of fighting in Timbuktu itself. It ended in 1996, with promises of better representation for the Tuareg in the government, and more freedom of movement.

Since then it's been mostly quiet on the northern front. Today, Mali is a functioning Muslim democracy. On some levels, it is a study in success. The country is tolerant, diverse, optimistic, and stable. But it's also, and very obviously, one of the world's poorest countries.

From the air Timbuktu looks like a sandcastle village of little brown squares. It's a grid, dusty brown, and it morphs into the surrounding desert. There's a new, empty airport terminal—not another plane in sight. Here the city is spelled "Tombouctou," which I file away, thinking it might be a good way to introduce myself to people here when the situation merits. Three young Americans, all with military buzz cuts and identical wraparound shades, meet us. Turns out they are looking for Jimmy Buffett. Parrotheads in the Sahara. They tell us they are with "the D.O.D." I was unsure what that was, and they clarified ("Department of Defense"). We'll run into them again, but never quite figure out why they're here. Outside, in the streets of Timbuktu, sand blows continually. My companions and the few other Westerners I see have largely switched to Tuareg turban-like headgear. (I just can't.) We are here for a dose of Tuareg music—that "desert blues" sound—but this afternoon all the shops are blasting out 50 Cent on the radio. I turn on the small black-and-white television in my hotel and see Sigourney Weaver in an Arabic-dubbed version of *Alien*.

Thursday to Saturday
MIDNIGHT AT THE OASIS

The Festival in the Desert takes place some 70 kilometers to the northwest of Timbuktu. We have a breakfast of bread, water, and Jamaica Blue Mountain Coffee (Chris's stash). Afterward we drive into the desert in three S.U.V.'s in tight formation. There are no roads, just endless braids of tracks in the sand. The ride shakes us to the bone.

After four hours of this we realize we are lost, which is a bit of a disappointment. The guide from Timbuktu has failed. His head hangs down. A nomad materializes, and we ask him, in effect, "Hey, have you seen a festival around here?" And he answers, in effect,

Desert Music Festival

"Why are you paying this idiot? You should pay me." We do. He hops onto the running board and gets us to the festival an hour later.

The festival is at an oasis called Essakane. Clean white sand dunes, a few trees, camels everywhere. Essakane has been a meeting spot for Tuareg tribespeople for many years. The festival, which began in 2001, has been held here for the last five years. It is largely a Tuareg event, and it must be the only festival where a large part of the audience arrives in camel caravans. They come from all over the Sahara, some traveling for weeks.

Tents of many kinds and sizes undulate across the dunes. I observe a makeshift "Bar & Restaurant" and, three dunes away, a concrete stage built into the sand. Here and there you see turbaned Tuareg sitting in the sand, jamming with electric guitars, putting out a raw, bluesy sound through small, battery-powered amplifiers. For security, there's a jeep nearby with a mounted 50-caliber machine gun. Leo Fender could never have imagined this.

There are 45 acts at the festival, representing music from all parts of Mali as well as from neighboring countries. We run into Manny Ansar, the festival organizer and a Tuareg himself, dressed elegantly in a boubou, a turban, and shades. The festival is his baby, but it actually represents his second (and nonpaying) job. In his other life he's in charge of "human resources" for an electrical company in Bamako. Manny congratulates us on our bravery for defying the recent U.S. State Department travel advisory warning U.S. citizens to stay away from the festival. Needless to say, we know nothing about this. The advisory cited "banditry, factional rivalry, and car jackings" in this "lawless area." It sounds more like L.A. If you paid attention to all the State Department advisories these days, you'd end up going almost nowhere.

Our tents are simple—a patchwork of animal skins tied to wooden poles and trimmed with decorative tassels, but with no door or flap. I went to sleep one night as a sandstorm raged outside, and awakened to find a foot of sand inside my tent. (Jimmy told me later that he had to zip himself tight into his sleeping bag and breathe through a rolled-up magazine he stuck through a small opening.) My neighbors are "the Libyan Delegation." As Bill and I head to a dining area, we see a group of four men behind my tent holding down goats and slaughtering them one by one. After dinner we hike over the dunes to the stage. It's dark now. Campfires burn everywhere, and camels stand in silhouette atop distant dunes.

The first group we see after coming all this way is . . . a bunch of Americans! They call themselves the Pangaea Project, after the hypothetical landmass that the world's seven continents once formed. All students of West African music, the members of the Pangaea Project are actually quite good. They turn in an energetic set and gradually win over the locals. Next up is Adama Yalomba. A happy man in a shiny Western suit, he sings lead vocals and plays an electric kora in front of a big band. The audience is on its feet for him. At one point he drops his kora, performs some Motown-style dance steps, then does a full front flip from a standing position—a real showstopper.

The festival goes on for two more days. The highlights include a tribute to Ali Farka Touré, Mali's biggest star ever, featuring an impressive list of artists, Oumou Sangare and Toumani Diabate among them. An electric-guitarist from Bamako, Baba Salah, who is called "the Jimi Hendrix of Africa," blows the house down. The festival closes with a rousing set from the group Tinariwen.

Tinariwen is the stuff of legend in these parts. It is basically a rock band—six electric guitars, three female singers, and a percussionist—with a rebellious political flavor. The classic Tinariwen image: turbaned so musicians on camels with Kalashnikov Stratocaster guitars crossed over their s ders. Their story says much about the p of music in Africa, and about the recent tive turn of events in Mali.

Tinariwen was formed in 1982 after a y man named Ibrahim Ag Alhabib abrupt the country. Years before, his father had d the hands of Malian soldiers; then, after riod of nomadic wandering throughout t hara, he was lured with two friends to sou Libya, where Colonel Muammar Qaddaf established military training camps to he nationless Tuareg. There he discovered not a refuge but also—who would have guess electric guitars! The young men practice. write songs about revolution and freedom they marry these lyrics to a new electric so On top of that, these young Muslims c a band that has (gasp) women in it. The this land of no media, no Internet, the m of Tinariwen travels all over the Sahara by sette and inspires an entire generation of y people. The music is officially banned i geria and Mali, which only adds to its al

In the 1990s, Tinariwen joins with Tuareg rebellion. It's as if the Rolling St went off to war. Kheddou, a guitarist i group, becomes an obvious target and is and wounded 17 times—almost twice as m times as our own 50 Cent, and surely a re for gunshot wounds by any living musi anywhere. Peace comes. The band moves to Mali, signs an international record deal. down to business, and becomes even m popular.

Tinariwen's story parallels Mali's m hopeful scenario. Swords turn to guit democracy blooms, and music helps bri sense of national unity. I'm not sure I ever derstood what those American soldiers w doing in Mali's desert. But I do know that American invasion that really made a di ence here was one of electric guitars. □

Congo Pilots



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166 for down-and-locked on the cockpit display; upon touchdown the airplane had gone crooked and careened off the runway. This is nothing against the design of the airplane or the maintenance that had been done: Fousseyni believed that the old machine had finally just decided to give up.

He led me back to the latest willing beast, past the cassava leaves in the cargo hold, and into the cockpit for the engine start—delayed for a moment by a door-ajar light. His co-pilot was an affable middle-aged Congolese named Albert Ependa, the son of an ambassador to Spain, Great Britain, and Morocco, whose early enthusiasm for this career had been dampened by three serious accidents. He told me he earns $2,000 a month, three-fourths of which he sends to his wife and three children, who live in Montreal; the company pays the fare to Canada when he goes to see them. He competent in the cockpit, though placid co-pilots learn to be; he read a checklis Fousseyni as we back-taxied on the runw wallowing through the holes. I sat in a ju seat behind the two men, as I had flying Fousseyni pivoted the airplane tightly, li it up, and immediately brought the engi to full takeoff power. The airplane sh and trembled as he held it there, check for signs of trouble. He released the brak and we rolled, wallowing again, then sla ming down the left side of the runway, pi ing our holes. With urgency in his voice, if he considered every takeoff to be an op question, Ependa called the decision spe as we accelerated through them. Fousse was more relaxed. He raised the nose, a

a period rolling on the main wheels the Nord lumbered into the sky.

usseyni banked left and headed for Kinshasa. The Nord is an underpow- airplane, and therefore relatively ef- t. It climbed at merely 700 feet per te, indicating 150 miles an hour, until ng at 10,000 feet, where it settled into ate cruise. Though the day was cloud- nd offered unlimited views of the ho- , Fousseyni flew with hardly a glance de, hunkered down in his seat, and g gloomily at the instrument panel in rt of timeless trance that characterizes ssional flying. The sky was smooth. The o slid by below, its forests giving way to dulating savanna crossed by serpentine and marked by isolated villages cast- ut footpaths in crooked lines. For miles ain road from Kinshasa lay in sight, able and abandoned, with not a single le upon it. Here and there the savanna ed, raising columns of smoke, where ers were clearing fields or hunting wild . Fousseyni handed control to Ependa urned in his seat to talk to me. He was retting over the roughness of Kikwit's ay, which he seemed to take as a per- affront. He said, "Either we accept to these conditions or we do not work." eached into a briefcase beside the seat extracted a tattered folder in which he photographs of his life. One by one ntemplated them, and passed them to They were brittle, and had colors that urned and faded. There was the DC-3 ich he had first made captain, and its cement, a Fokker 27 turboprop; there the restaurant dinner in Manchester, and, where he had just picked up a still- r airplane, a new Andover, in 1979—ah, were the golden times. The Andover me the queen of Air Sénégal's fleet, also served (after V.I.P. reconfigura- naturally) as the presidential aircraft. seyni flew as the presidential pilot. His ionship with the president went back incident in the DC-3 at the start of decade. Fousseyni was flying as cap- on a run from the Cape Verde Islands akar, and was an hour off the coast the right engine caught fire. He shut e fuel, pulled a lever that extinguished ames, and continued for Dakar on the ngine alone. Why this was dramatic, I ot know, since the DC-3 at low altitude cruise on a single engine, but maybe irplane was overloaded—I was embar- d to ask. Fousseyni implied that it was through his skill that the DC-3 did not into the sea. When the airplane landed akar, the press was waiting, and televi- cameras captured the heroic arrival. seyni's co-pilot was a Frenchman who sends Fousseyni a necktie every year.

After the passengers disembarked, the co-pilot emerged from the airplane and in full view of the press embraced and kissed the propeller of the good engine, weeping in gratitude. I figure this was a genetic thing: French pilots can be so emotional. To my regret Fousseyni did not have a picture of the scene. Instead he showed me a photo of a ceremony in which the president awarded him Senegal's Ordre du Mérite.

Fousseyni put away the pictures carefully and took over the controls for the descent into Kinshasa. Ahead and to the right, the Congo River curved through green hills, and widened into the Stanley Pool. We had checked in by then with Kinshasa Control, a radarless facility that relies on a set of aerial gateways, or waypoints, through which all flights must pass when entering or exiting the airspace around the capital. Descending through 4,000 feet, we overflew the main airport, N'Djili, whose single, 15,420-foot runway is so long that it has been designated by the United States as an emergency landing strip for the space shuttle. N'Djili is where the occasional international flights arrive—gleaming airliners from Europe and South Africa that seem to have arrived from another planet, and do not linger long before rushing away. The ramp there is a plane spotter's delight, crowded with the decrepit jets that are too fast and fragile to handle the local dirt strips, but that manage (usually) to stagger through long-distance runs to the main paved runways of eastern and southern Congo.

Our destination was Kinshasa's other airport, a broken 4,429-foot runway called N'Dolo that lies by the center of town and is home to propeller-driven airplanes serving the backcountry of the West. N'Dolo was the scene of one of aviation's most lethal crashes, when in 1996 a Russian crew ran an overloaded Antonov 32 off the far end of the runway during an attempted takeoff. The airplane slid into a crowded street market, slicing and burning perhaps 300 people to death; an exact count was never taken.

Seen from the air the city lies like a carpet of walled yards and two-story cheap-brick constructions, cut through by street channels dense in places with market crowds and hand-pushed carts. More than 10 million people live there. By urban standards there are relatively few cars, but they jam up behind the potholes and checkpoints, and give the impression of being too many. Fousseyni was cleared to land by the N'Dolo tower. He swept the airplane through a wide turn out over the Congo River, and approached the runway with the flaps and the landing gear extended, roaring low over the pirogue-clogged riverfront, a fish market, muddy streets, and another market selling sundries. The view ahead was disconcerting: people were trudging across the runway, many balancing loads on their heads, with no apparent concern for the airplane bearing down on them from above. Fousseyni did not flinch. He landed smoothly and slowed the airplane with only light application of the brakes, counting on the pedestrians at the last moment to scurry out of the way—exactly as they did, and without scattering their loads. The Congo makes its own accommodations, many of which work reasonably well. I mentioned to Fousseyni an episode from my years as a pilot, when, after landing a fast airplane at night in California, I flashed by a woman walking her dog down the runway not far off the centerline. In the Congo at least, a pilot would not have been surprised.

We taxied off the runway, past men hoeing vegetable plots in the airport's tall grass, and toward the airport's flight line—a group of leaky old hangars, built long ago by the Belgians and now in severe disrepair. Some of those hangars have been expropriated by impoverished Congolese soldiers and their families, who have partitioned the spaces with scraps of plywood and tin, and live there now in complete squalor, defecating beside the taxiways, collecting wash water from stagnant puddles, and wandering about in disregard of spinning propellers. The children in particular pose a challenge to ground navigation, as they chase one another among the moving airplanes, and dash after soccerballs that have gone astray. Fousseyni eyed them warily. He maneuvered us to the Business Aviation base, a concrete apron and a single maintenance hangar just large enough to accommodate a dusty old helicopter, a British-sports-car project, and a single Nord. After the propellers stopped turning, the passengers disembarked and workers began unloading the cargo, throwing the bundled cassava leaves onto the ground. A couple of bedraggled soldiers stood nearby, dully cradling their Kalashnikovs.

Fousseyni went inside the hangar office to fill out post-flight forms. I left him to the pleasure. Across the apron, a company ground crew clustered in the shade of another high-wing airplane, a Czech-built 17-passenger turboprop called the Let 410 UVP-E, one of two Lets that Business Aviation owns. The Let is a slow, big-boned airplane, tough enough to handle the daily abuse from the Congo's runways, and known for its willingness to keep flying no matter what its aches and pains. Something seemed seriously wrong with this one, however. The crew had positioned a step-ladder under the left wing and was peering up as a mechanic shook and wiggled an aileron. I walked over to listen in. Someone said that the pilot of the previous flight had complained of heavy control forces and sloppy rolls—a significant departure from the norm in an airplane that is remarkable for precisely the opposite characteristics. Sure enough, it turned out now that the left aileron had come

Congo Pilots

partially loose, and not, as one might expect, because its bearings were worn, but because at some point they had entirely disappeared—presumably falling off in flight, and landing in the forest somewhere to rust into the earth. The good old Let. It had probably flown for a while like that, with an ailment that might have caused a higher-strung airplane to flutter apart.

The company's chief mechanic walked up to assess the situation. He was a grizzled Welshman named Ken Roberts, aged 56, who had been in Africa for 25 years, making good money in times of war, and just enough to get by in between. He had not come to the continent so much as washed up on its shores. Now he swore he would never leave, because his blood had grown so thin that he could no longer endure the cold. Long ago he had been married to a woman in Wales, and she had borne two children with him, but he had never been much of a family man. All he could say about Christmas anymore was that it falls in the summer if you go far enough south. But nothing compared to his life on the equator, where all seasons are hot, and the nights are reliably balmy. He was a drinker, but not on the job. At home he had a beautiful Congolese girlfriend on whom he was sometimes tough. At the airport he had a Congolese crew of self-taught mechanics, in whom he invested great trust. When he greeted them in the morning, he said, "*Bon-fucking-jour,*" and they *bon-fucking-jour'd* him back. Roberts's French was poor, but good enough. Their French was African and fluent. They took to *bon-fucking-jouring* one another even when he was not around. That was the style for a while in the hangar. Now under the wing of the Let he said, "New day, same shit," but didn't mean it. He once told me that the beauty of working in Africa is that every day is different, and that improvisation is required. Never before had he seen an aileron completely shed its bearings. He did not have replacements in stock, and could not just go to a dealer and buy the approved parts. With the airplane loaded and already behind schedule, he was temporarily flummoxed.

But standing in the group was a lively young man named Asil Munshi, án Indian with a Canadian passport, three generations into life in Africa, who by breeding and experience was not about to let such a small matter get in the way of trade. Nominally, Munshi is the flight-line manager, in charge of loading and unloading the airplanes, and of such low-level chores as overseeing the maintenance of the company cars. In practice he is the scion of Business Aviation's owners—a family of Indian Muslims who came from a village in the state of Gujarat, established themselves as shopkeepers in the Congo, and tenaciously hung on through all the disastrous history of the past 50 years. In a small way Munshi's reactions now fit perfectly into the larger family tradition. "Bearings?" he said to Roberts. "Show me the size, and give me an hour." Munshi is 30 years old. He has an Indian wife, Shafika, born in Lubumbashi, and a two-year-old son. He went to college in Colorado, where he studied fisheries management. He speaks flawless American English, Indian English, African French, French French, Spanish, Gujarati, Lingala, and Swahili. He is a natural mimic with a tendency to tell stories by playing all sides in character and voice. Some in the family worry that he clowns around too much, and that he has never applied himself to the business. But he is determined in his own way, and knows all the backstreets of Kinshasa. To me he said, "There's a market down the road where you can find anything you want. And I mean anything. What do you want?"

I said, "A Russian battle tank."

Roberts said, "Right now I'll take the aileron bearings for a Let 410."

Munshi jumped behind the wheel of an old white station wagon, and with a wave to the soldiers he rattled away. Roberts knew enough of Africa to believe that Munshi might find success. He had his mechanics remove the left aileron in preparation for Munshi's return. The mechanics finished in 10 minutes flat. Munshi soon came back with the bearings he had sought. They were not components approved for flight, let alone meant for the Let 410, but they fit the airplane and seemed to work just fine. Roberts was practically gloating. He said, "I've seen so many guys come from 'civilized' countries to work here, and they don't last two weeks."

"What happens?"

"They can't handle the conditions. They can't handle the methods."

But Roberts gladly could, and would work for a blacklisted airline if that was the price to pay. Orthodoxy be damned, it was a bon-fucking-jour for African trade. The aileron was re-installed, the pilots mounted up, and the Let flew away until it was the merest speck in the sky, westbound down the Congo River.

A Mind for Money

In 1920, under the British Raj, the first son was born to an impoverished Muslim schoolteacher named Munshi in a village in India, in Gujarat. Munshi was a simple man. His wife worked in the fields to make ends meet. They called their son Dawood. To their dismay he turned out to be a poor student, and a rebellious one. In 1936, when he was 16, he announced that he was dropping out of school, and they banished him from the house. This was almost unthinkable at the time. The oldest son? But they said, "Go." He said, "Yes. And I'll go to Africa j get away. I'll go to the Congo." It was t thest and darkest place he could imagi rode a ship to Mombasa, on the coast o ya, and a train across Kenya and Ug before entering the Congo, where he hiked and walked to the town of Stanle on the great northern bend of the C River. Stanleyville is now called Kisa The Congo was called Belgian back Dawood went to work as a stock boy Indian traders called Nasser and Com who did the usual thing, bringing goods one place and sending them to anothe wood learned to drive their truck. A few years he got his own truck and wen business for himself, transporting goo and from Uganda. With the profits th made, he opened a small shop in a reg capital called Irumu, deep in an equa jungle where Pygmies roamed. The Se World War did not reach there. Recentl of the Munshis said to me, "Look, it wa Ituri Forest. I don't know—today the A cans might want to invade it, but durin war there was just no reason to go there would have been lost." Dawood bough other truck and small shops. He marrie Indian girl, and took a native Congolese second wife. Both women bore him chil whom he treated equally and well. He w good man, uneducated but industrious. successful enough.

In 1950 the next Munshi brother ar in Africa and took a job as an accoun in Mombasa. His name was Abdul Ra With him he brought a wife from the h village in Gujarat. Her name was Bibi. E tually they had six children. The oldest Ishaque, who is Asil's father, and the p arch in Kinshasa today. The youngest Yunus, who became an outdoorsman pilot, and now runs Business Aviation Ishaque's support. One of the daugh earned a Ph.D. from South Bank Univer in London, did research at Lawrence Be ley National Laboratory, married an Am can engineer, and now owns a compos materials company in Colorado. Other sibli became teachers and doctors in the U.K. all that is getting ahead in time. In Momb in the 1950s the family at first could aff only a rented apartment and the bicycle which Abdul Rahim commuted to his counting job. On the side he began to s bulk materials to brother Dawood in Congo—salt, wheat flour, and cement. Dawood's advice Abdul Rahim bough small grocery store in central Momba Alibhai Essa & Company. He began to s ply ships with fresh vegetables and fru and over the following decades he purs other opportunities as they arose—sl painting, mangrove oysters, salt producti and chicken farming. Abdul Rahim a Bibi became rich. In 1986 they returned

illage in Gujarat, where they built a ue and founded a women's school and ges, still run by the Munshi Trust today. grew sick during a pilgrimage to Mecca died in England in 1998. Abdul Rahim there in 2005. The family has no pres- in Kenya anymore.

ie Congo was always the adventure. In the third and youngest brother, Mo- ed, came from India to join Dawood in the jungle in a place called Bunia. ood and Mohamed formed a hardwork- am. As former subjects of the Raj, they omed the Congo's independence from um in 1960. They continued to invest eir shops and stocks, and built a candy ry next door to their house. For all their ss, they were naïve.

ependent Congo was unstable from the rt. In 1963 a rebellion broke out, cut- off the Northeast from the rest of the try. The fighting was intense. Exhausted 27 years of struggle, Dawood fled with ives and children to Kampala, Uganda, never permanently returned. Mohamed on, hoping to preserve the family busi- Soon escape became impossible. For ext two years Bunia served as a rebel ghold, and was subject to repeated at- s. Hundreds of people were killed, many ecution. Then it was Mohamed's turn. as marched from his house, apparently shot. You have collaborated with the rnment; you have passed on informa- you are against the revolution; you are . A fool would have begged for his life. amed did not, and said the right things, so was allowed to return to his house. hese were hard times. All through the n bridges had collapsed, roads had me impassable, and the entire chain of merce had broken down. One after an- , the Munshis' shops were looted and oyed. By 1965 all that remained was the y factory. The fighting grew worse. For than a month Mohamed and his young ly huddled behind sugar sacks in the ry. That was the end: everything gained been lost. With government troops d for a large-scale offensive, the United ns organized an airlift to evacuate for- rs to Kinshasa. Mohamed and his fam- ined the exodus, and had the Munshis' experience with the practicality of flight. r destination was the N'Dolo airport.

Kinshasa, they moved into a borrowed ge, and with the help of some trusting ds managed to open a hole-in-the-wall selling general goods near the city's al market. Mohamed was 35. Soon he able to pay back his friends and move amily into a house. He bought a Volks- n bug, and a steel safe in which to store amily's only significant possessions— passports and personal documents. By then a general named Mobutu had unified the country under his dictatorial rule. But the Congo was hardly an orderly place. Late one night in 1967, a squad of soldiers invaded the Munshi house, forced the family into the VW bug, drove them 20 miles east into the bush, and marooned them there—barefoot and dressed in their nightclothes—before absconding with the car. During their absence other soldiers stripped the house even of the toilet and sinks. Unable to break into the safe, the soldiers trucked that away as well, though they later abandoned it, still unopened, in the slums. The Munshis were unfazed. They recovered the safe, fixed up the house, and carried on. Business in the Congo again seemed full of promise.

In 1968, Dawood drove to Mombasa to speak to Abdul Rahim's oldest son, Ishaque, who had just graduated from college and gone to work for the Kenyan government as an agricultural economist. Ishaque had a mind for money. Dawood sat him down and said, "We Munshis are not born to work for others. Come and join the business in Kinshasa. Your uncle Mohamed needs someone who knows how to buy and sell." Ishaque agreed, and eventually landed at the N'Dolo airport in a DC-3. He was 22, and delighted to team up with his dynamic young uncle.

The business kept building in logical progression. Mohamed had started importing cheap ballpoint pens from Italy. Each pen was made of four pieces—a tube, an ink cartridge with ballpoint attached, a top cap, and an end cap. They discovered that they could lower the duties by importing the pieces separately and assembling them in the Congo. This they did. The next step was to acquire the machines to make three of the pieces themselves (not the ink cartridge, which was too complex). They set up the three machines in their house, hired a few workers, and went into production—24 hours a day during the peak scholastic season. Four years after the loss of their candy factory in the East, the Munshis had become manufacturers again. They kept the shop near the central market, and continued to expand their dealings, importing household items and sewing machines from Taiwan, and launching into the manufacture of candles, fishing twine, and foam-rubber pads. For the first time in the family's history they went to a bank and took out a long-term loan—$250,000 for the construction of a warehouse and factory, which they built on the eastern side of the city, just beyond N'Dolo.

In 1972, Ishaque married an enterprising woman named Najma, who had been born in the Congo to parents from Gujarat. There were disquieting signs in the political drift of the region. Mobutu was at the height of his power, and had been jailing or publicly executing perceived opponents. He had renamed the country Zaire, and was pursuing oppressive policies of "authenticity," dictating such details as people's dress and the names they could give their children. In translation he now called himself "Mobutu the All-Powerful Warrior Who Because of His Endurance and Inflexible Will to Win Will Go from Conquest to Conquest Leaving Fire in His Wake." More significant, he and his associates were stealing the country blind. In Uganda, another fearless leader, Idi Amin, launched a vicious anti-Asian campaign. Dawood abandoned his house and cars in Kampala, and fled into semi-retirement in England. But the Munshis in Kinshasa were doing extremely well. Remembering that period with irony, Ishaque recently said to me, "We had gone big-time into importation. Big-time into industry. And big-time into debt."

Then, suddenly, in 1974 the ongoing process of "Zairization" hit them. It was the expropriation without compensation of every business, large or small, that belonged to foreigners. The businesses were to be handed over to native Congolese, in many cases as a reward for personal loyalty to Mobutu. Ishaque said, "Every single business. Yes. All the Portuguese, with their holdings in small towns and villages. All the Greeks and Italians, with their farms and coffee plantations. All the Belgians, with their mines and rubber trees. And all the Indians, of course. All the Indians, with their trade and transport. They came to the door with a piece of paper to say that as of today this business belongs to such-and-such Congolese. So hand it over."

"Did they take your debt, too?"

He laughed. "Never! Never! Anyway, the suppliers knew you, not the company. And the same for the bank."

Once again the Munshis had lost everything. Worse, they were in a hole. They hung on for a few months, but with no work to do, early in 1975 they gave up on Africa. Mohamed moved with his wife and children to join Dawood in England. Ishaque accepted an offer of resettlement from Canada, and with Najma and an infant son moved to Hamilton, Ontario, near Toronto. Seemingly overnight they were living in a working-class neighborhood in a strange, cold land. Ishaque got a job as a production-line worker in, of all places, a foam-rubber factory. He earned barely enough for a car and the occasional weekend trip out of town. Asil was born in Canada, as was his younger sister, Amina.

By 1976, with exports reduced to a trickle of copper, gold, and diamonds, the Congo's economy had collapsed. Mobutu admitted his mistake and invited the foreigners back to repossess their properties. From London, Mohamed called Ishaque and said, "You go back to Kinshasa and re-start. I've done my part. I did it twice. Now it's up to you." Ishaque agreed. He left his wife and three

Congo Pilots

children in Canada because of a three-year residency requirement to obtain citizenship, and returned alone to the ruins of the past. The shop and warehouses had been emptied of the imported goods, the raw materials had disappeared, the production machines had been damaged or destroyed, and the factory had been littered with wrecked cars. Naturally, Ishaque saw opportunity. He and Mohamed went to their creditors, acknowledged their outstanding debt, and asked for still more money to rebuild their business from scratch. Such was their reputation that every creditor agreed.

Air Munshi

If only the roads had been rebuilt so well. A trip that once took a while to complete now requires five times longer. But God smiles on aviation in the Congo and maintains the earth's atmosphere at no extra cost. The atmosphere is like a sea through which airplanes freely swim. Flying is cheap, all things considered. Truth be known, it requires no government, and very little infrastructure. You can scrape out a runway anywhere, and do it practically overnight. For airplanes like the Let 410, 1,000 yards is long enough unless rain has turned the dirt to mud. Outbound to the bush, the Munshis transport manufactured goods of the sort they once wholesaled to the Kinshasa market. Candles, sandals, and baby baths. Baseball caps and ballpoint pens. Lightweight pots and pans. On the return flights they transport whatever the villagers can provide. *Pondu* most regularly. But also smoked fish from the rivers and lakes, smoked monkeys from the forests, and crocodiles which are bound in tape and very much alive. The crocodiles have a certain crocodilian odor. They are four or five feet long. When they are loaded into the cabin, some passengers grow wary. The crocodiles themselves do not looked pleased. Their tail meat is sold as a delicacy in the markets. They may have primitive minds, but they rightly resist being air-shipped and slaughtered. Just before I arrived at N'Dolo, one of them in a Let got free in flight, crawled forward through the open access to the cockpit, got underneath the captain's seat, and started thrashing around. Not to be cruel, but I'm sorry I missed the scene. I doubt whether the captain kept his feet on the rudder pedals. I imagine he sat cross-legged on his seat. The landing was a gift to the co-pilot. The thrashing continued down final approach. The Let is ground-steered with a tiller on the captain's side, well above the reach of crocodiles under the seat. The airplane parked at Business Aviation, and the pilots, like the passengers, got out fast. The ground crew argued about who would go inside. Asil Munshi did, and laughed because it turned out that the poor creature's mouth had remained bound.

A few days later I stood by the same airplane as it was loaded floor to ceiling with bundled clothes and salted mackerel for a fish-for-diamonds flight, 270 miles south to a diamond-mining village called Tembo, on the Angolan border. Fish-for-diamonds because you take fish down, you bring diamonds back. Tembo is the most challenging dirt strip regularly served by the Munshis' operation. The captain today was the company's best pilot, an Australian named Chris D'Altera, who was born to fly. He had been 15 years in the Congo, taking on every kind of piloting job in every kind of old airplane. He said, "The problem I have with these African pilots is all the people who depend on them, especially around payday. 'I've got a wife in the hospital ... My kid's in jail ... I need a loan.' They have all these obligations. They go around distracted all the time. If something goes wrong with the airplane, they've got other things on their minds." Yes, but with D'Altera on the scene, who cares? His co-pilot was a young Congolese with a soft goatee and oversize aviator glasses, fresh out of flight school in South Africa. South African flight school is like British flight school, and heavy on antique academics. Can you calculate a great-circle route and tap a message in Morse code? In the real world the co-pilot had a lot to learn.

The passengers arrived in a van, and stood around nervously waiting to be boarded. They were 10 men, most of them West Africans passing illegally through the Congo without papers, at the midpoint of heroic journeys to new lives in the promised lands of Europe. This was the pattern on the Tembo run. The men had worked their way across the land borders of Africa until arriving in Kinshasa, after which land travel was no longer a practical choice. There they had stayed, hustling until they saved enough money for the flight—a fortune of $185 one-way. Now we would lift them to Tembo, where they would cross into the diamond fields of Angola. There they would work again, until they had funds to travel to Luanda, purchase Angolan passports, and fly on to Lisbon—where at the airport arriving Angolans are said to have a relatively easy time. To be sure, the scheme was known in Kinshasa. This particular group had been delayed by two days because the Congolese who assembled them had been arrested and detained until he could pay the "fines." Beside the airplane now, another squeeze was applied. Agents from the airport's Direction Générale de Migration arrived and began loudly demanding papers. The D.G.M. is an immigration service that also controls movement internally, within the provinces, and is now apparently used to extort bribes; its office at N'Dolo is run by a particularly greedy colonel named To (fat-faced, bespectacled) who goes a detaining people and demanding cash them go. His agents were grabbing at th Africans, trying to haul them off, and ing at them in mock outrage. Chris D' and Asil Munshi stood away from th watching stonily in disgust. Asil says To had recently trumped up a charge again and held him for most of a day when h refused to pay. The West Africans were position to resist. Dollars changed hand passengers boarded, D'Altera and his c strapped themselves into the cockpit, took a seat just behind them. We taxied runway, took off, and headed south.

It was an uneventful flight. D'A switched on an MP3 player and pipe sic into his headphones. Level at 7,000 we poked through clouds and rain. Fr leak above the windshield, water strea onto the co-pilot's lap. His attitude indi had failed, and was showing 10 degree and 20 down. The weather cleared. A passed below in rolling forest and sava uninhabited except for the occasional lated village. The flight attendant sat b me. Halfway to Tembo she reached i metal box at her feet and extracted C which she passed around. We joined Kwango River, which forms the Con southwestern border and is navigable al to Tembo, but can be risky by boat bec of gunfire from the Angolan bank. The plane was almost immune to such haza and similarly was invulnerable to the tary roadblocks that endanger ground t in these parts. Of course, such immunity dures only when the airplane is in flight. week before, one of the airplanes had b holed (twice) by an AK-47 round while ting in the Kinshasa hangar. A coup d' had failed, and some of the rebels had treated to N'Dolo on their way out of to Another round penetrated the wall of operations office, tearing through the cei of a flight-planning chart before coming rest on the floor. D'Altera stayed home d ing the fracas. A stray round shattered bedroom window and destroyed the air c ditioner. Oh well. BBC radio said that center of the city was getting shot up. Seve hundred people died in the streets.

Tembo appeared ahead—a lovely lit town full of greenery and shade or plateau above the river. The runway wa swath of red dirt close to baked-earth hous From south to north it sloped upward, quiring a landing in that direction, and tai off in the other. D'Altera made a sweepi light-fingered approach, barely touching t power. It was a virtuoso performance. H landed firmly, and immediately had to a vance the throttles to avoid bogging dow

se the surface had been softened by ight rains. With the engines scream- e slithered and fishtailed to the top of nway, bumped up onto a grassy area, l the airplane, and shut down. Excited en came running, followed by several adults—soldiers, policemen, and ap- tly every important official in town. ndocumented passengers picked up bags and cautiously disappeared. La- began to unload the cargo. One of the olese passengers turned out to be a dia- buyer. A line of traditionally dressed n sang him welcoming songs in the of trees. Nearby stood the hulk of an lan MiG fighter in which a defecting low on fuel, had crash-landed during la's long civil war.

at war was financed primarily by U.S. oviet public moneys, but it benefited rom the trade in diamonds, many of were brought across the Kwango to the Tembo landing strip, and then to Kinshasa and beyond. The route nues today, with diamonds that are y industrial-grade, and that are mixed h other diamonds, mined locally in the o. By formal definition there is a lot of gling going on, but meaning what, that are not paid to the "government"? For era, the diamonds are a cargo like any —and surprisingly light for rocks. We in the shade of the wing while bags em were loaded into the airplane, fol- l by a heavier load of a pungent high- in food—sacks of dried caterpillars for inshasa market. Caterpillars have been ated to constitute 40 percent of the al protein consumed in the Congo. We ight passengers for the return. What ll the diamonds and food, the airplane l be heavy on takeoff.

e climbed in, started up, and taxied through the grass toward the top of nway. In normal twin-turboprop opera- pilots require runways to be approxi- y twice the length actually needed for , allowing a margin for bringing the air- to a safe stop should a high-speed abort me necessary. That is a simplification, enerally true. The required field length ured on the basis of aircraft weight and spheric variables, and it assumes a l and level runway. At Tembo you could he figures away. This much was clear: irplane was heavy, the day was hot, the hill slope would help, and the soft dirt itely would not. At the far end, the land to a valley. Forget an abort—even with ings going right, the runway would be y long enough to allow the Let to fly.

f to the side, people were waving good- D'Altera lowered the wing flaps to the off setting, mid-position, and, keeping irplane moving, went immediately to full power. We began to accelerate through the soft dirt, but too slowly by far. The Let is driven by two 750-shaft-horsepower engines. It weighs more than 14,000 pounds. The minimum speed at which it can stagger through the air is 65 miles per hour. Normally it lifts off at 100. As we rolled down the Tembo runway the airspeed indication managed to drift through 40 then 50 miles per hour. D'Altera wasn't looking at it, but he must have felt in the sloppiness of the controls that our speed was impossibly low. Now the end of the runway was near. We hit 60. We hit 65. I assumed we were going off the end and would begin to slam through the rough, but with just a few feet to spare D'Altera reached over and slapped on full flaps—a landing configuration. The effect was to boost the airplane into the air, where it hung as it cleared the end of the runway. For a distance it sailed like a stone on momentum. But the boost provided an aeronautical gain. It allowed the ground to drop into the valley ahead—a slope along which the airplane correspondingly sank, plowing its wings at ultra-low speeds, barely clearing the bushes. D'Altera was enjoying the ride. He retracted the landing gear, milked the flaps back to the takeoff position, and gradually shepherded the airplane into a clean, strong climb. I thought, Leave it to the Munshis to employ this guy.

Wringing Order from Chaos

If they are in a position to judge, it is because they have a pilot of equal caliber in the family. He is Yunus Munshi, now 48 years old, the last son of Abdul Rahim, born in Mombasa. Ishaque is his older brother by 13 years. As a late-born child Yunus grew up in greater affluence than the others. He was strong and good-looking, and became a hunter. After graduation from an elite secondary school in Mombasa, he announced that he wanted to join the Kenyan Air Force, to be a fighter pilot. His mother refused on principle. Instead he got a private pilot's license in Nairobi, and a commercial license in Texas, and went to work in Kenya flying tourists to the game reserves. For eight years he flew professionally in propeller airplanes, rejecting the tedium of an airline career and aspiring to fly corporate jets. He accumulated more than 5,000 flight hours. But by the age of 27, in 1986, he had to recognize a racial reality—that in Kenya only whites were trusted to handle the high-end private jets. No matter how much he loved to fly, he resolved to chuck the whole thing. He quit his job, married a beautiful Swiss girl, and moved with her to Kinshasa to join Ishaque in business.

By then more than a decade had passed since Ishaque's return from Canada, and though Mobutu remained in power, the memory of Zairization had faded. After the ruin of their machines, the family had never gone back to ballpoint pens, but they had rebuilt the warehouse and factory, had resumed the manufacture of candles, fishing twine, and foam rubber, and had gone into the production of cosmetics—primarily skin-lightening creams and hair straighteners, which were much sought after in the Congolese market. They had become important wholesalers, too, importing 50 to 60 containers a month of hardware and household items, mostly from eastern Asia, and dabbling in the export of coffee beans. Finally, they also had a large retail shop in Kinshasa, and another in Lubumbashi, where one of Mohamed's sons had gone to manage an expansion in the South. There was more. Ishaque purchased a tract of empty land on the southwestern edge of central Kinshasa and, having enclosed some of it with a wall, built (or was building) seven houses there, in a park-like setting. The compound was originally meant for the family—and indeed Ishaque and his wife, Najma, still live there today—but the Canadian Embassy had offered to buy several of the houses, and Ishaque, ever the trader, had proceeded with the sale. However unintentionally, the family had entered the construction business. Meanwhile, Najma had founded a private school, called Jewels International, which already was considered to be one of the Congo's best and continues to be so today. Africa was rising. In 1986 Yunus stepped into a family business that seemed to be sure.

For the first few years Yunus took on the cosmetics business and aided with the imports and wholesaling. He proved to be a competent enough trader. But his heart was not in office work, and though he did not look up every time an airplane flew over, he lived for his hunting trips and grew restless to find an occupation more related to the outdoors. Ishaque understood. In 1989 the family decided to expand into the timber business, and Yunus took the lead. It was a big operation. They obtained a concession to nearly a thousand square miles of virgin forest up the Congo River in the remote province of Equateur, built a lumber camp and a loading dock there, acquired two barges and a tugboat capable of transporting more than 2,000 tons at a time, built a sawmill in Kinshasa, hired about 200 employees, and began the selective cutting of hardwood trees—primarily for the American and European markets. The Munshis seem to have been reasonably respectful of the forest. Moreover, they were creating jobs in a place with hunger all around.

Government officials, by contrast, were sucking the blood from the Congo, as they continue to suck it today. By early 1991 ordinary Congolese soldiers were growing restive due to lack of pay. Ishaque was a close observer of the scene, and he knew not to single out Mobutu for blame as the

Congo Pilots

only reason. He put it this way to me: "It was systemic mismanagement and greed. For instance, you decide that soldiers should get paid $100 a month, because maybe this should be enough to make them behave. You say to the Finance Ministry, 'Transfer $10 million to the army for the soldiers' pay.' The Finance Ministry says, 'O.K.,' but instead of transferring $10 million, it transfers $5 million and keeps the rest. Now come the generals. When they get their $5 million, they siphon off more than half. So $3 million they take, and $2 million they send on. O.K.? This money goes to the other responsibles: the colonels, majors, and whatnots. By the time it gets to the troops, there's probably less than 10 percent of what was required to pay them. They get $10 a month to survive on instead of $100. But it's not that there's no money in the Congo."

"What happens to the money that gets siphoned off?"

"No one really knows. It just disappears. The generals and officials, they get the money so freely they just throw it away. They've got 10 women. They've got this, they've got that. Most of the money is probably just frittered away."

"And Mobutu in those days?"

"Mobutu had his cut as well. Out of the $5 million that the Finance Ministry held back, they had to send $3 million to the palace. All Mobutu's lieutenants were there—his chief of staff, his advisers, his this and his that—all of them took their cuts. So Mobutu would end up with maybe a million out of the original 10. His men would say, 'Well, the ministry only sent us a million,' and Mobutu didn't care, because so much money was coming in."

The Congo's soldiers were less tolerant of getting shortchanged. In September 1991 a unit of paratroopers based at N'Djili airport threatened violence if they were not paid, and Mobutu's own Presidential Guard promised the same. I have been told that a compromise was reached: unable to channel money to them even if he had chosen to, Mobutu signaled to the troops that they could go through Kinshasa and simply take whatever they liked. Rumors spread across a weekend that on Monday morning the troops would enter the city: Since apparently they would not be opposed, perhaps the destruction would be minimal. No one expected the total breakdown that actually occurred.

It began at dawn on Monday. The Munshis woke up to the faint sound of gunfire—mostly shots fired into the air meant to intimidate private guards. Word spread by phone that the paratroopers had arrived in the eastern districts and were breaking into warehouses and businesses, and loading up their trucks with whatever they could carry. Soon the sound of gunfire grew louder. It was the Presidential Guard rampaging through the city center, breaking into shops, and shooting indiscriminately. Now the police joined in, along with the first audacious civilians. As the looting spread, more civilians joined, and some formed into rampaging mobs. By midday Kinshasa had gone completely wild, and sympathetic looting had broken out in other cities, including Lubumbashi. In the afternoon, soldiers began to invade private houses. But businesses took the heavier hits. The Munshis' store was emptied, their sawmill was stripped, and on Monday night their warehouse and factory went up in flames. For the third time in as many decades, they were wiped out. On Wednesday all but Yunus and Ishaque fled the country, across the river to Brazzaville, and on to Europe and the United States.

For the two brothers who remained behind, the family compound was suddenly very empty. "What to do?" they asked each other, though the answer was preordained: the business would have to be rebuilt. They abandoned the shop and the wholesale business, but rebuilt the factory and the mill. Ishaque resumed with the candles and cosmetics. Yunus resumed with the trees.

The families came home after a year, endured a second pillaging in 1993 largely unscathed, suffered immeasurable sorrow when Ishaque's oldest son was killed in a car accident that same year, suffered again with the accidental death of Mohamed's oldest son in Lubumbashi in 1994, rode through a rough patch when Ishaque was diagnosed with cancer and sidelined in Britain for more than a year, and emerged in 1996, diminished but prosperous again. Ishaque had slowed, and increasingly had turned to Islam, but he was pushing large quantities of cosmetics into all the markets of the Congo, as well as into the rebel-controlled areas of Angola, across the river from Tembo. Rebel girls need their skin lighteners, too. Oh, I suppose some diamonds came back in return. Unbeknownst to Ishaque, Chris D'Altera was already working as a pilot in that area, delivering munitions and other supplies in magnificent old propeller-driven freighters on contract to the C.I.A. As for Yunus, he was going great guns in the forests of Equateur, not only with lumber, but also with large quantities of coffee beans, which he was buying in a new and nearly worthless Zairean currency, and exporting at more than $4,000 a ton. For exporters who were paid in dollars, that new currency was really great stuff. Mobutu printed it abroad, sold it on the black market at a 90 percent discount, and accepted it at face value for taxes. The Congo's destruction was nearly complete.

It was not by chance that the Munshis now took to the air. For Yunus the trip to Equateur was impossible by road and wou
required at least a month upriver b
In 1996 he bought an old Piper Nav
eight-seat piston-engine twin that ca
decent load and could handle the trip
hours. Every few weeks Yunus flew ou
morning and flew back in the afterno
Yunus it felt good to be in a cockpit
but as a Munshi he expected the ai
to balance its account, and he worke
scheme to charter it out. Thus in 19
Business Aviation born. As it happen
birth came just in time. In May 1997, M
was finally driven from power by Laure
siré Kabila, a warlord whose army had
the East with Ugandan and Rwandan
ing, and was advancing downriver tow
capital. Mobutu flew off to his death
Morocco, and Kabila flew in from the
He emerged from a Sabreliner at the N
airport to celebrations as blind as they
brief. The Munshis kept their counse
carried on, relieved at least that Ka
forces had moved through their forest
ties without killing the workers or carryi
the machines. Their lumber and coffe
tinued to sell. Their candles were under
the Chinese, but the market in cosmeti
mained good enough. Then, suddenly,
summer of 1998, when Kabila tried to
his erstwhile allies, the Congo explode
all-out civil war—a catastrophic conflic
raged for five years, killed nearly four m
people, created at least as many refugee
continues to sputter today. Much of Equ
fell immediately into rebel hands, incl
the Munshis' coffee-processing plant, w
became a rebel base, and the lumber c
which was trashed. The Munshis' coffe
lumber businesses collapsed, and the co
ics trade was so reduced that in 2000
had to shut down the production line.

This time, however, the Munshis were
wiped out. Having learned so many pai
lessons in the past, they had sent away
siderable savings. That money could
them going now at the center of the st
More important, they had stumbled u
a business that allowed them to transc
the fiction of Congolese government. T
were the same brave traders they had alw
been, ferociously dedicated to Africa, b
ing the best school in Kinshasa, but incr
ingly inured to the turmoil, and evolvin
a self-supporting family beyond the need
the nation-state—an obsolete construct
where more than here. The Congo publis
a full, fat aviation code that should reall
ignored. It has aviation inspectors who d
Mercedeses unashamedly—but better th
than self-convinced inspectors driving
naults. An airplane knows no law but fli
and in Africa trade will go on. Busin
Aviation eventually joined the ranks of
pariah airlines, but so what and accord
to whom? People assume risk in referenc

and will make that decision rationally. a lucky event in people's lives when in as the Congo fell apart, the Munshis d full-time to flying.

Thank You, God!

ou can find the stories if you want to, nd perhaps more in the Congo than here. Certainly some of the worst flyer known has been performed around nasa. In April 2003, for instance, the in of a local DC-9 decided for some n that he wanted to stay home, and he a scheduled flight to his son, a freshly ed co-pilot who had just completed ator training in the United States. This o be the young man's first run as a DC- tain; he dredged around and found an ly inexperienced pilot who was willing ke the right seat. The DC-9 is a small- vin-jet airliner. This one had belonged ntinental Airlines, had been sold to ea, and was currently owned by a Con- e diamond dealer. It was due to fly from ili to a city in the East, hauling 44 peo- nd a mixed load of freight. On the morn- n question the weather was clear, and irplane took off badly overloaded and f balance, as usual. On the previous a crew had reported misbehavior by aw damper, a secondary control system n keeps the airplane from oscillating left ht in flight. Needless to say, nothing had fixed. Predictably, therefore, the yaw per misbehaved again during the climb kicked the airplane into a series of wob- nd rolls.

ormally this would be a reason to return anding, and, having isolated the yaw per, perhaps to fly a wide and stately ap- ch. Instead the crew reacted in panic, declared a weather-radar failure for reasons unknown, and attacked the real problem by shutting down the hydraulics that drive the airplane's primary flight controls. That tamed the yaw damper, all right. On manual steering only, and with limited ability to maneuver the heavy and unbalanced airplane, they lowered the landing gear, pulled the throttles back, and dove steeply toward the airport in desperation to get on the ground. It has not been reported what the passengers thought of this ride. In any case, the crew could not line up with the runway or get down in time. They went screaming over the airport about 7,000 feet high, and continued straight ahead in a wild dive until they were merely a few feet above the Congo River—where they managed in a frenzy of lever throwing to mess with the airplane just enough to send it suddenly into a climb. When the nose pitched up, the tail pitched down and brushed the surface of the water. The airplane staggered on for another few miles until—Thank you, God!—the runway in Brazzaville happened to appear in the windshield. As part of the lever throwing the crew had raised the landing gear, and they weren't about to lower it now. They bellied onto the ground just short of the runway, went sliding across the pavement, and continued their crash over on the far side. Because no Russians were involved, everyone survived. The aircraft manufacturer sent a man to survey the bent and twisted fuselage. He advised the operators to go find another wreck to fly. Instead, they patched up the DC-9 and returned it to the sky. It continued to fly (strangely) until December 2005, when a crew (including the same precocious captain, now serving as co-pilot) managed once again to shut down the hydraulics unnecessarily, along with a perfectly good engine, and to land so fast and long on N'Djili's space-shuttle runway that the nose gear collapsed and the airplane crashed near the far end. The word in Kinshasa is that it will again be repaired.

Granted, these are not rides that people who are nervous about sitting in airplanes should choose. But the blacklisting of Congolese airlines ignores the competence of many involved, people like the Munshis, and the role that they play in the survival of an economy as formal structures fail and crumble away. Crazy Fucked-Up Congo it may be, but its residents go to the most extraordinary means to continue with even the most banal sort of trade. Recently, for instance, I flew with Yunus in one of the Lets carrying a urinal and cartons of toilet paper to a town without running water, about 200 miles to the east. Yunus was surprised by the mission, but glad enough to escape from the office and go winging off across the land. As usual, the airplane was chartered by the hour, and he didn't care what he carried as long as the bill was paid.

We talked. I told him I had a seen a man in Kinshasa wearing a T-shirt that said, WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE. Yunus nodded but disagreed. So what if the nation disappeared. He said, "There are islands here of commerce. There are islands even of technology. These islands communicate with each other. We move the people. We move the freight."

So no, not a nightmare, nor a return to the past—but some sort of progression to patterns that are new. The Munshis would be there to face them bravely. Sitting in his airplane, peering out at the land that had made him, Yunus said, "We have decided to stay here whatever happens. So let's see." □

---

zarus Effect



INUED FROM PAGE 161 behind (Red). a $170 pair of sunglasses and save the d? Give me a break. Not until I met o, the U2 singer, activist, and guest r of this issue, did I understand what a ishly ingenious concept it is. "To change orld we need consumer power; idealists ctivists alone will not get the job done," Bono told me. "(Red) is a gateway drug into a bigger movement."

The idea behind (Red) is simple: participating companies, which so far include American Express, Apple, Armani, Gap, Motorola, and Converse (a subsidiary of Nike), sell (Red)-branded products. Forty percent of the gross profits from those sales go to providing free ARVs to Africans with AIDS. As the Web site Joinred.com puts it in its bluntly worded manifesto:

(Red) is not a charity. It is simply a business model. You buy (Red) stuff. We get the money, buy the pills and distribute them. They take the pills, stay alive and continue to take care of their families and contribute socially and economically in their communities.

If they don't get the pills, they die. We don't want them to die. We want to give them the pills. And we can. And you can. And it's easy.

For the participating companies themselves, the appeal is strictly business. "What's in it for them is they get new customers, people who will buy your stuff if you do the following thing: give a percentage to the Global Fund," says Bobby Shriver, Bono's partner in (Red).

"It's judo strategy," adds Bono, "using the strength of your opponent to overthrow him." In this case the "opponent" is a criminally imbalanced world economy, where the residents of developed nations live in luxury while those of poor countries are lucky to scrape by. As Bono said at an N.A.A.C.P. event last year, "Where you live should not determine whether you live or die."

Shriver, a Los Angeles–based venture capitalist who happens to be a nephew of J.F.K. and the brother of California First Lady Maria Shriver, met Bono in 1987, when U2 contributed a song to the Special Olympics benefit album *A Very Special Christmas*. Shriver was a producer on the album (his mother, Eunice Kennedy Shriver,

Lazarus Effect

founded the Special Olympics in 1962), and it was probably inevitable that the Kennedy cousin and the socially conscious Irish rock star would hit it off.

As time went on, Bono began devoting more and more energy to the Jubilee 2000 movement to cancel debt for the world's poorest nations. (He says his music didn't suffer: "In fact, the opposite!") Jubilee was a coalition of religious, human-rights, and environmental groups, and its petition attracted millions of signatures in Europe but not nearly as many in the U.S. In 1998, Bono reached out to Shriver and asked him to help get America on board. "We thought we'd be at it for a few months, but it turned into seven, eight years," Shriver said. "The first thing that evolved was DATA, for Debt, AIDS, Trade, Africa, which lobbied Congress to increase its largesse. It also stands for Democracy, Accountability, Transparency—the things that the African countries have to do to make sure the money goes where it is supposed to. It was tough slogging. There were no votes in this one. We talked about having pig roasts, going to schools, and [appealing to] soccer moms. We started One: The Campaign to Make Poverty History, to get Americans to realize you could transform the future of the poorest people with only 1 percent more of the U.S. budget, directed at fair trade, debt relief, AIDS, education, clean water, care for orphans." Now comprising some 60 organizational members, One has recruited 2.5 million Americans to its campaign to fight AIDS and extreme poverty.

At the Gleneagles G-8 summit, in July 2005, Bono and Bob Geldof, another Irish rock star and activist, fronting a list of 31 million names from around the globe, persuaded the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and multilateral lenders including the African Development Bank to forgive $40 billion in debt owed by 18 of the world's poorest countries, all but 4 of which were African. The G-8 also promised to double their annual aid to Africa, from $25 to $50 billion, by 2015. "Getting the promises was one thing," Bono says. "Mobilizing public pressure to keep them was another."

One day in early 2004, Bono had a conversation with Robert Rubin, who had been secretary of the Treasury under Clinton, about the difficulty of engaging the American public on development issues. Rubin told him, "You'll never get this issue ou[illegible] unless you market it like Nike." And w[illegible] the idea was born for a new product li[illegible] would exploit the potential of a whol[illegible] sector of the U.S. economy.

Bono is the one who named it (Red) color that brings to mind red alerts, the R[illegible] Cross, even the Red Army. The revolutiona[illegible] undertone was appropriate, for this was a subversive new model in the staid world of cause marketing. By allowing partners to share in the profits, (Red) brought a whole new set of players into the aid game—and gave a scare to some in the nonprofit sector, who worried that "business . . . taking on the patina of philanthropy," as one academic put it, was going to cut into their action.

(Red) targeted the iconic brands: American Express was their first taker. Gap signed on for a (Red) line of clothing, Converse for (Red) sneakers, Motorola for (Red) cell phones, Apple for (Red) iPod Nanos, Armani for (Red) apparel, sunglasses, and wristwatches. "All of our relationships with these companies are with their marketing departments, not their public-relations, social-responsibility, or philanthropy divisions," says Shriver. "Good business is more sustainable than philanthropy, because next year there could be a tsunami and the support you were counting on could go there."

The companies agreed to divert tens of millions of dollars from their marketing budgets into a campaign publicizing (Red) and the African AIDS crisis. Christy Turlington, Steven Spielberg, and Chris Rock were photographed by Annie Leibovitz wearing (Red) clothes from the Gap, Gisele Bündchen posed with a Masai warrior and her (Red) AmEx card, and Kanye West and Penélope Cruz joined Bono on *Oprah* to unveil the line in time for Christmas 2006.

Some have criticized (Red) for spending more on marketing than the $25 million it has so far generated for the Global Fund. But, according to Shriver, this accusation is unfounded. In fact, he says, (Red) doesn't spend *any* money on advertising; the splashy campaigns are paid for with money diverted from its partners' existing marketing budgets. He also points out that $25 million is more than China, Australia, and Switzerland combined gave to the Global Fund last year.

So what do you call this?, I asked Bono when we met for dinner in Dublin this spring. Humanitarian self-indulgence? Bono borrowed my notebook and wrote the words "Fair Vanity." That's what he was hoping to talk *V.F.* editor Graydon Carter into letting him name this issue. (I told him not to get his hopes up. In 1997, I lobbied Graydon unsuccessfully on the idea of devoting a whole issue to global warming and calling it "Vanity Air." Guess I was a bit too far ahead of the curve on that one.)

Bono explained that *unfair* trade restrictions, enforced by the World Trade Organization, are giving African nations little [illegible]hance of gaining economic traction. But the [illegible]oliferation of *fair*-trade-certified products [illegible]h as coffee, tea, chocolate, tropical fruit, [illegible]and sugar, which encourage sustainable [illegible]ing methods and ensure that the farm- [illegible]and workers receive fair compensation, proves that consumers can make a big[illegible] ence simply by changing their buying [illegible] To quote the manifesto on Joinred.co[illegible] first-world consumers, we have treme[illegible] power. What we collectively choose t[illegible] or not buy, can change the course of h[illegible] history on the planet."

"Post-colonial Approach"

Most Westerners know Rwanda c[illegible] the site of the 1994 genocide, in [illegible] more than half a million Tutsi, togethe[illegible] thousands of insufficiently sectarian [illegible] were slaughtered in just a little mor[illegible] three months. But much has happened [illegible] past 13 years, and today Rwanda can [illegible] a happier distinction, as one of Africa'[illegible] ing success stories in the battle against[illegible]

Rwanda has managed to reduce the [illegible] positive proportion of its population f[illegible] high of 21 percent in the 1980s to aro[illegible] percent today. Some of the decrease is [illegible] ally attributable to the genocide, acc[illegible] to Dr. Étienne Karita, a virologist in K[illegible] who has been tracking 500 H.I.V.-po[illegible] Rwandan women since 1986. Of those [illegible] en, 200 were killed in the genocide an[illegible] have died of AIDS.

The bulk of the credit for Rwanda's [illegible] cline in H.I.V. infection, however, goes [illegible] post-genocide government of President [illegible] Kagame, which launched an ambitious [illegible] paign to educate the population on the [illegible] of prevention, as they're called in neig[illegible] ing Uganda: practice Abstinence, Be fa[illegible] use a Condom. Thirty-nine percent of R[illegible] dans are still illiterate, but, in the wor[illegible] Dr. Innocent Nyaruhirira, Rwanda's m[illegible] ter of state in charge of H.I.V./AIDS and [illegible] epidemics, "We have a population that [illegible] sponsive to guidance."

Of the 136 countries that receive aid [illegible] the Global Fund, Rwanda is one of th[illegible] performers. In 2004, it became one o[illegible] first countries to distribute ARVs with[illegible] Global Fund's help, and it launched an[illegible] countrywide education campaign, u[illegible] people to come in and be tested. The G[illegible] Fund, which allocates the money raise[illegible] (Red), recommended Rwanda as the re[illegible] ent of the campaign's first grant.

As in many African countries, there[illegible] been a terrible stigma attached to being H[illegible] positive—especially for unmarried girls, [illegible] pre-marital sex is taboo for women. Bu[illegible] 2004 just about everyone in Rwanda had [illegible] a family member succumb to AIDS. Thi[illegible] stigmatized the disease, and the respon[illegible] the new campaign was overwhelming. S[illegible] the program began, the 122 health faci[illegible] sponsored by the Global Fund have te[illegible] 635,300 people and provided 14,571 of t[illegible] with free ARVs. (An additional 20,000 R[illegible] dans receive the drugs from other foundat[illegible] including the Bill & Melinda Gates Fo[illegible] dation and PEPFAR.) The Global Fund s[illegible]

ned a similar program in Zambia, where
nin Kratochvil took the photographs to
npany this article.
he programs are designed by the people
country," says the Global Fund's outgo-
ecutive director, Dr. Richard Feachem.
reat our recipients as equals and grown-
This is not a patronizing relationship; it's
st truly post-neocolonial approach."

"There Is Hope"

: Anita Asiimwe, the managing director
of TRAC, the Rwandan Health Ministry's
ment and Research AIDS Center, gives
tour of its main clinic, in central Kigali.
vaiting room—basically a roof provid-
hade and rain protection to benches
with women and children—is divided
three areas: one for blood work, one
nsultation, and one for dispensing the
. "Most of the people who come in for
g are presenting something chronic, like
gh and weaknesses, so they are ques-
ng themselves why they are not feeling
r," Asiimwe explains. "Others have had
l behavior they think is risky, have lost a
er, or have been sent by doctors. If they
und positive, they are given counseling
their situation, and then a clinical exam
termine if they have any opportunistic
ses." Tuberculosis is the most prevalent
stubborn one, with new, multi-resistant
s arising all the time.
ne doctors measure the AIDS virus's
ess in attacking the immune system by
g each patient's level of CD4 immune
Patients with a count of more than
re released without further treatment.
e whose CD4 levels are between 500
50 are told to come back for more tests
ee months. Those who score between
nd 0 are eligible for ARVs.
ne first-line regimen is usually a com-
ion of three pills, taken twice a day. If
effects occur, the medication is adjust-
ut if the virus is resistant to the first-line
nen, it is withdrawn and a completely
ent cocktail is prescribed. This second-
egimen is much more expensive, cost-
etween $500 and $1,200 a year. The
on Foundation has just negotiated a
with two India-based manufacturers
neric ARVs to provide the second-line
nen for a dollar a day to 1.5 million Af-
s by 2010.
m introduced to a woman who devel-
lipodystrophy from taking her first trio
RVs. A distortion of the body-fat distribu-
n the arms, legs, breasts, face, and but-
, lipodystrophy is a common complica-
f stavudine, one of the medications that
n her first-line cocktail. When that was
ced with abacavir, the woman returned
rmal. Still, she complains that the drugs
o strong she can't stand them without
g well, but since she isn't working, she
can't afford food. The need for nutritional support was underforecast and underfunded, Asiimwe tells me. It will likely be written into the next grant proposals later this year.

Another patient, Angélique, 16, started on ARVs four years ago. "She used to be sickly, and now she can go on with her life," Asiimwe says. "She's a good student, fourth in a class of 40, and wants to be a doctor. Both her parents died—she doesn't know how—but she and her older sister were both probably infected perinatally by their mother when she was carrying them. Her neighbor, an old lady, became her guardian, but even the guardian died of AIDS. Her sister, who is also on ARVs, was taking care of her, but she now is in the hospital herself. We see many children with problems like this." I ask Angélique if she has anything to say to the Westerners who will be reading about her. Her message is "Thank you so much for these ARVs, because otherwise I'd be dead."

Among those in the waiting room are some of the 316,414 pregnant women who have volunteered for H.I.V. testing and counseling in Rwanda since 2004. There is a drug called nevirapine that helps prevent perinatal transmission, but a mother with the virus can still transmit it through her milk. A video about the danger of infecting your baby through breast-feeding is playing in the waiting room. Most women are unable to afford formula, and those who can afford it don't always have safe water to mix it with. The cheapest and most available alternative to infected breast milk is cow's milk, but the clinics don't have the money or infrastructure to distribute it. So here is another need that could be addressed with an influx of (Red) revenue.

"There is hope," says Florence Mukakabano, the principal nursing officer at the university hospital in Kigali. "The medicine is at least sustaining people." Mukakabano takes me through her hospital's pediatric ward, through the malnourishment room, the malaria room, the chest-problem room. "This cubicle is for very sick ones who need oxygen," she says, peering down at a tiny, nine-day-old girl with a mask strapped to her face. The girl is having difficulty breathing, for reasons not yet diagnosed.

As we enter the next room, a 13-year-old orphan named Toma appears from under a crumpled sheet. He is H.I.V.-positive, and very small for his age. "Toma has come in to be trained on how to take his ARVs," Mukakabano explains. "The drugs are very strong. He has to be taught how to eat. He has no family members. He came in very weak. Somebody brought him in. He does not know where he will go. When they are found to be positive, they are often abandoned by their families. He will go to an orphanage. We have many like this one." There are roughly 160,000 AIDS orphans in Rwanda.

"AIDS attacks Hutu, Tutsi, everybody, every background, and it will kill you unless you do A, B, C, and D," says Paul Kagame, the slender, austere 59-year-old Rwandan Patriotic Front leader who has been Rwanda's president since 2000. "We have no great reserves of minerals or timber, no oil. Our only asset is our people, so we are investing all of our resources in health and education. But our resources don't match our needs, so the fact that the private sector in the West is contributing to our well-being, to have thought of it and initiated it, is a wonderful thing. The brain behind that was brilliant."

Thanks to Kagame and foundations such as the Global Fund, ARVs have been distributed to a remarkable 67 percent of Rwandans who need them. Since 2004, the fund has disbursed $49 million in the country; of that amount, $14.3 million has come from (Red) since its launch last year. But, unlike government aid budgets, the private sector has the advantage of being a largely untapped resource. There is plenty of room for (Red) and programs like it to grow, and plenty of incentive to make them work.

"DATA members are walking the halls of Congress, One Campaigners are marching in the streets," says Bono. "And (Red) plays a key role in reaching parts that traditional activism cannot—raising more cash and adding mainstream appeal. It takes lobbyists, activists, *and* consumers to make a social movement of the kind we're trying to catalyze."

Back home in Montreal, I visit the Gap's flagship store, in the Eaton Mall. There, prominently displayed, is the full (Red) line: T-shirts, jeans, hoodies, raincoats, candles, journals, cosmetics. A stylish young African-Canadian saleswoman tells me they're selling pretty well. "The majority is bought by parents for their kids' Christmas or birthday presents," she says. "They figure, I'm giving my child a gift and also giving back. Clothes make you feel good. They make you stand tall, and these clothes make you feel great, because you know they're going to something."

Not all (Red) products are available universally, however. You need to be a U.K. resident to get the AmEx card, and Foot Locker—one of the largest shoe chains in the U.S.—won't carry (Red) Converse sneakers until this month. In the meantime, you can always buy them online or at the Gap. And with all the (Red) partners signed up for five years, and new ones expected to join this year, the plan is for (Red) to spread.

Naturally, the campaign still has its share of skeptics. I spoke to one woman from Montreal who works at Mother Teresa's orphanage in Kigali and is trying to set up housing for child-headed families orphaned by AIDS. "Isn't it pathetic," she reflected, "that to get money out of the rich you have to get them to buy something?" But then there's the view expressed by a Rwandan-exile friend of mine, who recently moved back to Kigali: "Whatever works." □

CREDITS


1

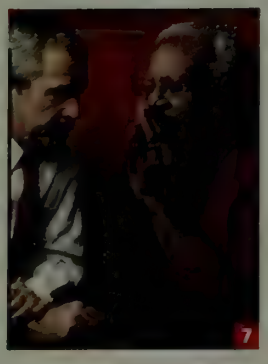

2


3


4




6


7


8


9




11

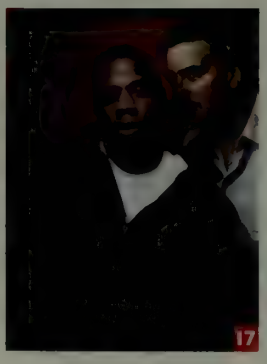

12


13


14

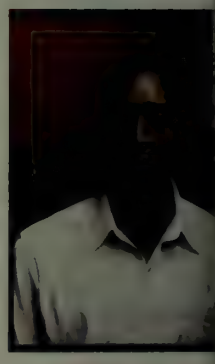



16


17


18


19



(1) BARACK OBAMA'S Charvet shirt from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; his own Tag Heuer watch from Tag Heuer stores nationwide, or go to tagheuer.com; grooming by Sarah Potempa for the Wall Group. **DON CHEADLE'S** Ralph Lauren jacket from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide, or go to polo.com; hair by Q Pierce; grooming by Eric Ferrell for dionperonneau.com. **(2) MUHAMMAD ALI'S** Giorgio Armani T-shirt from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide, or go to giorgioarmani.com; grooming by Diane [illegible]. For details on Barack Obama, see (1). **(3) QUEEN RANIA'S** Piazza Sempione shirt from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Me&Ro necklace from Me&Ro, N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to [illegible].com. Hair by James Brown for Streeters; makeup by Mary Greenwell for [illegible]ction by Jo Matthews. For details on Muhammad Ali, see (2). **(4) BONO'S** st[illegible]rgio Armani, from Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide. For details on [illegible] (3). **(5)** Secretary of State **CONDOLEEZZA RICE'S** makeup by Juanita Da[illegible] T-shirt from Nordstrom stores nationwide. For other details on Bono, see (4). [illegible]n Condoleezza Rice, see (5). **(7) ARCHBISHOP DESMOND TUTU'S** shoot production [illegible]sagawa. **(8) BRAD PITT'S** Maison Martin Margiela T-shirt from Maison Marti[illegible] pants from Rogan, N.Y.C., or go to rogannyc.com; grooming by [illegible]. **HOUNSOU'S** Giorgio Armani sweater from selected Giorgio Arm[illegible]iorgioarmani.com; Calvin Klein T-shirt from Macy's and Bloomingdal[illegible]or go to cku.com; grooming products by Murad; Shu Uemura. Exclusive [illegible]is on Brad Pitt, see (8). **(10) MADONNA** [illegible]ar[illegible] Glueckman. For R[illegible]s[illegible], go to brownsfashion.com or net-a-porter.com; Jutta Neumann wristband from Jutta Neumann, N.Y.C. Hair by Andy LeCompte for Davines. Makeup products by Shu Uemura; on her face, Water Perfect Smoothing Water-in Fluid Foundation in Light Peach Beige, and Face Powder Matte in Colorless; on her eyes, Drawing Pencils in M Brown 02, and Fiber Xtension Lengthening Mascara in 01 Xtra BLK; Gina Brooke for calientebeauty.com. Production by Jo Matthews. For details on Djimon Hounsou, see (9). **(11) MAYA ANGELOU'S** Dana Buchman shirt her own. Makeup products by Fashion Fair Cosmetics; her face, Transglo Pressed Powder in Dark; on her eyes, Eye Shadow in Smokey Quartz, and Mascara in Bark Black; on her lips, Forever Matte Lipstick in Forever Raisin; Stacie Sherril[illegible] details on Madonna, see (10). **(12) CHRIS ROCK'S** Polo by Ralph Lauren turtleneck from R[illegible] Lauren stores nationwide, or go to polo.com. On his face, Bilkerdijk Vitamin E Moisturizer, Skincare Auto-Balancing Moisture Sunscreen S.P.F. 10, and MAC Select Sheer Loose Powd[illegible] NW45; Bridget Trama. For details on Maya Angelou, see (11). **(13)** Chris Rock's Jil Sander shirt from Jil Sander, N.Y.C.; vest by Bottega Veneta, from Bottega Veneta boutiques nationwide or go to bottegaveneta.com; tie by Charvet, from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Grooming by Bridget Trama. **(14) BILL AND MELINDA GATES** styled by Shannon Rasheed; their sweaters by Tse, from tsecashmere.com; hair, makeup, and grooming by Shannon Rasheed for celestineagency.com. **(15) OPRAH WINFREY'S** Marina Rinaldi blouse from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; hair by Andre Walker;

ON THE COV[illegible]
All subjects style[illegible]
Jessica Dieh[illegible]
Photographed exc[illegible]
for V.F. by Annie Le[illegible]
between March 2[illegible]
April 30, 200[illegible]

by Reggie Wells. For details on Bill and Melinda Gates, see (14). **(16) GEORGE EY'S** Charvet shirt from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue and Marcus stores nationwide. Oprah Winfrey's Tse turtleneck from Saks Fifth Avenue. or Winfrey's beauty details, see (15). **(17)** For **JAY-Z'S** Rocawear hoodie, go to rocawear Tommy Hilfiger T-shirt, go to usa.tommy.com. For details on George Clooney, **(18) ALICIA KEYS'S** Rick Owens jacket from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. Hair by oribesalon.com. Makeup products by Dior; on her face, Diorskin Pure Light in Beige, skin Poudre Libre in Moyen Transparent; on her eyes, Kohl Pencil in Noir, and Mascara in Noir; on her cheeks, Diorblush in Natural Crimson; on her lips, Dior Addict Plastic Gloss in Edgy Rosewood; Ashunta Sheriff for Epiphany Artist Group. For details on Jay-Z, see (17). **(19) IMAN'S** dress by Donna Karan; turban material by B & J Fabrics, from bandjfabrics.com. Hair by Byron Barnes for Iman Cosmetics. Makeup products by Iman Cosmetics; on her face, Second to None Cream to Powder Foundation in Earth 4; on her eyes, Luxury Eyeshadow in Mysterious, and Perfect Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Luxury Blushing Powder in Bark; on her lips, Luxury Moisturizing Lipstick in Scorpion; Oscar James for kenbarboza.com. For details on Alicia Keys, see (18). **(20)** Don Cheadle's Marc Ecko Cut & Sew shirt from Macy's stores nationwide; for Cheadle's grooming details, see (1). For details on Iman, see (19).







ON

5–56: See page 224. PAGE 116: **PETER BUFFETT'S A REPUBLIC** shirt available at bananarepublic.com; **E BUFFETT'S MIRACLE ICONS** necklace, go to cons.com. PAGE 149: for **TERRY PHETO'S CHRISTIAN** kini, go to dior.com; for **ROBERTO COIN**, go to robertocoin.com. PAGE 154: **LIYA KEBEDE** Samira Nasr; for her **SUPERFINE** jeans, go to elondon.com. PAGE 183: For **ANGELIQUE KIDJO'S A FERRETTI** dress, call 212-632-9300. PAGE 193 na Schaal for Infidels. PAGES 194–95: Joamme Walter cal Crew. PAGES 196–97: Risa Knight for J.G.K.

TY

Sheila Roche's hair and makeup by Jacqueline Bush sbytimothypriano.com. PAGES 45–56: See page 224. Nikki Wang for Shu Uemura; Kay Georgiou for er Entertainment; Chrissie Beveridge for P.F.D.; Shepherd for Shine the Salon; Angela Kay Hall for onartist Management; Susan Heydt for T.H.E PAGE 149: **TERRY PHETO'S** makeup products by **L.**; on her face, Tient Innocence in Cedar, and Poudre elle Libre in Translucent 3; on her eyes, Silk Eye Duo in Desert-Rose, and Cils à Cils Lash Building in Noir; on her cheeks, Lumierès Magiques in Rose y; on her lips, Aqualumière Sheer Colour Lipshine in Java; Renée de Sambento for Monopole. **LIYA KEBEDE'S** hair by Bok-Hee for Streeters; products by **ESTÉE LAUDER;** on her face, Double ay-in-Place Makeup S.P.F. 10 in Rich Cocoa, and Translucent Loose Powder in Medium Deep; on her sh XL Maximum Length Mascara in Black; on her Tender Blush in Pink Kiss; on her lips, Pure Color sting Lipstick in Fig; makeup by Romy Soleimani for ward Management. PAGE 179: Jacqueline Bush for timothypriano.com. PAGE 180: Rob Conner for T.H.E gency. PAGE 181: Kerry September for Emma Davies. **ANGELIQUE KIDJO'S** makeup products by **BOBBI**; on her face, Moisture Rich Foundation S.P.F. 15 in Walnut, and Sheer Finish Loose Powder in Basic Brown; on her eyes, Eye Shadow in Smoke, and Everything Mascara in Black; on her lips, Lip Color in Blackberry; Wendy Rowe for Management Artists; Rosanne Singleton for Art Department. PAGES 184–85: Joshua Barrett for artistsbytimothypriano.com; Nunzio Carbone for Atelier68.fr; Ezel for Vue2/Redken; Franco Gobbi for Artlist Paris; Carole Lasnier for b-agency .com; Scott McMahan for artistsbytimothypriano.com; Birgitte Philippides for Kiehl's/Vernon Jolly. PAGE 187: Maria Comparetto for Emma Davies. PAGE 190: Alisha Meek for Koko Represents. PAGE 192: Maria Comparetto for Emma Davies. PAGE 193: Merle Titus for Infidels. PAGES 194–95: Kevin Epstein and Jane Blewett for Nautilus Crew. PAGE 226: Dawn Haynes for Dawn to Dusk Agency.

WHERE TO FIND BEAUTY PRODUCTS:

BILKERDIJK, bilkerdijk.com. **BOBBI BROWN,** bobbibrown .com. **CHANEL,** Chanel boutiques and counters nationwide. **DIOR** and **ESTÉE LAUDER,** major department stores nationwide. **FASHION FAIR COSMETICS,** fashionfair .com. **IMAN COSMETICS,** imancosmetics.com. **MAC,** maccosmetics.com. **MD SKINCARE,** mdskincare.com. **SHU UEMURA,** Shu Uemura, N.Y.C. and San Francisco.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

PAGES 45–56: See page 224. PAGE 67: From Contact Press Images–Debutante (Malawi orphans). PAGE 72: Courtesy of the Del Mar racetrack (Del Mar), from Davies & Starr/Getty Images (lipstick), from Universal/Photofest (poster). PAGE 76: From ASP © Covered Images (Slater surfing, kids spying, Slater in hat), courtesy of Channel Islands Surfboards (surfboard), by Pete Frieden/*Surfing Magazine* (Slater winning), Anthea Paul (kids with surfboards). PAGE 80: From Contact Press Images–Debutante (Malawi orphans), from Fotos International/Getty Images (Nico), by Kevin Mazur/ wireimage.com (Zack de la Rocha). PAGE 82: Clockwise from top left: by Pascal Le Segretain/Getty Images, Neil Selkirk/ Time Life Pictures/Getty Images, Todd Plitt/Getty Images, Michael Benabib/Retna Ltd., Evan Agostini/Getty Images, from Express Newspapers/Getty Images, by Jacoline Prinsloo/AFP/Getty Images, from A.P. Images, © by Frank May/DPA/Corbis, © Bettmann/Corbis, by Valery Hache/ AFP/Getty Images, Stephen Shugerman/Getty Images. PAGE 84: From left: from A.P. Images, from SHENPA/ africanpictures.net, from Reuters/Corbis, from Panos. PAGE 89: Left, from Reuters/Landov; second from left, from Polaris; second from right, from R.E.A/Redux. PAGE 90: Left and center, from Reuters/Corbis; right, from Photoshot. PAGE 92: From left: from Polaris, from Reuters/ Corbis, from Corbis, from VII Archive. PAGE 94: Left and right, from africanpictures.net; center, from Xinhua/ Landov. PAGES 100 AND 103: By Brad Barket/Getty Images (McCain), Nancy Kaszerman/Zuma Corbis (Clinton), Fernando Leon/Retna (Kucinich), Darren McCollester/ Getty Images (Edwards), Paul Morris/Getty Images (Giuliani), Scott Olsen/Getty Images (Gilmore, Thompson), Steve Snowden/Getty Images (Richardson), Chip Somodevilla/Getty Images (Huckabee), Alex Wong/Getty Images (Biden, Dodd, Obama, Romney). PAGE 104: From AA World Travel/Topfoto/The Image Works. PAGE 108: From AA World Travel/Topfoto/The Image Works (7), from AFP/Getty Images (6), from Corbis (3), from Panapress/ africanpictures.net (2), from Peter Langer Associated Media Group (1). PAGE 114: Center, courtesy of the Hewson Family Archive. PAGE 126: From Corbis. PAGE 134: Right, from EPA/ Corbis. PAGE 143: From Getty Images (1). PAGE 144: From Corbis/Sygma (3). PAGE 147: From Reuters/Landov (2). PAGE 149: Production by Ruth Levy and Moonlighting. PAGE 154: Top, by Corey Miller. PAGE 168: From A.P. Images. PAGE 181: Production by Richard King for Snap Productions. PAGE 183: Tom Bell for Jed Root. PAGES 184–85: Production by Rhoda Boone. PAGE 187: Production by Richard King for Snap Productions. PAGE 191: Production by Ruth Levy and Moonlighting. PAGE 193: Production by Mark Beresford for coolbanana.co.za. PAGES 194–95: Production by Moonlighting. PAGES 196–97: Production by Rhoda Boone. PAGES 204–5: From Corbis (8), from Rex USA (2), from Sipa (7), from Sky News/Sygma/Corbis (5). PAGES 206–7: From Sygma/Corbis.

VANITY FAIR IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC.
COPYRIGHT ©2007 CONDE NAST PUBLICATIONS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

VOLUME 49, NO. 7. VANITY FAIR (ISSN 0733-8899) is published monthly by Condé Nast Publications, which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.
RINCIPAL OFFICE: The Condé Nast Building, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. S. I. Newhouse, Jr., Chairman; Charles H. Townsend, President/CEO; John W. Bellando, Executive Vice President/COO; Debi Chinchella Sabino, Senior Vice President/CFO; Jill Bright, Executive Vice President/Human Resources. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Publications il Agreement No. 40644503. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. 123242885-RT0001. Canada post: return undeliverable Canadian addresses to P.O. Box 874, Station Main, Markham, ON L3P 8L4.
STMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO VANITY FAIR, P.O. Box 37714, Boone, IA 50037-0714. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, ADJUSTMENTS, OR BACK-ISSUE INQUIRIES: rite to VANITY FAIR, P.O. Box 37714, Boone, IA 50037-0714, call 800-365-0635, or e-mail subscriptions@vf.com. Please give both new and old addresses as printed on most recent label. First copy of new subscription l be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Send all editorial, business, and production correspondence electronically to vfmail@vf.com. For permissions requests please call 212-630-5656 or fax the request 212-630-5883. For reprints of articles please contact Scoop ReprintSource at 800-767-3263 or via e-mail at sales@scoopreprintsource.com. Visit us online at www.vf.com. To subscribe to other Condé Nast magazines on the World Wide Web, visit www.condenet.com. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services that we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at P.O. Box 37714, Boone, IA 50037-0714 or call 800-365-0635.

Y FAIR IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RETURN OR LOSS OF, OR FOR DAMAGE OR ANY OTHER INJURY TO, UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS, UNSOLICITED ART WORK (INCLUDING, BUT NOT LIMITED TO, DRAWINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND TRANSPARENCIES), OR ANY OTHER UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. THOSE SUBMITTING MANUSCRIPTS, PHOTOGRAPHS, ART WORK, OR OTHER MATERIALS FOR CONSIDERATION SHOULD NOT SEND ORIGINALS, UNLESS SPECIFICALLY REQUESTED TO DO SO BY VANITY FAIR IN WRITING. MANUSCRIPTS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND OTHER MATERIALS SUBMITTED MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE.



QUINCY JONES

Parallel in magnitude to his music career, Quincy Jones's humanitarian efforts have left an indelible mark across the globe. With Jubilee 2000 activists, he helped to relieve $27 billion in Third World debt, and his Project Q has aided millions of African children. Here, the maestro on a mission reflects on hugging, Count Basie, and the year 2043

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
To see the children of the world receive their God-given rights. As Tolstoy said, "I shall not eat my piece of bread until everyone has a piece of their own." No one should starve while we eat.

What is your greatest fear?
Of ever becoming a grown-up, please.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
John Johnson, Gordon Parks, Count Basie, and Duke Ellington.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Having too many things on my plate due to an overdose of passion.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Passion, love, and affection.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Abstinence.

What is your favorite journey?
The one that began on March 14, 1933, that I pray will continue, at the very least, until 2043—a goal Thomas Olse and my other Nobel brothers in Stockholm promise me is attainable.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
After I lose 16 pounds, I will have no dislikes whatsoever.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Can I have a little bit more of that?"

What is your greatest regret?
Since the age of 13, concentrating on arranging, orchestratir and conducting instead of more songwriting, but it isn't too l

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My children, their children, my family, and my real friends

When and where were you happiest?
Conducting and arranging for Frank Sinatra and Count Basi band at the age of 31.

Which talent would you most like to have?
To be a great father.

What is your current state of mind?
Concern for the state of the world, and the joy of jiggling the molecules.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
Not a damn thing. It is what it is.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
My precious children. Each and every one of them.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
One of my daughters' dogs.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
When you are not able to turn darkness into light. It is a choice.

What is your favorite occupation?
Any form of creation from the blank page to the execution of a passion-driven vision.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Obsessive curiosity, a *joie de vivre,* and hugging.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
The ability to accept the female side in all of us.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
An honest heart, a big mind, and inner and outer beauty.

Who are your favorite writers?
Aleksandr Pushkin, Ralph Ellison, Alice Walker, Maya Angelou, Pablo Neruda, and Toni Morrison.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Pushkin's Eugene Onegin.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Nelson Mandela, Paul Kagame, Oprah Winfrey, Bill and Hillary Clinton, Barack Obama, Colin Powell, Sidney Poitier, Bono, Hani Masri, and the late Steve Ross.

What is it that you most dislike?
Bullshit!!!

How would you like to die?
In 2043, in my sleep, after working all day, having wine and dinner with my family and closest friends, and making passionate love with my lady. Not a second before.

What is your motto?
"I'd rather say, 'I'm sorry I did it,' than 'I wish I had,'" and "Live each day like it's the last, and do each task like it's the first."

PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY SULTAN



Sometimes the best part of the room is what you can't see.

A. Components
B. Surround Sound (LFD790)
C. Hidden Wires
D. High-Definition TV (42LB5D)



Our technology blends with your style

You put a lot of pride and joy into your home. That's why Best Buy® is dedicated to helping you choose the ultimate home theater pieces, like the latest from LG. From LG's sleek, stylish high-definition flat-panel TVs to the latest accessories from LG, designed to fit your life and your home.

We pledge to remember home comes first in home theater.

LG

Don't just watch it, live it. In LG Full HD.

BEST BUY

Best Buy.com

© 2007 Best Buy


REVLON presents
A 3D EXTREM
STORY!
NEW
REVLON
EXCLUSIVE
3D EXTREME™ MASCARA
Jessica Alba is wearing
NEW 3D EXTREME MASCARA

F A HERO: BARBARO, HORSE RACING'S TRAGIC CHAMPION BY BUZZ BISSINGER P. 148

VANITY FAIR

) HALBERSTAM'S
DISPATCH:
HE WHITE HOUSE
S HISTORY P. 122

SIVE!

TONE SPEAKS
25 YEARS!
AMP P. 136

12 HOURS IN HELL
A FIFTH AVENUE SOCIALITE'S HOSTAGE NIGHTMARE
BY MICHAEL SHNAYERSON
P. 128

20 YEARS OF *THE SIMPSONS*
THE UNCENSORED ORAL HISTORY
BY JOHN ORTVED
P. 94

URBIA, *TRANSFORMERS*, AND THE NEXT *INDIANA JONES* — PLUS SPIELBERG *LOVES* HIM!

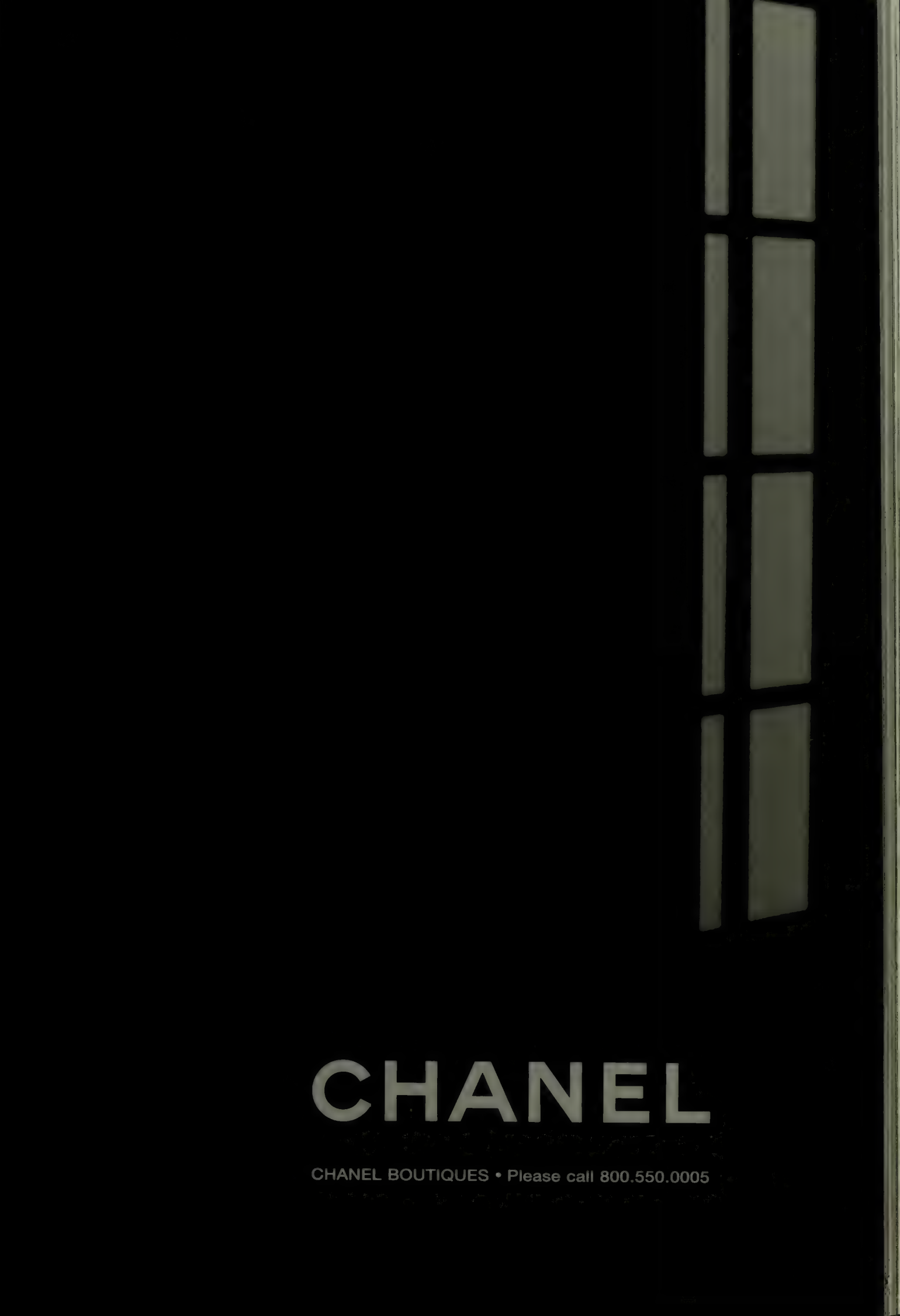
THE NEW KID

CAN HOLLYWOOD TURN 21-YEAR-OLD SHIA LABEOUF INTO THE NEXT TOM HANKS?

BY MICHAEL HOGAN · PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SELIGER P.

7/$4.50
YFAIR.COM

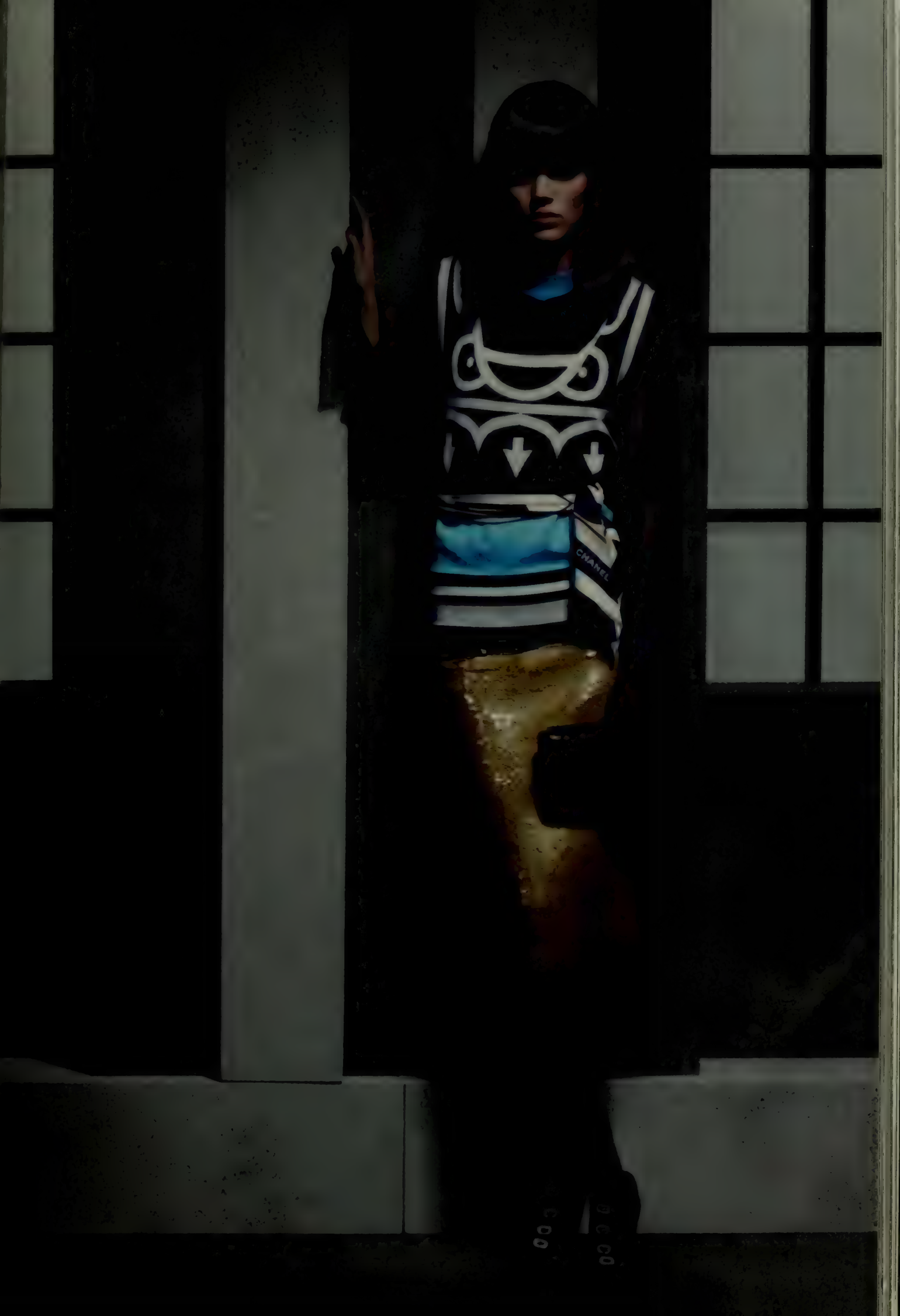
©2007 CHANEL, Inc. Explore chanel.com

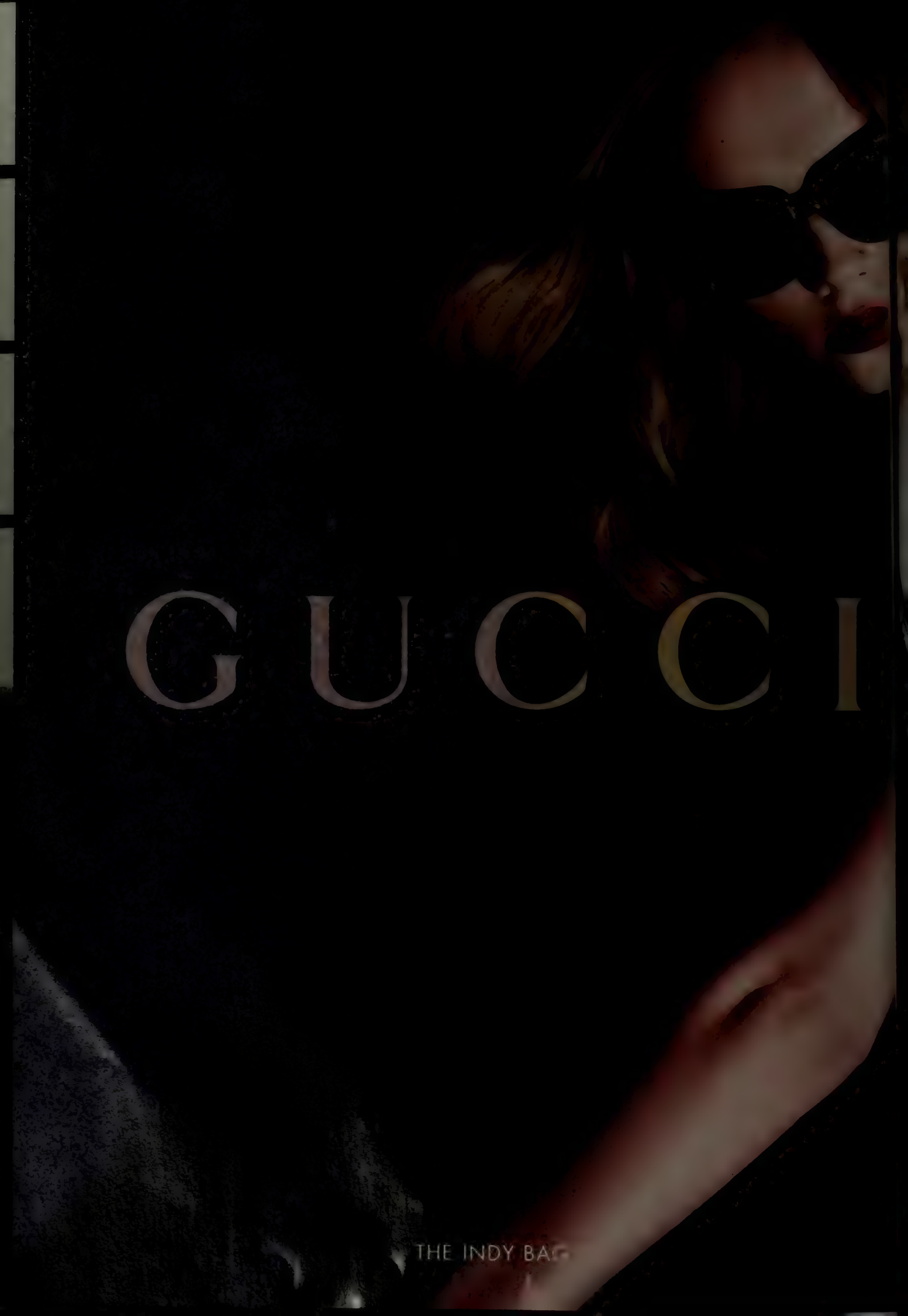

CHANEL
CHANEL BOUTIQUES • Please call 800.550.0005

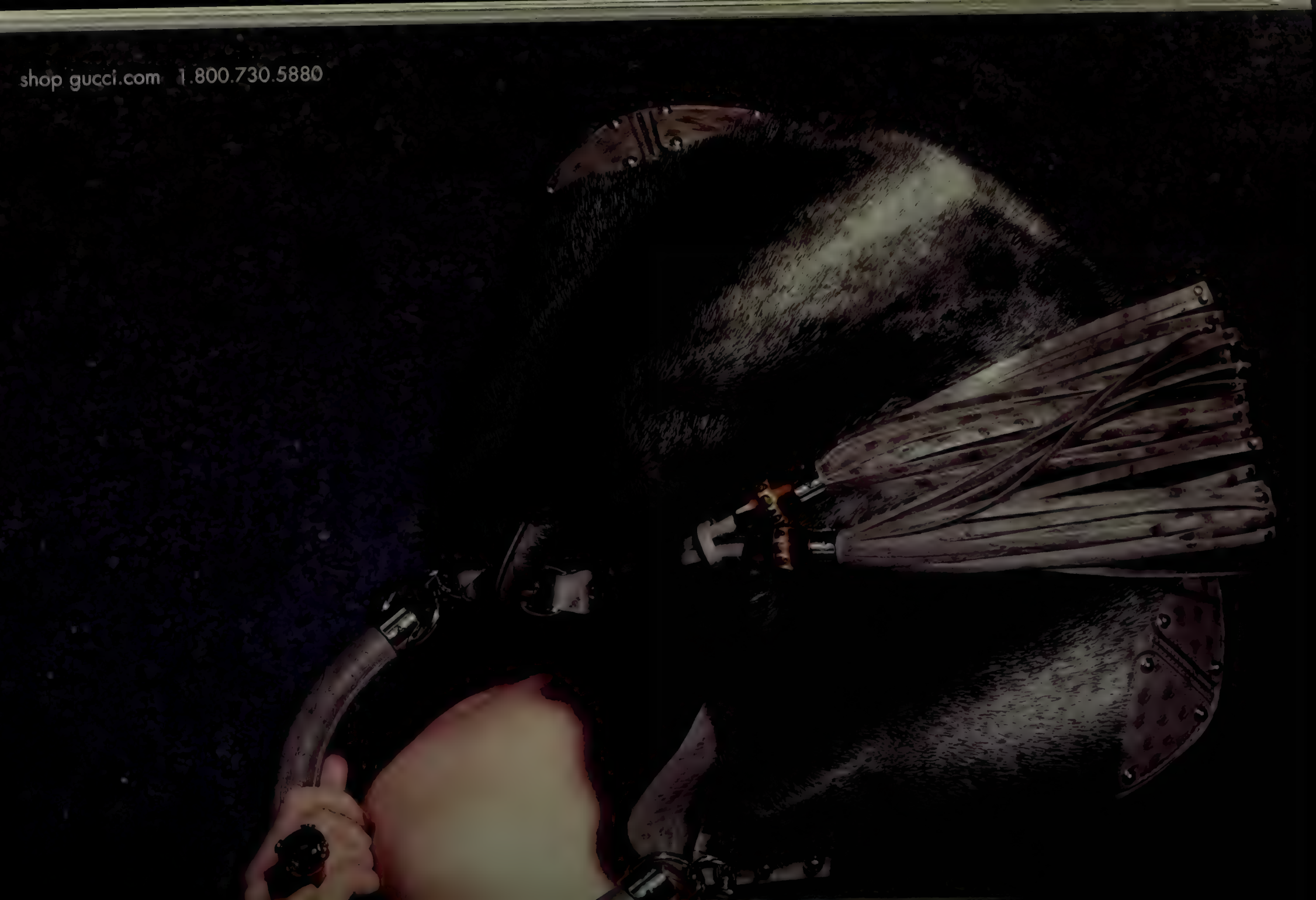
©2007 CHANEL, Inc. Explore chanel.com




CHANEL
CHANEL BOUTIQUES • Please call 800.550.0005


CHANEL

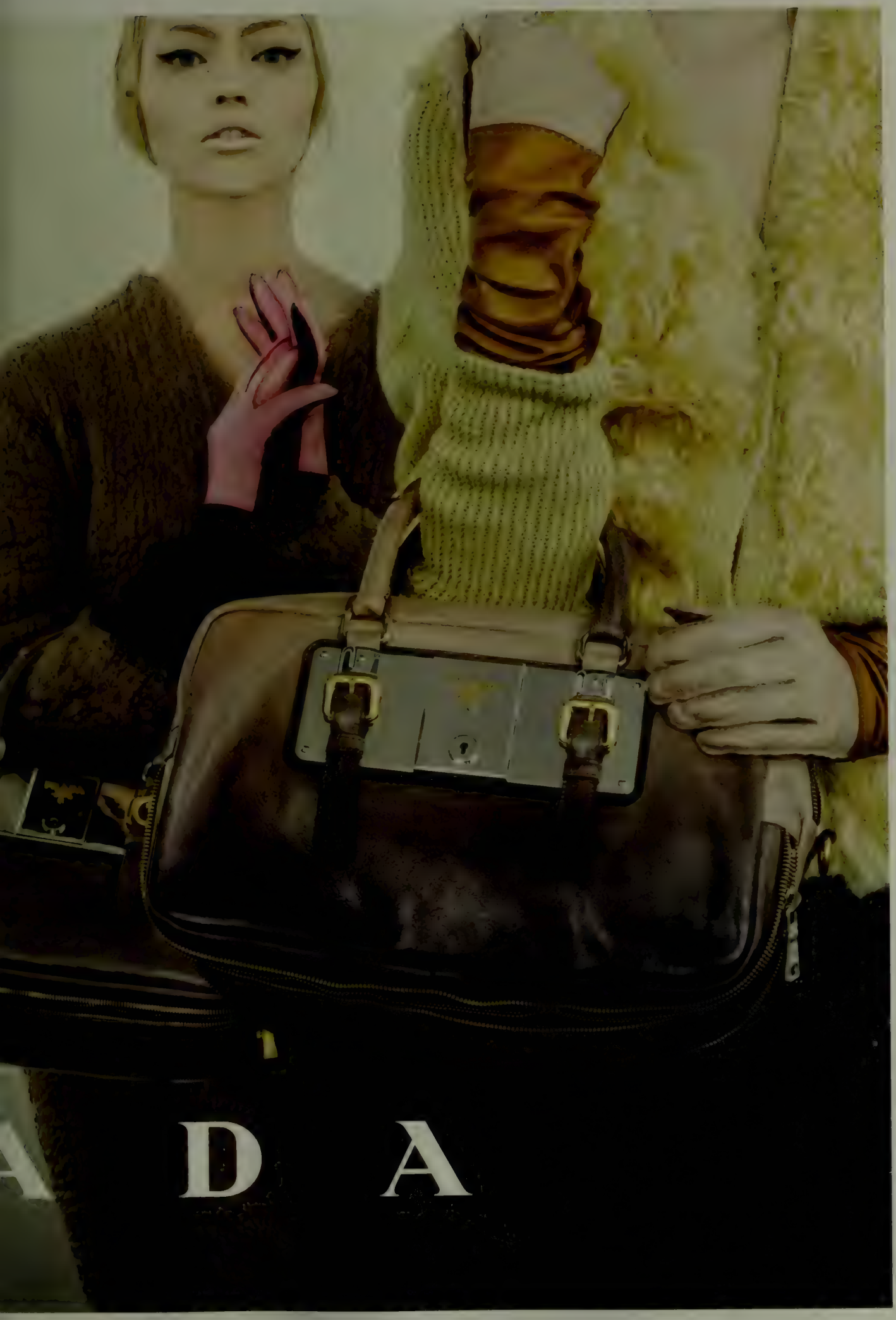

GUCCI
THE INDY BA


shop gucci.com 1.800.730.5880




URE WHITE LINEN
ESTĒE LAUDER
THE FRAGRANCE TO LIVE IN ALL YEAR LONG.




D A



ATLANTA BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS BOSTON CHICAGO HOUSTON LAS VEGAS MANHASSET NEW YORK NORTHPARK PALM BEACH SAN FRANCISCO SOUTH COAST


GIORGIO ARMANI
RE-COLLECTION FALL 2007



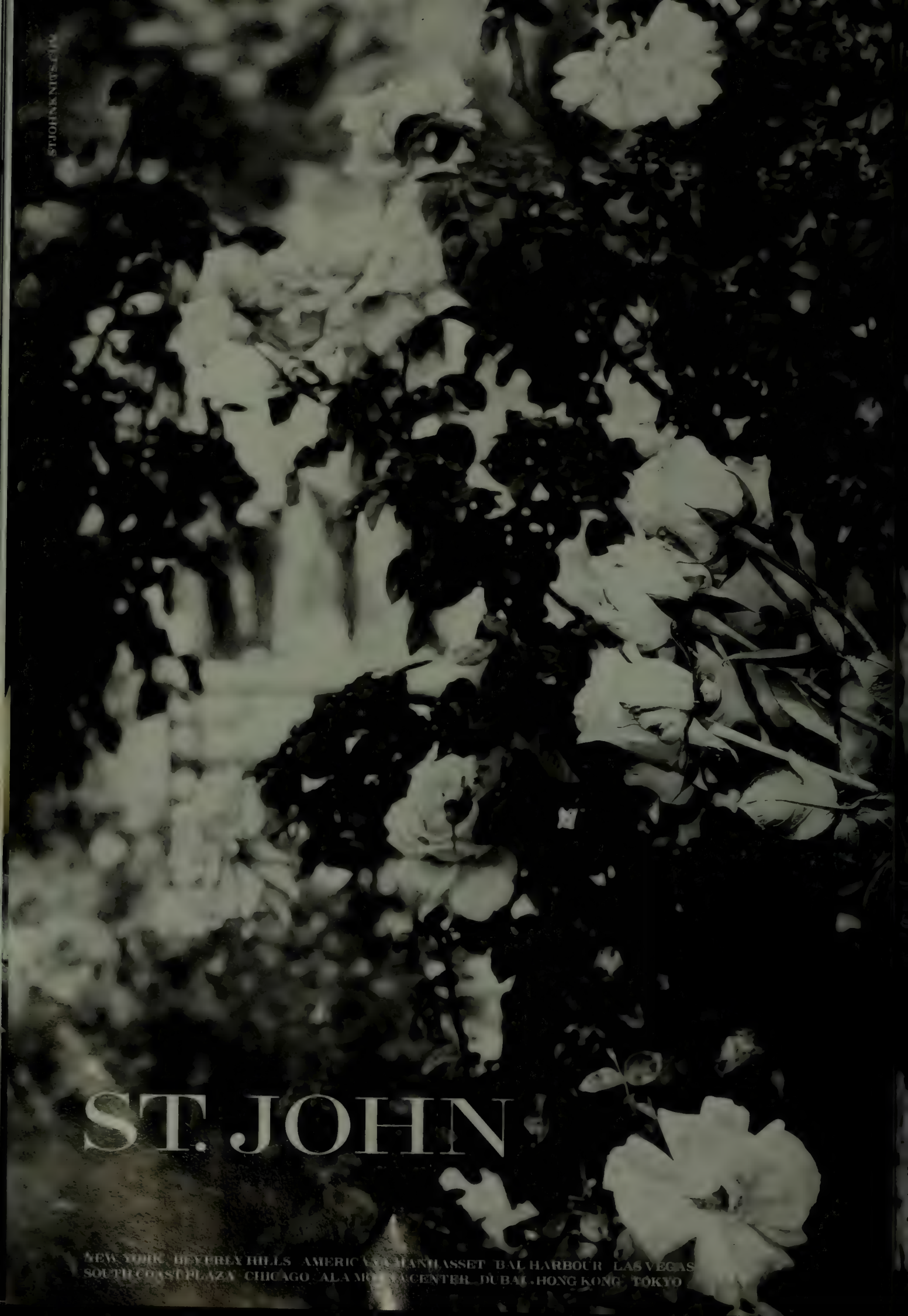
Sold exclusively in Louis Vuitton stores. 866·VUITTON www.louisvuitton.com



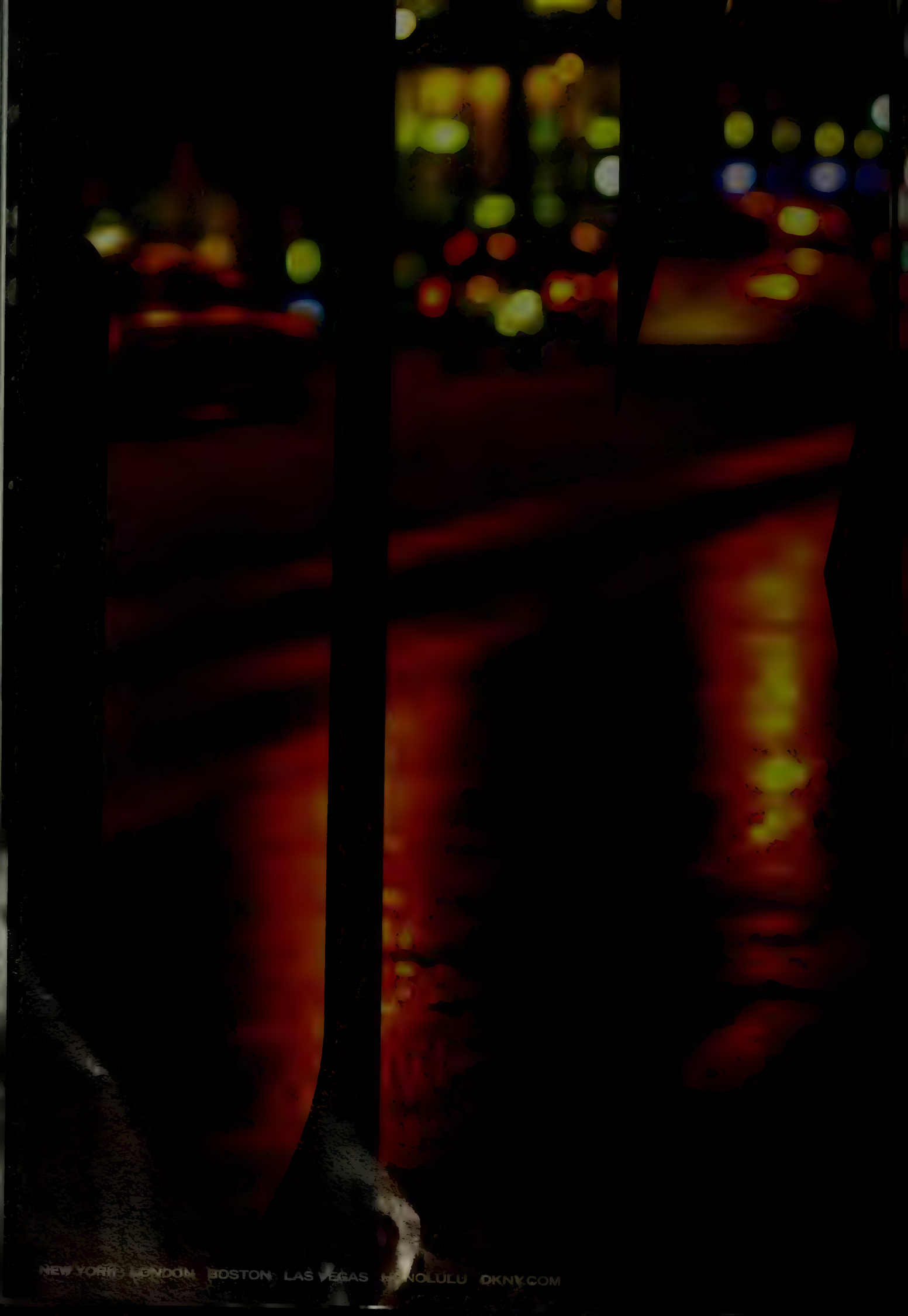
LOUIS VUITTON

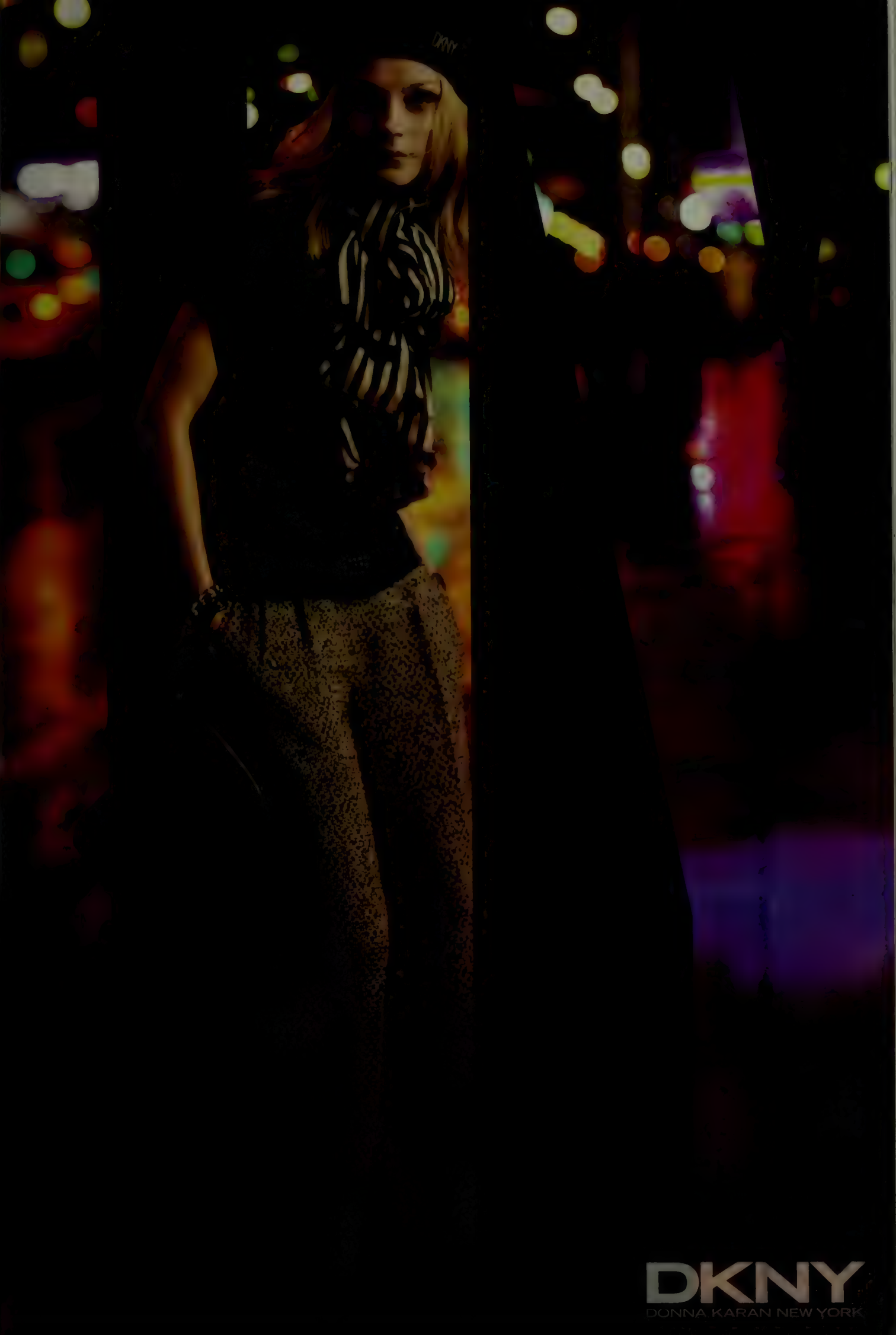



BOTTEGA VENETA
WWW.BOTTEGAVENETA.COM

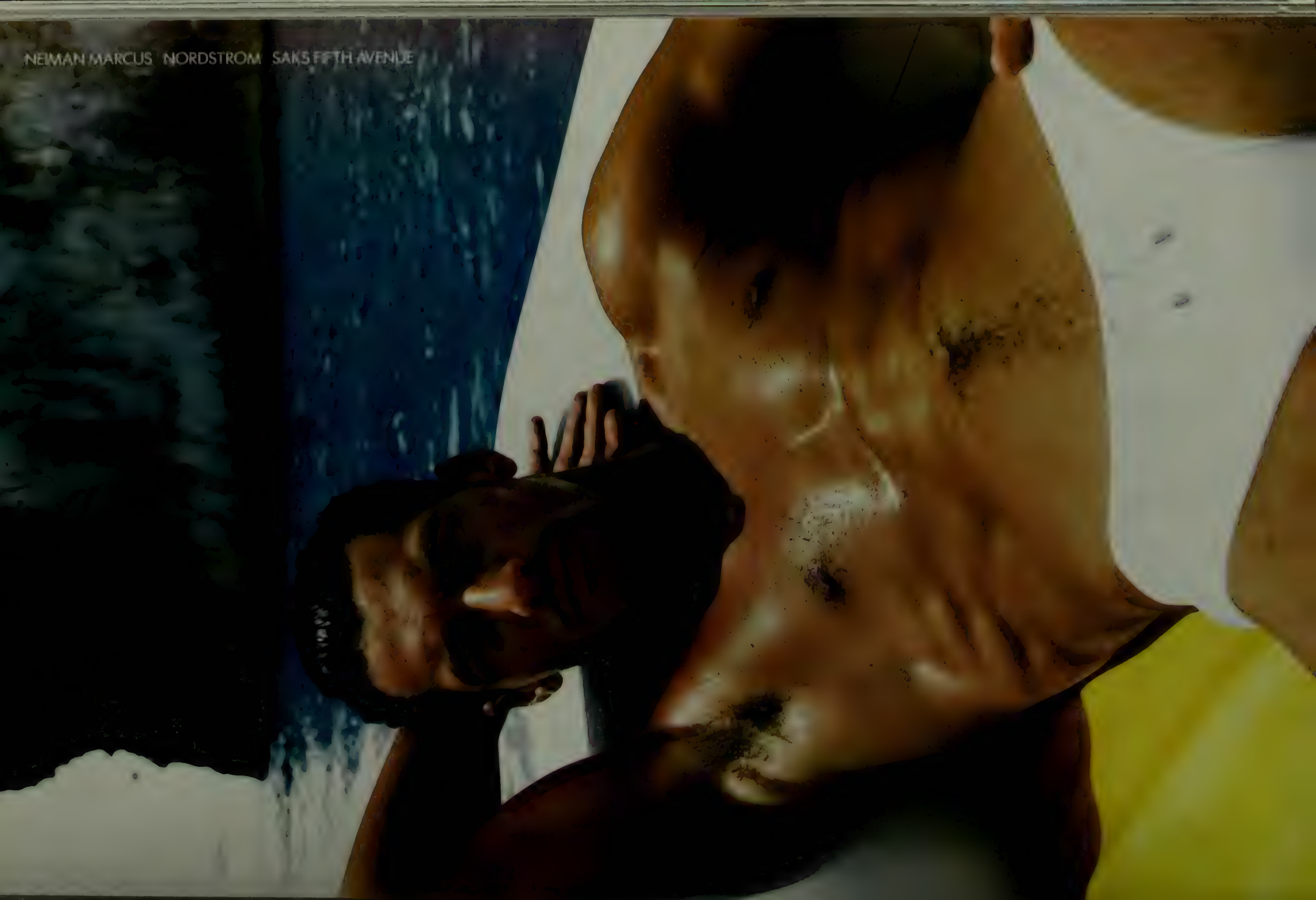

ST. JOHN
NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS
BAL HARBOUR LAS VEGAS
SOUTH COAST PLAZA CHICAGO
DUBAI HONG KONG TOKYO




NEW YORK LONDON BOSTON LAS VEGAS HONOLULU DKNY.COM


DKNY
DONNA KARAN NEW YORK


DOLCE & GABBANA
light blue

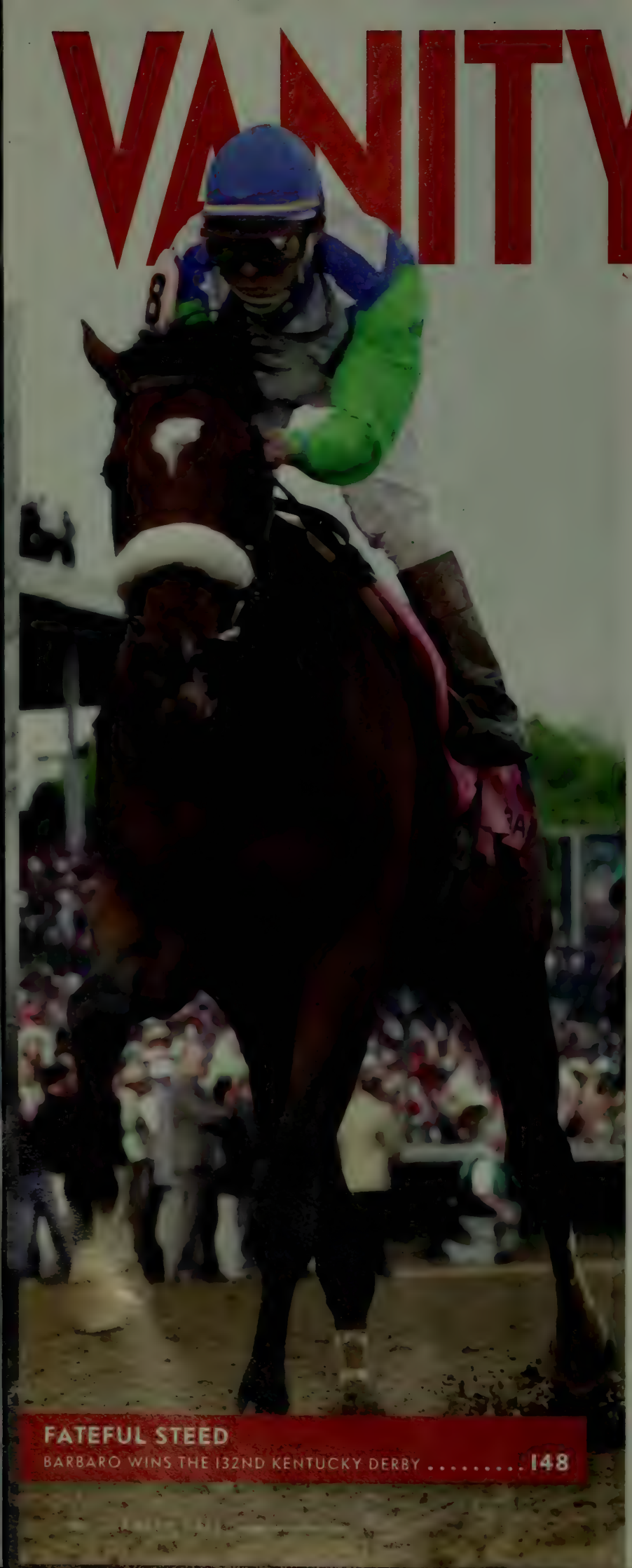

NEIMAN MARCUS NORDSTROM SAKS FIFTH AVENUE


GUESS®
U.S.A.
WASHED
JEANS


GUESS
BY MARCIANO

VANITY FAIR

August 2007



FATEFUL STEED
BARBARO WINS THE 132ND KENTUCKY DERBY 148

ON VANITYFAIR.COM THIS MO
- MORE BEHIND-THE-SCENES STORIES FROM THE S
- BOOK EXCERPT: THE NEW WALL STREET
NOVEL BY V.F. DEPUTY EDITOR DOUG STUM

FEATURES

116 LANDING IN HOLLYWOOD Years ago, Shia LaBeouf was selling hot dogs from his dad's cart in Los Angeles, dressed as a clown. Today he's taking notes from Steven Spielberg. As LaBeouf lends a hum touch to Michael Bay's science-fiction blockbuster *Transformers,* Michael Hogan hears about the 21-year-o actor's first love, his first tangle with the tabloids, and th thrill of being tapped to star in the next Indiana Jones movie. Photographs by Mark Seliger.

122 THE HISTORY BOYS In a last-ditch effort to spin Bush's legacy, the president's team has been comparing him to Truman, and Iraq to World War II Europe. With a deeply researched essay, written just before he died, David Halberstam debunks the White House's wi distortion of history, which reflects the blinding hubris, anti-intellectualism, and willful ignorance that led the U.S. into disaster. Illustrations by Edward Sorel.

126 CHRISTOPHER WHEELDON'S LEAP YEAR Bruce Weber and Laura Jacobs spotlight choreographe Christopher Wheeldon as he repackages ballet for the te message generation with his new company, Morphoses.

128 "SOMETHING HAPPENED AT ANNE'S!" Last April, in a terrifying home invasion at her Connecticut estate, multi-millionaire divorcée Anne Bas was bound, blindfolded, and injected with what she was told was a deadly virus. Reporting from South Kent, wh Bass created the perfect 1,000-acre valley retreat, Micha Shnayerson delivers the harrowing, minute-by-minute account of the crime. Photographs by Cameron Davidso

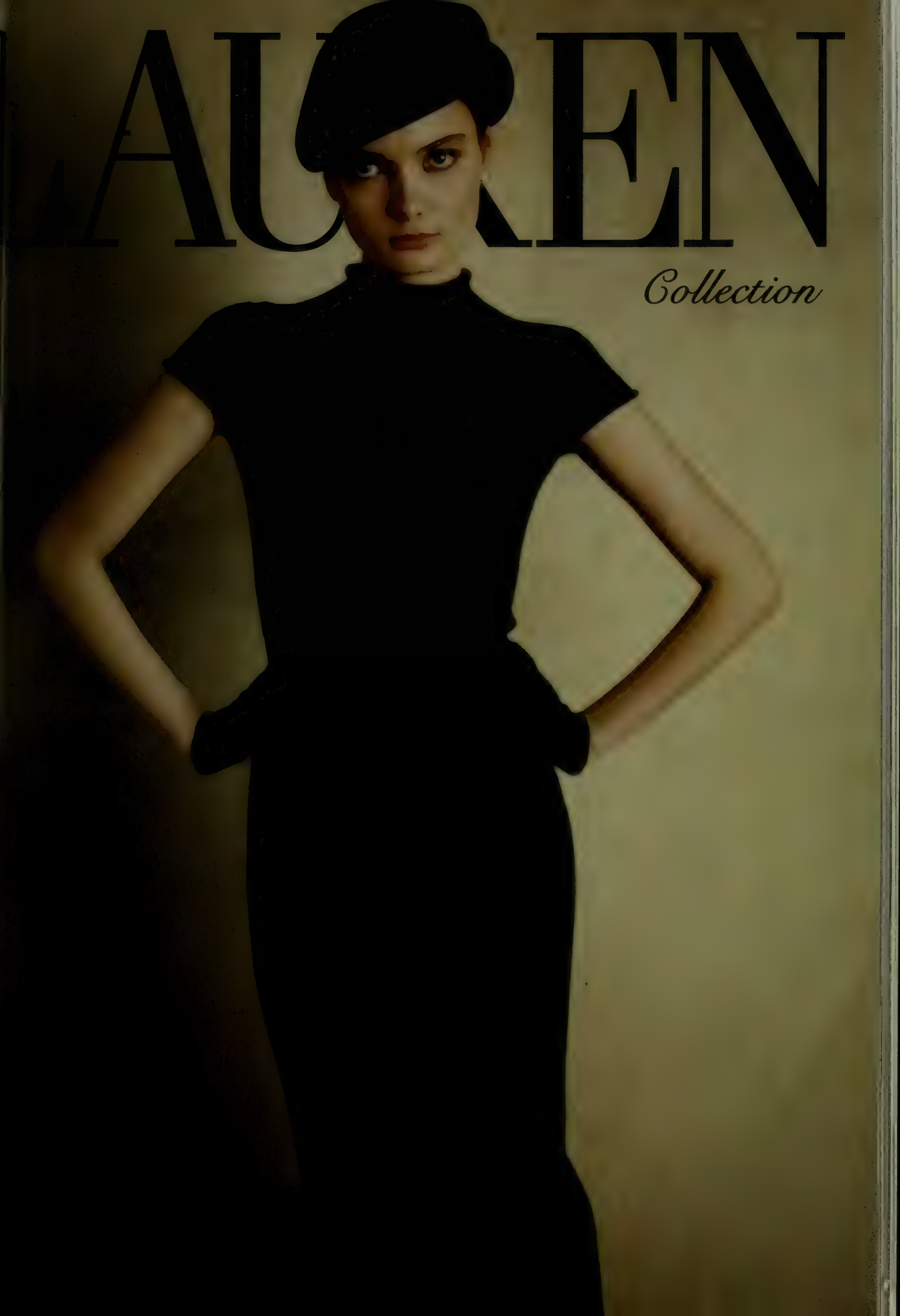
134 A TRANSATLANTIC AFFAIR Michael Roberts and Ned Zeman spotlight Claire Danes, who joins a pack of top-ranked British actors in the fantasy film *Stardust*—and falls for one, too.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

RALPH




RA H


AUREN
Collection

RALPH




LAUREN
Collection
RALPHLAURENCOLLECTION.COM
NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS CHICAGO BUENOS AIRES DUBAI TOKYO HONG KONG LONDON PARIS MILAN MOSCOW

VANITY FAIR

August 2007

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20



136 SLY STONE'S HIGHER POWER With his infectious beats and outlandish outfits, Sly Stone was the funky, hopeful hero of Woodstock, until drugs and guns and paranoia turned him into music's most illustrious recluse. Now Stone finally takes off the shades and tells David Kamp about cleaning up his act, re-uniting with his family and band, and working on a headful of fresh songs. Photographs by Mark Seliger.

140 EXPATS IN WONDERLAND Gerald and Sara Murphy epitomized 1920s expatriate glamour, summering in the French Riviera with the likes of Picasso, Hemingway, and Diaghilev, and inspiring F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*. As a new exhibit follows the Murphys' art-filled, fun-loving decade in the sun, John Richardson explores what turned a pair of wealthy Americans into the toast of bohemian Europe.

148 GONE LIKE THE WIND Kentucky Derby winner Barbaro was in pursuit of the Triple Crown when he shattered his leg—and America's heart—at the 2006 Preakness. With stories from Barbaro's team and exclusive access to owner Gretchen Jackson's diaries, Buzz Bissinger revisits the brief, meteoric rise of a Thoroughbred phenomenon, and the epic struggle to save his life. Photographs by Jonas Karlsson.

FAMILY MAN
SLY STONE, BEFORE THE FALL, 1975 136

FANFAIR

61 31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Pirelli Calendar outtakes. The Cultural Divide. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Matt Tyrnauer checks into Rome's Portrait Suites; Victoria Mather's favorite travel guides. Bruce Handy reviews *2 Days in Paris;* Krista Smith plays Mexican dominoes; Ankasa opens its N.Y.C. flagship store. Eve Epstein gets re-sculpted at Tracie Martyn's facial haven; Molton Brown returns to its roots; Hot Looks.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

The most fuel-efficient auto company in America.*



EnvironmentTology

Honda thinking in action.

Meet Small Oil. Honda has always been committed to developing environmentally responsible technology. And with cars like the all-new Fit along with the legendary Civic, Honda will continue as the leader in fuel efficiency.† Through innovation and hard work, Small Oil can make a world of difference. That's our Environmentology.™

HONDA

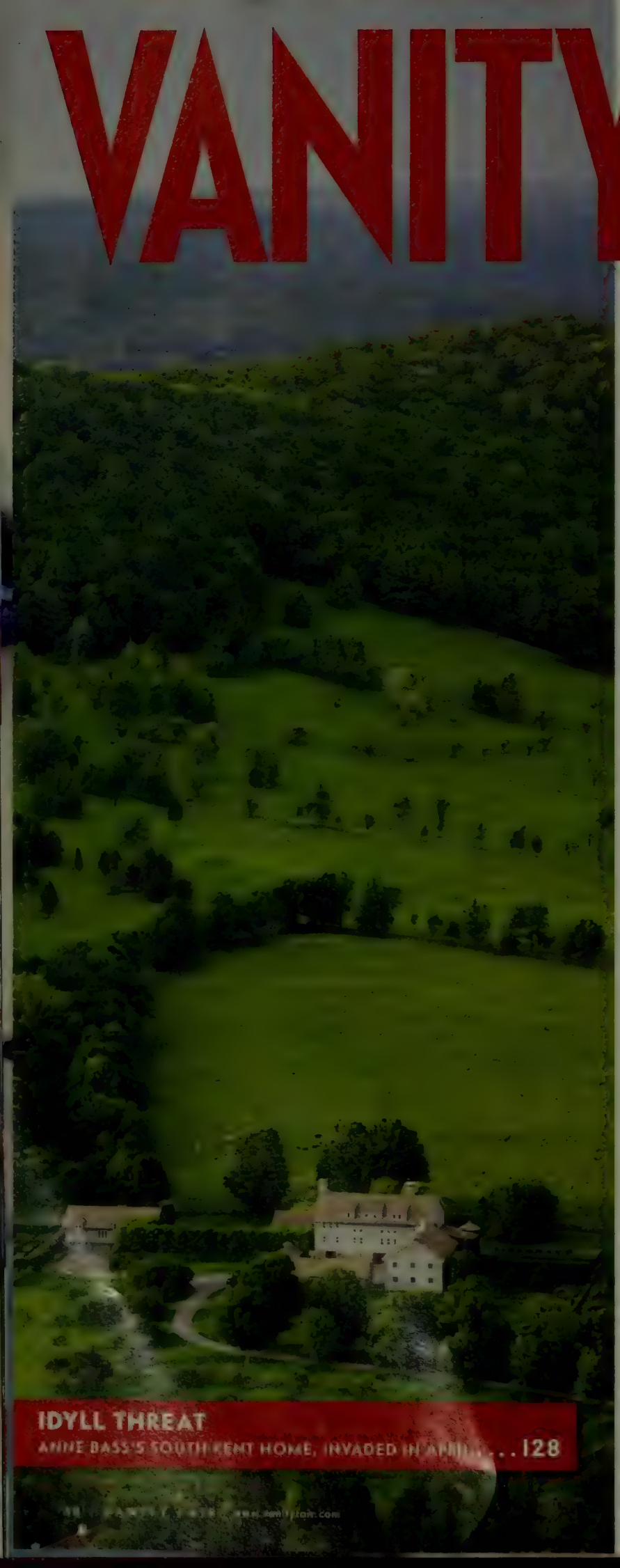
The Power of Dreams

*Based on model year 2005 CAFE average fuel economy ratings and weighted sales for passenger car and light truck fleets sold in the U.S. by major manufacturers. †Civic Hybrid and Fit Sport with 5MT shown. 200" EPA mileage estimates: 49 city, 51 highway; 33 city, 38 highway, respectively. Use for comparison purposes only. Actual mileage may vary. ©2006 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. environmentology.honda.com


ILLUMINATING
FASHION AND CULTURE
HOME AND LEISURE
SWAROVSKI, DANIEL SWAROVSKI,
KRISTALLWELTEN, CRYSTALLIZED,
STRASS AND SWAROVSKI OPTIK
ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS
OF SWAROVSKI.


WWW.SWAROVSKI.COM
BY THE GRACE OF MIND
WITH THE GRACE OF HEART
IN THE GRACE OF LIGHT
SWAROVSKI

VANITY FAIR



IDYLL THREAT
ANNE BASS'S SOUTH KENT HOME, INVADED IN APRIL . . . 128

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

COLUMNS

80 MORT THE KNIFE While Lenny Bruce made his e in a blaze of self-destructive glory, Mort Sahl—who did just as much to slice through the conventions of stand- comedy—lived to joke about another millennium. As S enters his ninth decade, James Wolcott argues that his career reflects the survival of the wittiest. Illustration b André Carrilho.

86 LEGEND WITH A BULLET In L.A. for Phil Specto murder trial, Dominick Dunne runs into a friend of the deceased, hitches a ride with famed "Mafia lawyer" Bruce Cutler, and catches up—in the men's room, of all places—with the frock-coated, gun-loving defendant. Photograph by Just Loomis.

92 WALL STREET GETS A SHINER Jonathan Becker and Cullen Murphy spotlight *V.F.* deputy editor Doug Stumpf, who puts his best foot forward with a debut novel, *Confessions of a Wall Street Shoeshine Boy*

94 SIMPSON FAMILY VALUES Political controversy. Yellow skin. World domination. America's longest-runni sitcom was never just a cartoon. As *The Simpsons Movie* hits theaters, John Ortved gets a somewhat contentiou behind-the-cels oral history from the TV show's voices, writers, animators, and ultimate boss—Rupert Murdoc

VANITIES

107 WILD WILD WEIXLER Tina Brown tells Craig Brown about her current project. Jamie Malanowski's red-state dispatches; That Was Then & This Is Now; Michael Doug becomes a horrified father, a frightened boy, and an enlightened young woman.

ET CETERA

44 EDITOR'S LETTER

46 CONTRIBUTORS

52 LETTERS Hitchens's Londonistan

78 PLANETARIUM The heat is on, Leo

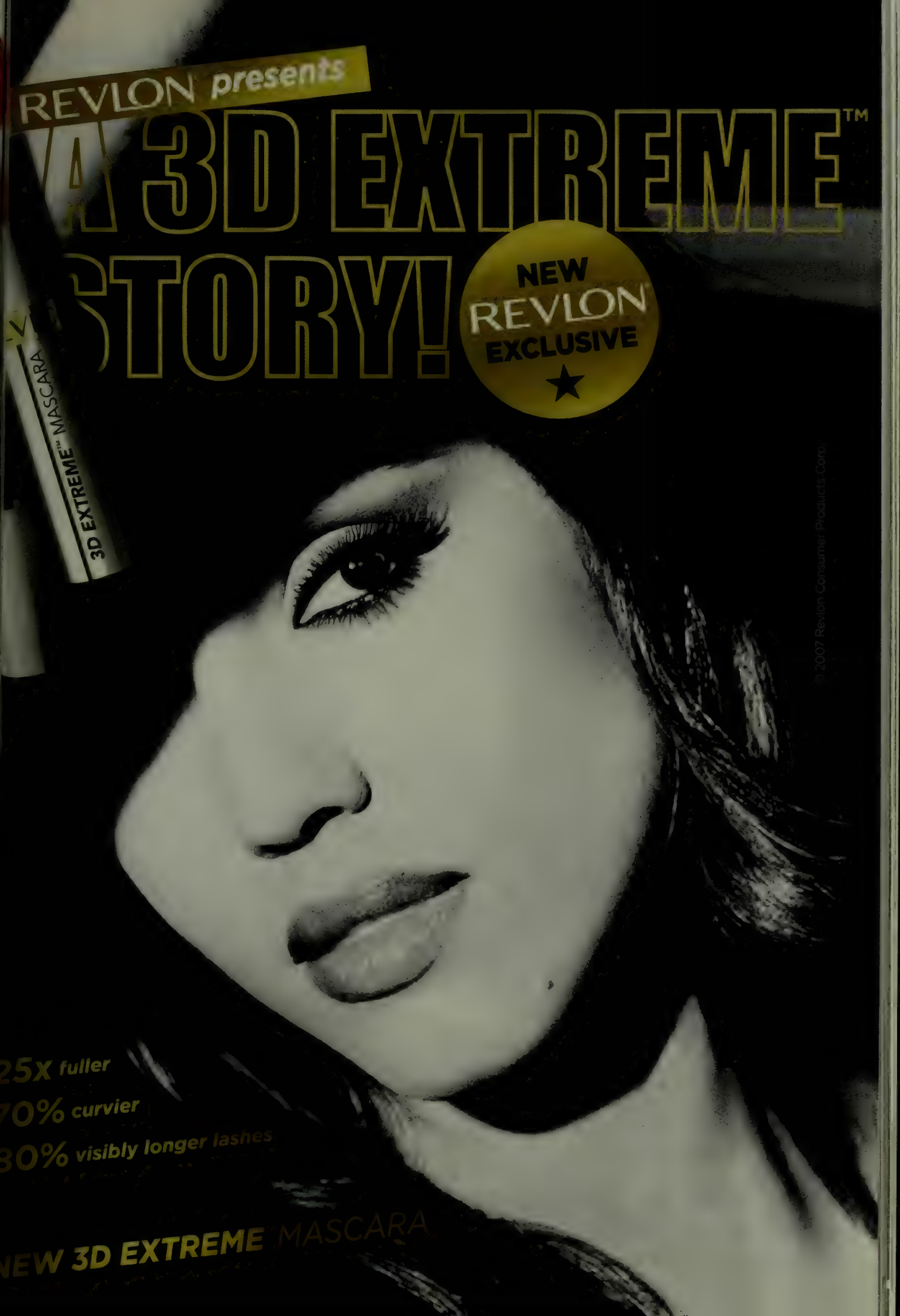
178 CREDITS

181 FAIRGROUND That Cannes-do spirit

185 PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE Helen Gurley Brown

TO FIND CONDÉ NAST MAGAZINES ONLINE, VISIT www.condenet.com.
TO FIND *VANITY FAIR*, VISIT www.vanityfair.com.

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.


REVLON presents
A 3D EXTREME™
STORY!
NEW
REVLON
EXCLUSIVE
3D EXTREME™ MASCARA
25X fuller
70% curvier
80% visibly longer lashes
NEW 3D EXTREME MASCARA
© 2007 Revlon Consumer Products Corp.

Knowing what time the bank closes.

Not caring what time the bank closes.



Citibank currently charges no fee for the Citi Mobile service. Standard account fees apply. Charges by wireless carriers may vary. Consult with your wireless carrier for the charges applicable to your account.
© 2007 Citigroup Inc. Citibank, N.A. Member FDIC. Citibank and Citi with Arc Design are registered service marks of Citigroup Inc. Citi Mobile and Let's Get It Done are service marks of Citigroup Inc.



Where's the nearest Citibank branch? Did you check your pocket? Go to Citibank® Online and download Citi Mobile and you'll enjoy highly secure, 24/7 real-time access to your accounts, right on your mobile phone. Then just scroll through the list of options to pay bills, check balances, transfer funds, and locate branches and ATMs. Citi Mobile puts banking in the palm of your hand.

For a list of all Citi Mobile wireless providers, and to learn more, call 800.967.CITI or visit citi.com/citimobile.

CITI MOBILE℠

pay bills
check your balance
transfer funds
connect to customer service
locate branches & ATMs

citi let's get it done

VANITY FAIR®

Editor GRAYDON CARTER

Managing Editor CHRIS GARRETT
Design Director DAVID HARRIS
Executive Literary Editor WAYNE LAWSON
Features Editor JANE SARKIN
Photography Director SUSAN WHITE
Deputy Editors DOUGLAS STUMPF, AIMÉE BELL, BRUCE HANDY
Senior Articles Editors DANA BROWN, ANNE FULENWIDER, MICHAEL HOGAN, PETER NEWCOMB
Fashion and Style Director MICHAEL ROBERTS
Associate Managing Editor ELLEN KIELL
Fanfair Editor PUNCH HUTTON Senior Editor HEATHER HALBERSTADT
National Editor TODD S. PURDUM
Legal Affairs Editor ROBERT WALSH
Director of Special Projects SARA MARKS
Copy Editor PETER DEVINE Research Director JOHN BANTA
London Editor HENRY PORTER Senior West Coast Editor KRISTA SMITH
Special Correspondents DOMINICK DUNNE, BOB COLACELLO, MAUREEN ORTH, BRYAN BURROUGH, AMY FINE COLLINS, MATT TYRNAUER

Editor-at-Large CULLEN MURPHY
Writer-at-Large MARIE BRENNER International Social Editor ELIZABETH SALTZMAN WALKER
International Correspondent WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE

Art Director JULIE WEISS Photography Research Director JEANNIE RHODES
Deputy Art Director CHRIS MUELLER Senior Photography and Beauty Editor SUNHEE C. GRINNELL
Production Directors DINA AMARITO-DESHAN, MARTHA HURLEY
Market Director MARY F. BRAEUNIG Executive Fashion Editor ALEXIS BRYAN Senior Style Editor JESSICA DIEHL
Online Editor ANDREW HEARST Deputy Director of Special Projects MATT ULLIAN
Editorial Business Director DORI AMARITO Associate Legal Affairs Editor CHRISTOPHER HICKMAN
Associate Copy Editor DAVID FENNER Research Editor MARY FLYNN Deputy Research Editors KATHRYN BELGIORNO, DAVID GENDELMAN
Reporter-Researchers BRENDAN BARR, JUSTIN BISHOP, JAMES BUSS, SUE CARSWELL, MICHELLE CIARROCCA, JUDY DEYOUNG, BEN KALIN,
KRIS MCNEIL, MICHAEL SACKS, TED TRAVELSTEAD, CALLIE WRIGHT Associate Research Editor ALISON FORBES Assistant Copy Editor ADAM NADLER
Associate Art Directors LEE RUELLE, ANGELA PANICHI Senior Designers PALOMA HUERRE, PIPER VITALE
Senior Photography Producer KATHRYN MACLEOD Senior Photo Research Editor ANN SCHNEIDER Senior Associate Photo Editors SASHA ERWITT, SUSAN PHEAR
Photo Research Editor KATHERINE BANG Photojournalism Editor ROSANNA SGUERA Deputy Online Editor JESSICA COEN
Senior Art Production Manager CHRISTOPHER GEORGE Copy Production Manager ANDERSON TEPPER
Executive Assistants to the Editor JONATHAN KELLY, CLAIRE HOWORTH
Editorial Promotions Associate EVA MAOUT Paris Editor VÉRONIQUE PLAZOLLES U.K. Associate Editor KATIE SHARER
U.K. Production Manager CARL GERMANN Production Associates LESLIE HERTZOG, MOLLY MITCHELL
Associate Photo Editor JESSICA DIMSON Assistant Photo Editor IAN BASCETTA Assistant Editors CAROLYN BIELFELDT, EMILY POENISCH (WEST COAST)
Features Associate REBECCA SINN Art Assistant JOCELYN SELIG Editorial Associates JESSICA FLINT, KEENAN MAYO, MATTHEW PRESSMAN, JULIAN SANCTON, LAUREN SO
Editorial Assistants CHRISTOPHER BATEMAN, CASSANDRA HANDLEY, LINDSEY KEENAN, ADAM KLAPPHOLZ
Photo Associate JESSICA CHATFIELD Beauty and Photo Associate LAURA KATZENBERG Photo Assistant GENEVIEVE CORTINOVIS
Associate Market Editor REBECCA O'NEILL Fashion Assistants CHASE ROBINSON, LOUISINE FRELINGHUYSEN
Assistant Business Manager AMANDA MEIGHER Financial Analyst SUSAN WEIN

Editor, Creative Development DAVID FRIEND

Contributing Editors
HENRY ALFORD, SUZANNA ANDREWS, ROBERT SAM ANSON, JUDY BACHRACH, DONALD L. BARLETT, LESLIE BENNETTS, CARL BERNSTEIN, PETER BISKIND, BUZZ BISSINGER,
HOWARD BLUM, PATRICIA BOSWORTH, DOUG BRINKLEY, MARINA CICOGNA, EDWIN JOHN COASTER, RICH COHEN, JOHN CONNOLLY, STEVEN DALY, BEATRICE MONTI DELLA COR
FRANK DIGIACOMO, JANINE DI GIOVANNI, LISA EISNER, RUPERT EVERETT, BRUCE FEIRSTEIN, STEVE GARBARINO, A. A. GILL, LOUISE GRUNWALD,
DAVID HALBERSTAM, REINALDO HERRERA, CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS, SARAJANE HOARE, A. M. HOMES, LAURA JACOBS, SEBASTIAN JUNGER, DAVID KAMP, SAM KASHNER, EDWARD
FRAN LEBOWITZ, ADAM LEFF, DANY LEVY, GEORGE LOIS, MICHAEL LUTIN, DAVID MARGOLICK, VICTORIA MATHER (TRAVEL), BRUCE MCCALL,
PATRICK MCMULLAN, RICHARD MERKIN, SETH MNOOKIN, FREDERIC MORTON, NINA MUNK, DEE DEE MYERS, ELISE O'SHAUGHNESSY, EVGENIA PERETZ,
WILLIAM PROCHNAU, KATE REARDON, JOHN RICHARDSON, LISA ROBINSON, DAVID ROSE, RICHARD RUSHFIELD, NANCY JO SALES, ELISSA SCHAPPELL,
MARK SEAL, GAIL SHEEHY, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON, INGRID SISCHY, SALLY BEDELL SMITH, JAMES B. STEELE, NICK TOSCHES, CRAIG UNGER, DIANE VON FURSTENBERG,
VICKY WARD, HEATHER WATTS, GEORGE WAYNE, JIM WINDOLF, JAMES WOLCOTT, MICHAEL WOLFF, NED ZEMAN

Contributing Photographers
ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
BRUCE WEBER, MARK SELIGER, PATRICK DEMARCHELIER
HARRY BENSON, LARRY FINK, TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS,
JONAS KARLSSON, DAVID LACHAPELLE, MICHAEL O'NEILL, SNOWDON, FIROOZ ZAHEDI
Photographers-at-Large JONATHAN BECKER, TODD EBERLE
Contributing Artists TIM SHEAFFER, ROBERT RISKO, HILARY KNIGHT, ROSS MACDONALD

Contributing Editor (Los Angeles) WENDY STARK MORRISSEY Contributing Stylist KIM MEEHAN Contributing Photography Producers RON BEINNER, RICHARD VILLAN
Contributing Photography Associate ALEXA HELSELL Contributing Production Associate SUSAN M. RASCO Contributing Credits Editor LESLIE ALEXANDER
Contributing Promotions Assistant ARI BERGEN Contributing Editorial Associate JOHN ORTVED Contributing Editorial Researchers CAITLIN MCNARY, ADAM SPANGLER
Contributing Accessories Associate SAMANTHA MILNER Contributing Men's Wear Associate SAM BROEKEMA Contributing Style Associate SOPHIE GOODHE

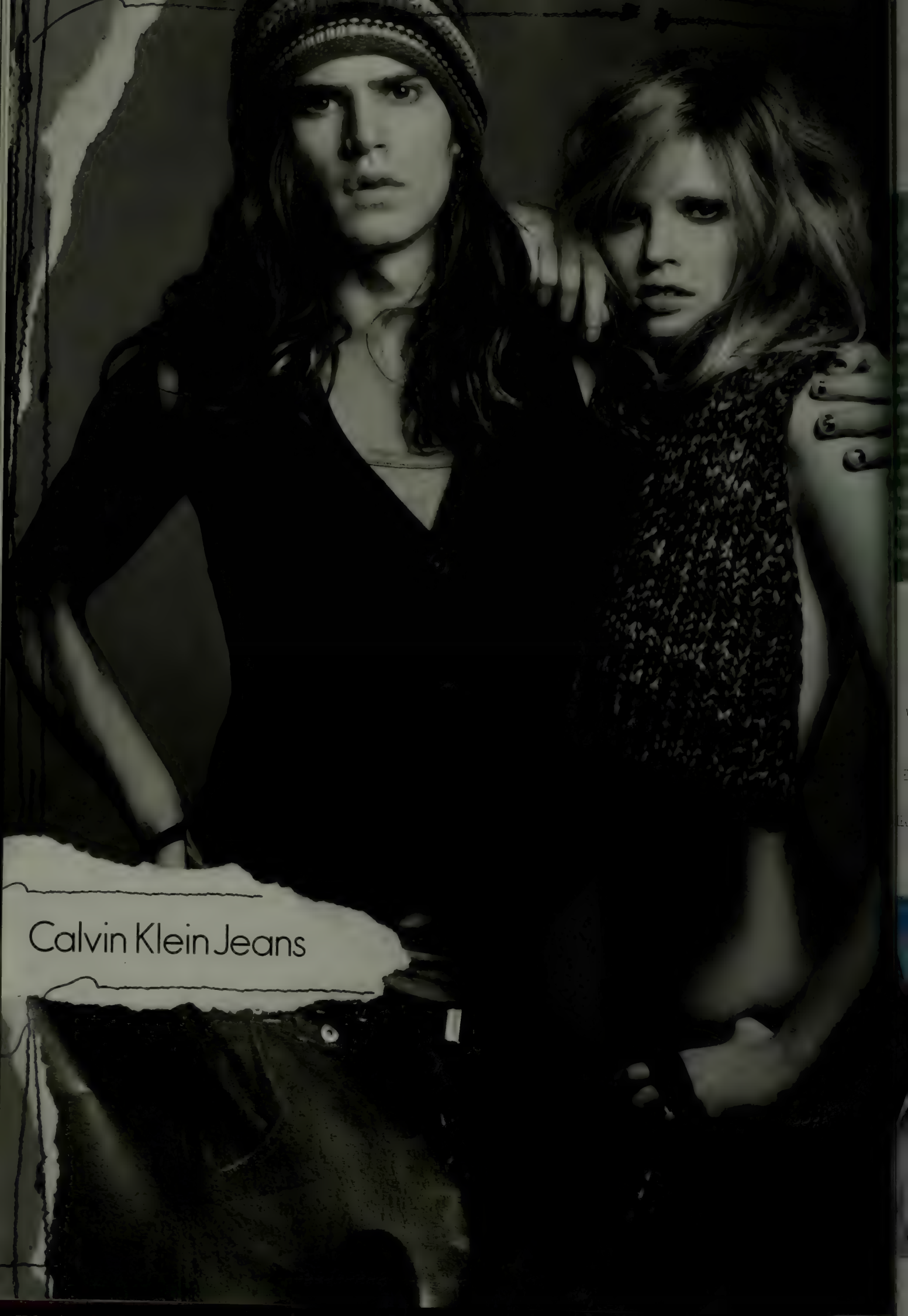
Executive Director of Public Relations BETH KSENIAK
Deputy Director of Public Relations SARA SWITZER
Associate ELIZABETH HURLBUT Contributing Associate DARRYL BRANTLEY

Editorial Director THOMAS J. WALLACE


Calvin Klein Jeans




Calvin Klein Jeans


Calvin Klein Jeans

vanity fair agenda

advertising • promotion • events • opportunities

xMara Celebrates Fashion

tyle insiders and Women in Film
) supporters gathered at the Terrace at
e Sunset Tower Hotel, in Los Angeles, for a
lebratory luncheon on May 9. Hosted by
axMara, the afternoon announced Emily
int as the recipient of the 2007 MaxMara
vard, in recognition of her outstanding
hievements and her embodiment of style
d grace. The award was formally presented
the Women in Film Crystal + Lucy Awards
June. Among the guests were Emily Blunt,
omen in Film president Jane Fleming,
nity Fair editor Krista Smith, Maria Bello,
retchen Mol, Amy Brenneman, Marc
ucas, Chris Andrews, and Kathy Baker.





From left: Emily Blunt and Krista Smith; Maria Bello and Gretchen Mol.

VISIT

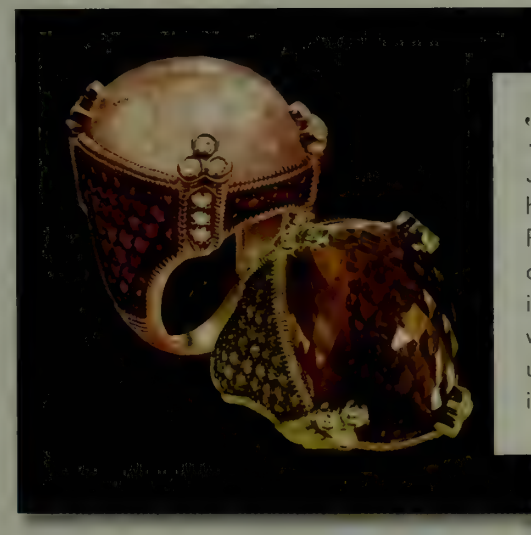
VFACCESS.COM

to enter

EXCLUSIVE SWEEPSTAKES

and

LEARN ABOUT SPECIAL OFFERS.



Judith Ripka in Las Vegas

Judith Ripka will make Las Vegas even hotter with its new store located at the Forum Shops. Debuting a new collection of 18-karat gold and diamond jewelry rich in color, the new Judith Ripka boutique will serve as the perfect showcase for the ultimate in luxurious fine jewelry. For more information, call 702-792-5900.

Monaco Rings by Judith Ripka.



CHROME: Reflections of Men

Masculine and pure, CHROME is a timeless scent that inspires recollections of the past and dreams of the future. CHROME is fresh, long-lasting, and easy to wear. Like the generations of men before him, and those that will follow, the type of man who wears CHROME by Azzaro has a confidence that shines through. This season's CHROME Confidence Collection pays tribute to such a man and features a 1.7 fl. oz. Eau de Toilette Natural Spray, 2.5 fl. oz. After Shave Balm, 2.5 fl. oz. All Over Shampoo, and a 1.4 fl. oz. Shaving Gel. Valued at $84, it is yours for $50 at fine department stores. For more information, visit chrome.azzaroparis.com.

VANITY FAIR®

Vice President and Publisher EDWARD J. MENICHESCHI

Associate Publisher, Advertising AGNES B. CHAPSKI
Associate Publisher, Creative Services ANJALI LEWIS
Executive Director of Brand Development SARAH MURPHY
Advertising Director MICHAEL H. PROVUS
Director of Finance and Business Operations MARC LEYER
Advertising Director, International Fashion JUDE PÉREZ
Executive Fashion Director EMILY DAVIS
Executive Beauty Director LUCILLE DURAN
Executive Director, Spirits and Entertainment KATHRYN BANINO BANO
Executive Director, Luxury Goods and Retail DANIEL T. BORCHERT
Fashion and Beauty Director SHANNON REILLY
Account Directors MICHELE CHICOINE, KERI COSTELLO MAHE
Assistant to the Publisher SUSAN FALLETTA Assistant Business Manager MARTINA NAVRATIL Advertising Coordinator SHAKEELA SUBRAMANY

Los Angeles Directors
ANITA RAO KEECH
RUTH TOOKER
6300 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90048
323-965-3400

Detroit Manager
KELLIE A. MacALOON
2600 West Big Beaver Road
Suite 440
Troy, Michigan 48084
248-458-3100

Midwest Director
KATHRYN M. HERRICK
875 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611
312-649-3517

San Francisco Director
JESSICA JONES
50 Francisco Street
Suite 400
San Francisco, California 94133
415-955-8270

Southeast
MICHELE CHICOINE
212-286-5476

New England
KERI COSTELLO MAHE
212-286-2191

Dallas
LEWIS STAFFORD COMPANY
5000 Quorum Drive
Suite 545
Dallas, Texas 75240
972-960-2889

Hawaii
LOREN MALENCHEK
Malenchek & Associates
379 Holopuni Road
Kula, Hawaii 96790
808-283-7122

Canada
DODD MEDIA SALES
3121 Theatre Road North
Cobourg, Ontario
K9A 4J7 Canada
905-885-0664

Milan
ELENA DE GIULI
Piazza Cavour, 2
20121 Milan, Italy
3902-655-84223

Paris
ELISABETH BARBOSA
Go Media Sales Ltd.
26 Rue de l'Église
53200 Menil, France
33-1-243-70-45-74

London
FRAN BERRICK
Go Media Sales Ltd.
61 Grosvenor Street
London, England W1Y 9DA
44-20-7409-2616

Hong Kong
PETER JEFFERY
Asian Integrated Media Ltd.
Suites 2308–9, 23rd Floor
Two Chinachem Exchange Square
338 King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong
852-2850-4013

Executive Director of Creative Services BRENDA OLIVERI
Director, Merchandising and Promotional Development SHELBY TOMPKINS
Senior Merchandising Managers ERIN BRENNAN, TERRENCE CHARLES Associate Merchandising Manager K. QUINN STUEBE
Creative Development Director JENNIFER ORR KELMAN Entertainment Marketing Consultant JENNIFER PARKER VAN ZYL
Director of Special Events JULIE MOORE Special Events Manager JESSICA LATHAM Creative Services and Marketing Coordinator MATT McCUE
Creative Director, Advertising JAQUELINE BACICH Associate Art Director JANE O'CONNOR
Directors, Creative Projects Development ANNE DiBENEDETTO, JENNIFER PRODAN HENDERSON Associate Director, Creative Projects Development KAREN JENSEN
Marketing Director DAVID SORANNO Marketing Manager LAUREN MUEHLETHALER Associate Manager, Brand Development TONI CAVALIERE
Advertising Assistants DANYA HAKIMIAN, JANE LEVIN, TUOHY AHERN, JULIA RANSOM, TONI PAUWELS (Detroit), MATT OWENS (Chicago), ALLISON JOYCE (Los Angeles), MICHELLE SALVADOR (San Francisco)

PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS

Chairman S. I. NEWHOUSE, JR.

President and CEO CHARLES H. TOWNSEND

Chief Operating Officer JOHN W. BELLANDO
Chief Marketing Officer RICHARD D. BECKMAN
Chief Financial Officer DEBI CHIRICHELLA SABINO

Group Presidents–Publishing Directors DAVID CAREY, MITCHELL B. FOX

Executive Vice President–Human Resources JILL BRIGHT
Senior Vice President–Chief Information Officer JOHN BUESE
Senior Vice President–Operations and Strategic Sourcing DAVID ORLIN
Senior Vice President–Manufacturing and Distribution KEVIN G. HICKEY
Managing Director–Real Estate ROBERT BENNIS
Senior Vice President–Corporate Controller DAVID B. CHEMIDLIN
Senior Vice President–Chief Communications Officer MAURIE PERL
Senior Vice President–Planning and Development PRIMALIA CHANG
Senior Vice President–Market Research SCOTT McDONALD
Vice President–Editorial Assets & Rights EDWARD KLARIS
Vice President–Editorial Business Manager LINDA RICE
Vice President–Corporate Creative Director GARY VAN DIS Vice President–Editorial Operations RICK LEVINE

CONDÉ NAST MEDIA GROUP

Senior Vice President–Corporate Sales AMY CHURGIN Senior Vice President–Finance ROBERT A. SILVERSTONE
Vice President–Integrated Marketing LINDA MASON Vice President–Corporate Sales, Detroit PEGGY DAITCH Vice President–Creative Marketing CARA DEOUL PERL
Vice President–Marketing MATT ROBERTS Vice President–Interactive JASON R. KREBS Vice President–Creative Services DANA MILLER

CONSUMER MARKETING

Executive Vice President ROBERT A. SAUERBERG, JR. Vice President–Retail Marketing JAMES J. MATE
Vice President–Business Development JULIE MICHALOWSKI Consumer Marketing Director TAMMY LASPALAKIS

Published at 4 Times Square, New York, New York 10036

Subscription inquiries: Please write to *Vanity Fair*, Box 37714, Boone, Iowa 50037-0714, or call 800-365-0635.
For permissions and reprint requests, please call 212-286-8349 or fax requests to 212-286-8628.


There was no wind today,
but the kite flew higher than ever.
Of course, the look on my daughter's face sent me soaring as well.
My dream is to be a hero.
Only, who knew it would be through the eyes of a six-year-old.
Starting at $34,120.*
*MSRP. Destination, tax, title and license fees extra. As shown with optional equipment. MSRP $36,015.**Wind diffuser with available Vista Roof not shown. Do not put objects through roof.
LINCOLN
Reach Higher
Introducing the new 2007 Lincoln MKX with a responsive 265-hp V-6 and a panoramic Vista Roof.™** The sky is the limit. Life's calling. Where to next?
lincoln.com

Best and Brightest



What a terrible shame that the administration never lavished as much attention on significant matters of state—the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, the Katrina aftermath, and on and on—as it did on the president's stage-managed public appearances. Back in the day, when President Bush still made his micro-engineered photo-op cameos in front of carefully screened regular folks, little was left to chance. But that was before the public—even the carefully screened regular folks—went sour on him, on his devastating war, and on his imperial presidency. Now the only place the commander in chief feels comfortable walking among the little people is Albania, where his recent visit was described by many American commentators as being like a "rock star's." You don't need dive-bombing popularity ratings to tell you that this president is finished—the fact that he feels safer in Albania than he does in Albany speaks volumes. The president got so involved with the crowd in the village of Fushe Kruje that bloggers were sure his wristwatch had been snatched, until NBC News showed film indicating that he had actually removed it and put it in his pocket. In this respect the poor fellow should feel safer on his home turf. These days, most Americans would prefer President Bush's head to his watch.

I received a package from David Halberstam's widow, Jean, containing two small, exquisite books carved out of wood that she had given him. "These have been on David's desk—on his papers, buried under them or in his hands—for the past twenty years," she wrote in her note. "Was I trying to tell him small books could be beautiful? He loved these and I thought you might like to find a place for them on your desk." I was hugely touched by the gesture and will treasure the books. Halberstam was a special person in my life, for the past two decades, as he was to so many *Vanity Fair* readers. He was of the scale of the men he loved to write about—a figure born of the American Century: tall, broad-shouldered, Old Testament in his furies and feuds, with a baritone that could rattle the gods. When he died, at the age of 73 in a car crash in Menlo Park, California, last April, American journalism lost one of its most celebrated and uncompromising figures.

He was there in the South as a journalist during the early years of the civil-rights movement, and he was in Vietnam during the early days of American involvement in Indochina. Following the example of his father, who had served heroically in both World Wars, Halberstam found he could not be an armchair journalist—he had to be where the action was, and he had to take risks.

In Vietnam, David and a handful of other reporters and photojournalists refused to swallow the American-government line being peddled in Saigon. They went out to the battlefields and found their own military sources, and exposed the big lie coming from Washington that we were winning, or that we even could win.

In his 1988 book, *A Bright Shining Lie,* Neil Sheehan, who had worked as U.P.I.'s bureau chief in Vietnam alongside Halberstam, who was with *The New York Times*—they both won Pulitzer Prizes for their reporting during the war—related an incident that summed up Halberstam's commitment, his fearlessness, and his moral center. The South Vietnamese regime had decided to intimidate the foreign press by having its police ambush them as they covered a Buddhist demonstration:

> Half a dozen plainclothesmen from the Sûreté jumped the AP's Peter Arnett.... The Sûreté men threw Arnett to the ground so that they could kick him in the kidneys with the pointed-toe shoes they wore in the Saigon-French fashion of the day. Halberst charged with a bellow before they had an portunity to hurt Arnett seriously. He knock and tossed the lightly built Vietnamese as and stood over Arnett, his grizzly-bear sho ders hunched and his great fists poised, yelli "Get back, get back, you sons of bitches, or beat the shit out of you."

At Halberstam's memorial, Sheehan spo eloquently of his friend's bravery. deed, he was a man's man, a beau ideal the wartime correspondent. He fished salmon in Patagonia and bonefish in t Florida Keys. (We don't have bonefi where I come from in Canada, and the fi time David asked me to join him on one such trip, I worried th "bonefishing" was code for something else.) He went out scullin every morning during the summer in Nantucket Bay. He yelled the television set if his football or basketball or baseball team di appointed him. In the days immediately following his death, Jea found herself having to console a stream of his close male friend "who loved David." They did love David. And he them. Halbe stam took care of his friends, worried about them, and hoped fo and celebrated their success. He was a good friend in good time and a great friend in bad times.

In his more than 20 books, many of them classics, including *Th Best and the Brightest, The Powers That Be,* and *Summer of '49* Halberstam explored the themes he lived and men similar to him self. His chief venue was the short, pungent biographical portrai and he was happiest, I think, when he was depicting heroes—Te Williams battling a hostile press and angry Boston fans; the fire men from his neighborhood who died trying to rescue others in th World Trade Center on the morning of 9/11; the rowers who gav their all to a sport, while knowing it would bring them none of the money or fame awarded athletes in more popular sports.

But Halberstam is best known for his portraits of men who were the flip side of such heroes—men blinded by hubris and certitud who make horrific mistakes, chief among them the so-called bes and brightest architects of the Vietnam War. When such men lied— as men do when wars go wrong—it provoked Halberstam's wrath like nothing else.

In this issue Doug Stumpf, his longtime editor, and I are proud to publish David's last dispatch, "The History Boys," about President Bush and his advisers. Halberstam's evaluation of them is not kind (nor does he believe history's will be); rather, it is the sort of informed, uncompromising judgment we came always to expect from him. But with this administration Halberstam found, almost to his astonishment, a new cardinal sin to add to hubris and certitude: sheer ignorance.

David Halberstam was not the only dear friend I lost this spring. There was a period there when I was going to a funeral or a memorial every week. I will miss George Kramer, a friend and a role model for almost 30 years. He was a New York lawyer with catholic literary tastes and a sophisticated sense of city history and civic duty. I will also miss Claudia Cohen, a peerless hostess and a television personality who was a regular on *Live with Regis and Kelly.* It could reasonably be argued that a city's character comes not from bricks and mortar but rather from the people who live in it. By this standard, New York, perhaps the world's wealthies city, has seen its fortunes diminish with the recent deaths of so many of its cherished citizens—I haven't even mentioned the historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and the actress and cabaret singer Kitty Carlisle Hart—and it's difficult to see their replacements anywhere on the horizon.

—GRAYDON CARTER


OLCE & GABBANA

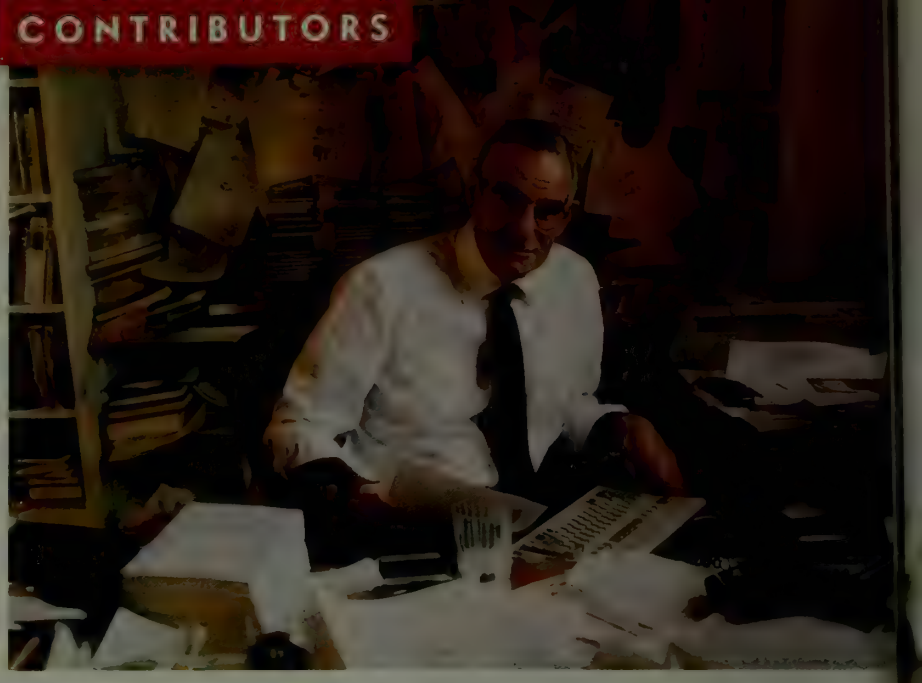


Mary J. Blige and Chris "Ludacris" Bridges

Brunch with Piaget

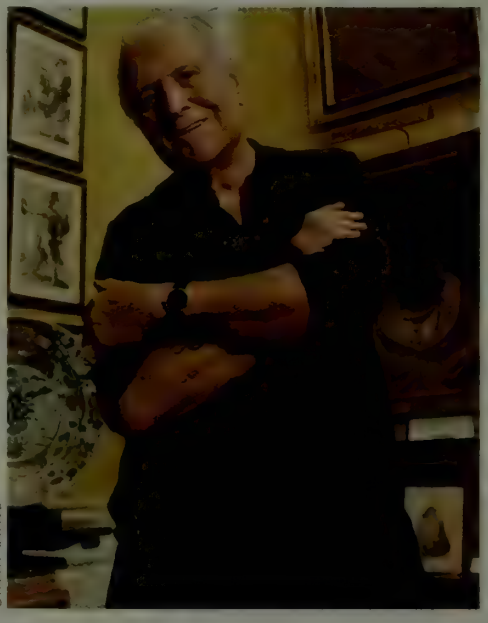
On February 10, Piaget and *Vanity Fair* hosted an intimate pre–Grammy Awards champagne brunch to salute the achievements of Mary J. Blige and Chris "Ludacris" Bridges. The event, held at Sunset Terrace at the Sunset Tower Hotel, in West Hollywood, also raised awareness for the National Runaway Switchboard, a charity that supports at-risk youth and is supported by the honorees. To mark the occasion, Piaget specially created earrings for Blige and a watch for Bridges, as well as donated duplicate earrings to be auctioned to benefit the charity. Among the V.I.P.'s in attendance were Bridges's mother, Roberta Shields; Blige's husband, producer Kendu Isaacs; Oscar® nominee Terrence Howard; members of the Roots; producer Antonio "L.A." Reid; rapper Bow Wow; producer "Jimmy Jam" Harris; and singer/songwriter Ne-Yo.





David Halberstam

On April 23, *Vanity Fair* lost one of its finest contributing editors, and journalism lost one of its most exemplary practitioners and staunchest defenders, when David Halberstam, the Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *The Best and the Brightest* and *The Fifties,* was killed in a car accident. Over the course of his career, Halberstam not only wrote 21 books that chronicled the latter half of the 20th century with unmatched precision and authority, but also lent his voice to *V.F.* for the past 14 years, inking incisive political profiles of Bill Clinton and Henry Kissinger and essays—after 9/11 and Hurricane Katrina—that revealed his insight as a journalist and his unwavering belief in America and its people. His passion and skepticism are on full display in this month's "History Boys," in which Halberstam castigates the Bush presidency on its misuse of history as it tries to spin the Iraq quagmire into something other than a disaster. "I got tired of hearing Bush, when referring to the Iraq war, saying, 'History tells us . . . ' History does no such thing," said Halberstam shortly before his death. "If there was ever something that people with a real sense of history were wary about, it would be the idea of going into Iraq as liberators. So to hear the president constantly, carelessly, and vaguely invoke history really offended me."



GAVIN BOND

John Richardson

This month, contributing editor and renowned Picasso biographer John Richardson chronicles the iconic existence of Gerald and Sara Murphy, an American couple who exemplified—and arguably reigned over—the glamorous expatriate world of Paris and the Riviera in the 1920s. "Pablo Picasso and Fernand Léger talked to me about the Murphys," Richardson says. "I also knew both Sara's and Gerald's outrageous sisters." In "Expats in Wonderland," page 140, Richardson applauds the couple for having the means and magnetism to inspire their friends to live life as if it were a work of art. "There are no equivalents of the Murphys today any more than there are equivalents of their friends Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway, or Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas," he says. Richardson's anticipated *A Life of Picasso: The Triumphant Years (1917–1932)* (Knopf) will be published in November. It is the third volume of Richardson's Picasso biography; volume one won the Whitbread Book Award, in England, in 1991.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4


NEW YORK
MICHAEL KORS

vanity fair
agenda
special promotion



Brooke Dunham, Tia Cibani, and Burt Boyar

Ports 1961 Style at Ports 1961

On March 8, the Ports 1961 showroom in New York City was the site of an exclusive cocktail party, hosted by Ports 1961 designer Tia Cibani and the Accompanied Literary Society, to launch the book *Photo by Sammy Davis Jr.*, with text by Burt Boyar. The evening featured an exhibition of the iconic photographs taken by Davis and an appearance by Boyar, Davis's longtime friend. To capture the glamour and panache of the Rat Pack era, Adam Dugas and his six-piece band performed, and London D.J. Kris Bones created a soundtrack of vintage tunes. Guests included notables such as Anne Dexter Jones, Altovise Davis, David Friend, Waris Ahluwia, Rufus Albemarle, Fabian Basabe, Berry and Jane Bloomingdale, Amanda Cutter Brooks, Chiara Clemente, Will Cotton, Todd Eberle, and Olivia Palermo.



Sly Stone

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

Buzz Bissinger



Contributing editor and best-selling author Buzz Bissinger, who won the Pulitzer Prize in 1987, wrote about football in his book *Friday Night Lights* and baseball in *Three Nights in August,* but he says the most exciting sporting event he's ever attended was the 1973 Belmont Stakes, which Secretariat won by 31 lengths to earn racing's Triple Crown. In this issue, Bissinger examines the tragedy of Barbaro, who w Secretariat's heir apparent, and speaks to the remarkable group of people who cared f the horse. "They get very emotional," says Bissinger of Barbaro's owners, trainer, a surgeon. "It's really, really hard to lose someone you love. To have something th catastrophic happen was beyond anyone's imagination." Bissinger's book *Father's Day,* personal story about his twin sons, comes out next year from Houghton Mifflin



JUST LOOMIS

Dominick Dunne

Vanity Fair's seasoned crime writer and social diarist is back in the courtroom with a guaranteed seat at the trial of music legend Phil Spector, who is charged with the murder of Lana Clarkson. "It always strikes me as peculiar," Dunne reflects, "that I personally have known so many of the people on trial for murder, attempted murder, rape, or big-league financial malfeasance. The Phil Spector trial is no exception." Dunne first got to know Spector when he was in Los Angeles covering the O. J. Simpson trial for *V.F.* 12 years ago. Returning to the historic Chateau Marmont hotel, Dunne marvels. "You run into people like Bono and Terence Stamp in the darkened elevators. You hear guests say things like 'We're staying in Garbo's old suite.' I'm back in Hollywood again." And we're delighted.

David Kamp



Before finally landing an interview with funk legend Sly Stone for this issue, contributing editor David Kamp spent a dozen years chasing the former Sly and the Family Stone front man, who had largely disappeared from public view in the 1980s. "It was just a matter of sheer persistence," says Kamp. "I gave up a few times and then something would happen to re-ignite my hopes." This was not the first time that one of Kamp's stories was "as much about the search as the result." In writing his January 2002 *V.F.* article about Orson Welles's 1942 movie *The Magnificent Ambersons,* Kamp says, he didn't find the pot of gold. But in this case? "Wonderfully, I did."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50


INTRODUCING
FLAIR™


REVLON
FLAIR
LIVE LIFE WITH FLAIR
THE CAPTIVATING NEW FRAGRANCE FROM REVLON
fragrance aisle, where Revlon cosmetics are sold.
www.revlonflair.com

vanity fair agenda

advertising • promotion • events • opportunities



Kristine Westerby and Claus-Dietrich Lahrs of Dior with Liz Hopfan of Free Arts NYC.



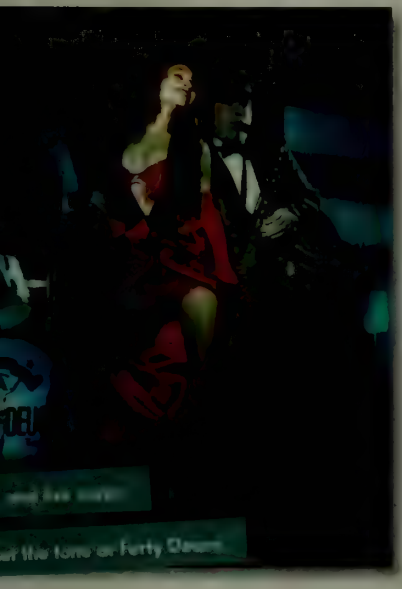
Amy Sacco, Liv Tyler, and Mary Alice Stephenson

t Meets Fashion

spring, Dior and *Vanity Fair* joined forces to help celebrate the Free Arts NYC 8th Annual Art Auction Benefit, Portraits and Polaroids. On April 11, Dior boutique in New York City was the site of an exclusive champagne reception, where guests shopped and previewed the artwork. Then, on April more than 600 guests gathered downtown at Milk Gallery for the star-studded Auction Benefit. Original works by such artists as Chuck Close, Tom hs, and Catherine Opie were sold by art expert Simon de Pury to raise more than $650,000. The evening's supporters included Liv Tyler, Amy Sacco, ry Alice Stephenson, Naomi Watts, Liev Schreiber, Bob Colacello, Nick Cannon, Selita Ebanks, Becca Carson Thrash, Glenn O'Brien, and Patricia squez. Guests enjoyed Pravda Vodka cocktails as they celebrated the charitable efforts of Free Arts NYC.

A New York Nightclub

Kane's Forty Deuce has long been sidered the gold standard of burlesque, ving audiences in Hollywood and at Mandalay Bay, in Las Vegas. Now Ivan e is bringing his world-famous nightclub New York, in partnership with Sting and id Bowie. It's an unbeatable experience, world-class dancers and live jazz. more information, visit fortydeuce.com.





Hampton Luxury Liner

Keep your Hamptons weekends stress-free by traveling from Manhattan aboard the Hampton Luxury Liner's spacious, relaxing bus service, departing hourly. Each elegant coach offers beverages, snacks, music, movies, and a newsstand library. Stretch out in oversize seats. Arrive refreshed. Only $24.90 each way when you purchase a 10-trip value pack for $249. For reservations, call 631-537-5800, or visit hamptonluxuryliner.com.

The Spotted Pig

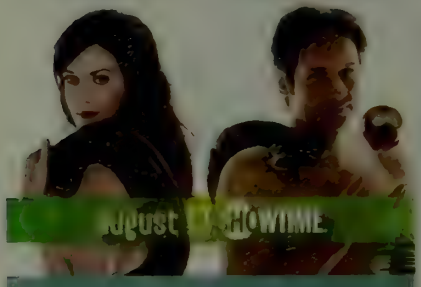
The Spotted Pig serves April Bloomfield's seasonal British and Italian cooking in a casual pub atmosphere. Pull up a stool at one of the two bars, where cask-conditioned ales, wines from an eclectic list, and the bartender's famous signature cocktails are served. The Spotted Pig is located in one of New York City's best neighborhoods: the West Village. For more details, visit thespottedpig.com.



vanity fair
agenda
special promotion

MONDAYS ARE TEMPTING

weeds Californication



Get Ready for Showtime Mondays

Monday nights are more tempting than ever on Showtime. Emmy® and Golden Globe® winner Mary-Louise Parker returns for a new season of *Weeds*, the hit series that has everyone hooked. Then, David Duchovny stars as a guy who'll say anything but "no" in the new comedy series *Californication*. Both shows premiere on August 13. For more information, visit sho.com.



Beaux Arts patrons Darryl and Courtney Parmenter and Kristin and Dan Dolan

A Miami Arts Institution

Beaux Arts of Miami is a volunteer organization that raises funds for the Lowe Art Museum at the University of Miami. Among its many annual fund-raisers is Miami's oldest costume ball. In addition, Beaux Arts brings art to the South Florida community through its annual Festival of Art, Art On! program for less-privileged schoolchildren, and art exhibitions and classes for kids.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48



GASPER TRINGALE

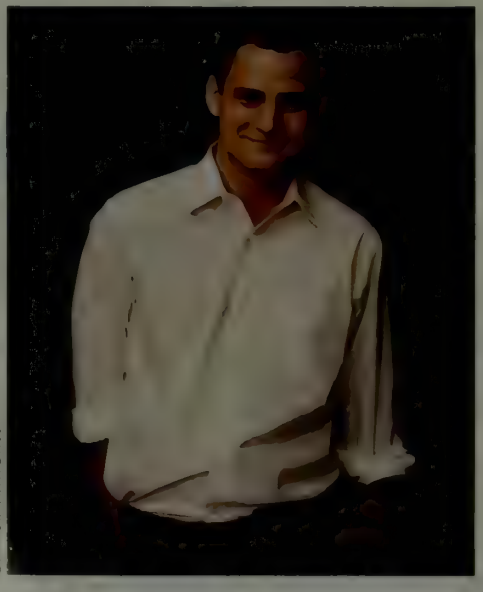
James Wolcott

Contributing editor James Wolcott, who profiled Martin Short in *V.F.*'s August 2006 issue, steps back onto c stage this month as he writes about another Canadian-bor comic legend, Mort Sahl, the often overlooked, yet enormo influential, stand-up comedia who paved the way for talent such as Bill Maher, Jon Stewa Al Franken, and Stephen Col "Sahl's example empowered comedians to address politics with a slicing irreverence," observes Wolcott, "saying aloud what newspaper columnists and pundits—stuck in th hamster cages—never had the nerve to say." Wolcott, whose subjects have run the gan from television and politics to the Internet and fine arts during his long stint at the magazine, lives in Manhattan with his wife, *Vanity Fair* contributor Laura Jacobs, anc their three ocicats. He tracks the times on his popular blog, jameswolcott.com.

Michael Hogan



Senior articles editor Michael Hogan, who wrote the story on *Transformers* star Shia LaBeouf in this issue (page 116), knows something about the pressures of being a child actor. "I used to act in commercials," he says, "and when I was nine I put my foot down and told my mom, 'I want to be a normal kid!' So I was intrigued that Shia launched himself into actin a 10-year-old, without much help from his parents." This is the first cover story Hogan, who has edited his fair share of them since joining *V.F.* in 1998. "I have a h respect for my writers," he says. "They fooled me into thinking it was ea



GASPER TRINGALE

John Ortved

"Trying to get an in with *The Simpsons* was like trying to infiltrate the Mob," says *Vanity Fair* contributing editorial associate John Ortved, whose oral history of the Emmy Award–winning show begins on page 94. "It's a family and they are extremely proprietary. Even people who had not been with th show for 10 or 15 years were reluctant open up." Although Ortved, who also does economic research for *V.F.*, spent six months writing about Homer and Bart, he'll never get tired of *The Simpsons'* humor. "It's timeless. I will go home and watch an episode tonight—it never gets old." Ortved, who lives in New York, is originally from Toronto, to which he regularly returns to perform with his band, Henri Fabergé and the Adorables.


Today flawless
feels weightless.
For up to
16 perfect hours
ColorStay® Makeup
• Patented SoftFlex® formula guarantees a light, comfortable feel
• 2 specific skin type formulas
Stay shine-free with Combination/Oily
Stay cake-free with Normal/Dry
• 20 beautiful, long-wearing shades
WITH SOFT FLEX
COMFORT TECHNOLOGY
REVLON ColorStay® Makeup with SoftFlex SPF 6 Combination/Oily Skin
REVLON ColorStay® Makeup with SoftFlex SPF 15 Normal/Dry Skin
REVLON®
alle Berry is wearing ColorStay Makeup for Combination/Oily Skin in Caramel
2007 Revlon Consumer Products Corporation revlon.com

HITCHENS'S LONDONISTAN

Religion within borders; backing Rudy; fish flak; the power of the pose; and an Oval Office oops



FIRST AND SECOND
"Had I come across the pictures of Mr. Ms. Moore, and Mr. Kutcher on the speed not known their identities, I would have s Dad escorting the kids on a fishing
—Susan Adler, New York, Ne

The United States and England share sturdy democratic traditions, yet it is in the U.K. that we see rising Islamic militancy. Christopher Hitchens ["Londonistan Calling," June] correctly identifies the policy of nurturing individual cultures within the U.K. as having unintended consequences, but I think a great deal of the problem lies with the welfare state of many European countries. Extremely generous welfare policies are what attract so many Muslims to the U.K. Yet welfare is a debilitating thing, ultimately. It creates legions of the idle and the underemployed, and that, in any culture, fosters anger, isolation, and resentment. When these particular immigrants look to their religion, they often hear that violence and virulent anti-Semitism are the answers.

In the U.S., while new immigrants rely somewhat on generous social services, it very quickly becomes evident that they must create their own success and work. Furthermore, becoming a full, working member of the economy means that they must interact more frequently with those who are different, so assimilation becomes more common. And so it goes that at least a grudging respect for the separation of religion and state becomes the norm.

MICHAEL REISNER
Highland Park, Illinois

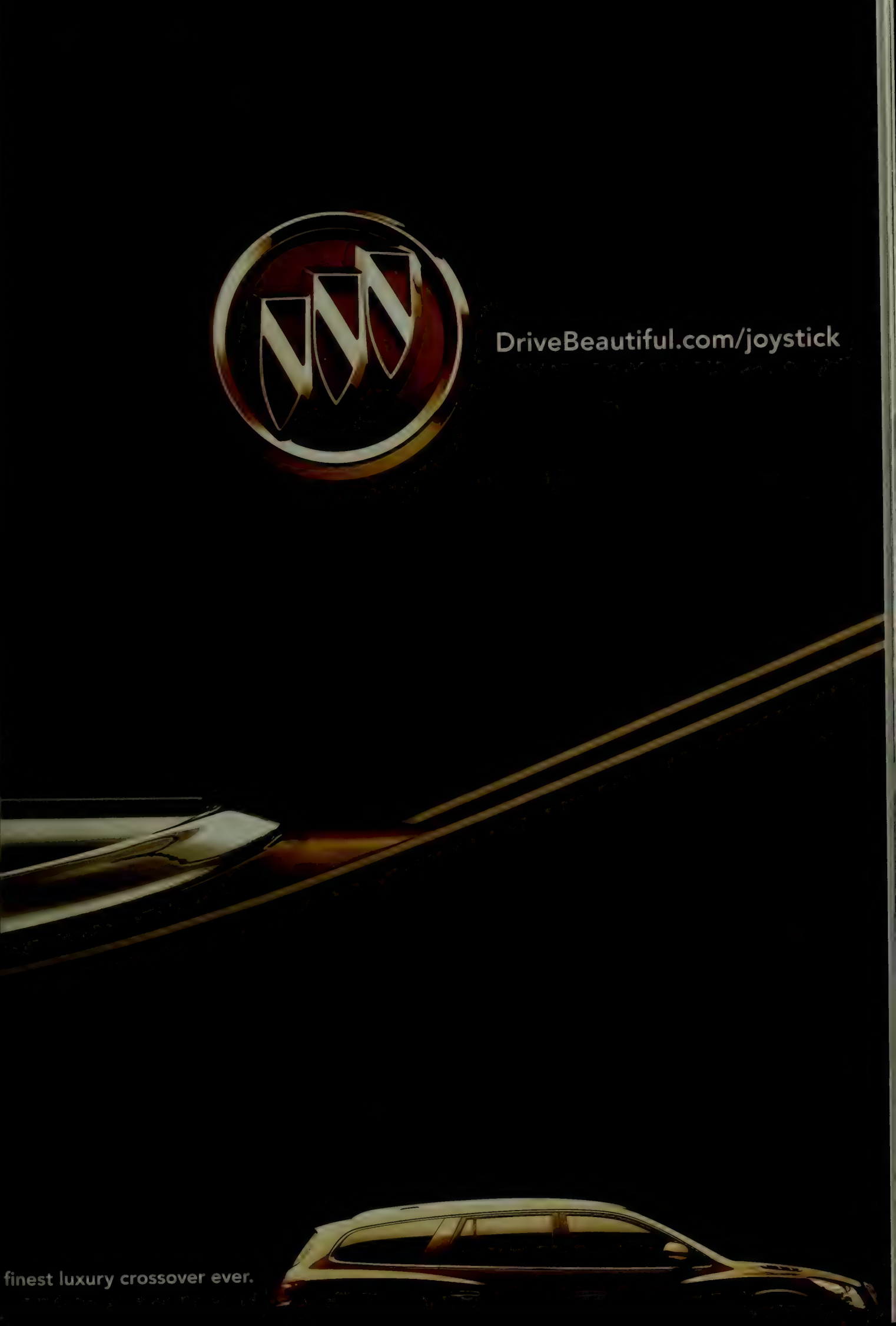
I WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND why people who were allowed to migrate to the U.K. because they were unable to secure work in their own countries are eager to bite the hand that feeds them. What scares me is that these people were born and raised in the West, yet they still gravitate toward fanatical Islam, which i the death of those who believe in reason tolerance, and coexistence. I grew up i Abbottabad, Pakistan (a small town i the country's northwest frontier), and saw these fanatics firsthand. But nothing in my life could have prepared me for th scenes I witnessed on TV of British Muslims (the majority of whom, regrettably, are linked to Pakistan in one way or another), and it terrifies me.

BILAL QURESHI
Washington, D.C.

IT WAS NICE of Christopher Hitchens t pay a return visit to Finsbury Park, although I confess that as a current resident of the area I don't recognize the place he describes, and the sense of threat he feels is something I've noticed only when Arsenal is playing Chelsea down


PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE
don't just wear
Patek Philippe.
You begin an
during love affair.
Thirty-six rare white diamonds complement the polished steel case. The bracelet wraps itself sensuously around the wrist. The Twenty-4™ is eminently capable of capturing any woman's heart. Collection includes matching white gold ring and earrings. Ref. 4910/10A.
Tel. (1) 212 218 1240. www.patek.com


A 275-hp, 3.6L VVT V6, six-speed. Let the games begin. Buick Enc


DriveBeautiful.com/joystick
finest luxury crossover ever.

the road, at Emirates Stadium. I can't remember ever seeing a burka on Blackstock Road. And I recall that in the days following the bombings on July 7, 2005, nearly every Algerian shop in the area displayed posters condemning the attacks. Never let the facts get in the way of an opinion when you're pandering to the prejudices of your neocon friends, though, Mr. Hitchens.

BEN MILNE
London, England

I ASK CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS to turn his marvelous brain to the subject of what steps he believes should be taken by the British government in response to the situation in the U.K., which he described so vividly. I, for one, would value his thoughts on the matter very highly. (I am a British citizen who has lived in the U.S. for 42 years.) I assume he rules out the mass deportation of British Muslims—especially those younger ones who were born there and have to live there; I assume he would not imprison anyone because of what he believes; I assume he assumes that tens of thousands of young Muslims in the U.K. are not fundamentalists who hate the status quo. I have no reason to think that the Brown-led Cabinet would heed Hitchens's "positive" response to the "negative" situation he told us about so insightfully, but I would love to know what the Cabinet would say.

PETER SMITH
Buffalo, New York

GIULIANI JUDGMENTS

ALTHOUGH MICHAEL WOLFF says that Rudy Giuliani is "fun to write about," I am hard-pressed to understand what Giuliani has done to make himself such an appealing presidential candidate ["Crazy for Rudy," June]. What did he do during the crisis of 9/11 that any other civic leader would not have done? From what I've seen, Giuliani manages to capitalize on being in the right place at the wrong time, which hardly qualifies him for the presidency. And that's not funny.

PHYLLIS LANDIS
Los Angeles, California

MICHAEL WOLFF'S questioning of Mayor Giuliani's sanity shows a complete lack of understanding of what makes a true New Yorker. We don't hide our thoughts to look pretty, we state our thoughts to make a difference. With Giuliani, whether you agree with him or not, you always know where he stands. His honest disclosures are rational because they are necessary. His roughness of speech shows he means what he says, and the words he speaks are his alone. New York is a world unto itself, and although some people did not like Giuliani's tenure as mayor, he made the majority of New Yorkers feel that their city was a decent place to live again. He was sane enough to make bettering New York his most important task. And I believe that makes him the sanest man of all.

CHARLES WOLFE McMELLON
Brooklyn, New York

RAW FEELINGS

HAVING FOREVER praised *Vanity Fair* for its insightful articles on environmental and social issues, I was appalled by your article by Nick Tosches ["If You Knew Sushi," June]. Glamorizing an industry which is decimating our eco-systems and fish populations to near extinction makes one want to go back to eating meat!

ANDREA B. STREET
Austin, Texas

YOGA NATION

I COMMEND you on your beautiful portraits and descriptions of some of the leading yogis ["Planet Yoga," June]. They are a testament to the power and universality of this amazing practice, and I'm glad to see that you've given the the same star treatment as the Hollywood entertainers, politicians, and athletes that grace your glossy pages. The profiled yoga teachers are stars in the truest sense: these leading lights have guided millions on a path of self-discovery and truth. Your article helped to show that yoga is a healing life practice for everyone, and that we can benefit deeply from it.

FOR LETT THE GO VF.C

ANNELISE HAGEN
Author, *The Yoga Fa*
Brooklyn, New Yo

AS BLACK YOGA teachers, we were somewhat dismayed, but not at all surprised, that none of us were represented i

MORE FROM THE *V.F.* MAILBAG

"I was on the fence in regard to renewing my subscription until I saw the cover of your June issue." And? And? But there we will leave you, readers, balancing precariously alongside Clare M. Frost, of Dania, Florida, until the end of this column.



"I am an Englishman, as distinct from a 'British person,' which nowadays seems to include any pimp, whore, or comic singer who happens to have been born in the U.K.," begins Roger Hughes, of Orlando, Florida, before removing the gloves. "As Christopher Hitchens correctly states, the British people are traditionally highly tolerant of revolutionaries in their midst, and consequently very slow to anger. But the problem with that is, when the kettle finally boils over, we don't get half mad.... This backlash could be brutal, perhaps civil war, but one hopes it will cleanse the country, not only of murderous religious extremists but also of the blinkered do-gooder politicians who sanction them."

More tea?

Another reader, scrawling by fax: "Way Too Much info About Sushi .. Oh yeah and Your 'Green' issue Sucks as Does Ed Costner & Diary Features also overuse of Eponymous!!! And your Get Bush Articles Every Freakin' Issue Have Led Me To Distrust ALL your writers and that Sir, is a Very Bad Thing For Those of us who Love THE Written Word." Yes, the ill effects are already in evidence.

From Susan Adler, in New York City, regarding "Free Willis" [by Peter Biskind, June]: "No intended disrespect to Mr. Willis, Ms. Moore, or Mr. Kutcher, but had I come across the pictures of them on the speedboat and not known their identities, I would have assumed it was a photo of Dad escorting the kids on a fishing trip."

And, finally, what of Ms. Frost, on the fence regarding that cover and her subscription? Turns out she's a "British vintage-motorcycle enthusiast" (13 bikes!) and her "yelp of joy" at the sight of the one under Bruce Willis "sent my dog under the couch." The upshot: "Please renew for this 'old biker chick'!"

n you have nothing to hide behind, you tend not to hide anything.



Naked Vodka

de from pure glacial spring water, untouched, untainted, and unspoiled.

p your judgement pure. Drink responsibly.

finlandia.com

"Planet Yoga." We realize that on the surface it appears that black people don't practice yoga; our presence and participation often are disproportionately lacking at studios and retreat centers, so to some extent that is understandable.

We suspect, however, that no one even thought to include a black yoga master, because if you had looked you might have found Shola Arewa, Kofi Busia, Krishna Kaur, Teresa Kay-Aba Kennedy, and many others. You also could have included notable black celebrities who are considered "masters" of yoga, such as Russell Simmons and Sonny Rollins. Contrary to popular perception, the number of black yoga masters, teachers, and practitioners is steadily growing.

MAYA BREUER
Warwick, Rhode Island
JANA LONG
Baltimore, Maryland
Registered yoga teachers

REAGAN, ONE DAY AT A TIME

YOUR EXCERPT from President Reagan's diaries was magnificent ["Reagan, Unscripted," by Douglas Brinkley, June]. It read as a history lesson and demonstrated to me—yet again—that Reagan was truly one of our greatest presidents. He knew how to handle a problem and was definitely no wimp when it came to dealing with the troublemakers of the world. He shot straight and treated everyone with honesty and truthfulness. He was a truly devoted husband, and the fact that he had problems with his kids showed me that the problems I had with mine were not unique.

ROBERT HOFAWGER
Sterling, Virginia

DOUGLAS BRINKLEY'S retelling of how Bob Hope once asked President Reagan "how it felt to actually be the U.S. president—to sit in the very Oval Office where Abraham Lincoln paced during the Civil War" is based on untruth. First inhabited by William Taft, the Oval Office was not built until 1909.

WARREN SEABURY
Sherman Oaks, California

REAGAN'S DIARIES illustrate the charm but essential shallowness of this man and his carefully scripted persona. I was shocked at the entry for September 2, 1983, the day the Soviets shot down a Korean airliner with 53 Americans aboard. He had to leave the ranch three days early and was "heartbroken" about the early departure back to Washington. Heartbreak would have been a much more appropriate sentiment about the American deaths. There is so much myth-building involved in a thing written by or about Ronald Reag even among historians, that I doubt we ever know the truth.

KAY SHOU
Seattle, Washing

CORRECTIONS: The caption accompany Michael O'Neill's portrait of Dharma Mittra the June issue's "Planet Yoga" unintention plagiarized Tanya Lewis's article "A Glimpse Dharma Mittra," published in the April/M 2003 issue of Yoga International *and curre on the Web site of Dharma Mittra's yoga ce (dharmayogacenter.com). We regret the error.*

On page 66 of the June issue ("Magnum Op by David Friend), we misstated where Robert C died. He died in Southeast Asia.

On page 122 of the June issue ("If You Kn Sushi," by Nick Tosches), we misstated the gen of Mr. Sasha Issenberg, the author of The Sus Economy.

Letters to the editor should be sent electron cally with the writer's name, address, a daytime phone number to letters@vf.co Letters to the editor will also be accepted v fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back i sues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.co All other queries should be sent to vfmail vf.com. The magazine reserves the right t edit submissions, which may be published o otherwise used in any medium. All submi sions become the property of *Vanity Fair.*

POSTSCRIPT



Pale Male Jr. atop the CNN billboard in Columbus Circle, in New York City.

Among a certain breed of New Yorker, December 7, 2004, is a date that will live in infamy. On that rain-swept day, workers hired by the management of 927 Fifth Avenue—where apartment prices approach $20 million—tore down, for the second time, the nest that a famous red-tailed hawk named Pale Male and his mate, Lola, had built atop a window molding just below roof level. In contrast to the removal of the first nest, in 1993, which drew a letter from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife service, this time the building's management did its regulatory homework. But it also seriously underestimated how much New Yorkers' affection for Pale Male had grown in the 11 years since he'd become the first redtail on record to nest atop a city building.

Within days of the nest's destruction, an increasingly raucous demonstration began outside 927 Fifth. The media flocked to the scene, lured by the building's famous hawks and residents, among them actress Mary Tyler Moore, who sided with the protesters, and CNN anchor Paula Zahn, who came under extra scrutiny because her husband, Richard Cohen, a real-estate developer and the president of 927 Fifth's co-op board, had been instrumental in the removal of the nest.

Vanity Fair contributing editor Frank DiGiacomo's July 2005 article, "Ruffled Feathers on Fifth Avenue," deconstructed the lucre-versus-nature brouhaha that landed Cohen in the doghouse and Pale Male and Lola in a restored, architect-designed nest basket and cradle that, according to one building source, cost $250,000 by the time it was attached to the building.

Two and a half years down the road, New York City parks commissioner Adrian Benepe, who took part in the talks that reinstated the hawks at 927 Fifth, says, "There seems to be more peace in the animal kingdom than the human kingdom in that building." Indeed, while Pale Male and Lola remain a couple—despite their failure to produce any offspring for a third consecutive year—divorce proceedings were initiated between Cohen and Zahn in April, around the time that press reports linked the CNN anchor to married ContiGroup C.E.O. Paul Fribourg. According to an "insider" quoted on the *New York Post's* "Page Six," "Things really started going downhill for Paula and Richard during the Pale Male and Lola incident," though a friend of the estranged couple's tells *V.F.*, "That is not the reason [Zahn] sought solace elsewhere."

If Zahn eventually does put her marriage and 927 Fifth behind her, she may find it hard to shake the specter of Pale Male, at least as long as she's at CNN. That's because "Pale Male Jr.," a younger look-alike that has been identified in the press as Pale Male's offspring—though paternity has not been established—loves to buzz the Time Warner Center, site of the cable news network's broadcast center and Zahn's office.

To read the original story, please visit **VANITYFAIR.COM.**

©2007 Samsung Electronics America, Inc. All rights reserved. Samsung is a registered trademark of Samsung Electronics Co., Ltd. All product and brand names are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective companies.



imagine a true cinema experience every night



Samsung Plasma TV HP-T5654

Whether you enjoy fast-paced action films or golden age classics, Samsung Plasma HDTVs deliver a theater quality viewing experience. With its new and innovative optimized Movie Mode, you can enjoy movies the way any movie fan would. With the new Samsung Plasma HDTV, it's not that hard to imagine.

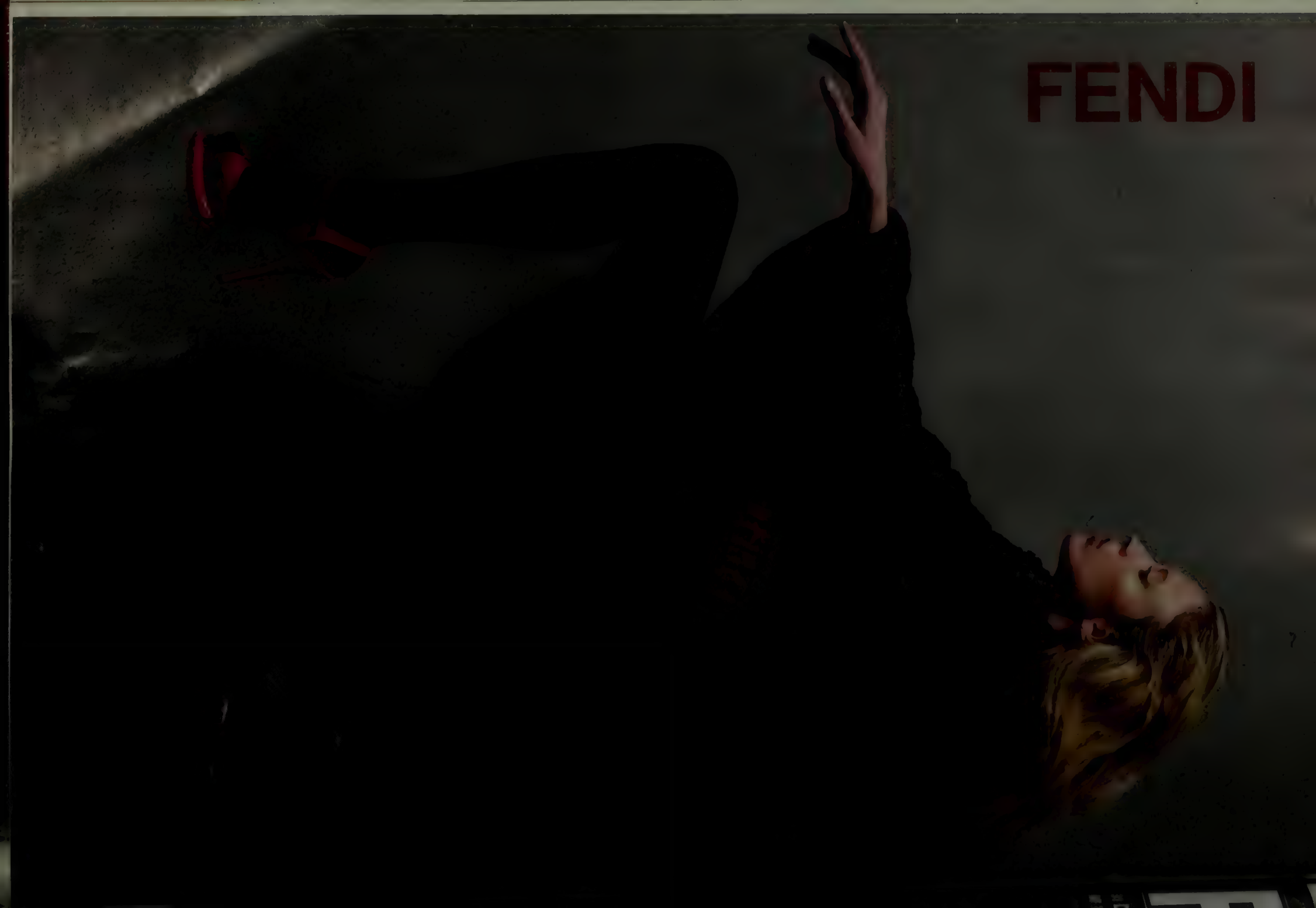
To learn more, visit www.samsung.com/plasma

Available at these and other fine retailers:

BEST BUY

circuit city

SAMSUNG


FENDI

FANFAIR

31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE

AUGUST 2007



PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

...s Company. Some Cards require enrollment ... the payment of an annual program fee. Terms & Conditions may vary. Travel reservations must be made at americanexpress

Cardmember Shaun White

Member since 2006

Occupation Snowboarder and Skateboarder

Proudest accomplishment Gettin' crazy in the half pipe in Torino.

Recent trip Rwanda to meet some kids and for a little Safari action.

Favorite moment Camping out in our van up in the mountains with my family when I was younger.

Most interesting souvenir I tried to bring home a Samurai Sword from Japan once. That didn't work out so well.

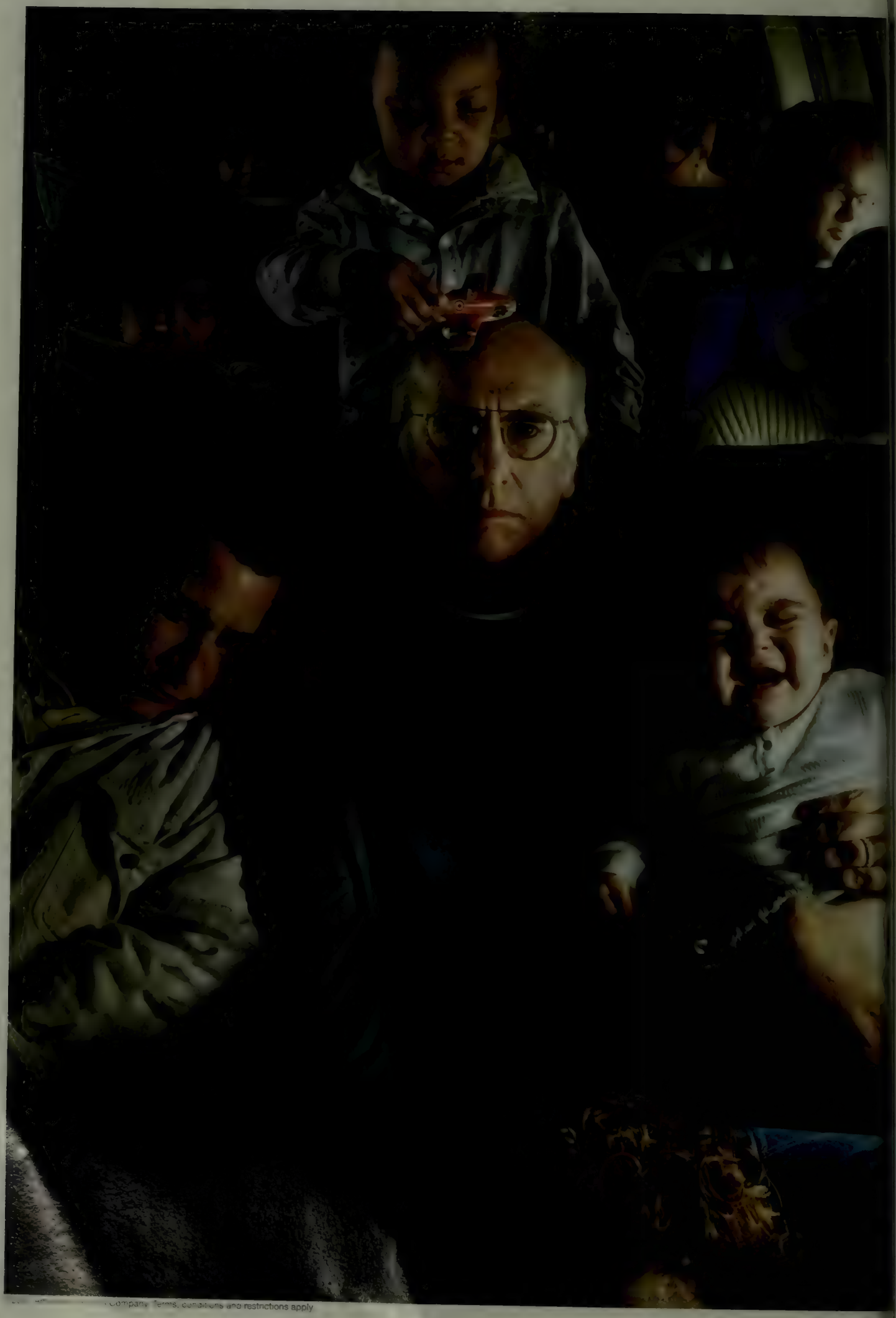
In-flight movie Anything I haven't seen 30 times...

Travel wish To always be where the snow is.

My card Lets me use Points so I can fly where I want, when I want.

ARE YOU A CARDMEMBER?™
visit americanexpress.com to join





Company. Terms, conditions and restrictions apply

Cardmember ..... Larry David .....

Member since ..... God knows when .....

Occupation ..... Life Coach .....

Proudest accomplishment ..... Convinced client to leave wife and join the circus

Recent trip ..... Central Africa .....

Favorite moment ..... Staged successful coup d'etat against oppressive dictatorship... renamed capital "Larrytown".

Most interesting souvenir ..... "I ♡ Larrytown" bumper sticker.

In-flight movie ..... "Rochelle, Rochelle" - the story of a young girl's journey from Milan to Minsk.

Travel wish ..... When I land I can play the piano... .

My card ..... Duh. .....

ARE YOU A CARDMEMBER?℠

visit americanexpress.com to join



ARE YOU PLAYING MUSICAL CHAIRS
TO GET A SEAT IN THE AIRPORT?

or

ARE YOU KICKING BACK IN A
PRIVATE AIRPORT LOUNGE?

ARE YOU DISCOVERING THE FLIGHTS
YOU WANT DON'T WANT YOU?

or

ARE YOU USING POINTS TO FLY
ON ANY AIRLINE YOU WANT?

ARE YOU ARRIVING IN DALLAS ONLY TO
FIND YOUR BAGS ARE IN UZBEKISTAN?

or

ARE YOU GLAD YOU HAVE
COMPLIMENTARY BAGGAGE INSURANCE?

ARE YOU TRAVELING WITH STRESS?

or



ARE YOU A CARDMEMBER?℠

visit americanexpress.com to join

Bound Beauty

In 1980 teenager **Benedikt Taschen** opened a comic-book shop in his native town of Cologne, Germany. Nearly 30 years later Taschen is known for innovative, beautifully printed art books. This month, he opens his fifth shop, in Los Angeles. (6333 W. 3rd St.)



A spread from Taschen's 528-page book, *The World of Ornament.*

18 The annual **Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance,** one of the finest automobile shows in the world, culminates in an auction that includes a Rolls-Royce collection and one-of-a-kind Ferraris. (goodingco.com)

THE CULTURAL DIVIDE

August

3 Surf icons **Gerry Lopez** and **Darrick Doener** will be joined by two dozen other surfers a 28-mile paddle around Manhattan. The ent will benefit **SEA (Surfers' Environmental liance)** and **Autism Speaks,** among other arities. (seapaddlenyc.org)

Cult Following

Thierry Mugler's delicious **Angel** fragrance celebrates its 15th anniversary this month.



Angel fragrance.

CUTE AS A BUTTON

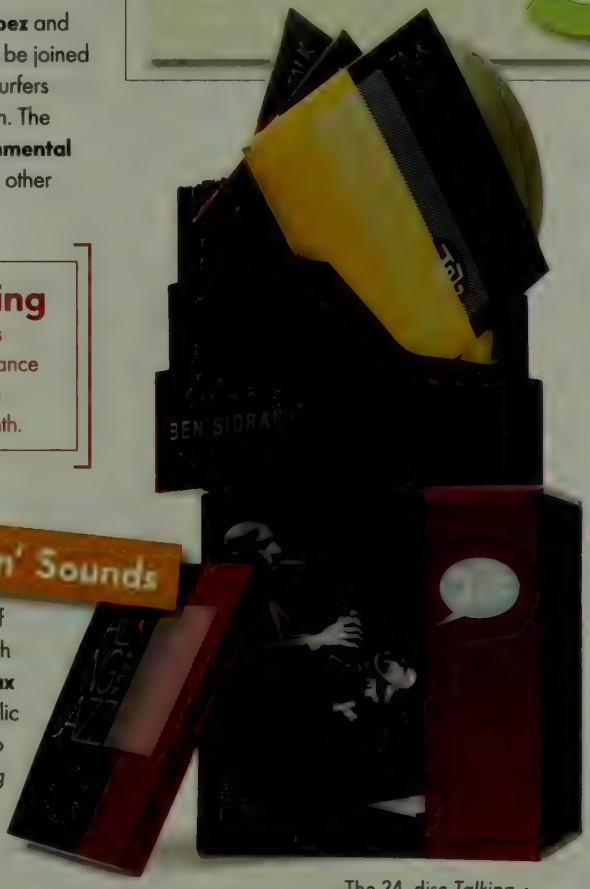
Find the perfect pre-fall accessory from **Elizabeth Yarborough's** eponymous line of woven bangles, feathered earrings, and granny-chic button rings. (yarboroughjewelry.com)



An assortment of Yarborough rings.

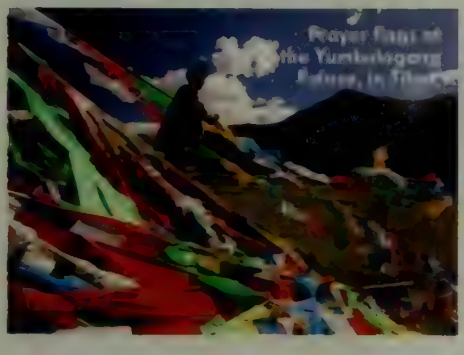
Swingin' Sounds

or some reason you didn't catch all of **n Sidran's** intimate conversations with **zzy Gillespie, Miles Davis,** and **Max ach,** among others, on National Public dio in the 80s, they're back for you to g in the monumental boxed set *Talking* zz (60 interviews on 24 discs), ailable at talkingjazz.com.



The 24-disc *Talking Jazz* boxed set.

21 ***Healing the Divide*** (Epitaph), recorded live, features musicians such as **Tom Waits** and composer **Philip Glass** and has readings by His Holiness the Dalai Lama himself. All proceeds benefit Healing the Divide's Tibetan Health Initiative.





Harry
orton;
e Pink
Taco
logo.

pink taco

Restaurateur **Harry Morton** has brightened up West L.A., bringing hot-pink walls, Mexican food, and pretty people to Century City with his third **Pink Taco** restaurant. (10250 Santa Monica Blvd.)

HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL



Clockwise from top left: Seaside Life on the Beach and in the Tidal Zone, by Charley Harper; Wonder Woman; Shabolovka radio tower, Moscow, photographed by Richard Pare.

HURRAY FOR THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE Taking the underclass's side in America's class war, **Joe Bageant** goes *Deer Hunting with Jesus* (Crown), firing off reports on "white trashonomics," praise temples, and the explosion of the gun culture. **Drew Westen** dissects *The Political Brain* (Public Affairs), explaining why emotion trumps reason, oratory beats good ideas, and seemingly sane people vote against their best interests. *Sammy's House* (Hyperion) heralds the return of **Kristin Gore** and her hero, a quirky health-care-policy wonkette. **Jamie Malanowski's** satirical novel *The Coup* (Doubleday) pictures a vice president whose thirst for power can be slaked only by unseating the Numskull in Chief. *Trudy Hopedale* (Simon & Schuster), the consummate D.C. hostess, stars in **Jeffrey Frank's** inside-the-Beltway comedy of political manners (or lack thereof).

KINDA BLUE While funny and surreal, t stories in budding talent **Robin Romm's** fi tion offering, *The Mother Garden* (Scribne are rooted in grief. In *Tearing Down the Wall Sound* (Knopf), **Mick Brown** records the m teoric rise and spectacular flameout of Ph Spector. From teachers to truckers, sex wor ers to orphans, **Stephanie Nolen's** devasta ingly moving *28* (Walker) puts heroic h man faces on the catastrophic toll AIDS taking on the African people. Fo get W.W.J.D.; **Suzan Colón** an **Jennifer Traig** wonder, *Wh Would Wonder Woman Do?* (Chro icle). In order to assemble *Josep Cornell's Dreams* (Exact Change **Catherine Corman** plumbe the letters and diaries of th shadow-box genius. *Charley Ha per: An Illustrated Life* (Ammo heralds the second coming o the late Cincinnati artist. The photographs in **Richard Pare's** *The Lost Vanguard* (Mona celli) testify to the revolutionary radicalism of Russian modernist architecture from 1922 to 1932.

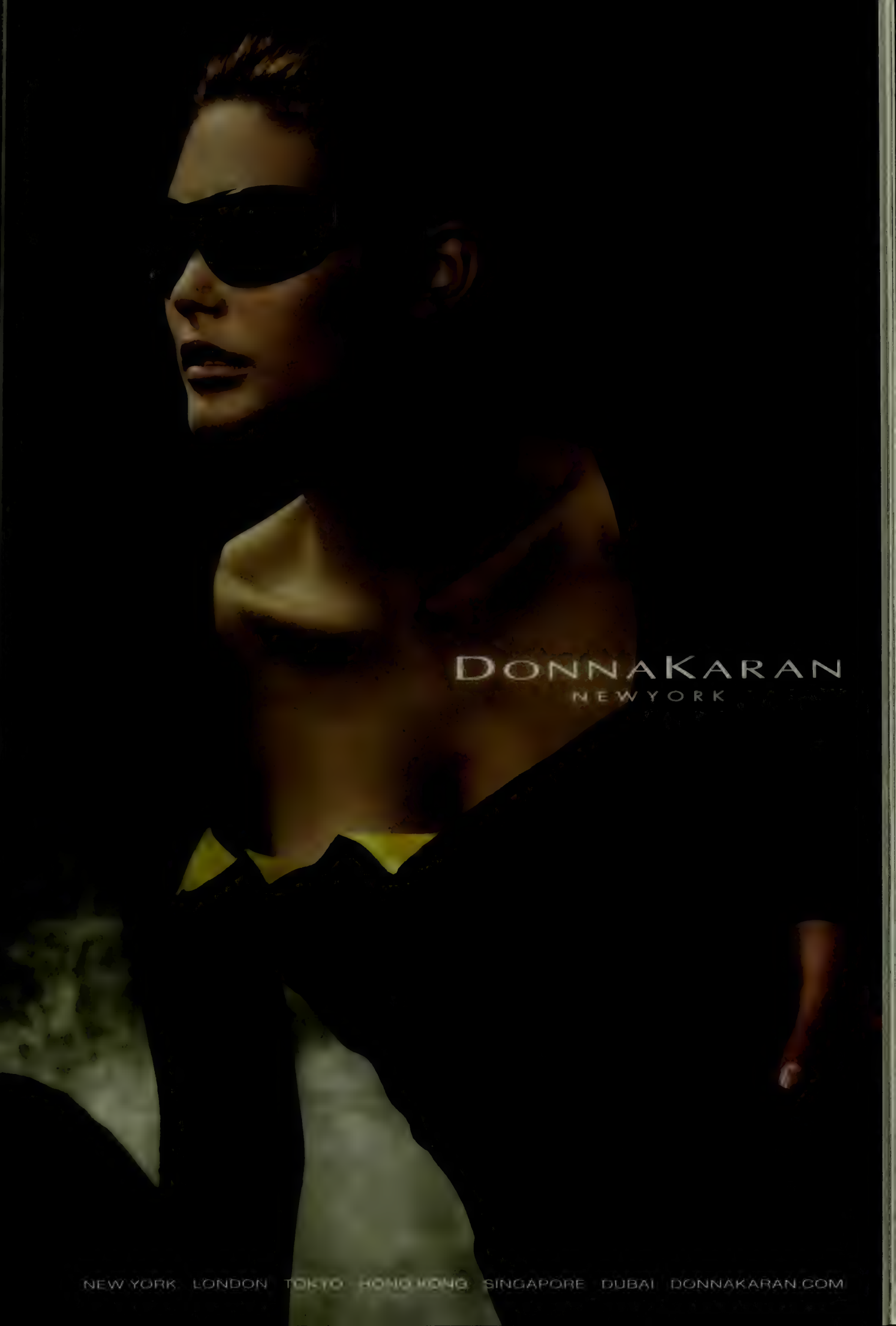
GO GREEN **Alan Weisman** dares us to imagine *The World Without Us* (St. Martin's). How long would it take for nature to reclaim the earth? How long before our homes, power plants, museums, and places of worship were erased from the planet? **Elizabeth Rogers** and **Thomas M. Kostigen's** *The Green Book* (Crown) cameos celebrity recycling fanatics such as Cameron Diaz and Will Ferrell.

I LOVE A RAINBOW **William F. Buckley Jr.'s** *The Rake* (HarperCollins); photogra pher **Arnold Newman's** *Arnold Newman: The Early Works* (D.A.P.); **Rosemary Mahoney's** *Down the Nile* (Little, Brown); *The Best of Wodehouse* (Knopf), with an introduction by **John Mortimer; Wilfrid Sheed's** *The House That George Built* (Random House); **Holly Peterson's** *The Manny* (Dial); photographer **Howell Conant's** *Audrey Hepburn in Breakfast at Tiffany's* (Schirmer/Mosel); **Günter Grass's** memoir, *Peeling the Onion* (Harcourt); **Katie Roiphe's** *Uncommon Arrangements* (Dial).

Now get thee to a wiener roast.



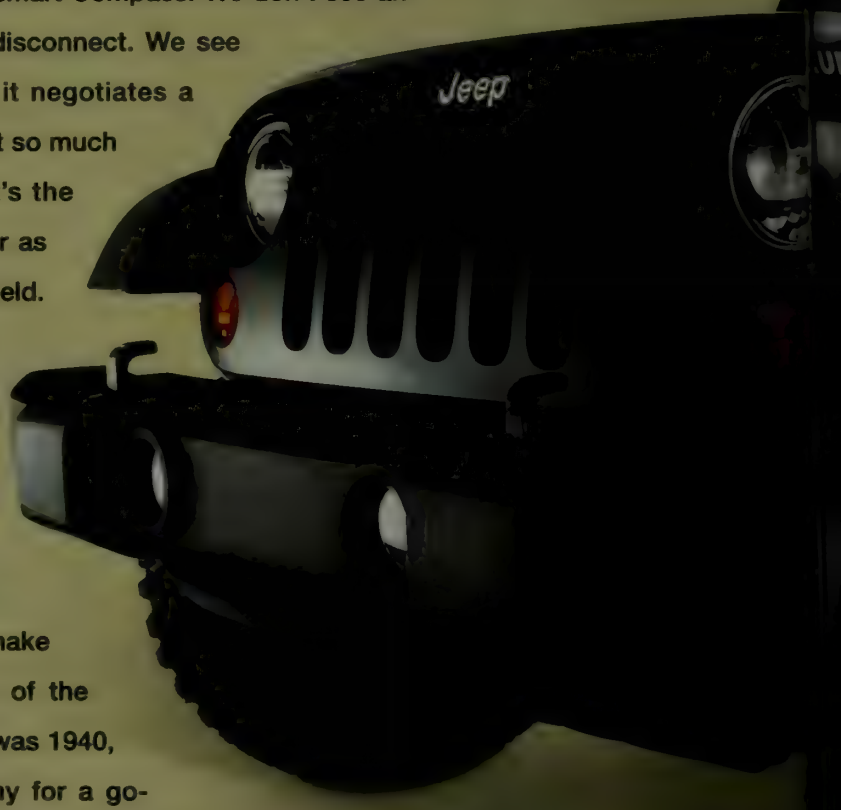
In *Off the Record* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), Norman Pearlstine, former editor in chief of Time Inc., depicts an American press so greedy for White House access and news with *American Idol*–style sex appeal that they've become willing (or witless) accomplices in the government's deployment of anonymous sources and leak campaigns to spin "the truth," all the while further discrediting themselves. Pearlstine goes on the record to defend against criticism he betrayed the First Amendment by giving up a *Time* reporter's notes during the "Plamegate" investigation, and in the next breath puts out the call for Congress to pass a federal shield law to insulate writers from government meddling. One custom pair of flip-flops, coming right up . . . —E.S.


DONNAKARAN
NEW YORK
NEW YORK LONDON TOKYO HONG KONG SINGAPORE DUBAI DONNAKARAN.COM

Fun. Headquartered Toledo



That's right, Toledo, Ohio. That's where the original Jeep brand ve were manufactured, just as thousands are today. And as anyone enough to have had an adventure in one will attest, a Jeep 4x4 i much more than the sum of its parts, or even its performance. A Jeep machine is, in fact, a fun machine. That's the approach we take to building each and every model, from the trail-hardened Wrangler Rubicon to the new street-smart Compass. We don't see an available electronic front sway bar disconnect. We see the passengers' eyes widening as it negotiates a series of rhino-sized boulders. It's not so much a sealed central venting system, it's the sound of giddy, uncontrolled laughter as the mud splashes against the windshield. Naturally, a 95.4-inch wheelbase is the footprint of fun. And of course the sheer unapologetic joys of an available 458-watt, nine-speaker sound system are self-evident.



Funny thing is, it didn't start out this way. No sir – or more appropriately, make that, "Yes, sir, Mr. Chief of Infantry of the Quartermaster Corps, sir!" The year was 1940, and the call went out from the Army for a go-anywhere reconnaissance vehicle with, among other specs, a driving front axle with 2-speed transfer case (including provisions for disengaging the front axle drive), a body of rectangular design with a folding windshield and 3 bucket seats, means for towing, a wheelbase of 80," and approach a departure angles of 45 and 40 degrees respectively (sound familiar?). In any case, plans were draw designs were approved and prototypes were built and tested. And tested, and tested, and tested. The resu vehicle was a milestone of modern engineering. It arguably helped us prevail in two theaters, and its DN

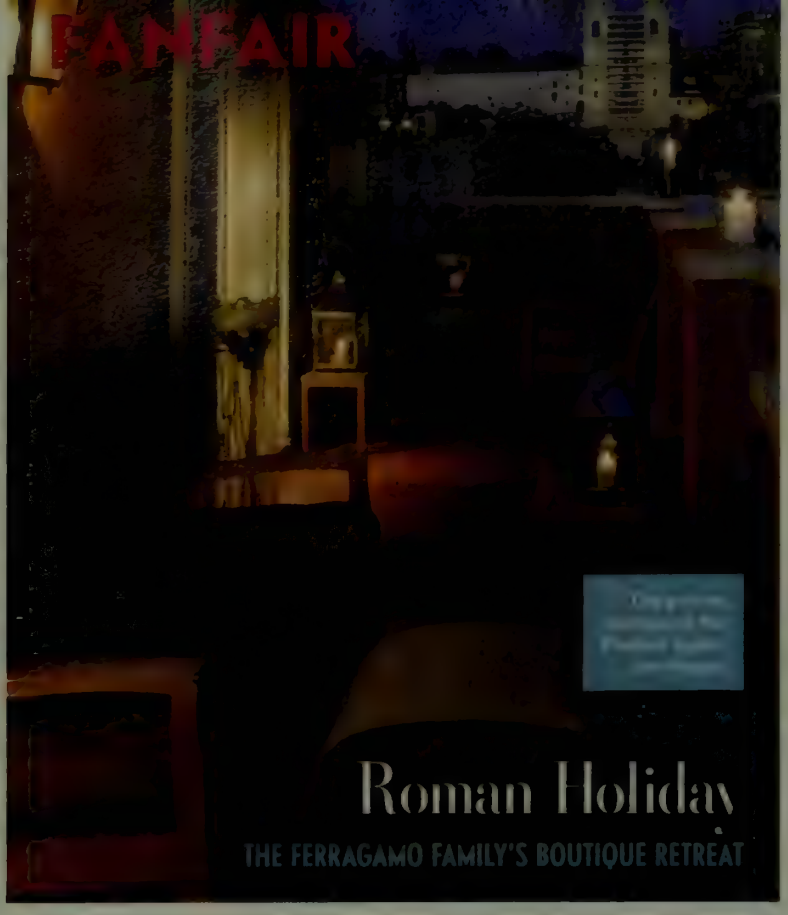
nd manufactured in hio.



very evident in the Jeep vehicles we still proudly roll out today. For this basic design to have thrived for so many years is a tribute to its designers. Clearly, these guys knew what they were doing in crafting the perfect utility workhorse. What they didn't realize is that they were also inventing the utility of fun, and that for every Jeep vehicle that proudly served, thousands more would go on to serve in the noble pursuit of – you guessed it – fun. As the years have passed, we've learned that different kinds of fun require different kinds of equipment. One person's fun involves heavy-duty steel rock rails and a winch, while another's might call for water- and stain-shedding interior fabric. One person's floorboard drain plugs are another person's swing-down liftgate speakers. And heaven knows we've had fun with various paint packages over the decades (just visit the history section at Jeep.com and you'll see a little bit of everything). But one thing will always remain constant, and that is the core purpose and intent of a Jeep vehicle – to be, from the ground up, a dirt throwing, creek-splashing, snow-gripping, hill-defying, pothole-shrugging, road-embracing, pink inner-tube toting, story-collecting fun machine. There's one waiting for you right now, its headlights gazing out on either side of a trademark seven-slot grille, just waiting to play. All it wants is for someone like you to show up, climb in and turn the key. Jeep.com

Have fun out there. Jeep

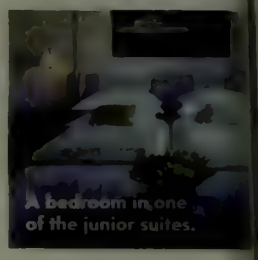
Jeep is a registered trademark of DaimlerChrysler Company LLC.



Roman Holiday

THE FERRAGAMO FAMILY'S BOUTIQUE RETREAT

The gateway to Italy's South, Rome sits on the edge of the First W Considering it is an international capital, the seat of the Italian repu has, since the demise of *la dolce vita*, in the late 1960s, been perenn off the grid. For the tourist sector, this has meant that the "Four Seasc ing" of Rome—the arrival of slick, anonymous, $1,000-a-night hotels– yet to happen in a big way. Moldering grand hotels with Empire-style lob abound, as do Dracula-like men in tails behind the front desks. They d greet you in English and will respond unctuously with "my pleasure" inst of "yes." The **Ferragamo** family, from Flor-



A bedroom in one of the junior suites.

ence, recently made a good contribution to Rome when they opened a tiny town-house hotel, called the Portrait Suites, a few blocks from the Spanish Steps and just above the Ferragamo men's store on the corner of Via Condotti and Via Bocca di Leone. The family already runs four boutique hotels in Florence (the flagship, the Lungarno, is next to the Arno River), as well as a private villa and a Renaissance palazzo. Th Rome outpost is a 14-room affair, designed by **Michele Bönan,** with the finement you would discover in a very up-to-date, aristocratic Italian hom Soft colors and *alla moda* frills are the theme: draperies are lined in contra ing silks, like couture dresses, and boar-skin leathers are used for tables. The is no lobby, just a *salone* with a small bar. On the roof: a terrace with a vie of the city's domes and its great park, the Villa Borghese. The Ferragamo personalized family-business approach to things is evident in the Portra Suites, which is perfect for Rome, a city that continues to turn its back to th fast pace of an increasingly de-personalized world. —MATT TYRNAUE



GUIDED IN STYLE

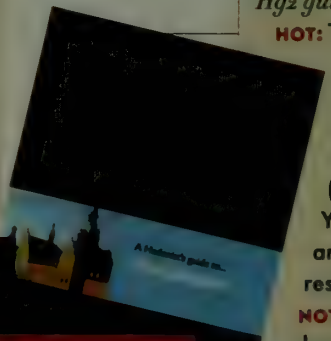
Just when you thought guidebooks were so last century, so passed over and printe before this Internet-driven age, along comes a new generation of guides in groovy, sexy travel. No culture—darlings, we all know where the Louvre is, don't we?—but the latest frisky information on cool hotels, restaurants, shops, clubs, and tipping are all linked to online updates. —VICTORIA MATH

STREET-SMART

Time Out *guides*

HOT: *Time Out* began as the original listings magazine. In London, the anarchism remains, but these guides take you underground, under the skin of various cities. Fun and insiderish.

NOT: If you are over 35. timeout.com



HIP

Hg2 guides

HOT: The *Hedonist* city guides are for the stylish, covering the witty cities (Stockholm, Tallinn), the cutting-edge (Moscow, Marrakech), and the exotic (Prague, Istanbul). New: New York. The writers have eaten and drunk in the funnest bars and restaurants, slept in the best beds.

NOT: For museum groupies. Hg2 is about foreign life as art. hg2.com



GRAND

The Andrew Harper Collection

HOT: This worldwide hotel bible for the smart traveler is by subscription only. To have the A.H. folder, with its constantly updated sections, and deals via e-mail, is a Wasp's travel safety net. Restaurants and shops have been added.

NOT: The farther Harper gets from the U.S., the weaker he becomes He doesn't do quirky. andrewharpertravel.com



LUXURY

"Luxe City Guides"

HOT: Clever info in a concertina-shaped guide that fits in your hand; spiky writing that tells it like it is ("Forget the Rome metro, it goes nowhere and is bone useless"). Tailors in Hong Kong, vintage pens in Tokyo, water limos in Sydney—what more do you want? New York has recently been added.

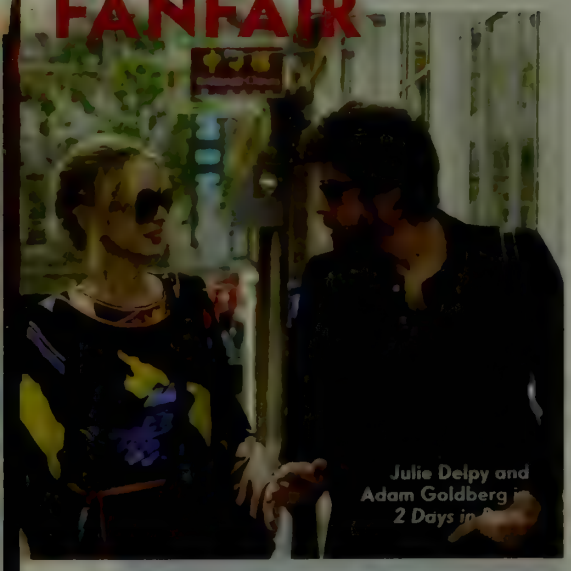
NOT: For the visually challenged: print is small, but search and ye shall find how to visit the Prado in Madrid privately. luxecityguides.com

I have a teenager.

I don't need a broker who doesn't listen to me.



6 Charles Schwab & Co., Inc. All rights reserved. Member SIPC. (0906-6735) ADP35375



Julie Delpy and Adam Goldberg in *2 Days in [illegible]*

ANOTHER TANGO IN PARIS

The new movie *2 Days in Paris,* starring **Julie Delpy,** is also written and directed by the French actress. This is her first feature as a director and her second as a writer. (Two years ago, she got an Oscar nomination for co-writing the screenplay of *Before Sunset.*) But that's not all: she also edited *2 Days in Paris,* composed the score, and sings on the soundtrack! And so, in theory, we should hate Julie Delpy. But she's always been a smart, seductive screen presence, and here she proves herself a talented filmmaker with a deceptively loose touch. *2 Days in Paris,* the story of a relationship gone sour during a vacation gone wrong, is often very funny, only occasionally precious, and bursting with the kind of odd specificity that distinguishes an interesting comedy from a merely amusing one. It fits comfortably with *Before Sunset* and that film's predecessor, *Before Sunrise,* in the logorrheic, I-subscribe-to-*The-New-York-Review-of-Books* genre of romantic comedy; going further back on the family tree, it's as if Delpy had lifted the miserable L.A. interlude from *Annie Hall* and instead sent Annie and Alvy off to Paris, with a DVD of *Two for the Road* in their luggage. Miraculously, while the writer-director shows everyone at his or her worst—her Marion, a Frenchwoman living in New York, is a liar and an intermittent hysteric; her American boyfriend, Jack, played by **Adam Goldberg,** is sullen, monotoned, and better taken, perhaps, in smaller doses; even her Paris is less the City of Light and romance than the city of sociopathic cabbies, bad artists, dog shit, and repulsive meat—she manages to spin something charming out of these unpromising ingredients. How French is that? —BRUCE HANDY



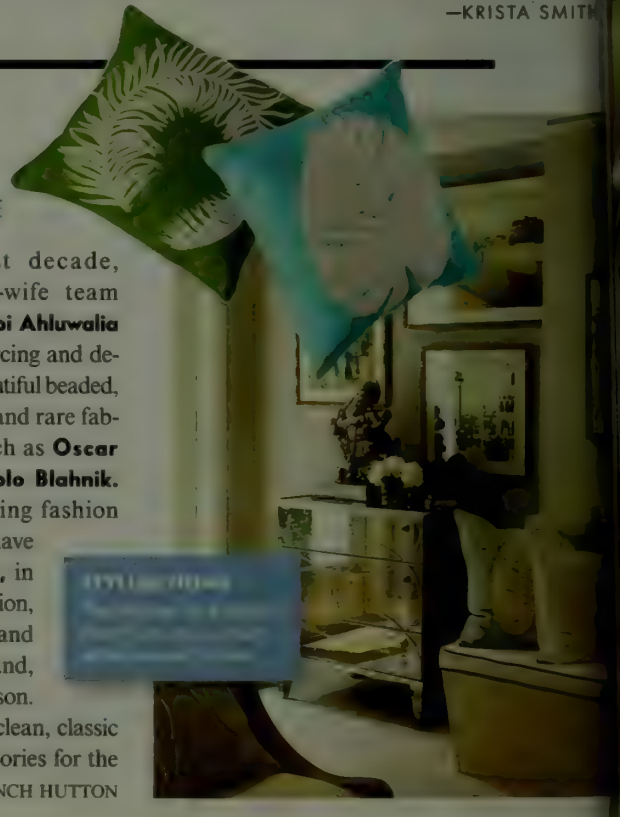
THE PLAYERS
Amid Mexican Train dominoes, *from left:* Penélope Cruz; Ashton Kutcher; Demi Moore; Lucy Liu; Salma Hayek.

Get in Line
THE GAME EVERYONE'S PLAYING

Hollywood has always been a gaming town—what else are movie stars supposed to do during those long hours on a set or months at a remote location? Once upon a time it was chess, backgammon, and blackjack. More recently, it's been Celebrity, running charades, and Texas Hold 'Em. Now there's a new game in town: **Mexican Train dominoes.** Best friends **Salma Hayek** and **Penélope Cruz** are fanatics and, according to **Eric Buterbaugh,** florist to the Who's Who crowd, they've converted pals such as **Demi** and **Ashton, Donna Karan, Bruce Willis,** and **Lucy Liu.** The object is simple—link dominoes by matching dots and colors. The first person to go out, wins. Demi tells me that, although most games are friendly, she and Ashton are fiendishly competitive with each other, and he almost always wins the pot. Game night at someone's home starts with drinks and dinner—though "you don't usually drink, because you'll be too busy concentrating," admits Buterbaugh—and then it is straight to the dominoes, where "everyone's true nature comes out." Dominoes, which may have first appeared in China around the 12th century, now seems to be a 21st-century obsession. Perhaps Hermès ought to consider a line of custom Mexican Train–dominoes sets for Christmas. —KRISTA SMITH

Luxe Linens
ANKASA OPENS ITS FLAGSHIP STORE

Over the past decade, husband-and-wife team **Sachin** and **Babi Ahluwalia** have been sourcing and designing the beautiful beaded, embroidered, and rare fabrics used by couture houses such as **Oscar de la Renta, Escada,** and **Manolo Blahnik.** For years they dreamed of fusing fashion with home décor, and now they have opened their first store, **Ankasa,** in New York City. Most of the collection, which includes stunning pillows and sumptuous linens, is made by hand, and color palettes change each season. The Ahluwalias' shop also offers clean, classic furniture; loungewear; and accessories for the home. (135 East 65th Street) —PUNCH HUTTON




GUESS
BY MARCIANO

Making Magic

TRACIE MARTYN'S COVETED SKIN-CARE LINE

atience may be a virtue, but instant gratification is what we all d
And facialist **Tracie Martyn** and her partner, **Marius Morariu**,
cialize in fulfilling beauty dreams. The New York–based co
(professional and personal) have developed a line of services
products, most notably the Resculpting Facial—favored by celeb
such as **Madonna** and **Penélope Cruz** as an indispensable pre-event t
ment—which took years to perfect but offers immediate results. "He's a
purist," says Martyn of Morariu, who has a background in nutrition an
vests copious time and research into the development of their high-qua
all-natural products. The payoff: a fan base that re
like a CAA client roster, thanks also to Mart
hands-on service and the duo's shared, long-stand
passion for earth-friendly, non-petroleum-based
gredients. With the launch this month of their
sculpting Body Lotion—containing black-curr
lipids, green tea, Bulgarian rose water, and ami
acids—Morariu and Martyn fulfill yet another qu
fix fantasy. "[It's] a super-luxurious body lotion th
smells amazing and is moisturizing and hydratin
says Martyn. "And it really does slim you down." C
ents will most certainly want to test such claims
themselves; luckily the line is not just for pop st
and actresses. As Morariu says, it's also for "regul
people who want to look good as soon as possibl
In other words: get in line. —EVE EPSTE



MIRACLE WORKERS
Marius Morariu and Tracie Martyn, photographed at the Tracie Martyn salon, in New York City; Tracie Martyn products.

BEAUTY

POSH LATHER

Rub-a-dub-dub, **Molton Brown** is debuting new potions for your bathtub. The British beauty brand is going back to its roots this summer with the creation of a comprehensive new hair-care line. In 1973, Molton Brown opened a salon in London's tony Mayfair neighborhood; however, the parlor closed its doors in 1980 when the label started to evolve into the High Street luxury-products peddler it is today. Now Molton Brown is coming full bubble by introducing 14 deliciously scented hair products, ranging from shampoos and conditioners to styling elixirs and treatments. They come in a range of uplifting colors and are infused with plant extracts and essential oils to give your hair optimum nourishment and shine. —JESSICA FLINT



RINSE AND REPEAT
Molton Brown shampoos and conditioner.



Hot Looks

1. *IN2U,* **Calvin Klein's** *first his-and-hers fragrances, are irresistible scents for the digital age....* 2. *Touch up your mani-pedi with* **Yves Saint Laurent's** *Nail Touch Brush Pen—just untwist the cap, press the button, and apply the polish....* 3. **Hermès's** *hypnotic Kelly Calèche fragrance has leathery notes....* 4. *Slather on* **Clarins's** *new Bright Plus HP Protective Brightening Day Lotion S.P.F. 20, which protects against the sun's harmful rays....* 5. *Discreetly tuck* **Miller Harris's** *little Geranium Bourbon Fragrance Balm into your clutch....* 6. *Make your pout pop with one of* **Laura Mercier's** *six new long-lasting Lip Stains....* 7. **L'Oréal Paris's** *Skin Genesis is a two-step treatment that strengthens skin cells so your complexion will look smoother and feel softer....*

THE 1ST NAME IN FLAVORED VODKA



GENUINE RUSSIAN VODKA
STOLICHNAYA
КЛАССИЧЕСКАЯ РУССКАЯ ВОДКА

CHOOSE AUTHENTICITY

STOLICHNAYA
RUSSIAN VODKA

DRINK RESPONSIBLY

©2007 Imported by Pernod Ricard USA

PLANETARIUM

MICHAEL LUTIN



Tipper Gore

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

This summer is shaping up to be anything but relaxing. Even the new moon in your 12th house isn't having its usual tranquilizing effect. With Mars culminating in your solar midheaven and squaring Saturn at the end of your sign, you can't dip your toes in the pool or breathe in the fresh mountain air without being reminded of all the competitive, driven people who are still on the job and angling for a piece of your turf. Will you ever loosen up enough to sing karaoke without flinching? Didn't think so.



Rachael Ray

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Things at home are relatively stable, and with Mars passing through your 9th house you could soon find yourself with a new traveling partner. If only you could silence that inner voice that's been tormenting you. Is it saying that following your heart will lead to bliss or more hurt feelings? The answer is there is no answer now. The good news: with Venus in Virgo, you could actually start feeling like you look good.



Clive Owen

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Libras tend to come off as breezy, casual folks, but your laissez-faire approach to relationships is all an act. In truth, you are constantly on the lookout to see who's paying attention to you and who is not, who is loyal and who may be straying. The transit of Juno through your sign presents a choice. You can give in to your lower nature and become jealous, possessive, clingy, insecure, hypercritical, and an all-around pain in the neck. Or you can grow into the most passionate, devoted, and spiritually motivated partner anyone could ask for.



Maggie Gyllenhaal

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

If you're planning to run for office in these conservative times, you should know that the T square of Mars, Neptune, and Saturn could land you in a pretty tight jam in the coming months. No matter how cautious and in control you've always been, all bets are off now. Your emotions are tortured. The mere sight of children sends a chill down your spine. And creatively you're way beyond the edge. Your heart-pounding antics could be considered fun by some, but are you aware that your entire public image is at stake?



Christina Aguilera

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

When your uncertain and sometimes downright insane living situation starts to drive you crazy, please remember that you're the one who chose a domestic scene that isn't exactly a 1950s sitcom. To escape the madness at home, lose yourself in good, honest work, however taxing that may be on your mind and body. Sure, there are days when you feel like you're 200 years old, mainly thanks to Pluto. But your 8th house is also active now, which means that your passions are still cooking. Be thankful for that.



Doris Kearns Goodwin

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

Damn right you have a selfish streak. If anybody bugs you about that, you can tell them that what they may perceive as emotional stinginess is just your way of surviving the seemingly endless transit of your ruling planet through your solar 8th house. That said, the sun-moon conjunction in your solar 12th has you doing your best to get your needs met, juggle the bills, and party a little, all without becoming insensitive to the people who depend on you. Sometimes manipulation is the only way.



Antonio Villaraigosa

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB

After all the hours you've put in, all the heart and soul you devoted to your mission, you've got to wonder why you still f yourself under such pressure. Here's why: your ruling planet went retrograde in your money house, so you control absolutely *not* there. As for the stressful commitments you can't get out of (and stil aren't sure you *want* to get out of), Mars and Saturn are afflicting Aquarius. That means that, no matter how much you'd love to pull the covers over your head, there is no snooze button now.



Terrence Howard

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Chaos theory proposes that small inputs can result in large, unpredictable outputs. In plain English: whatever you randomly decide to do next promises to blow you mind and everybody else's. If you've got kids, you don't need anyone to tell *you* what chaos is. And love? Please. It doesn't take physics to calculate that a retrograde Uranus puts you smack in the middle of wacky situations initiated by—guess who—you.



Chaka Khan

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL

When they write your biography, do you think you'll go down as a gifted visionary or just another frustrated wacko with kooky notions about the end of the world? Uranus in your 12th house makes it almost impossible to deal with reality sometimes, mainly because you feel desperate to escape from it all and head for your version of paradise. When your planetary ruler is squaring Saturn, however, you have to deal with the cold hard fact that your earning power depends on your performance. Period.



Salvador Dalí

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

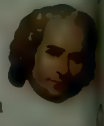
Try a cup of chamomile tea or a nice nature walk. Maybe those simple remedies will do the trick and calm you down, although it's doubtful. When the rulers of your 6th and 12th solar houses enter your sign, you're fired up, motivated, and generally pissed at everybody. And why not? You've had the family thing shoved down you throat till you felt like choking, and your personal life has been stinko. It's going to take Venus a while to get past the south node, but until then you need a dose of the last thing you want now: patience.



Rafael Nadal

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 2

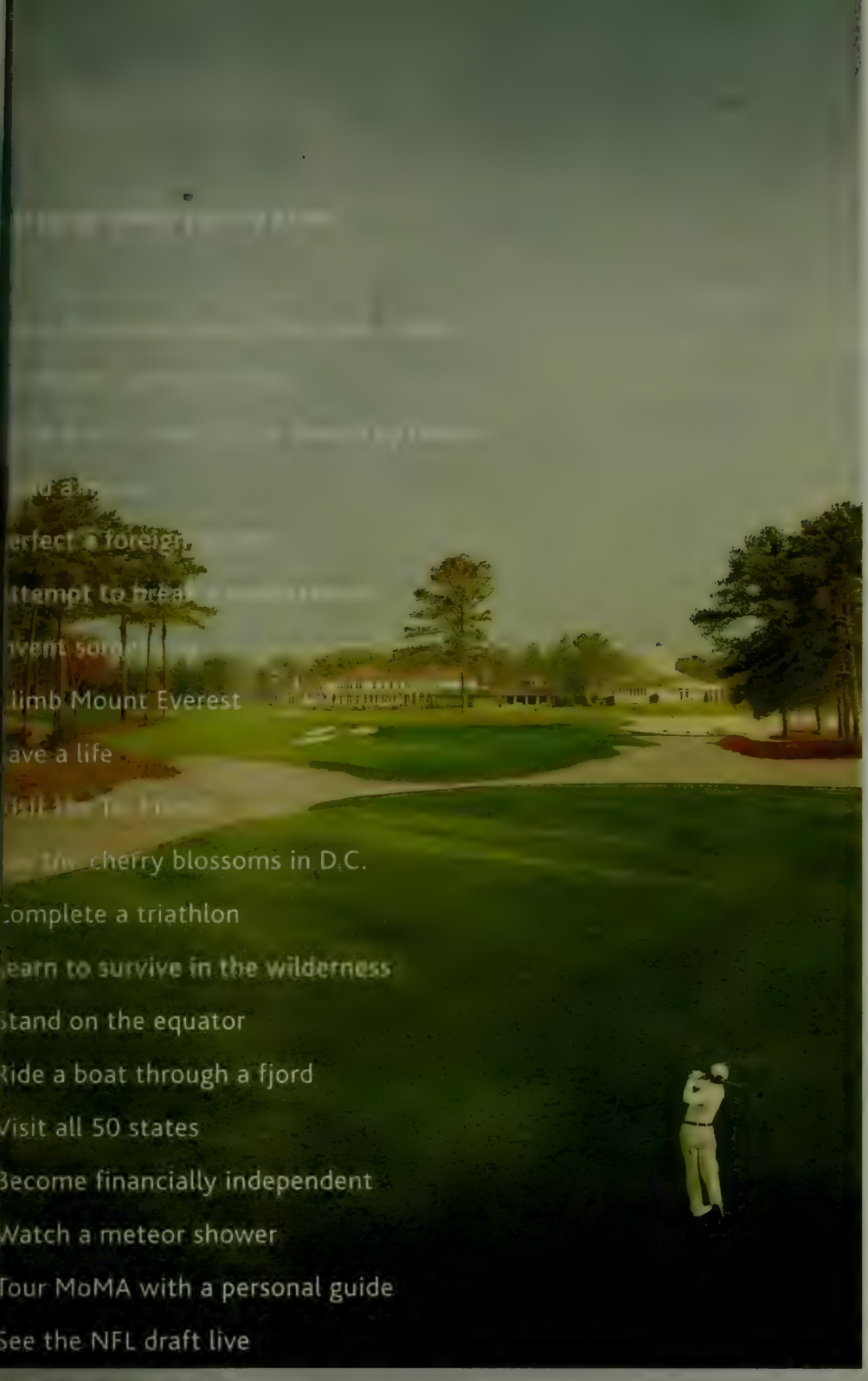
Most people wouldn't notice the difference, but your focus always improves when Mercury goes direct after its three-week retrograde. At least you have a planetary configuration that occurs three times a year to account for your recurring discombobulation. There are some crazy situations and individuals at work, and you'll need all your marbles to cope with them. If you're smart you'll try to fix up your place, save some money, and move deliberately through this whole period—without speeding (or speed).



Jean-Jacques Rousseau

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

It's got to make you want to scream that you're *always* the one who has to get people to sit down and stop rocking the damned boat. The current lunation in Cancer puts you in that same old position. Remember, though, that if everything were totally calm you'd be out there stirring your own cauldron full of troubles. This month's T square in your 2nd, 8th, and 11th houses promises to bring up old financial issues and ensure that your life isn't too boring—or too peaceful either.



VISA SIGNATURE

tever's on your list of things to do in life, do it better with Visa Signature. exclusive packages at Pinehurst, it takes you places regular rewards cards – like every golfer's No. 1 dream, Pinehurst No. 2.



Presenting Visa's line of luxury rewards cards. Benefits beyond rewards. Dozens of card choices. Visa.com/signature.

©2007 Visa U.S.A. Inc.

JAMES WOLCOTT

Mort the Knife

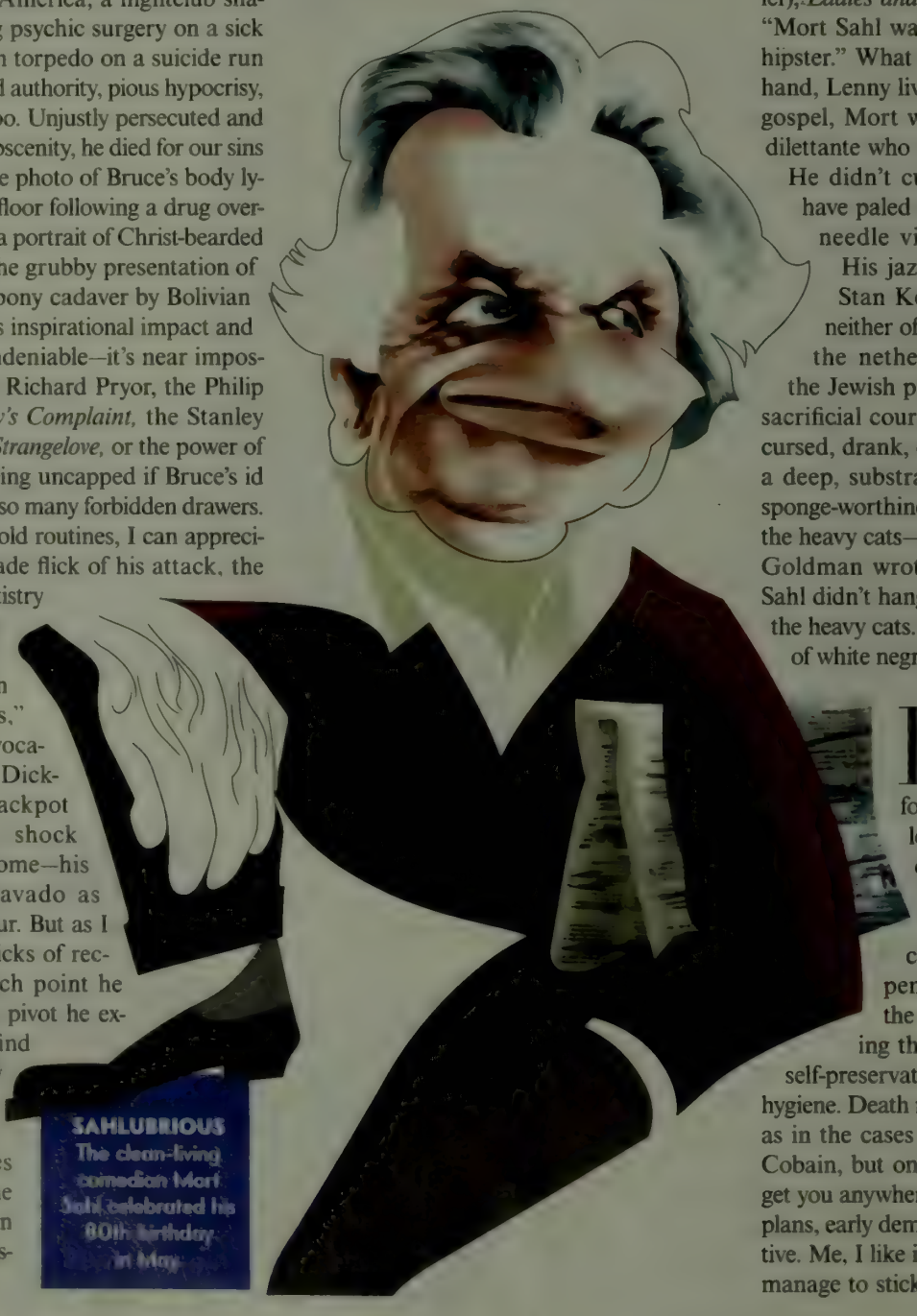
Instead of worshipping at the shrine of Lenny Bruce, the author gets his bell gonged by revolutionary comic Mort Sahl–80, and still working his snarky sophistication–who has survived the Kennedy curse, career dry spells, and increasingly clueless audiences

May I commit an act of cultural blasphemy and abject philistinism?

I never found Lenny Bruce that funny. He never set my attic ablaze.

Yes, I'm aware, as are we all, that he was a Swiftian satirist, a renegade demiurge in *Reader's Digest* America, a nightclub shaman performing psychic surgery on a sick society, a human torpedo on a suicide run against encrusted authority, pious hypocrisy, and Puritan taboo. Unjustly persecuted and prosecuted for obscenity, he died for our sins and all that. (The photo of Bruce's body lying dead on the floor following a drug overdose is as iconic a portrait of Christ-bearded martyrdom as the grubby presentation of Che Guevara's bony cadaver by Bolivian officials.) Bruce's inspirational impact and influence are undeniable—it's near impossible to imagine Richard Pryor, the Philip Roth of *Portnoy's Complaint,* the Stanley Kubrick of *Dr. Strangelove,* or the power of the Ramones being uncapped if Bruce's id hadn't unlocked so many forbidden drawers. Listening to his old routines, I can appreciate the switchblade flick of his attack, the quick-change artistry of his shifting personas ("He do the police in different voices," to quote the evocative line from Dickens), and his jackpot glee when his shock tactics strike home—his proto-punk bravado as agent provocateur. But as I make mental clicks of recognition for each point he scores or verbal pivot he executes, I don't find myself actually *laughing* that much. A lot of Bruce's routines today are like the punny gags in Shakespeare—fustian hairballs.

Mort Sahl was always more my guy. If I didn't already have a father, Mort could be my father, my sarcastic, honorary dad. I'd watch him on now defunct talk shows hosted by Steve Allen, Jack Paar, and Merv Griffin, and his staccato phrasing and scratchy contempt in the service of honesty would switch on the Christmas-tree lights in my head like the first deluge of Bob Dylan's sneerings and snarlings on *Highway 61 Revisited.* Here was the unshaven voice of democracy! And so I still believe, even though traditional pop-criticism dogma has decreed that St. Lenny of Bruce was the more authentic prophet of the atomic age, the true shaggy mouth of the inferno. As Albert Goldman neatly formulated it in his gonzo biography (with Lawrence Schiller), *Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!,* "Mort Sahl was hip; Lenny Bruce was a hipster." What Mort riffed about second-hand, Lenny lived, man. According to the gospel, Mort was a mohair dabbler and dilettante who shunned hazardous excess. He didn't curse or drink, and would have paled at the prospect of a heroin needle violating his limpid veins. His jazz-aficionado tastes ran to Stan Kenton and Dave Brubeck, neither of whom was associated with the netherworld. Whereas Lenny, the Jewish prince of perdition, had the sacrificial courage of his convictions. He cursed, drank, did drugs, and dug jazz on a deep, substratum, superspade level of sponge-worthiness. "[Lenny] hung out with the heavy cats—got right down with them," Goldman wrote with obvious approval. Sahl didn't hang out and/or get down with the heavy cats. He failed the heavy-cat test of white negritude.



SAHLUBRIOUS The clean-living comedian Mort Sahl celebrated his 80th birthday in May.

Far be it from me to condemn those who decline to walk on the wild side for fear of ruining their penny loafers. One can admire the daredevilry of Bruce's diving nerve while also wondering why Sahl or any other vital container of talent should be penalized—docked points on the hip scoreboard—for observing the guardrail and practicing self-preservation, not to mention proper hygiene. Death may be a good career move, as in the cases of Elvis Presley and Kurt Cobain, but on a personal level it doesn't get you anywhere; for those with long-range plans, early demise is rather counterproductive. Me, I like it when artists that I admire manage to stick around awhile. A lifestyle

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDRÉ CARRILHO

MONDAYS ARE TEMPTING

EW SEASON 10:00 PM ET PT

weeds

give in to hemptation.

NEW SERIES 10:30 PM ET PT

Californication

he'll say anything...but no.



august 13 SHOWTIME

bscribe-call
-SHOWTIME
or go to SHO.com

which eschewed alcohol and narcotics, coupled with an avoidance of heavy cats and the humid dramas they drag indoors, may help account for Sahl's patent-leather resilience—the happy fact that instead of dying before his time in a dopey haze, he marked his 80th birthday on May 11 and was fêted on June 28 at Brentwood's Wadsworth Theatre with a "Sahlebration" whose prospective list of toastmasters featured Jay Leno, Bill Maher, Richard Lewis, Sydney Pollack, David Steinberg, Shelley Berman, and Woody Allen, along with a few surprise guests whose identities were being held in reserve as we went to press. It's a long-overdue tribute to a lean cat who never lost a sense of mission and whose tale, as *The New Yorker*'s Adam Gopnik rightly discerned, "would make a better movie than Lenny Bruce's did."

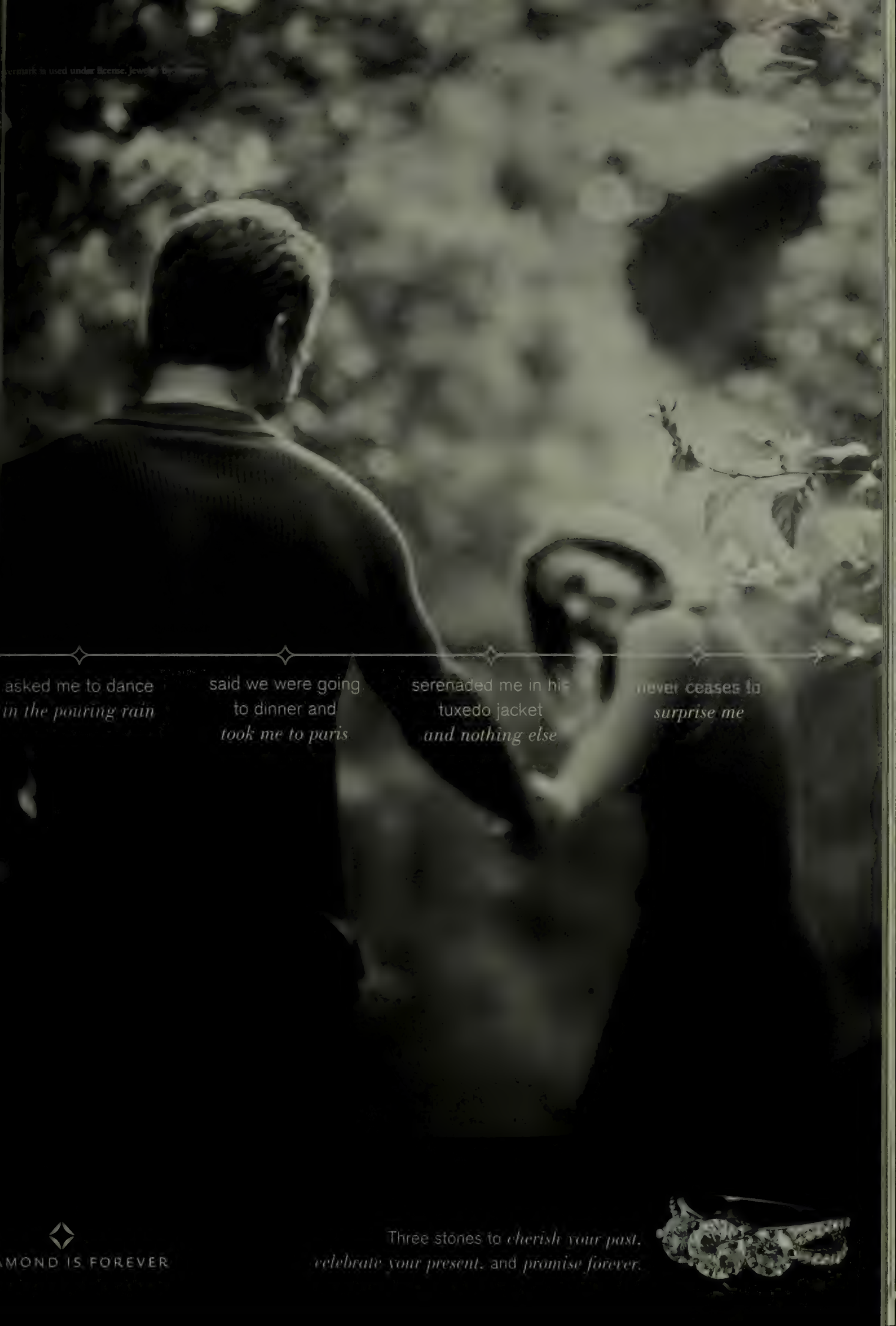
Mort Sahl failed the heavy-cat test of white negritude.

A founding member of the banner generation of stand-up comics, satirical sketch artists, and professional fidgets whose roster includes Allen, Berman, Bob Newhart, Dick Gregory, cartoonist Jules Feiffer, and the team of Mike Nichols and Elaine May (the Rudolf Nureyev and Margot Fonteyn of exquisitely turned-out neuroses), Mort Sahl was the one who introduced air, light, and news-with-attitude into the isolation booth of cornball standup. "He totally restructured comedy," Allen is quoted saying in Gerald Nachman's *Seriously Funny: The Rebel Comedians of the 1950s and 1960s.* From his first performance at San Francisco's hungry i, in 1953, Sahl revolutionized the monologue by informalizing it and relaxing the dress code, spurning the snappy attire of overgrown Borscht Belt Bar Mitzvah boys for a campus-intellectual V-necked sweater, comfortable slacks, and a mock-pedantic air. (Later he would get downright professorial, diagramming political dynamics on a chalkboard.) With his imperative sense of forward motion ("Onward," he would say by way of transition, charging ahead to the next topic), Sahl was to the spoken word what Jack Kerouac was to the written word—the great emancipator of extemporaneity.

Unlike the bleary king of the Beats, Sahl didn't succumb to sentimental blubber. From the outset he was trim, astringent, paradoxical. Absorbing the lefty, low-rent bohemian *mise en scène* of the Berkeley campus following a tour of duty in the air force ("Things were simple then," he would later muse about his scroungy Berkeley days, adding, "All there was to worry about was man's destiny"), Sahl sauntered onstage with a folded newspaper and swatted current events around ("keeping up on current events" being a prime directive of the postwar era) as if it were the most natural thing in the world to do. He introduced muscle relaxant into the body language of standup. Rejecting the rivet-gun rhythms of traditional nightclub jokesters, he adopted a conversational, thinking-aloud approach, the first comic to address the audience as educated adults capable of laughing at their own nasal pretensions and Freudian hangups. He was adversarial to society at large and advocational with the audience. Where Lenny Bruce played existential ringmaster with two-drink-minimum patrons, seducing and taunting them with a cobra stare and a lewd dart of his tongue (as the critic Pauline Kael observed, "He vamped the audience with a debauched, deliberately faggy come-hither that no one knew quite how to interpret; he was uncompromisingly not nice"), Sahl practiced sympathetic magic as the Pied Piper of the highly strung, enlisting his camp followers—or, as he half ironically called them, "my people"—in a varsity fellowship.

It wasn't that Sahl lacked a killer instinct or intestinal fire. In a profile published in *The New Yorker* titled "The Fury" (1960), Robert Rice found his subject as "uncompromising" as Kael considered Bruce, capable of devouring Little Red Riding Hood in a single gulp: "[Sahl] hurls his words ferociously at his listeners, almost without pausing to breathe. He has big white teeth, which, when he says something destructive enough to amuse even him, suddenly glare from his lean and sardonic face in a wolfish grin, and if he becomes truly transported by the damage he is doing, he erupts into a staccato two-syllable bark of triumph." To my ear, that wolf bark is less a note of vainglory than a climactic release of nervous energy—an exclamation mark shot from an electric grate. (Sometimes Sahl laughs in *anticipation* of what he's about to say, as if what just popped into his head strikes him as funny, too.) Similarly, Rice seems to be trying to give *The New Yorker*'s prudential readers a hearty scare when he portrays Sahl as a nouveau riche "nihilist" relishing every ounce of havoc he uncorks. For all its toothy flare, Sahl's humor was never a negation device, a homemade bomb intended for the palace. "In truth," the social historian Stephen E. Kercher writes in *Revel with a Cause: Liberal Satire in Postwar America,* "Sahl during the 1950s was less a revolutionist than a liberal Democrat." Sa was hardly a locked-in-cement, doctrina liberal: he later befriended former gene Alexander Haig and boosted his preside tial delusions, christening the campai with the memorable one-liner that Haig h thrown his helmet into the ring. But he w so associated with liberalism in its heyd so closely identified with the flap of its ea wings, that as it fell out of fashion, he lost halo status, his echo of Camelot.

Worse, Sahl became a casualty of t Kennedy curse. Wh enjoying his highe cruising altitude as performer (he even c hosted the Acaden Awards show in 1959 Sahl, Kercher relat in *Revel with a Caus* received a request from patriarch Jose Kennedy "to write some things for Joh ny," who was ramping up for a preside tial run. "Over the next year and a ha Sahl honored Joseph Kennedy's reque and forwarded—without a fee—a stead supply of jokes for his son." The jokes we seldom used but relations remained cordi until Sahl asserted his independence. Aft J.F.K. accepted the nomination for pre dent, at the Democratic convention in L Angeles, Sahl claimed that rival Richar Nixon had sent a congratulatory telegra to Joseph Kennedy reading, YOU HAVEN LOST A SON, YOU'VE GAINED A COUNTR Allusions to Kennedy's wealth were a no-n in Hyannis Port circles. After Kennedy d feated Nixon, the entire clan became satir cal fair game. Sahl showered the Ne Frontier with flaming arrows. He zinge the zealousness of Attorney General Bobb Kennedy ("Little Brother is watching you and mocked the new administration's Cub policy. Warned through intermediaries t lay off, Sahl typically, perversely cranke up the volume. Kercher: "These warning only prompted Sahl to do 'three times a much material' on the Kennedy family—some of it particularly hard-hitting. Du ing a monologue on ABC-TV's short-lived 'Jerry Lewis Show,' for example, Sah even jokingly referred to a connectio between President Kennedy, mobste Sam Giancana, and the singer Fran Sinatra." Taking such names in vain wa worse than dabbling in the occult! That when the phones went dead and Sahl career suffered its first frost. For fea of being tax-audited, nightclubs refuse to book Sahl. One owner who did def the ban—the loyal Enrico Banducci of th hungry i, the holy manger where Sahl be gan—saw his business go under after a I.R.S. audit. (Happily, Banducci, a pap bear in a sporty beret, has been able t witness the hungry i's elevation into lost


asked me to dance
in the pouring rain
said we were going
to dinner and
took me to paris
serenaded me in his
tuxedo jacket
and nothing else
never ceases to
surprise me
AMOND IS FOREVER
Three stones to *cherish your past,*
celebrate your present, and *promise forever.*



ONWARD! Mort Sahl performing at Mister Kelly's, in Chicago, 1957.

Sahl introduced news-with-attitude into the isolation booth of cornball stand-up.

legend countercultural-landmark status. He was the guest of honor this March for the opening-night celebration of the San Francisco Performing Arts Library & Museum's exhibition documenting the glory days of the club that made history.)

Like many comedians who specialize in being touchy, Sahl was capable of nursing a grudge and raising it into a fine, strapping vendetta. But when President Kennedy was assassinated in 1963, he put aside career rancor and turned crusader. "November 1963 was when the country began to unravel," he later explained to the *San Diego Jewish Journal,* "because it was then OK to shoot the president." He joined District Attorney Jim Garrison in New Orleans and plunged headfirst into the investigation of a possible conspiracy behind the events in Dallas. To some, once in, Sahl never came back up for air. "I wish I had a cause, because I have a lot of enthusiasm," he had famously joked. Now he had found a cause, only to mislay his compass. Just as Lenny Bruce read aloud from his court transcripts during his act, provoking a constant trickle to the exits, Sahl quoted extensive absurdities from the Warren Commission report that baffled and alienated the uninitiated. He also professed in a *Playboy* interview, "I certainly do believe a single conspiratorial group—call it an assassination bureau—was involved in the murders of President Kennedy, Dr. King, and Bobby Kennedy." His evangelism, coupled with his swanky hedonism (his taste in shiny toys—sunglasses, watches, hi-fi sets, cars—and flashy babes), spurred mutterings around the punch bowl that Sahl had "sold out." Today, "selling out" is so acceptably commonplace it doesn't even seem like a syndrome, but in the 60s being called a sellout carried some sting. It was a synonym for betrayal, as Dylan discovered after he was heckled as a "Judas" for going electric. By the mid-60s, Sahl didn't need to fend off accusations of selling out, because fewer and fewer were buying. Once at the red-hot center, he found himself in the floating leper colony for lost entertainers. According to *Revel with a Cause,* "In 1965 [Sahl] earned $13,000—a steep drop from the $600,000 to $1 million annual incomes he formerly enjoyed."

In a career buffeted with highs and lows, splashy acclaim and pissy requiems, in-crowd acceptance and cold-shoulder snubbings, outliving the bastards can be the best revenge. Surviving 10 presidential administrations in his career (so far), Sahl continues to perform and get laughs, firing off one-liners that retain the crack and ricochet of a rifle shot. He did a one-man show on Broadway in 1987, where he had to introduce himself to a new generation of jaded journalists ("In many of their faces he saw himself mirrored as some kind of Abominable Snowman of American Comedy shaking off a quarter century of hoarfrost as he shuffled toward Broadway's lights," wrote Lawrence Christon in the *Los A*
les Times), covered the political convent
for *Imus in the Morning* in 1996, retur
to Manhattan for a brief stint at Joe's
fielded Larry King's ding-a-ling quest
on CNN. His delivery betrays little buil
of rust or erosion, the intellectual turb
still whir, but a wit of Sahl's range, exp
ence, sophistication, and voluminous
of mental information faces the sa
predicament confronting teachers, edit
and TV producers alike as they try to s
and hold an audien
attention in the Dig
Age—the acute shrink
of the audience's fra
of reference. When S
first swooped, in the 5
there was a much m
homogenized, middlebrow media la
scape—fewer than a handful of televisi
networks, no Internet, no satellite radio,
iPods. Except for cable-news junkies, ke
ing up on current events is practically
aristocratic pursuit these days. And cultu
allusions?—forget it. You can't assume t
audience knows *anything* beyond the lat
thong-snappings in the supermarket ta
loids. Fewer and fewer ticket buyers m
go to Lindsay Lohan's movies, but everyo
knows who she *is.* But when Sahl mentio
Estes Kefauver during a *Fresh Air* intervie
with Terry Gross on NPR, he's drawing
name from an abandoned well. Even I,
phony student of history, have to rub a co
ple of dry sticks together in my head befo
the name Estes Kefauver computes.

By remaining faithful to his expansi
frame of reference, however esoteric it may
for those who think anything that happene
the day before yesterday is ancient myth, Sa
is declining to dumb down his act or coarse
his monologues into a cartoon version of hi
self and the rest of humanity, as Joan Rive
and Jackie Mason have done. Their routine
have degenerated into insults and put-down
of celebrities and politicians—jabbings of vo
doo-doll pins. Sahl has always striven to ma
out something larger and wider, to get beyon
personalities into the unspoken assumption
that bind us as a people and animate us t
allow ourselves to be led merrily, mon
strously, tragically astray. This fall Sahl wil
be teaching a course in critical thinking a
Southern California's Claremont McKenna
College (a private liberal-arts school) which
will incorporate screenings of classic Ameri
can movies with a social message. The mov
ies will provide a measure of what we hav
lost. "I was always an optimist," he told the
Marin Independent Journal. "I believed tha
movie 'Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.' Bu
the country feels like it's finished. If it isn't
it's breathing in a very shallow fashion." He
however, is still breathing fire.

Onward. □


CAMPARI
CAMPARI

Legend with a Bullet

Where else would the author be but at the murder trial of rock 'n' roll legend Phil Spector, catching the cast of legal stars, meeting with the defendant in the men's room, and listening to some damning testimony from women who say they've faced the barrel of Spector's gun

I've covered a lot of trials over the last 25 years, and come to realize that some of the best conversations t place in the men's room during breaks. The late John Cochran, O. J. Simpson's Dream Team lawyer, used to h quickie meetings in there while his Nation of Islam gu kept the rest of us out. A few of us complained to Ju Ito about that. It's almost always crowded, because all courtrooms on the floor use the same one. There's usu a lot of chatter about what's going on in the different courtroo The murder trial of Phil Spector, the 60s rock 'n' roll genius who p duced his first hit when he was 18, is the best show in Los Ange these days. The trial is a major topic of conversation out here. Wh people I run into say, "What are you doing out here?" I only h to answer "Spector" and everyone knows what I'm talking abou

I first met Phil in 1987 in New York, at a high-society party in honor in the private room at Mortimer's given by Ahmet Erteg the late rock 'n' roll impre rio, and his very chic wi Mica. Phil captivated t fashionable crowd th night. The socialite F nanda Niven got so c ried away she stood and sang with him a the band, knowing eve lyric of every Phil Spect song. He was hot stu He was a celebrity. Th crowd cheered.



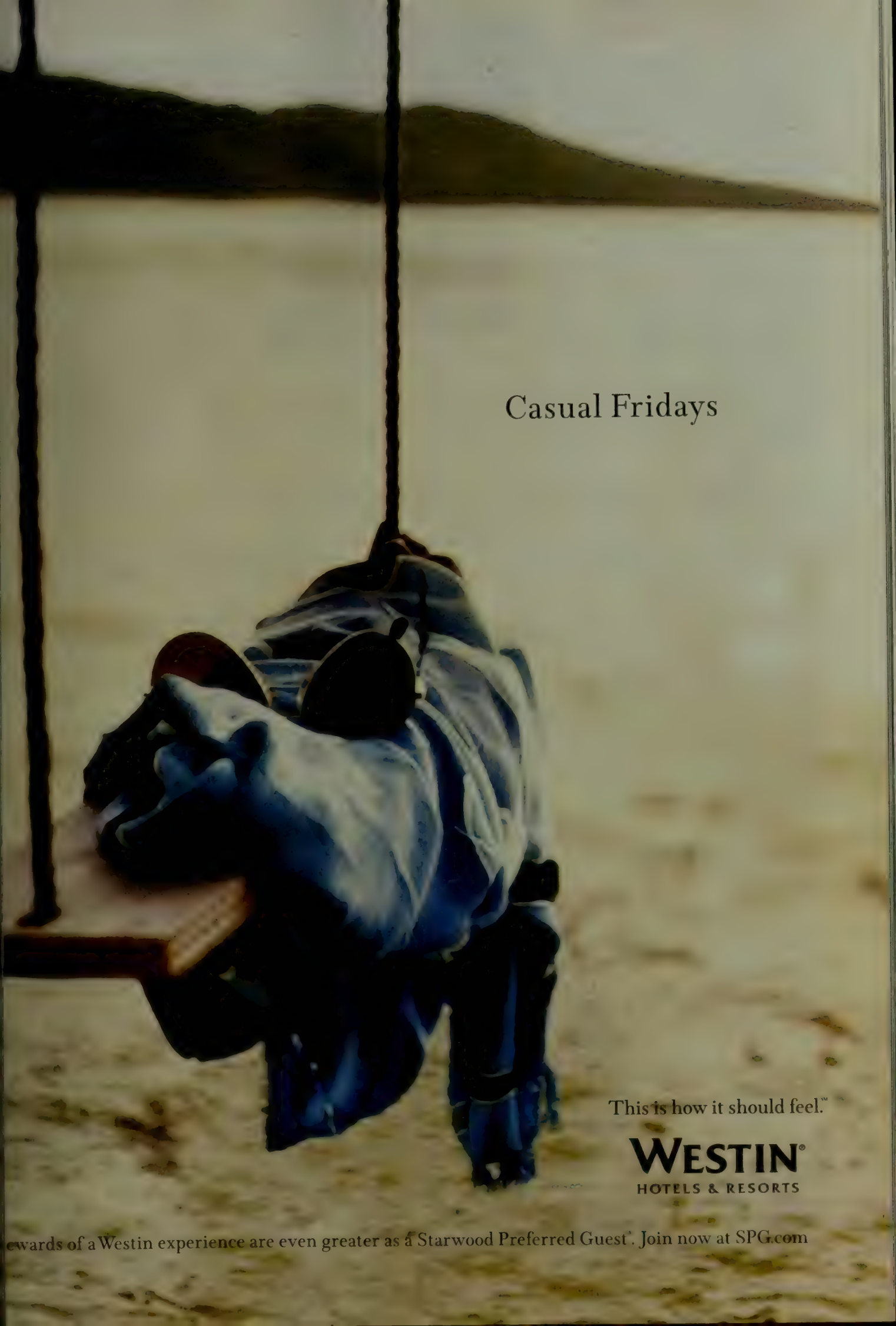
HOUSE OF CLUES *Left,* the diarist, photographed outside Phil Spector's castle, in Alhambra, California. *Inset,* Spector with Ahmet Ertegun in 2001 at the House of Blues, where Spector would meet Lana Clarkson two years later.

A few years later e eryone in the country w gripped by the televised O. Simpson double-murder tri and Phil Spector was no e ception. I was covering it f *Vanity Fair* and I was on T constantly, on Larry King and Geraldo Rivera's show talking about what had ha pened that day in court. As remember it, Phil asked Al met to arrange a meeting so we could talk about O. Phil was utterly riveted by the case. He knew every d tail of the story and trial. We had three dinners togethe I remember him as brilliant, fascinating to talk to, an sometimes scary. It was a well-known fact at that tim that he had pulled guns on people; there were many sto ries to that effect. I personally knew two of the wome who claimed they had been held prisoner in his hous for several days. He carried a gun when we saw eac other, but he never pulled it on me.

On the night before I came out to Los Angeles for thi trial, I was at a party in New York, where I ran into Yok Ono. One of the most enduring stories about Phil Spector involves the time he pulled a gun on John Lennon at a recording session. I told Yoko I was leaving the next da to cover Spector's trial. She smiled sweetly and said, "Oh Phil," in the most affectionate manner. I said, "What do you mean, 'Oh, Phil'? He pulled a gun on your husband." Yoko said, "Oh, that story has become so exaggerated. He took out the gun and shot it in the ceiling." Oh.

Tom Wolfe once called Spector the first tycoon o teen. He became famous for engineering the girl-group sound of the 1960s. Among the acts he produced were

PHOTOGRAPH BY JUST LOOMIS


Casual Fridays
This is how it should feel.™
WESTIN®
HOTELS & RESORTS
ewards of a Westin experience are even greater as a Starwood Preferred Guest®. Join now at SPG.com

the Ronettes, and he later married the lead singer, Veronica Bennett, who came to be known as Ronnie Spector. But his most significant contribution to music is the "Wall of Sound," the name for his technique of creating a big orchestral sound for his pop songs. He produced dozens of hits, including the Righteous Brothers' "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling," Ike and Tina Turner's "River Deep, Mountain High," and the Beatles album *Let It Be*.

I had not seen Spector for years until I saw him in the Clara Shortridge Foltz Criminal Justice Center, in downtown Los Angeles, where he is standing trial for the murder of Lana Clarkson, a beautiful 40-year-old actress for whom the Hollywood dream had not come true. Like a character out of Nathanael West's great Hollywood novel, *The Day of the Locust*, she'd had several good parts in B films, even a lead in the 1985 Roger Corman movie *Barbarian Queen*, but stardom eluded her. On the last



GONE BLONDE
Lana Clarkson, who was found dead in Phil Spector's mansion on February 3, 2003, in an undated publicity photo.

from many trials, Michelle Caruso of the New *Daily News*, who sits next to me at this trial, th Lana hadn't given up on her movie aspirations was hoping that the onetime important music ducer could open some doors for her. Sitting i backseat of his Mercedes as they sped along eral freeways to Alhambra, they watched the James Cagney movie *Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye*

Spector has changed a great deal sin last saw him. He's always worn toup and he has a new wig for this trial, a bl pageboy cut. I saw him staring at me ac the courtroom, but we had not yet ackn edged each other. When he appears every in court (he's free on a million-dollar b with his new, much younger wife, 26-year Rachelle, on his arm, they make a very the cal entrance. They are surrounded by three h 300-pound African-American bodyguards, dress alike. The five of them move in unison. people in the corridors step back to watch th

I first met Phil at a party given by Ahmet Ertegun.

night of her life, she was working at a new $9-dollar-an-hour job as the hostess in the V.I.P. room, known as the Foundation Room, at the House of Blues, a nightclub on Sunset Boulevard, seating important people like Phil Spector. Curiously, Lana Clarkson, who knew celebrities and had an eye for people who could help her, didn't know who Spector was when he came in with a female companion for a table shortly before two in the morning. He had made previous stops at the Grill, Dan Tana's, and Trader Vic's. He had been drinking, and appeared heavily medicated. Lana didn't give him a table at first, and by mistake she addressed him as "Miss." He corrected her, saying "Mister." She was quickly tipped off by a waitress, a beauty named Sophia Holguin, that Spector was a very important man, "worth millions," who was known to tip extravagantly. (Later, he would leave $450 for a $13.50 bar bill.) Sophia asked Lana to seat Spector in her section, the Buddha Room. After Spector had his driver take home the lady he had arrived with, who would drink only water, he asked Sophia back to his mansion. Sophia declined. She told Phil she had to be up early. Lana was his second choice.

By all accounts, Lana Clarkson had many friends and a great sense of humor. One night during the trial, I had dinner at a popular restaurant on the Sunset Strip. A very pretty hostess named Crystal Angel took me to my table. A few minutes later, during a lull in her duties, she came and sat down with me. She told me she had been a friend of Lana Clarkson's. She said that Lana had been a regular at the restaurant when it had different owners, four years ago. She was a friend of the chef's, and had given a large 40th-birthday party for herself in the private room. "She was the happiest person I knew," said Crystal, refuting totally the defense's theory that Lana was an unhappy woman down on her luck who committed suicide. E-mails she sent to a friend reveal that she was depressed by the state of her career. She had borrowed $200 from her friend. Still, she was not without hope. She had plans for a comedy act, which was "wonderful," according to Ed Lozzi, her publicist friend, who had seen Lana perform it.

It's hard not to wonder what was on her mind when she got into Phil Spector's chauffeur-driven Mercedes and rode 35 minutes with him to his 1920s mansion, called Pyrenees Castle, in Alhambra. She hadn't leapt at the invitation, but he'd persisted. She'd reluctantly agreed to go for one drink. He assured her that the chauffeur would wait and then return her to her house. My reporter friend Rachelle Short married the 67-year-old Spector after he was cused of murdering Lana Clarkson. I wouldn't have thought t Phil Spector would be a hot marital catch after the murder char were brought against him, but Rachelle Short must have thoug otherwise. In the courtroom, the two chat together the way m ried couples chat. She even looks happy.

There is a part of me that thinks that, as difficult as this peri of Spector's life must be, he is secretly enjoying being back in t center of the story after several decades on the sidelines. He h given great thought to his wardrobe. He has an assortment of su with Edwardian frock coats reaching midway down his calf, in t style of London's Carnaby Street, which was in fashion at the sa time he was. His shoes have high heels. He's a sight you can't st looking at. His hands constantly shake. The Court TV came sometimes lingers on his shaking hands folded in front of him. W have been told that his medication causes the shaking.

So back to the men's room. During a break, I made for it. was empty except for one person standing at the center u nal, which was lower than the other two, as if for kids. It w Spector. He had opened his Edwardian frock coat for the business hand, and it billowed out on each side, half blocking the other t urinals, rendering them unusable. I didn't have the nerve to ask hi to move his coat and free up a urinal, and I also didn't really wa to pee next to him, considering that he was on trial for murder ju down the hall, and I was there to write about him. So I waited m turn in silence in the back by the sinks.

He took great care in rolling up his sleeves and elaborately soa ing and scrubbing his hands in very hot water, the way I have see germaphobes do after they've shaken hands. When he was drying h hands with a paper towel, he noticed me for the first time.

"Hi, Dominick," he said.

"Hi, Phil," I replied. I didn't know what to say for conversatio As a longtime victims' advocate, I found it strange to be chattin with the man on trial for Lana Clarkson's murder, but there wa something about him I still found likable. You're not supposed have those mixed feelings. Finally it occurred to me what I cou say to him. "I went to Ahmet's memorial service in New York Lincoln Center last week," I said, referring to Ahmet Ertegun.

"You went? Oh, my God, this is the first I've heard about

m someone who went. I owe everything to Ahmet. He started in the business," said Phil, or words to that effect. He was to- y interested in hearing about it.

I rattled off the names of as many of the entertainers as I could nember: Eric Clapton, Bette Midler, Kid Rock, Stevie Nicks. e merely famous, such as Henry Kissinger, Mayor Bloomberg, l Oscar de la Renta. David Geffen and Mick Jagger, who deliv- d moving and funny eulogies.

"Mick mentioned you in his eulogy," I said.

"Mick mentioned me?" He was stunned and thrilled. "Noth- about this," I said, referring to the murder trial. "It was about and Ahmet and your friendship." It occurred to me later that he obably hadn't had many conversations in recent times concerning life he once led.

Then we were back in the courtroom, and I recognized the wom- on the witness stand, Dorothy Melvin, whom I used to know en she worked for Joan Rivers as an assistant. She was the first of r women whom superior-court judge Larry Paul Fidler allowed as osecution witnesses to show Spector's pattern of pulling guns on men. The court listened to her tell about her nightmare experience h Phil at the castle, where she said she had been held prisoner at npoint. Finally freed, she called the police.

One of the great characters of the trial is the famed defense attorney Bruce Cutler, who has been imported from New York City for the occasion, and is always referred to as Mafia lawyer," or John Gotti's lawyer, whenever his name ap- ars in print, which is often. He is Spector's third defense lawyer. s first was Robert Shapiro, the famous O.J. lawyer (who was id $1 million the night he was hired). His second was the re- wned Los Angeles defense attorney Leslie Abramson, who won tional fame defending the Menendez brothers. When I saw a evision clip in which Phil kept interrupting and correcting Leslie ring an impromptu press conference, I knew that legal relation- ip wasn't going to last.

Cutler is best known for having won three acquittals for John otti, the head of the Gambino crime family. People who do not mire Cutler will swear to you that Gotti fixed two of the acquit- juries. I was always touched by the fact that when Gotti finally nt to prison, after his fourth trial, Cutler visited him as a friend a regular basis until his death. He's a guy who's in the columns a . His clothes show a real fashion sense for the role he has chosen play, stylish and flashy. Gotti introduced him to his shirtmaker, Nadler's of Brooklyn." Cutler's necktie and pocket handkerchief ten match. He is a great New York character having a difficult time it in a city not his own. The tough-guy act that charms New York laying an egg here. I have never seen a hotshot New York lawyer ore big in a Los Angeles courtroom. There's a resentment.

The first sign of trouble in the defense team began with Cut- 's opening statement, which was a flop. It went wrong from the rt for this master of rhetoric, when Judge Fidler, who is in total mmand of his courtroom, sharply interrupted him in the first inutes of his statement. Judge Fidler said Cutler could not use ector's statement to the police after he was taken into custody the night of the shooting, in which he said that Clarkson had mmitted suicide, since it had not been introduced by the pros- utor, Deputy District Attorney Alan Jackson, in his opening tement. Cutler wanted a time-out to rethink his statement, and dler gave him a half-hour break. From the beginning, though, s timing was off. He made a grand, operatic, open-arms gesture d twice shouted, "The police had murder on their minds," as if e police had made a rush to judgment about Spector. I should hope to God that the police had murder on their minds, with a woman less than an hour dead, shot in the face, bleeding from the mouth, her teeth all over the floor, life over, in a French bergère chair in the foyer of a castle, and an arrogant man in a house full of guns who had to be Tasered by police. I think that's cause for having murder on your mind.

Cutler is used to cross-examining thugs and murderers in a manner that doesn't go over well when nice ladies who claim to have had fearful experiences with Phil Spector are on the stand. Judge Fidler, who's a bit patrician, bawled Cutler out in no uncertain terms on two occasions in front of the jury. There were rumors of dissension on the defense team. I personally witnessed a very heated argument, with gestures, between Cutler and fellow defense attorney Roger Rosen outside the courthouse, but I wasn't near enough to listen. Then Cutler got sick. They said he went to the hospital; then they said he didn't go to the hospital. They said he was going to return to New York, but he stayed, in a lesser position on the team.

One night after court my car didn't show up. Cutler saw I was abandoned and offered me a ride. "I'm not going to leave you here on the street," he said. His driver took us to the Ritz-Carlton hotel in Pasadena, where Cutler had rented a cottage in order to be nearer to Spector's castle, and then his driver took me all the way back to the Chateau Marmont, on the Sunset Strip, where I'm staying. I felt as if I were in a scene from the last episode of *The Sopranos,* sitting with Cutler in the backseat of his town car as his driver negotiated the freeways. Bruce is a great storyteller and often hilariously funny. We laughed most of the way.

It became obvious that he was being sidelined on the defense team. When we broke for Memorial Day weekend, he said to me in the corridor that he wouldn't be coming back until the end of the trial, to do the closing, but he was back in his chair the day after the holiday.

I have never believed Lana Clarkson committed suicide.

There's a big new star in the Los Angeles district attorney's office, and he's the 42-year-old prosecutor in the trial, Alan Jackson. His opening statement was a work of art. At an evidentiary hearing, his questioning of the renowned forensic scientist Dr. Henry Lee, who became a household name during the O. J. Simpson trial, was tough and courteous. This guy is so smart and knows the law so well.

He has TV-star looks, he flies planes, and he used to race cars but gave that up. He's also single. I had never met him or seen him before the trial, but we talked on the phone about a year ago when I received a five-page, handwritten letter from a star I know, who wishes not to be named, claiming she had been locked up in Spector's house for two days. She was shy about going to the police, afraid of the publicity. I called the deputy district attorney, introduced myself, had a nice chat with him, and faxed him a copy of the letter. He and the star talked. Every bit of information helps. Jackson's rise to the top ranks has been fostered by the greatly respected deputy D.A. Pat Dixon, head of the Major Crimes Division, who sits beside him in the courtroom.

The most anticipated witness at the trial was Adriano De Souza, the Brazilian substitute driver for Spector, who had driven the odd pair home from the House of Blues. He parked the Mercedes in the courtyard of the castle. His job was to wait to drive Miss Clarkson home after her visit with Spector. It was he who heard the single gunshot, which he described on the stand as a "pow" sound; it was he who called 911; and it was he who told the police that Spector had opened the door, come out of the house with a .38-caliber revolver in his bloody hand, and said, "I think I killed somebody." Those five words are the heart of this trial. In his opening statement, Bruce Cutler, who has a tendency to go too far, tried to minimize their importance by snob-

bishly saying, "Five words allegedly said to someone taking a siesta."

The defense's strategy has been to destroy the driver's credibility: De Souza was in the country illegally; the windows of the Mercedes were up, the heat in the car was on, the radio was on, and the fountain in the center of the courtyard was making splashing sounds, so he could not possibly have heard what he said he heard. However, the tape of De Souza's 911 call to the Alhambra police within minutes of the shooting is very believable and very understandable to me.

On the stand Adriano De Souza became the surprise of the trial. He was young, upright, recently married, privately educated in Brazil, a college graduate, and a former lieutenant in the Brazilian Army. To me, he seemed disarmingly honest. He did have immigration problems. The defense suggested he told the story of Spector's saying, "I think I killed somebody," in return for the government's help with his immigration problems. A defense lawyer named Bradley Brunon did the long and difficult cross-examination. De Souza never lost his cool; he remained calm and sure of himself. My feeling was that the jury believed him. I certainly did. That night I had dinner at the Grill, a popular restaurant in Beverly Hills, where Adriano De Souza used to be the head parking attendant. My waitress, Jane Kinsey, adored him and had watched him on Court TV that day. They were all proud of Adriano at the Grill.

A curious diversion took place out of the presence of the jury. A young man named Gregory Diamond, who had been a law student clerking for Robert Shapiro while studying for the bar, was called to the stand. He had accompanied Shapiro to a meeting at Spector's castle the night after Lana Clarkson was shot. The forensic scientists Dr. Henry Lee and Dr. Michael Baden, whom Shapiro had hired for the defense team, were at the meeting that night to investigate the crime scene. Four years later, prior to the beginning of this trial, Diamond, who had since failed the bar exam and begun writing crime scripts for television, phoned Deputy District Attorney Alan Jackson, the *Los Angeles Times,* and *The New York Times* to say that he had witnessed someone on the defense team secrete a bit of crime-scene evidence that had never been turned over to the prosecution. When Judge Fidler called Diamond in to testify, however, he was reluctant to take the stand. He asked if he could take the Fifth, but Fidler denied the request. The purported piece of evidence was said to be an acry thumbnail belonging to Lana Clarkson. This was important becau if Lana Clarkson lost a thumbnail the night she died it could help t prosecution prove that there was a struggle before the shooting.

Diamond was not the sort of witness you rooted for—you wonder why he had called the newspapers but then was reluctant to testify—h the number-two defense attorney under Shapiro, Sara Caplan, a a private detective, Stanley White, who were also present at the cas that night, essentially verified his story, specifying that it was L Lee who had concealed the evidence. (Subsequently, Caplan w called by the prosecution to testify about the evidence in front of t jury. She came to court but refused to testify against Spector, her fi mer client. Judge Fidler held her in contempt of court, and threaten to send her to jail. It was a moment of high drama.)

Dr. Lee was in China when Diamond, Caplan, and White we questioned about the evidence. When he returned from China, he to the stand and testily defended himself, denying that he had hidden a evidence. Judge Fidler's decision a week later felt like a bolt of lightni striking the courthouse. He ruled against Dr. Lee's version of the sto saying that he believed Sara Caplan. In effect, Judge Fidler called D Lee a liar. It was not a good moment for the defense. It was a disastro moment for the esteemed Dr. Lee, who by that time was in France.

Leslie Abramson returned to the courtroom as a spectator durin the discussion of the missing evidence, as the matter had first com up when she represented Spector. Leslie and I despised each othe during the Menendez trial—she didn't like the way I wrote abou her in *Vanity Fair.* But my brother the late writer John Gregor Dunne, who used her as a character in his novel *The Red Whi and Blue,* was fond of her, and she and I had a rapprochement at h funeral. When she entered the courtroom, she walked right up to m and gave me a hug before taking her seat in the well.

When Judge Fidler brought up the missing acrylic thumbnail Abramson shook her head violently, as if to indicate there was n truth to the story. Judge Fidler stopped midsentence. In a harsh voice he spoke directly to her, saying words to this effect: "Ms. Abramson you and I have known each other for many years. I have no problem with your disagreeing with me, but you are never, ever to shake your head at me in my courtroom." That sort of public reprimand ha

It's a well-known fact that Phil pulled guns on people.



HAPPY TOGETHER Phil Spector and his new wife, Rachelle, arrive at court, surrounded by bodyguards, for jury selection.

never had much effect on Leslie Abramson. She showed no embarrassment. Then the cell phone in her purse played a tune. One of the cardinal sins of every courtroom is t not turn off your cell phone. Most people make that oh my-God face if their phone goes off. Not Leslie. She an swered her phone and talked to her caller as she walked out at a leisurely pace. Judge Fidler rolled his eyes, and there was laughter in the courtroom.

From the beginning I have never believed the defense's story that Lana Clarkson committed suicide on the night she went to Phil's castle. Beautiful women—and Lana was beautiful—don't commit suicide by shooting themselves in the face. A blown-out mouth with teeth all over the floor is not a pretty look. No beautiful woman wants her body to be found that way. And no caring, feeling woman would commit suicide in front of a man she'd known for only a couple of hours. Her purse was hanging by a long strap over her shoulder. It was five o'clock in the morning. The car and driver were waiting for her. Lana was ready to go home to her little cottage in Venice Beach. As the movie in the Mercedes said, kiss tomorrow good-bye. □



NLY WE HAD A MAGIC BIN THAT WE COULD THROW STUFF IN AND MAKE IT DISAPPEAR FOREVER. WHAT WE CAN
S FIND CREATIVE WAYS TO RECYCLE. GREENHOUSES USE OUR WASTE CO, TO GROW FLOWERS. AND OUR WASTE
HUR TO MAKE SUPER-STRONG CONCRETE.

ENERGY SOLUTIONS FOR THE REAL WORLD. WWW.SHELL.COM/US/REALENERGY

WALL STREET GETS A SHINER



SOLE MATES

Doug Stumpf with "Flamenguista," the inspiration for his novel's title character.

The character comes in many classic guises. There's the Fool in *Lear*. Jeeves. Sancho Panza. Ishmael. Off to the side, underestimated, sometimes unobserved, he's really the shrewdest observer of all. So meet Aguilar Benicio, better known as Gil, the Brazilian-born fulcrum of *Confessions of a Wall Street Shoeshine Boy*, the first novel by *V.F.* deputy editor Doug Stumpf. With his knowing patter and easy way, Gil is a constant but forgettable presence on the trading floor of Medved, Morningstar. One day, unwittingly, he stumbles onto an insider-trading scheme. But that's just the plot (which also involves a writer for a magazine called *Glossy*). The brilliance of *Confessions* lies in the sheen on those Guccis and Ferragamos—and the world it reflects. Gil, a street-savvy innocent, is aghast at his first sight of Greenwich, Connecticut: "We drive in all this little, tiny streets with no peoples, and I'm like, Where is all the peoples?" He describes how a mother there disciplines her teenage boy: "She's like, Leave the credit card on the counter. I'm serious! That's what she say! Leave the credit card on the counter."

Confessions has been optioned by Warner Bros., where it's being developed by producers Donald De Line (*The Italian Job*) and Paula Weinstein (*The Perfect Storm*), with a screenplay by Charles Leavitt (*Blood Diamond*). Aguilar Benicio, by the way, is based on a real person, who is happy to share in the project. But the maestro is Stumpf, whose ear and imagination are unerring. The old cliché is that art should hold a mirror up to life. Who'd have believed you could hold up a shoe?

—CULLEN MURPHY

TO READ AN EXCERPT FROM STUMPF'S NOVEL, GO TO **VF.COM**.

mic
Smoother

e a flawless
exion
vasively.

Skin Smoother is
etary finishing serum
nt formulated by
olas Perricone that
protect against
re cellular damage while
g your face for makeup.

ue product is designed
e last step in your
e regimen and the first
nakeup application.

ic Skin Smoother
oven effective
ensive clinical trials
roving skin texture
ore size and at
g in hydration.

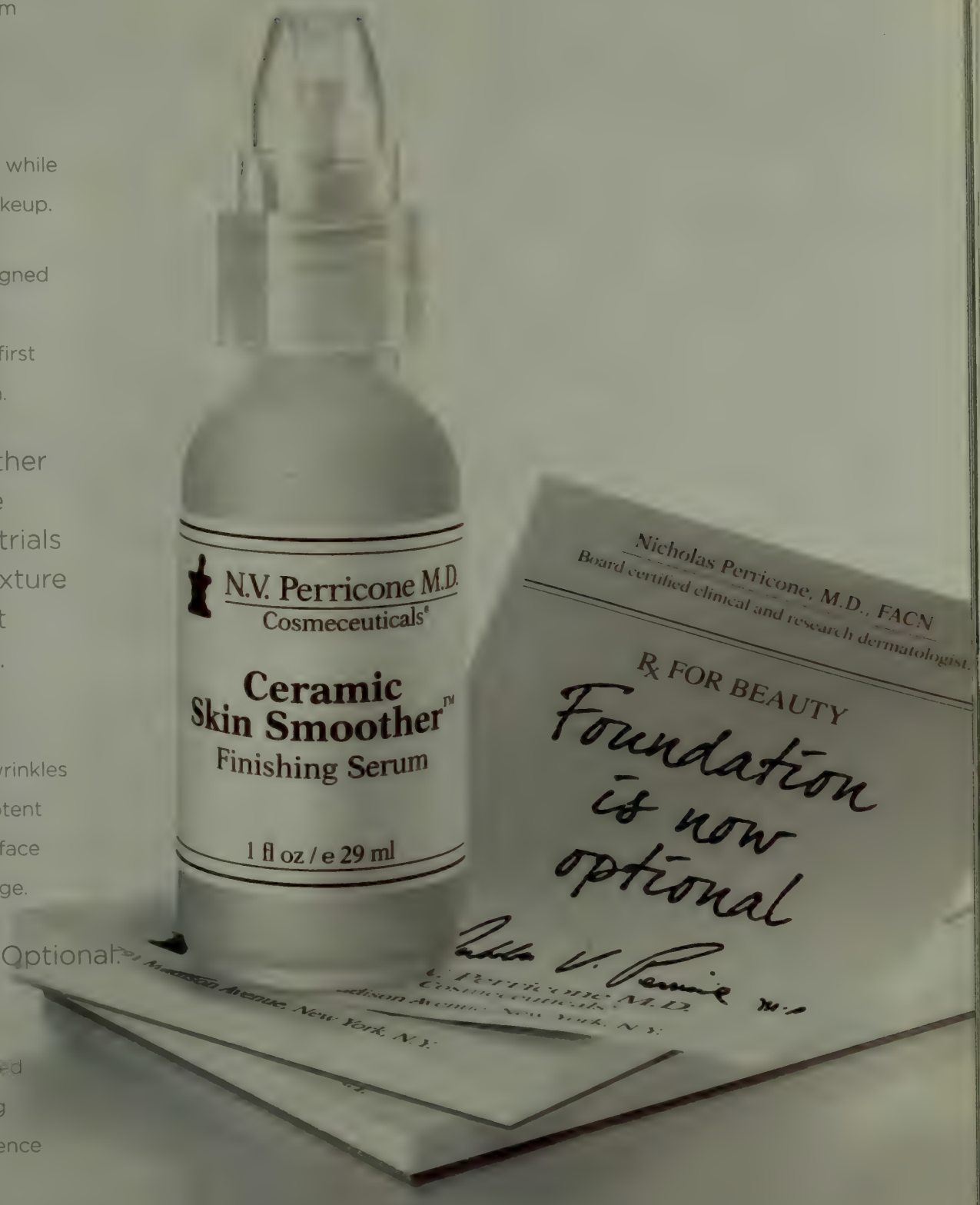
tly corrects the
nce of fine lines, wrinkles
imperfections. Potent
ants protect your face
vironmental damage.

dation Is Now Optional.

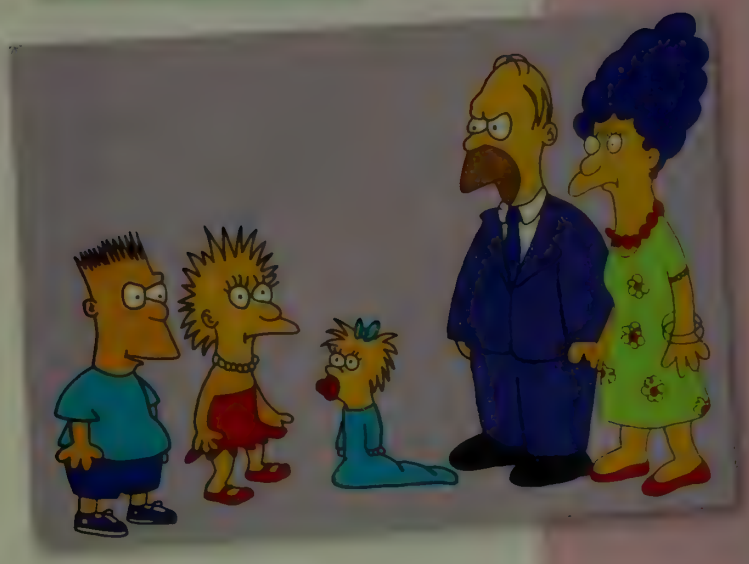
olas Perricone is
eer of an integrated
h to healthy aging
utiful skin. Experience
osophy, products
remarkable clinical
of his work at:

erriconeMD.com/CSS

Exclusively at **SEPHORA**.
Visit any Sephora store to
receive your complimentary
7-day deluxe sample.
Limited availability.



N.V. Perricone M.D.
Cosmeceuticals®
791 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.





THE STORY OF D'OH The Simpsons in their earliest incarnation, *above, left,* and the better-groomed, less overbite-y family we know today.

Simpson Family Value

A cartoon family whacked America's funny bone in 1989, eventually becoming the longest-running sitcom ever. As *The Simpsons* jumps to the big screen this month, not eve involved–including the writers, the voices, and Rupert Murdoch–agrees on what has made it a pop phenomenon

By John Ortved

In January 1992, during a campaign stop at a gathering of the National Religious Broadcasters, George H. W. Bush made a commitment to strengthen traditional values, promising to help American families become "a lot more like the Waltons and a lot less like the Simpsons." A few days later, before the opening credits rolled on the animated sitcom's weekly episode, *The Simpsons* issued its response. Seated in front of the television, the family watched Bush make his remarks. "Hey! We're just like the Waltons," said Bart. "We're praying for an end to the Depression, too." While the immediacy of the response was surprising, the retort was vintage *Simpsons:* tongue-in-cheek, subversive, skewering both the president's cartoonish political antics and the culture that embraced them. Twelve months later, Bill Clinton moved into the White House. The Waltons were out; the Simpsons were in.

When *The Simpsons* had premiered on Fox, in 1989, prime-time television was somewhat lacking in comedy. Despite a few bright spots such as *Cheers* and the barbed, happily crude *Roseanne,* the sitcom roost was ruled by didactic, saccharine family fare: *The Cosby Show, Full House, Growing Pains, Family Matters.* Of the last–the show that gave the world Urkel–Tom Shales piously declared in *The Washington Post,* "A decent human being would have a hard time not smiling."

It was on this wan entertainment landscape that *The Simpsons* planted its flag. Prime time had not seen an animated sitcom since *The Flintstones,* in the 1960s, and the Christmas special with which *The Simpsons* debuted made clear that Springfield and Bedrock were separated by more than just a few millennia: Homer is despondent at the length of his children's Christmas pageant; a tattoo artist unquestioningly accepts 10-year-old Bart as an adult; the family adopts a stray dog from the racetrack. Critical reaction was nearly unanimous. "Couldn't be better . . . not only exquisitely weird but also as smart and witty as television gets," raved the *Los Angeles Times.* "Why would anyone want to go back to *Growing Pains*?" asked *USA Today.*

What followed is one of the most astounding successes in television history. *The Simpsons* went on to be a ratings and syndication winner for 18 years, and has grossed Fox sums of money measuring in the billions. It has won 23 Emmys and a Peabody Award, and was named the best TV show of all time by *Time* magazine in 1999. (The magazine also named Bart one of the 100 most influential people of the 20th century. "[Bart] embodies a century of popular culture and



RATION PULLED FROM YOUR LIFE. THAT'S PROFESSIONAL GRADE

- lest form of turn-by-turn navigation available*
- uel efficiency than any 8-passenger SUV**
- lolled safety features.
- nroof with breathtaking sky views available.
- rak™ for multiple road surfaces.
- ertainment system available.
- olders.

GMC ACADIA

WELCOME TO ACADIA. THE CROSSOVER FROM GMC.

nections and connections. Standard. Visit www.onstar.com for system limitations and details. Not available in certain areas. **EPA est. 18 mpg city, 26 mpg hwy (2WD) and 17 mpg city, 24 mpg hwy (AWD). GM vehicles. ©2007 General Motors Corp. All rights reserved. Acadia, GMC, StabiliTrak and GMC logo are registered trademarks of General Motors Corp.

is one of the richest characters in it. One thinks of Chekhov, Celine, Lenny Bruce," the writer cooed.) But the most telling accolade is that *The Simpsons* is TV's longest-running sitcom ever, outlasting *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*'s 14 seasons.

Not surprisingly, given its success, *The Simpsons* spawned many imitators and opened doors for new avenues of animated comedy. Directly or indirectly, the show sired *Beavis and Butt-head, King of the Hill, Futurama, Family Guy,* Adult Swim, and *South Park,* which, nearly a decade after Bart's boastful underachieving, managed to generate a familiar cacophony of ratings, merchandise, and controversy when it premiered, in 1997.

"It's like what sci-fi fans say about *Star Trek:* it created an audience for that genre," says Seth MacFarlane, the creator of *Family Guy.* "As far as I'm concerned, they basically re-invented the wheel. They created what is in many ways—you could classify it as—a wholly new medium. It's just wholly original."

"*The Simpsons* is the bane of our existence," says Matt Stone, co-creator of *South Park* with Trey Parker. "They have done so many parodies, tackled so many subjects. '*Simpsons* did it!' is a very familiar refrain in our writers' room. Trey and I are constantly having our little cartoon compared to the best show in the history of television, *The Simpsons.* Why can't we be compared to *According to Jim*? Or *Sister, Sister*?"

Not that there aren't some debits on *The Simpsons'* ledger—for every *King of the Hill,* there was a *Fish Police* and a *Critic.* But over 18 years, *The Simpsons* has been so influential, it is difficult to find any strain of television comedy that does not contain its DNA. And yet the show's footprint is so much larger. Homer's signature "D'oh!" has been added to the *Oxford English Dictionary.* There's a "Simpsons and Philosophy" course at Berkeley (for credit), not to mention the hundreds of published academic articles with *The Simpsons* as their subject. Even conservatives have come around. "It's possibly



"Barry Diller just wanted to make specials and Jim Brooks said, 'It's a series or nothing.'"

the most intelligent, funny, and even politically satisfying TV show ever," wrote the *National Review* in 2000. "The Simpsons celebrates many . . . of the best conservative principles: the primacy of family, skepticism about political authority. . . . Springfield residents pray and attend church every Sunday." Next to pornography, no single subject may have as many Web sites and blogs dedicated to its veneration. *The Simpsons* has permeated our vernacular, the way we tell jokes, and how our storytellers practice their craft. If you look around, you can see the evidence, but as with any truly powerful cultural force, you can never see it all—it's buried too deep.

Such lofty significance was never the goal of Matt Groening, a native of Portland, Oregon, who, with writing aspirations, moved to L.A. in 1977, at the age of 23, immersing himself in the punk-rock scene and working on novels. After several menial jobs, he began recording his disgust with life in L.A. in a comic strip, *Life in Hell,* which he sent to his friends back home and distributed at the record shop Licorice Pizza, where he found work behind the counter. The strip featured deeply cynical, existential ruminations from a bunny named Binky, his illegitimate, one-eared son, Bongo, and a fez-wearing gay couple—who may or may not be identical twins—named Jeff and Akbar. It found its way into the *Los Angeles Reader* and then *LA Weekly,* in 1986, and eventually caught the attention of James L. Brooks, writer-producer of *Taxi* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show,* and writer-director of the film *Terms of Endearment,* among others.

Polly Platt, production designer, *Terms of Endearment*: I was nominated for an Academy Award for *Terms of Endearment,* and wanted to give Jim Brooks a thank-you gift. [Matt] did a cartoon called "Success and Failure in Hollywood." So I called Matt and bought the original. [Jim] was thrilled! He just laughed and laughed, and hung it up on his wall in his office. It was a brilliant cartoon. Success and failure come out to exactly the same thing in the cartoon. I think it's people shooting each other.

At the time, Brooks was looking for a cartoon short to place before commercials as minute-long "bumpers" on The Tracey Ullman Show, *a sketch comedy series that Barry Diller, then C.E.O. of Fox Inc., had asked him to produce in 1987 for the new and struggling Fox network.*

Jay Kogen, writer-producer, *The Tracey Ullman Show* (1987–89), *The Simpsons* (1989–93): They really wanted *Life in Hell.* But Matt was making a good bit of money on mugs and calendars from *Life in Hell,* and Fox wanted to own the whole thing. He said, "I won't sell you this. But I have this other family, called *The Simpsons,* that you can have." And then he proceeded to draw something on a napkin that legend has it he just made up on the spot. And they said, "O.K., we'll do that!"

Art Spiegelman, Pulitzer Prize–winning cartoonist, *Maus*: I pleaded with Matt and advised him strongly from my elder-statesman position to not work with Fox. "Whatever you do, don't work with those guys! They're gangsters! They're gonna take your rights away!" He's never let me forget it.

Gabor Csupo, original animator, *The Simpsons* (1987–92): When Jim Brooks originally saw Matt Groening's drawings on his wall, it was all black-and-white, just thin line drawing, no color or anything. And that's how he wanted to do the show. And we said, "You know what? We gonna give you color for the same price." And all of a sudden the eyes lit up and he said, "O.K., you guys are on." The characters were so beautiful but, let's face it, primitively designed that we thought that we could counterbalance that design with shocking colors. That's why we came up with the yellow skin, and the blue hair for Marge.

Michael Mendel, associate producer, *The Tracey Ullman Show* (1987–89), *The Simpsons* (1989–92): Matt would just show up with a two-page script and go, "Here it is. This is the cartoon we're doing this week." It was sort of guerrilla-style animation. We would hang out on the stage of *Tracey Ullman,* and in between block and rehearsal, we would grab [the actors] and record their lines. It was me and Matt and the animators and a couple directors—a really small group of people working on this little one-minute cartoon every week.

Wally Wolodarsky, writer-producer, *The Tracey Ullman Show* (1987–89), *The Simpsons* (1989–93): The Simpsons were viewed as poor relations by the writing staff of *The Tracey Ullman Show,* and we secretly always felt that *The Simpsons* was the funniest part of the show.

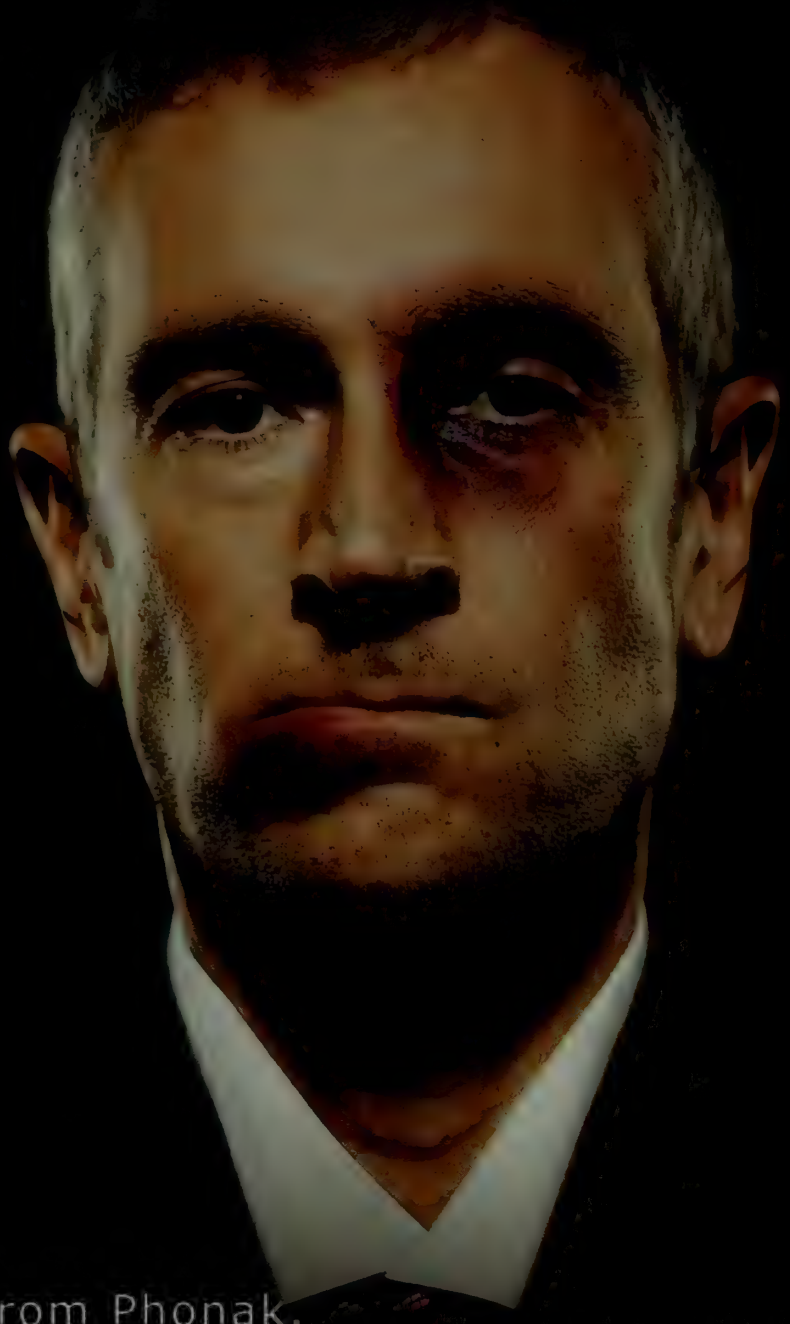
For the voices of Homer and Marge, the producers used Dan Castellaneta and Julie Kavner, actors who were already regulars on The Tracey Ullman Show. *(Marge's rasp is Kavner's normal voice, almost unaffected.) Yeardley Smith, who auditioned using her own voice for Lisa, was a struggling actress with some Broadway and TV-movie credits. She had originally auditioned for the role of Bart, while voice actress Nancy*

e Fund Manager

eur Ultimate Fighter

a's Ex-Boyfriend

o Wearer



Phonak proudly supports the *Hear the World Foundation*. www.hear-the-world.com

he Audéo PCA from Phonak.

ecause hearing is inversely proportional to your life experience. Audéo is a breakthrough for living life to the fullest, bringing back the speech understanding we can start to lose as early as in our twenties. Sleek, stylish and discreet, it is the ultimate tech accessory. You've always experienced everything the world has to offer. Why stop now?

Your life, amplified.

Call today for a FREE 10-day Audéo trial*
with a provider near you.
1-800-718-0192

www.audeoworld.com



AUDÉO

Personal communication assistant

ONAK

*Available at participating locations only.

Cartwright tried for Lisa. When they switched, Cartwright—who had followed the advice of her mentor, Daws Butler, the voice of Yogi Bear, to move to L.A. and try voice acting—attempted a version of a voice she had used on My Little Pony *and* The Snorks, *and Bart was born.*

The bumper episodes were amusing snippets of the dysfunctional family's daily life, focusing mostly on the kids being kids, and the grief they caused their parents: Bart and Lisa engage in a burping contest; Bart directs the pallbearers at a funeral as if he were the foreman on a construction site.

Though critics liked The Tracey Ullman Show, *the series wasn't a big hit; but, then, neither was much else on the network. Still, Diller saw that the big-three networks were getting old and tired—they were losing viewers to cable and independent networks—and he was eager to experiment. In early 1988, he launched one of television's first real-*



"The first show came back from Korea and it was a complete disaster. It was unairable."

ity programs, America's Most Wanted *(*Cops *would follow in 1989), while taking the sitcom in lewd new directions with* Married . . . with Children. *When Brooks approached him with the idea of making* The Simpsons *into its own series, Diller eventually bit, thinking that the show might be, as he later put it, "the one that can crack the slab for us."*

Barry Diller, former chairman and C.E.O., Fox: Everything was failing at the time, all those half-hour sitcoms: *Mr. President,* etc. We all thought the Simpsons were really cute, but their shorts weren't making any noise, nor was *The Tracey Ullman Show,* for that matter, which was unfortunate. I never saw it as a series. What made the difference was Jim Brooks. I know it was originally Matt's drawings, and I'm sure [executive producer] Sam Simon made his contribution, but the show never would have happened, or have been successful, without Jim Brooks.

Rupert Murdoch, C.E.O., News Corp.: I was at a program meeting with Barry Diller and the people at Fox network, and afterwards Barry said, "Come into my room, I want to show you something." And he had a tape there, of about 20 minutes in length, of all the little 30-second bits that had been through *The Tracey Ullman Show.* And he played it, and I just thought it was hilarious. I said, "You've gotta buy this tonight." He said, "No. It's more complicated than that." So we went forward from there.

Michael Mendel: Barry Diller just wanted to make specials and Jim [Brooks] put his foot down and said, "It's a series or nothing." The network wanted to play it safe, and they weren't sure if this was going to work.

Barry Diller: I wanted to do anything that did not involve making a commitment of 13 episodes. But Jim said, with six months of lead time, it wouldn't work any other way.

Rupert Murdoch: You look at it in today's figures, the risks [of making *The Simpsons* its own series] weren't that great. But at the time, we were very conscious of how much money we were spending on productions. It was certainly tremendously important in establishing the use of brand of the network.

Brooks's man in charge of developing the show was Sam Simon, a writer-producer who had worked with Brooks on Taxi *and* Ullman. *Simon would depart* The Simpsons *after its fourth season, leaving behind much acrimony between him and Matt Groening over creative differences and compensation issues. Many of the original staff remain loyal to Simon, crediting him with taking Groening's crude characters from* The Tracey Ullman Show *and making them into the Simpsons that the world knows and loves. Simon recently told* 60 Minutes, *"Any show I've ever worked on, it turns me into a monster. I go crazy, I hate myself." For his part, Groening has said, "I think Sam Simon is brilliantly funny and one of the smartest writers I've ever worked with, although unpleasant and mentally unbalanced."*

Colin Lewis, postproduction supervisor and producer, *The Simpsons* (1990–97): Sam had problems with Matt from the beginning. The stuff with Matt, anyone will tell you, in terms of them feuding and not talking . . . that was consistent from the beginning.

Polly Platt: Matt did not get along with [Sam]. Nobody got along with him. He's kind of an awful person. If he was at any meeting, it just seemed that everyone would turn on each other.

Barry Diller: I was totally aware of their problems and often mediated them on behalf of everyone. For a while it was not a happy place. But I think it ultimately made the show better.

Jay Kogen: It was clear that there was animosity back and forth. It was a tough position for Sam to be in, because Matt was getting all the accolades. I would think that if you were pouring your life's blood into something and getting none of the credit, it would be irritating. If you look at the original *Simpsons* cartoons, those are closer to Matt's drawings, but Sam reshaped them and re-drew them. He had experience in sitcoms. He had also worked in animation. He's also a very talented cartoonist himself. He's really smart, and handled storyboards and all that stuff.

Brad Bird, supervising director, *The Simpsons* (1989–92); feature-film director, *The Incredibles, Ratatouille:* I think the unsung hero has always been Sam. I was in the room when he took some pretty mediocre scripts and just sat there in his chair, with all the writers in the room and a cigar, and went through, line by line. And he would get people to pitch lines . . . but 9 times out of 10 he came up with the best line.

Jay Kogen: Matt wasn't always in the room. So it's hard to fight with everybody and have a real say if you're not there. He's also a very pleasant, easy-going guy, and the writers' room can be a tough place. But, you know, ultimately Matt got what he wanted. When he pitched stuff, he got what he wanted.

Michael Mendel: A lot of the foundation for the show and the reason why I think it's successful was laid down during those tumultuous times.

With the enlarged scope of a series, a cast of characters outside the family was needed. There were Patty and Selma, Marge's spinster sisters, and Grandpa, Homer's neglected father. Moe the bartender, Homer's enabler, is the bitterest man in town, while the local-TV kiddie show is hosted by Krusty the Clown, a Friars-era showbiz hack. Homer's boss is the 104-year-old nuclear-power-plant owner, Mr. Burns, a throwback to the robber barons (with some Charles Foster Kane, Rupert Murdoch, and Barry Diller thrown in). To voice the supporting roles, the performing cast was filled out with veteran improv actors Hank Azaria (Chief Wiggum, Moe, Apu) and Harry Shearer (Principal Skinner, Mr. Burns, Kent Brockman). The late Phil Hartman



Offer for two $10 Gift Certificates good toward any Natural American Spirit products of greater value. Offer restricted to U.S. smokers 21 years of age or older. Limit one offer per person per 12 month period. Offer void in MA and where prohibited. Other restrictions may apply. Offer expires 12/31/07.

SMOKING "LIGHT" FILTERED CIGARETTES DOES NOT ELIMINATE THE HEALTH RISKS OF SMOKING. Actual levels of ta and nicotine experienced by the smoker may vary widely depending on how you smoke. For more information, see www.nascigs.com. Natural American Spirit® is a registered trademark of Santa Fe Natural Tobacco Co. © SFNTC 3

helped create some of The Simpsons' *best moments with his charmingly incompetent litigator, Lionel Hutz, and washed-up actor, Troy McClure.*

Hank Azaria: The hard stuff was the first two or three years, where we were finding the tone, sensibility, even specifically the voices of the characters. There was a lot of finding it in fits and starts. We would record all day long.

Michael Mendel: Fox had this really huge A.D.R. stage, and everybody [not just the actors] was in the room with the microphones. You couldn't make a noise while they were recording or you would ruin it. It was always a challenge to not laugh on top of these actors' takes because they were so funny. So people would be, you know, crawling under their desks not to ruin the take.

Producing the volume of animation needed for the 13-episode first season was another hurdle. One problem was that much of the actual work would have to be farmed out to studios in Korea, which were used to animating Transformers *and not sophisticated comedy shows. Another was that most of the staff—including Brooks and Groening—had little experience with animation.*



Michael Mendel: The first show came back from Korea and it was a complete disaster. It was unairable. We had to re-cast some voices. The director just went off and did a bunch of stuff on his own.

Gabor Csupo: It was a very, very raw first assembly of the scenes, and some of the scenes were still missing, didn't come back, wrong colors, wrong angles. So it was a disaster. Jim sort of got into it, started to laugh for the first five minutes, and then all of a sudden his face started to turn green and yellow, match the *Simpsons* characters almost. He got really disappointed because none of the jokes worked or nothing, and then all of a sudden he started to scream and yell, saying, "What is this?"

He just went off and he even started to demand extra camera angles, which was the funniest thing ever—he never did animation in his life. He asked for coverage like when you're shooting a live-action movie. "So where are the other camera angles?" And [my producer] and I were just looking at each other, "O.K. . . ."

I was just so angry and embarrassed at the same time that they forced us to show this raw footage before we could even correct it. Jim was screaming and yelling that "this is not funny!" And I said, "Well, it may be not funny because you didn't write it funny." And then everybody looks at me, "Oh my God! You dared to say that to Jim!" But I felt I had nothing to lose.

Kent Butterworth, director of first *Simpsons* episode: It was not fun. It was decided [by Brooks] to shelve this episode and get back to it later. Needless to say, my employment on *The Simpsons* was over!

The next episodes, directed by David Silverman and Wesley Archer, were less problematic.

Barry Diller: I remember when we screened the first episode, for a number of Fox executives, we all went down to their bungalows over at *The Simpsons,* and not a single person in the room was laughing, except for me and Jim Brooks. No one had done an animated sitcom since *The Flintstones,* and it was just like, "What is this?" But we put it on, and it became more and more successful every week.

The show hit a ratings high at the end of its first season, in the spring of 1990, cracking the Top 10 (the only Fox show to do so that year). Fox struck a deal with Mattel, and talking Bart dolls began disappearing from department-store shelves. Bart Simpson T-shirts were selling at the rate of a million per day in North America. His catchphrases, such as "Un- achiever and proud of it" and "Don't have a cow, man," became stap- of early-90s lexicon. Bootleg merchandise was soon as ubiquitous as real thing. "Black Bart" T-shirts were a popular phenomenon in Afric- American communities, with Bart's catchphrases altered to "Watch mon!" and, without irony, "You wouldn't understand; it's a black thin-

Matt Groening found endless amusement in these imitations.

Conan O'Brien, writer-producer, *The Simpsons* (1991–93); host, *Late Night with Conan O'Brien*: Friends of Matt's would be traveling and they would find bootlegged *Simpsons* merchandise. Sometimes they were funny and sometimes they were disturbing. Like a Marge made out of a lizard's skull . . . or T-shirts that were from some country—recently liberated from the Iron Curtain—

> "Instead of orange- off the freeway, they were selling *Simpsons* T-shirts. It was gigantic!"

that had Bart saying weird phrases that were mildly threatening o- racist. I remember Matt cracking up once. "Did you see what the- just found? Ceauşescu had *this* in his basement."

Jay Kogen: I had not been a part of anything that was that huge, ever. Literally, people were selling T-shirts of the show I was workin- on on freeway off-ramps. Instead of oranges off the freeway, they were selling *Simpsons* T-shirts. All people were talking about was *The Simpsons.* It was gigantic!

With Bart omnipresent and Fox expanding its programming schedu- from three nights a week to a full five, a bold plan was hatched: be- ginning with the show's second season, in the fall of 1990, it would b- moved to Thursday nights, where it would take on the reigning televisio- champion, The Cosby Show, *on NBC.*

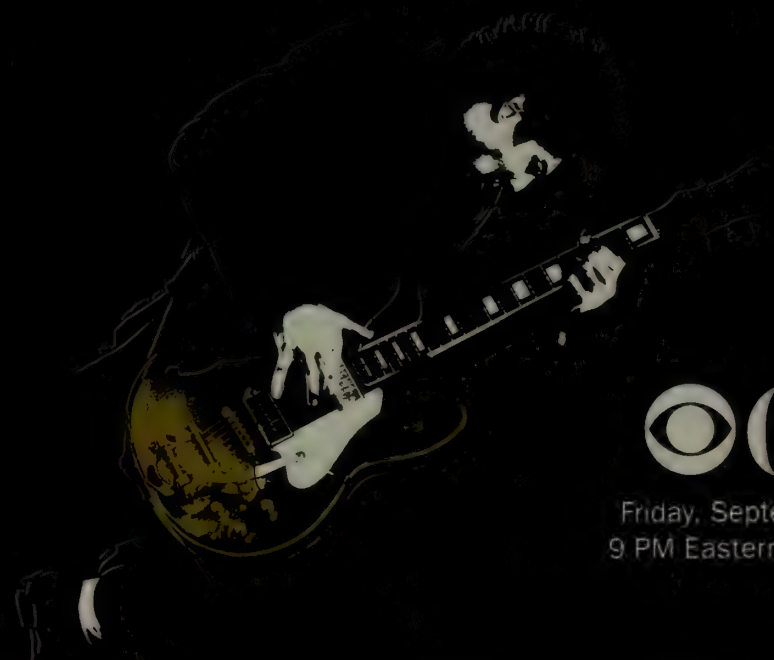
Barry Diller: We were at a scheduling meeting, so there were about 15 people there, and we were figuring out what to put up against *Cosby* on Thursday nights at eight o'clock. *Cosby* had been the biggest thing on TV for God knows how many years. Rupert leane- over and whispered to me, "What about *The Simpsons*?" And I stood up and went over to the board and moved the little magnet that said "Simpsons" to Thursday night at eight. And it took a solid minute before someone said, "You know what? That could work." And it was a big deal, little Bart Simpson going up against big Bill Cosby. So it was a dragon-slayer story.

Wally Wolodarsky: None of the writers cared [about the scheduling move]. It was just an opportunity to make fun of *Cosby* and be impudent about it. The writers never had a stake in the ratings; you never cared about that. That was always viewed as a business decision.

Rupert Murdoch: And so we did it. And at the end of the first year, Cosby announced his retirement. We started behind him, but I think we'd caught up by the end of the year; certainly the writing was on the wall. [The shows were close in the ratings most of the season, with *The Simpsons* occasionally edging out *Cosby.*]

Donick Cary, writer-producer, *The Simpsons* (1996–99); creator, *Lil' Bush*: They invented a network. In a lot of ways, the Fox network

FASHION AND MUSIC COLLIDE ON A
STAR-STUDDED NIGHT OF STYLE AND SOUND



CBS

Friday, September 7, 2007
9 PM Eastern/8 PM Central

FASHION ROCKS™

A Condé Nast Media Group Production

Hosted by Jeremy Piven

Performances by

Aerosmith • Fall Out Boy • Fergie • Jennifer Hudson • Alicia Keys
vril Lavigne • Jennifer Lopez • Ludacris • Santana • Carrie Underwood • Usher
...and special guests

Brought to you by CHEVROLET • CITI • DILLARD'S • NEXXUS • REVLON

www.fashionrocks2007.tv

wouldn't exist without the longevity and the amount of viewers that *The Simpsons* has consistently brought to Fox.

Barry Diller: In terms of ratings and financial terms it really built the network, but also in terms of giving Fox its attitude.

The writers' room, assembled by Sam Simon, would come to be considered one of the great temples of comedy. Many of the original writers—including Wolodarsky, Kogen, John Swartzwelder, and the team of Al Jean and Mike Reiss—had substantial television credits. But Simon also found spectacular new talent in non-traditional locations, beginning a trend that would continue long after his departure. (David Mirkin, who ran the show in its fifth and sixth seasons, hired a mathematician and a lawyer.) Perhaps his key find was George Meyer, editor of a humor zine called Army Man*—distributed sparingly in Hollywood in the late 80s—of which Sam Simon was an enormous fan.*

In 1991, Conan O'Brien, one of the many Harvard Lampoon *veterans on the staff, and the writing team of Bill Oakley and Josh Weinstein would be the first writers to be added to the original room.*

Conan O'Brien: It was as if that first Olympic Dream Team, with Larry Bird and Magic Johnson . . . it was like getting the call, "Do you want to come shoot baskets with us?"

Josh Weinstein: It was like walking into the pantheon of comedy gods.

Colin Lewis: If you talk to a writer on any show, somehow he'll guide you towards, "What do you do? What show are you on?" And with the *Simpsons* writers, it was the opposite. They were guys who were having fun, doing what they were doing and making a good show, but they were the geekiest, most unassuming guys.

Donick Cary: A lot of these guys had written on the *Lampoon* together in college, so they were sort of falling back into their college routine—which was, basically, to hang out all day and entertain themselves.

O'Brien was fresh from Saturday Night Live *when he joined* The Simpsons. *When not cracking up his fellow writers, he managed to craft memorable episodes such as "Marge vs. the Monorail" (a take-off on* The Music Man *in which a straw-hatted shyster sells Springfield a dilapidated monorail) and "Homer Goes to College" (Homer lives out his college fantasies, which have been informed entirely by 80s* Animal House *rip-offs).*



"You can't have an episode where Homer sells Bart, or harvests his organs," says Conan O'Brien.

Conan O'Brien: I was very nervous [when I started]. They showed me into this office and told me to start writing down some ideas. They left me alone in that office, and I remember leaving after five minutes to go get a cup of coffee. And I heard a crash, and I walked back to the office, and there was a hole in the window and a dead bird on the floor—literally in my first 10 minutes at *The Simpsons,* a bird had flown through the glass of my window, hit the far wall, broken its neck, and fallen dead on the floor. And I remember George Meyer came in and looked at it, and he was like, "Man, this is some kind of weird omen."

I think when I first got there I stood out a bit, because everyon sat still in the room and thought, and I don't think it was too long before I was climbing on furniture. I would pitch the characters in their voices, and I thought that's just what people did, but then Mike Reiss told me nobody does that.

Wally Wolodarsky: Conan used to do this thing called "The Nervo Writer" that involved him opening a can of Diet Coke and then nervously pitching a joke. He would spray Diet Coke all over hims and that was always a source of endless amusement amongst us.

George Meyer is still with the show, considered the godfather of the w ers' room and the unofficial show-runner. In a 2000 profile of Mey The New Yorker *claimed that he has "so thoroughly shaped the p gram that by now the comedic sensibility of* The Simpsons *can be se as mostly his."*

Richard Appel, co–executive producer, *The Simpsons* (1995–99): O thing George does, in any room he's in, he sets the bar high, just by being in it. One of the best things to have in a writers' room is a sense that you're trying to make the best person in the room laugh. And George was always that at *The Simpsons* in my time there.

Conan O'Brien: George Meyer has just such a discerning comedy mind, your biggest fear is saying something hacky or contrived.

Richard Appel: George did the most, of anyone I know, to sustain the voice of the show.

*Animation had opened up a whole new world—*the *world, in fact—to th creative staff. Not only could they take their characters anywhere, phys cally and emotionally, but there were no adorable actors to become tangle up in pubescence, no live studio audience to pander to, no laugh track (eve when* Seinfeld *premiered, in 1990, certainly a step forward for the sitcom the viewer was still being told when to laugh), and there was the cover tha a cartoon provided for humor that could never be permitted in live action.*

Donick Cary: We'd have episodes where it starts with Homer's car crashed into the front porch, 'cause he drove home drunk. If an episode of *Everybody Loves Raymond* started with Ray Romano's car crashed into the front porch, there'd be a lot of chat about that.

One factor keeping the show's writing fresh has been the lack of network influence. Fox executives are forbidden to give notes to The Simpsons.

Larry Doyle, writer-producer, *The Simpsons* (1997–2001): When you have a table read with a regular sitcom, you go in there and there's always a sense of fear, because those people [at the network] are unpredictable. They can come back and say, "No, we don't want you to do that," and then you'll have a day to write a new script. That never happens to us.

Josh Weinstein: Working on *The Simpsons* then felt like being in the graduate school of comedy, or a great comedy lab, where you could try and do anything and no one would stop you, as long as it was good or funny. That had an amazing feel.

Brad Bird: There were discussions [with the network], but they were over pretty quickly. I think people felt good being under the titanium shield of Jim Brooks. The studio might get upset and they might make notes, but we didn't have to take them unless Brooks said we had to take them.

Barry Diller: Anything with Jim Brooks has a level of independence

, but it's not exclusionary. Jim's not about being exclusionary, in this case couldn't be—there was just too much strife going on ween Sam Simon and Matt Groening]. Were we engaged in the y development of it, Fox network people? Yes. Did we give line s? Not ever. I never gave line notes in my life.

in Lewis: David Mirkin was the first [show-runner] who said, hy do we have to change it? We're *The Simpsons.* We're in trol because they want their hit show, and I will get to Saturday it and I won't deliver them a show, and then they will have to air it I give them."

at is striking about the early episodes is how sweet, and at times matic, they can be. "The question was: could you make cartoon racters that looked this weird and grotesque and actually make feel some real emotion," Groening has said. The Simpsons faced timate problems: Homer lived in fear of losing his job; he had trou- connecting with his daughter. It was only in later years, to keep writing interesting, that the characters became more exaggerated, did their situations—Homer went to space; Maggie shot a man; the nily created an international incident with Australia.

nan O'Brien: Homer's a real temptation. We had so much fun ing to make him dumber and dumber and dumber that there s one time where Homer's in got angry at him cause he was so stupid, and you heard the brain say, hat's it, I give up," and lk down a corridor and m a door. I loved it—but it's e, "Wait, if his brain is his nsciousness, who's his ain walking out on? And o is his brain angry with?"



Wally Wolodarsky: We left during the fourth season, and at that point we were already running out of childhood anecdotes. And I think as a result the show got crazier and crazier. Because all the stories we had experienced, or seen other people experience, had been exploited. And to see the show go on is mind-boggling to me.

Colin Lewis: [Under David Mirkin] it stopped being like the geeky guys from college writing the show and became people who just really wanted to be comedy writers, and wanted to be Hollywood, so they could say, "I work on *The Simpsons.*" That's when Homer sort of became stupid.

Rupert Murdoch: The show's had its ups and downs. It had a couple years there where it grew a bit dark, but we sort of got them out of that.

As the series relinquished the emotional grounding of the early years, it became more topical. Later episodes seemed increasingly tailored to guest appearances—a forgivable sin, concerning the impressive list: Mick Jagger, Mel Gibson, Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger, Steve Martin, Elton John, Ludacris, Ricky Gervais, Elvis Costello, Stephen Hawking, Tony Blair, Frank Gehry, Susan Sarandon, Tom Clancy, and J. K. Rowling (to name a few). Even the earliest seasons had been graced by Michael Jackson, Penny Marshall, and Elizabeth Taylor, who voiced Maggie's first word, "Daddy." (Taylor said "Fuck you" to Matt Groening and stormed out of the recording session after he made her read the line more than 20 times. He said it kept sounding "too sexual.")

"The voices are now getting very large salaries . . . I'm not saying whether they're worth it or not." —Rupert Murdoch

nick Cary: I think we got to times where it felt like Homer was t being dumb, like literally he's on the floor eating out of the rbage. And you're like, "Hmm. Is this really the best place to take s character?"

nan O'Brien: There is a strong lack of sentimentality on *The mpsons,* but something that Sam and Jim and Matt stressed was: s is a family. And that kind of talk can start to sound pretty acly, but you can't have an episode where Homer sells Bart, or rvests his organs. So I think one of the things that works is spect for that unit was always kept intact.

Bartmania cooled off, and the series moved toward institutional status th its fourth, fifth, and sixth seasons, the show's quality miraculously used to drop. It got funnier, smarter, richer in allusion and parody. e producers changed animation studios from Klasky Csupo to Film man in the fourth season, updating the rudimentary look with slicker signs and a more varied palette.

After Simon had left, in 1993, different writers were promoted to fill e role of show-runner. Al Jean and Mike Reiss took over first. Then e producers brought in David Mirkin, who had written for Three's ompany *and created* Get a Life, *with Chris Elliot. After Mirkin came ngtime writers Bill Oakley and Josh Weinstein, followed by Mike ully (who stayed in charge for four seasons—the unwritten rule had en that show-runners stay for two years), before the show was given ck to Al Jean, who has run* The Simpsons *since 2001.*

y Kogen: Those years with Al [Jean] and Mike [Reiss] running it ere pretty darn good. And then the ones after that maybe not so uch . . . some people ran it better than others.

Hank Azaria: They sent me down to greet Mick Jagger [when he arrived to record his part], and I said, "Hey, Mick, we're all thrilled to have you here." And he kind of blew right by me like I was the greeter, and went [dismissively], "Yeah, we'll get it," which I knew was going to be awkward, because I was about to walk upstairs and record with him. And it also made me a little bit annoyed. So before I even thought, I went, "No, I don't think we'll get it—I'm just glad you're here." And he kind of turned around and looked back at me like, What the fuck did you just say to me? And I was just like, "Hi. I'm Hank, I'll be recording with you." So that was slightly awkward.

Tim Long, co-executive producer, *The Simpsons* (1999–present): Mr. T. was telling me the scenes that happened in *Rocky III,* where he lost. The reason he lost was because his mother needed money for an operation, and so he was paid to take a dive. And I said, "Well, I don't remember that in the movie." And he just looks at me right in the eye and says, "Things you don't see!"

I said to him, "I remember you put out a record called *Mr. T's Commandments.*" And somehow he heard that as "Mr. T, please sing 'Mr. T's Commandments.'" So he sang me the whole song. And I just thought, If I'm killed by a sniper tonight, well, my life would have ended beautifully, because I have been sung to by Mr. T.

One battle the network decided to fight was against the actors who provided the voices on the show. According to a former producer, up until

1999, the actors were paid only about $25,000 an episode, while the Seinfeld *cast had been making $600,000 each a show. Negotiations that year for new contracts turned bitter. Though show-runner Mike Scully refused to participate, Fox began auditioning replacements.*

Colin Lewis: There was a day, there was an actual moment when the actors, who are normally just friendly, sat down and started talking more in depth about contracts. . . . They asked us to give them some time alone, and it was like, "Alone? You guys don't hang out alone." They literally, like, closed the door.

Hank Azaria: You know, the show has made so much money, in so many ways. Eventually, we just wanted to get our piece of the pie. And Fox is tough. They're very tough negotiators. Their business model is not to give money away. So it got a little intense at times.

Larry Doyle: The actors actually didn't come to work for a while. Their contract expired, and we weren't recording them for I think a month. Fox had started to audition people. They got their deal because of a last-minute thing, some sort of bonus. And it turned out that they weren't going to get it until 2005 or something. So it



"They invented a network. In a lot of ways, the Fox network wouldn't exist without *The Simpsons*."

was a real, like, Fox-studio "Fuck you," where the fine print means, "We're going to deliver that, in pennies, after you're dead." So Harry [Shearer], for the longest time, came to every table read wearing a T-shirt that said, YOU'LL GET IT IN 2005. The suggestion being that he wasn't going to do anything but work to contract.

Rupert Murdoch: The voices, who have been there since the very beginning, are now getting very large salaries . . . I'm not saying whether they're worth it or not. Or whether you could replace them or not, but Jim [Brooks] wouldn't hear of that, because they're all his friends.

Larry Doyle: I doubt that's what Jim Brooks said—he wasn't really good friends with them. And he is first and foremost a businessman. If he was saying he didn't want to replace them, it was because he thought the show would tank, and I think it probably would have. Had they replaced Homer, I think that would have been the last year of the show.

Hank Azaria: I think that Fox, and even our own representation, didn't realize how much these voices couldn't just be replaced. And also, by the way, you don't animate first and then stick in voices. You're animating to the vocal performance, so that means comic timing and inflection and character all comes first, and then you animate. Bottom line is: they tried to replace us and couldn't.

A second contract dispute in 2004 spilled into the press when the cast demanded equity positions. This too was resolved—the actors now make more than "a hundred thousand dollars" an episode, according to Murdoch's estimate—and the show has kept rolling on. It has been renewed until 2009, and on July 27 of this year, the characters will make the jump to the big screen. While debate over the show's quality will rage (mostly on the Internet), what is significant is that it has persevered. Over 18 years, however, the relationship between Matt Groening and Jim Brooks apparently deteriorated. "Jim and Matt hardly talk to each other now. They can't stand each other," Rupert Murdoch told me. But one former producer says that this is not quite accurate: while relations between the two have at times been strained, they are working together on a movie, and are far from not speaking.

Tim Long: [Matt Groening's] involvement with the show lately has kind of been in an advisory role. If this were a sort of medieval farming situation, he's like a benevolent feudal lord. He allows us to till the ground the way we want.

While The Simpsons' *glory days passed a decade ago, the show is still reliable for some intelligent laughs, and comfortably sits in its eight o'clock Sunday spot, watched by 10 million viewers every week. The writers' room is nearly as vibrant as ever, continuing to draw from Harvard and the cream of the young comedy-writing crop. (A rare exception came in 2006, when show-runner Al Jean allowed his wife, who had been a personal trainer, to write a script.)*

Donick Cary: It seems like it's gotten a little simpler—it goes a little more topical. And . . . it's a little easy, you know? But, at the same time, they're in Season 18—so, what the hell?

Rupert Murdoch: I can't say I've watched every episode, but I watch it at every opportunity. And I think it's still as brilliant as ever.

Ricky Gervais, creator and star, *The Office*: The longevity is astounding. Four hundred episodes. I had to have a lie-down after six [episodes of *The Office*]. I imagine the show's influence is as a paradigm of excellence. People go, "Would that pass in *The Simpsons*?" Because it's timeless and universal.

Tim Long: I'd like to think that we prevented the president from invading Iraq and we kept Bush from being re-elected . . . Oh, whoops, we didn't do any of those things. I think that you can overstate the importance of comedy. At best I think comedians tend to be like that guy standing in front of the tank in Tiananmen Square—I think that you're actually flattering yourself if you think you're actually affecting anything.

Conan O'Brien: For the last 14 years of doing my show, I've been working hard on this comedy, but it's pretty disposable. I could light my arms on fire on the show tonight and you might see it for a couple of days on YouTube, but then it's gone. I'm constantly, no matter where I go in the world, running into people who know which episodes of *The Simpsons* I worked on, and they're quoting lines to me. I think long after my *Late Night* show is gone, I feel like the *Simpsons* episodes I worked on will always be in the ether. People will be watching them on some space station, like, 200 years from now. That's a nice feeling.

FOR V.F.'S TOP 10 SIMPSONS EPISODES AND MORE BEHIND-THE-SCENES STORIES, GO TO VF.COM.

Jay Kogen: We thought we were really writing these really funny, smart, special shows that were chock-full of jokes every few seconds. And then someone showed us this study Fox had done: the No. 1 reason why people liked *The Simpsons* was "all the pretty colors" and they liked it when Homer hit his head. We were writing the show for ourselves; we always made it funny for ourselves, but who knows why America likes it. Maybe they like the pretty colors and when Homer hits his head, but I hope it's for more. □


ever settle.
DAMAGES
JULY 24 · TUESDAYS 10
FX


priceless
priceless

VANITIES



Jess Weixler

AGE: 26. **PROVENANCE:** Louisville, Kentucky, followed by Manhattan's Juilliard School, "where my accent was completely beaten out of me." **THE SWEETHEART OF SUNDANCE . . .** on account of her Jury Prize–winning performance in this year's *Teeth*, an absurdist horror flick, directed by Mitchell (son of artist Roy) Lichtenstein, in which Weixler's virginal character is afflicted (blessed?) with a condition known as "vagina dentata" (i.e., genitalia with teeth). "I actually turned down the part when I first got it," she says. "The concept just seemed so terrifying to me. [But] then I started to see her as a superhero." **JESS ♥ NY:** "I've had people tell me that I should move out to L.A., but I feel really at home here. I live in Carroll Gardens, in Brooklyn. I also am not a phenomenal driver, so I think I'm calmer here, just letting public transportation do what it needs to do with me."

—KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARLYNE CERF DE DUDZEELE

FRIEND. ENEMY. HERO. TRAITOR.



TNT
WE KNOW DRAMA



DIARY

TINA BROWN

Beneath her multi-million-dollar wedding train she was concealing a mega-big, top super-secret.

Elizabeth 2, hotheaded, cando, silver-haired Queen of All England, power-thumped her Louis Quatorze escritoire—lued at $4 million—with her bare fist for the ghth time that rain-soaked morning.

"Jeez!" screamed the moody monarch, hose prestige London base, Buckingham lace, had recently been valued by realtors at chunky $900 million without curtains, but ho was still suffering from extreme status ge. "Can't a lady get some service around is f***ing place?"

Elizabeth 2 had learned passive aggression y back in her $1,000 antique cradle. The el-st daughter of top-flight hangdog royal King dward VIII and his All-American lockjawed vebird Mrs. Duchess of Windsor, she knew all out how to get her own way. Hell, why should e fly economy? Wasn't that her picture on ery stamp? She stole a glance down at a sheet 1,000 fresh-minted stamps, just to be sure, d sighed "Aced 'em!" with heartfelt relief.

Now an old lady, but still sexy to her expert-manicured fingertips, she would regularly ie round London Town in her power vehicle choice, a flash, fuck-you, million-dollar carge pulled by six sweaty power-crazed, big-ttocked horses on the make. And whenever e waved at her weary, coal-faced subjects in eir bowler hats, those subjects knew to wave ck—or face the white heat of one of the tiaed monarch's volcanic temper tantrums.

"Jeez!" The toffee-nosed, cut-glass screech nt up like a siren in *Inferno* by top Italian auor Dante Alighieri. "Call herself a Princess? here's the hell's Diane?"

At her jewel-encrusted feet, her favored rgi-dog, Buttons, continued to gnaw on a lf-dead rabbit, trapped fresh that morning by e suave, scheming mega-butler Paul Burrell.

❦❦❦❦❦

ey had called it the Wedding of the Century. t—hey!—that was five years ago, and a helluva had changed since that fateful day. To Prinss Diane, sitting sultry on a settee in superanky Kensington Palace, it now all seemed ore like a pile of doggy doo. Wooh, she uldn't get that crappy nightmare day out of r head, covered by hair recently shampooed world-class mega-hairdresser and dynamormer-husband-of-pop-star-Lulu John Frieda.

That long-ago morning, the royal couple had wer-marched up the aisle of top marital locan Winchester Abbey, just a mile from worldmous Harrods department store. Unknown to e rest of the world, and revealed here for the ry first time in human history, Princess Diane d secretly employed the veil of the billowing per-expensive designer-label wedding dress as cover for a last-minute call on her mobile to amorous soon-to-be-divorced multi-millionaire t-dog heir Hiram Vernon Hiram Jr.

"Hey, babe—it's still not too late to change your mind!" Hiram had blurted as Diane arrived at the altar.

"Got to go now, huggy-bear! Byee!" whispered Diane, forgetting to switch off her mobile. Two thousand eight hundred sixty-three miles away, on the other side of the Atlantic sea, in his penthouse valued at $120 million, and with a deluxe bottle of vintage Cristal champagne chilling in his state-of-the-art Frigidaire, the next words to echo in Hiram's ears were: "I do."

Hell, he thought—I'm too late to stop Diane. Hiram let out the crazed money-soaked sigh of a jilted multi-billionaire.

❦❦❦❦❦

What Hiram didn't know that spring morning, and not a single one of those lavishly coiffured, super-techno-groomed, pumped-up 10,000 A-list guests packed into exclusive Winchester Abbey knew, either, was that as the newly crowned Diane, Princess of Wales, strutted back down the aisle that summer morning, beneath her multi-million-dollar wedding train she was concealing a mega-big, top super-secret.

I can now reveal that this secret came in the now familiar shape of love rat Captain James Hewitt, who sat crouched beneath the top wedding dress, pulled along on a specially constructed designer skateboard, so's as not to arouse suspicion from the distinctive clump-clump-clump of a third set of footprints walking down the aisle. Regrettably, I am not at liberty to disclose the source of this red-hot revelation, but what I *can* now reveal is that I was informed of it by a highly trained researcher who was told in confidence by a highly regarded source, who heard it from a highly placed member of the household who is now dead, so equally regrettably you have no means of checking it.

❦❦❦❦❦

"Beepity-beep! Beepity-beep!" Just as he was power-kissing his new bride on the specially fortified exclusive power balcony of Buckingham Palace that sultry autumn afternoon, Prince Charles of Wales heard his mobile go off like a crack of mega-thunder.

Those underlings near the front of the billion-strong crowd gathered outside the Palace that day recall him power-barking, "Not now, Camilla, I'm shamming it for the cameras!" into his mobile, before carrying on with his super-snog of wretchedly tearful, bulimic Princess Diane, her wedding dress spattered with thousands of melted-chocolate stains from the family-size Yorkie bar she had smuggled into the classy, cash-rich cathedral.

Behind them Helen Mirren–look-alike Elizabeth 2, pumped-up mega-rich silver-spoon sovereign, burned like a meteor with the bright, flashy glow of real power. Those regal, rancorous, rough-hewn eyes seared through her son and his unsuitable new wife like a $5,000 kitchen knife from top store Macy's on New York's fashionable Broadway through butter served in the in-crowd, book-six-months-in-advance brasserie of super-sassy boutique hotel McDitzy's, Park Avenue.

❦❦❦❦❦

Years later, when I spoke to her in the vestibule to the salon of her status-upping ancient Castle at Windsor, England, Elizabeth 2 kicked off her designer loafers, tipped up her jaunty newsboy cap, adjusted her svelte-assed loden knickers, spooned up another mouthful from her silver dish of fresh-hewn foie gras, and shook a lavishly bejeweled fist at the ghost of Diane as it wafted through the chamber like an A-list apparition. "Jeez, Tina!" she told me, confidentially. "That scheming skinny bitch with the big eyes and the sharp hooter was a f***ing minx. I told Chas, I said, 'Don't f***ing touch her,' but would the guy listen? Would he? Would he? Like hell, he would! Jeez! I tell you, Tina, this screwed-up family is tanking—*tanking!*"

—AS TOLD TO CRAIG BROWN

Originally published in Private Eye.


priceless
: $2,105
priceless

VANITIES



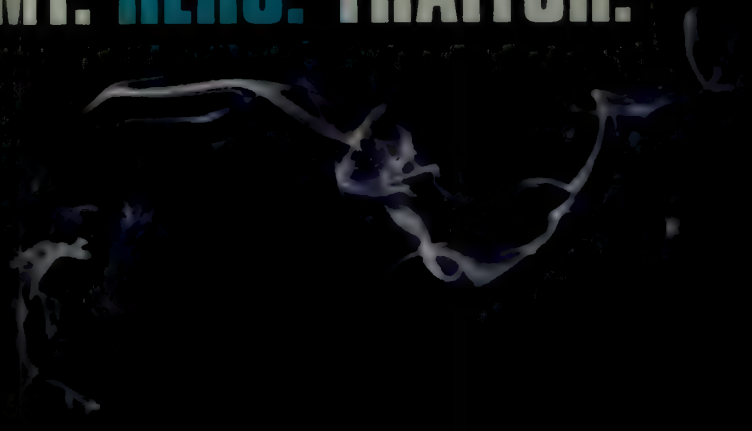
Jess Weixler

AGE: 26. **PROVENANCE:** Louisville, Kentucky, followed by Manhattan's Juilliard School, "where my accent was completely beaten out of me." **THE SWEETHEART OF SUNDANCE...** on account of her Jury Prize–winning performance in this year's *Teeth*, an absurdist horror flick, directed by Mitchell (son of artist Roy) Lichtenstein, in which Weixler's virginal character is afflicted (blessed?) with a condition known as "vagina dentata" (i.e., genitalia with teeth). "I actually turned down the part when I first got it," she says. "The concept just seemed so terrifying to me. [But] then I started to see her as a superhero." **JESS ♥ NY:** "I've had people tell me that I should move out to L.A., but I feel really at home here. I live in Carroll Gardens, in Brooklyn. I also am not a phenomenal driver, so I think I'm calmer here, just letting public transportation do what it needs to do with me."

—KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARLYNE CERF DE DUDZEELE

FRIEND. ENEMY. HERO. TRAITOR.



TNT
WE KNOW DRAMA



DIARY

TINA BROWN

Beneath her multi-million-dollar wedding train she was concealing a mega-big, top super-secret.

Elizabeth 2, hotheaded, can-do, silver-haired Queen of All England, power-thumped her Louis Quatorze escritoire—lued at $4 million—with her bare fist for the ghth time that rain-soaked morning.

"Jeez!" screamed the moody monarch, hose prestige London base, Buckingham lace, had recently been valued by realtors at chunky $900 million without curtains, but ho was still suffering from extreme status ge. "Can't a lady get some service around is f***ing place?"

Elizabeth 2 had learned passive aggression y back in her $1,000 antique cradle. The el-st daughter of top-flight hangdog royal King dward VIII and his All-American lockjawed ebird Mrs. Duchess of Windsor, she knew all out how to get her own way. Hell, why should e fly economy? Wasn't that her picture on ery stamp? She stole a glance down at a sheet 1,000 fresh-minted stamps, just to be sure, d sighed "Aced 'em!" with heartfelt relief.

Now an old lady, but still sexy to her expert-manicured fingertips, she would regularly le round London Town in her power vehicle choice, a flash, fuck-you, million-dollar car-ge pulled by six sweaty power-crazed, big-ttocked horses on the make. And whenever e waved at her weary, coal-faced subjects in eir bowler hats, those subjects knew to wave ck—or face the white heat of one of the ti-aed monarch's volcanic temper tantrums.

"Jeez!" The toffee-nosed, cut-glass screech nt up like a siren in *Inferno* by top Italian au-or Dante Alighieri. "Call herself a Princess? here's the hell's Diane?"

At her jewel-encrusted feet, her favored rgi-dog, Buttons, continued to gnaw on a lf-dead rabbit, trapped fresh that morning by e suave, scheming mega-butler Paul Burrell.

hey had called it the Wedding of the Century. t—hey!—that was five years ago, and a helluva t had changed since that fateful day. To Prin-ss Diane, sitting sultry on a settee in super-vanky Kensington Palace, it now all seemed ore like a pile of doggy doo. Wooh, she uldn't get that crappy nightmare day out of r head, covered by hair recently shampooed world-class mega-hairdresser and dynamo-rmer-husband-of-pop-star-Lulu John Frieda.

That long-ago morning, the royal couple had wer-marched up the aisle of top marital loca-n Winchester Abbey, just a mile from world-mous Harrods department store. Unknown to e rest of the world, and revealed here for the ry first time in human history, Princess Diane d secretly employed the veil of the billowing per-expensive designer-label wedding dress as cover for a last-minute call on her mobile to amorous soon-to-be-divorced multi-millionaire t-dog heir Hiram Vernon Hiram Jr.

"Hey, babe—it's still not too late to change your mind!" Hiram had blurted as Diane arrived at the altar.

"Got to go now, huggy-bear! Byee!" whispered Diane, forgetting to switch off her mobile. Two thousand eight hundred sixty-three miles away, on the other side of the Atlantic sea, in his penthouse valued at $120 million, and with a deluxe bottle of vintage Cristal champagne chilling in his state-of-the-art Frigidaire, the next words to echo in Hiram's ears were: "I do."

Hell, he thought—I'm too late to stop Diane. Hiram let out the crazed money-soaked sigh of a jilted multi-billionaire.

What Hiram didn't know that spring morning, and not a single one of those lavishly coiffured, super-techno-groomed, pumped-up 10,000 A-list guests packed into exclusive Winchester Abbey knew, either, was that as the newly crowned Diane, Princess of Wales, strutted back down the aisle that summer morning, beneath her multi-million-dollar wedding train she was concealing a mega-big, top super-secret.

I can now reveal that this secret came in the now familiar shape of love rat Captain James Hewitt, who sat crouched beneath the top wedding dress, pulled along on a specially constructed designer skateboard, so's as not to arouse suspicion from the distinctive clump-clump-clump of a third set of footprints walking down the aisle. Regrettably, I am not at liberty to disclose the source of this red-hot revelation, but what I *can* now reveal is that I was informed of it by a highly trained researcher who was told in confidence by a highly regarded source, who heard it from a highly placed member of the household who is now dead, so equally regrettably you have no means of checking it.

"Beepity-beep! Beepity-beep!" Just as he was power-kissing his new bride on the specially fortified exclusive power balcony of Buckingham Palace that sultry autumn afternoon, Prince Charles of Wales heard his mobile go off like a crack of mega-thunder.

Those underlings near the front of the billion-strong crowd gathered outside the Palace that day recall him power-barking, "Not now, Camilla, I'm shamming it for the cameras!" into his mobile, before carrying on with his super-snog of wretchedly tearful, bulimic Princess Diane, her wedding dress spattered with thousands of melted-chocolate stains from the family-size Yorkie bar she had smuggled into the classy, cash-rich cathedral.

Behind them Helen Mirren–look-alike Elizabeth 2, pumped-up mega-rich silver-spoon sovereign, burned like a meteor with the bright, flashy glow of real power. Those regal, rancorous, rough-hewn eyes seared through her son and his unsuitable new wife like a $5,000 kitchen knife from top store Macy's on New York's fashionable Broadway through butter served in the in-crowd, book-six-months-in-advance brasserie of super-sassy boutique hotel McDitzy's, Park Avenue.

Years later, when I spoke to her in the vestibule to the salon of her status-upping ancient Castle at Windsor, England, Elizabeth 2 kicked off her designer loafers, tipped up her jaunty newsboy cap, adjusted her svelte-assed loden knickers, spooned up another mouthful from her silver dish of fresh-hewn foie gras, and shook a lavishly bejeweled fist at the ghost of Diane as it wafted through the chamber like an A-list apparition. "Jeez, Tina!" she told me, confidentially. "That scheming skinny bitch with the big eyes and the sharp hooter was a f***ing minx. I told Chas, I said, 'Don't f***ing touch her,' but would the guy listen? Would he? Would he? Like hell, he would! Jeez! I tell you, Tina, this screwed-up family is tanking—*tanking!*"

—AS TOLD TO CRAIG BROWN

Originally published in Private Eye.


MasterCa
priceless.c
$2,106
priceless

From Executive Producers RIDLEY SCOTT, TONY SCOTT and JOHN CALLEY

THE 3 WEEK TELEVISION EVENT OF THE SUMMER

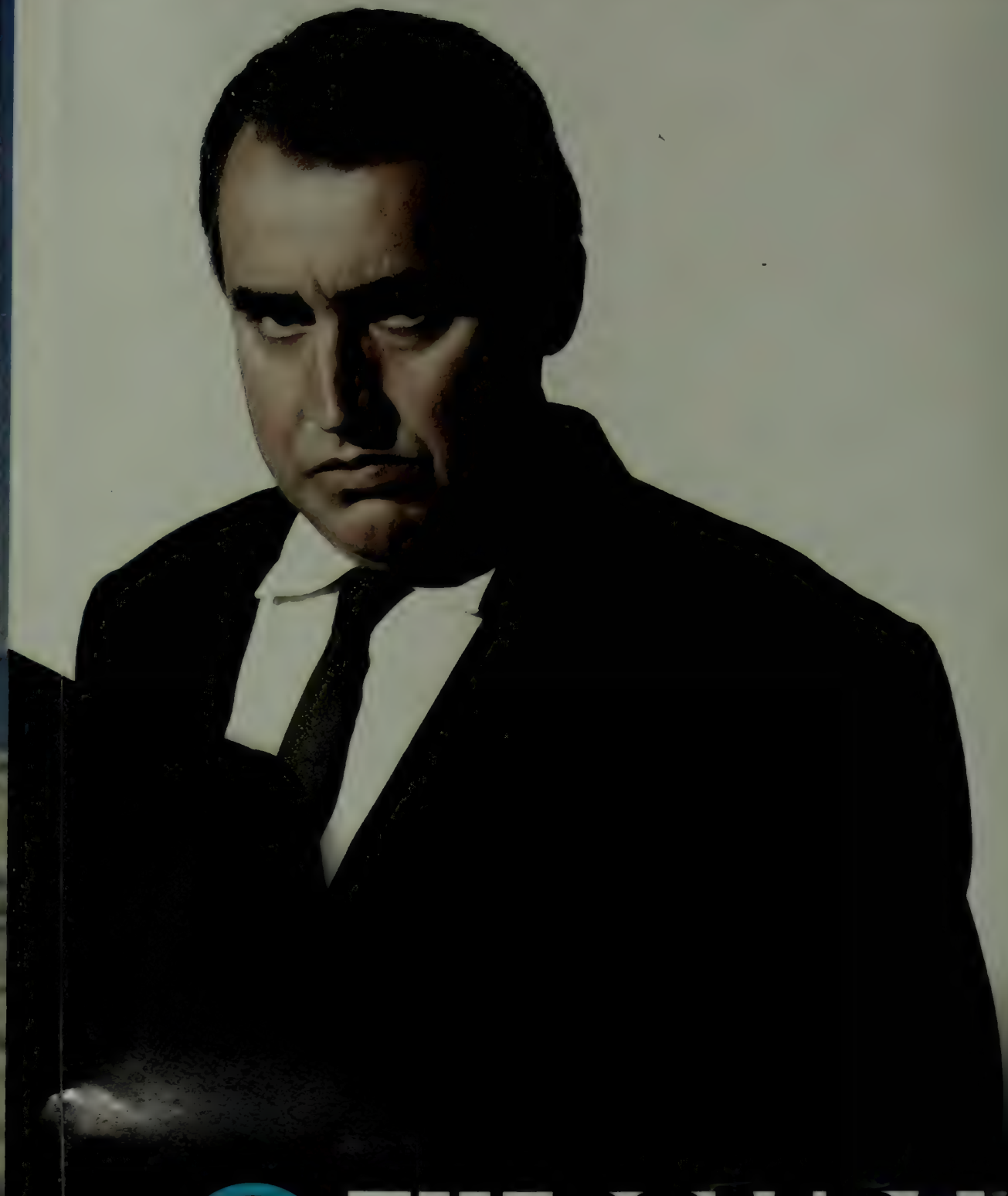


For a sneak peek, log on to TNT.tv

TM & © 2007 Turner Broadcasting System, Inc. A Time Warner Company. All Rights Reserved.

Teleplay by KEN NOLAN Based on the novel by ROBERT LITTELL Directed by MIKAEL SALOMON

CHRIS O'DONNELL ALFRED MOLINA AND MICHAEL KEATON



TNT

WE KNOW **DRAMA**

THE COMPANY

BEGINS SUNDAY, AUGUST 5 8|7



DIARY

TINA BROWN

Beneath her multi-million-dollar wedding train she was concealing a mega-big, top super-secret.

Elizabeth 2, hotheaded, cando, silver-haired Queen of All England, power-thumped her Louis Quatorze escritoire—valued at $4 million—with her bare fist for the eighth time that rain-soaked morning.

"Jeez!" screamed the moody monarch, whose prestige London base, Buckingham Palace, had recently been valued by realtors at a chunky $900 million without curtains, but who was still suffering from extreme status rage. "Can't a lady get some service around his f***ing place?"

Elizabeth 2 had learned passive aggression way back in her $1,000 antique cradle. The eldest daughter of top-flight hangdog royal King Edward VIII and his All-American lockjawed lovebird Mrs. Duchess of Windsor, she knew all about how to get her own way. Hell, why should she fly economy? Wasn't that her picture on every stamp? She stole a glance down at a sheet of 1,000 fresh-minted stamps, just to be sure, and sighed "Aced 'em!" with heartfelt relief.

Now an old lady, but still sexy to her expertly manicured fingertips, she would regularly ride round London Town in her power vehicle of choice, a flash, fuck-you, million-dollar carriage pulled by six sweaty power-crazed, big-buttocked horses on the make. And whenever she waved at her weary, coal-faced subjects in their bowler hats, those subjects knew to wave back—or face the white heat of one of the tiaraed monarch's volcanic temper tantrums.

"Jeez!" The toffee-nosed, cut-glass screech went up like a siren in *Inferno* by top Italian author Dante Alighieri. "Call herself a Princess? Where's the hell's Diane?"

At her jewel-encrusted feet, her favored corgi-dog, Buttons, continued to gnaw on a half-dead rabbit, trapped fresh that morning by the suave, scheming mega-butler Paul Burrell.

They had called it the Wedding of the Century. But—hey!—that was five years ago, and a helluva lot had changed since that fateful day. To Princess Diane, sitting sultry on a settee in super-swanky Kensington Palace, it now all seemed more like a pile of doggy doo. Wooh, she couldn't get that crappy nightmare day out of her head, covered by hair recently shampooed by world-class mega-hairdresser and dynamo-former-husband-of-pop-star-Lulu John Frieda.

That long-ago morning, the royal couple had power-marched up the aisle of top marital location Winchester Abbey, just a mile from world-famous Harrods department store. Unknown to the rest of the world, and revealed here for the very first time in human history, Princess Diane had secretly employed the veil of the billowing hyper-expensive designer-label wedding dress as a cover for a last-minute call on her mobile to glamorous soon-to-be-divorced multi-millionaire hot-dog heir Hiram Vernon Hiram Jr.

"Hey, babe—it's still not too late to change your mind!" Hiram had blurted as Diane arrived at the altar.

"Got to go now, huggy-bear! Byee!" whispered Diane, forgetting to switch off her mobile. Two thousand eight hundred sixty-three miles away, on the other side of the Atlantic sea, in his penthouse valued at $120 million, and with a deluxe bottle of vintage Cristal champagne chilling in his state-of-the-art Frigidaire, the next words to echo in Hiram's ears were: "I do."

Hell, he thought—I'm too late to stop Diane. Hiram let out the crazed money-soaked sigh of a jilted multi-billionaire.

What Hiram didn't know that spring morning, and not a single one of those lavishly coiffured, super-techno-groomed, pumped-up 10,000 A-list guests packed into exclusive Winchester Abbey knew, either, was that as the newly crowned Diane, Princess of Wales, strutted back down the aisle that summer morning, beneath her multi-million-dollar wedding train she was concealing a mega-big, top super-secret.

I can now reveal that this secret came in the now familiar shape of love rat Captain James Hewitt, who sat crouched beneath the top wedding dress, pulled along on a specially constructed designer skateboard, so's as not to arouse suspicion from the distinctive clump-clump-clump of a third set of footprints walking down the aisle. Regrettably, I am not at liberty to disclose the source of this red-hot revelation, but what I *can* now reveal is that I was informed of it by a highly trained researcher who was told in confidence by a highly regarded source, who heard it from a highly placed member of the household who is now dead, so equally regrettably you have no means of checking it.

"Beepity-beep! Beepity-beep!" Just as he was power-kissing his new bride on the specially fortified exclusive power balcony of Buckingham Palace that sultry autumn afternoon, Prince Charles of Wales heard his mobile go off like a crack of mega-thunder.

Those underlings near the front of the billion-strong crowd gathered outside the Palace that day recall him power-barking, "Not now, Camilla, I'm shamming it for the cameras!" into his mobile, before carrying on with his super-snog of wretchedly tearful, bulimic Princess Diane, her wedding dress spattered with thousands of melted-chocolate stains from the family-size Yorkie bar she had smuggled into the classy, cash-rich cathedral.

Behind them Helen Mirren–look-alike Elizabeth 2, pumped-up mega-rich silver-spoon sovereign, burned like a meteor with the bright, flashy glow of real power. Those regal, rancorous, rough-hewn eyes seared through her son and his unsuitable new wife like a $5,000 kitchen knife from top store Macy's on New York's fashionable Broadway through butter served in the in-crowd, book-six-months-in-advance brasserie of super-sassy boutique hotel McDitzy's, Park Avenue.

Years later, when I spoke to her in the vestibule to the salon of her status-upping ancient Castle at Windsor, England, Elizabeth 2 kicked off her designer loafers, tipped up her jaunty newsboy cap, adjusted her svelte-assed loden knickers, spooned up another mouthful from her silver dish of fresh-hewn foie gras, and shook a lavishly bejeweled fist at the ghost of Diane as it wafted through the chamber like an A-list apparition. "Jeez, Tina!" she told me, confidentially. "That scheming skinny bitch with the big eyes and the sharp hooter was a f***ing minx. I told Chas, I said, 'Don't f***ing touch her,' but would the guy listen? Would he? Would he? Like hell, he would! Jeez! I tell you, Tina, this screwed-up family is tanking—*tanking!*"

—AS TOLD TO CRAIG BROWN

Originally published in Private Eye.

THE EDGE IS NEVER DULL.



FORD EDGE Where the spirit of a sports car meets the versatility of an SUV. Where style, performance and innovation
together in a totally new way. The Edge. The ultimate crossover utility vehicle. Its 265-horsepower V6 makes it quicker than a BM
Its available panoramic Vista Roof™ opens three times larger than a traditional moonroof. And because you never know what's ahead o
for actual life, every Edge has AdvanceTrac® with Roll Stability Control (RSC®). The Edge. Always sharp. Starting at $25,320 M

Edge SEL $29,460. Taxes, $705 destination/delivery, title and license fees extra. **Standard messaging, data and other rates may apply. Available on participating carriers with
and AllTel subscribers go to the following URL in their mobile browser: ford.enpocket.com.



Ford

BOLD MOVES

Text "Sharp" to 4EDGE(43343)** to experience the Edge on your mobile phone or visit fordvehicles.com/edge.

The REAL America

OUR *Red-State* APPEASEMENT SECTION

BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI

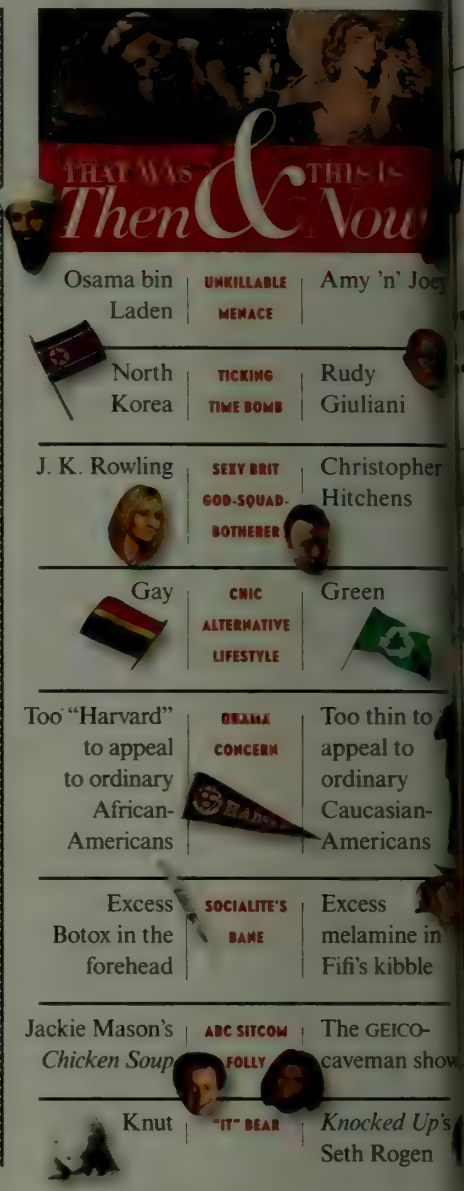


"For every Southern boy fourteen years old," wrote **William Faulkner** in *Intruder in the Dust*, "not once but whenever he wants it, there is the instant when it's still not yet two o'clock on that July afternoon in 1863, the brigades are in position behind the rail fence, the guns are laid and ready in the woods, and the furled flags are already loosened to break out."

Hey, Bill, times have changed! That moment is available not only to teenage boys, but to any paunchy middle-aged man who has a camper and enough disposable income to buy an authentically itchy facsimile uniform. But hurry, because we're reaching the tail end of Civil War–re-enactment season! Late-summer festivities include the Historic City Point living-history program at **Petersburg National Battlefield,** in Virginia (August 4–5), and the re-enactment of the **Battle of Richmond**—as in Richmond, Kentucky, site of the state's second-largest Civil War battle *and* the most overwhelming Confederate victory of the entire war! A ladies' tea is available both days (August 25–26).

If playacting at bitter sectional strife doesn't get you in touch with the soul of America, why not try minor-league baseball? Such small-time clubs as the Zebulon (North Carolina) Mudcats and the Savannah (Georgia) Sand Gnats are now in the habit of holding the occasional Faith Night. Faith Night proceedings generally involve player testimonials, music from a Christian rock band, and, if the local sponsor will outlay the dough, a biblical bobble-head (**Third Coast Sports,** the primary producer of Faith Nights, offers a choice of six, including **Moses, Esther,** and **Samson**).

If you own a motorcycle, surely you've had this thought: "I've always wanted nothing more than to wear a coonskin cap while straddling my hog, but thanks to meddlesome big-government regulators, I must instead wear a helmet." Well, fret no more! Just in time for this year's **Sturgis (South Dakota) Motorcycle Rally** (August 6–12), the innovators at Roadkill Helmets of High Point, North Carolina, have invented the coonskin motorcycle helmet ($50, roadkillhelmets.com). It must be noted that the folks at Roadkill specify that their helmets do *not* meet state safety requirements. But what kind of outlaw would you be if you cared about such pusillanimous disclaimers?





ou're a man whose daughter has been g for two months. You've been called e police to identify the body of a rder victim. The sheet is pulled l the victim isn't your daughter.

2. You're a boy at a freakish carnival, watching a pierced performer munch live cockroaches.

3. You're a 14-year-old girl who's just opened her 18-year-old sister's bedroom door to find her having sex with her boyfriend.

/HO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT

RON COULD BE SO TENDER?

aps the same genius who knew lean beef has about three times more
six times more zinc and eight times more vitamin B-12 than a skinless
ken breast. And only about one more gram of saturated fat. Congrats!
you're that genius.

BEEF
IT'S WHAT'S FOR DINNER



USDA data comparing the average of 3 oz. cooked servings of lean beef compared to [illegible]

d by American Beef Producers. Visit www.BeefItsWhatsForDinner.com

THE BOY WHO FELL FROM SPACE
Shia LaBeouf, photographed in El Mirage Dry Lake Bed, in California.



LANDING IN

[redacted] drew Shia LaBeouf to acting, at age 10, was a hatred of school and a ver[redacted]
[redacted] he's being talked about as the next Tom Hanks. As LaBeouf follows his spring[redacted]
[redacted] talking about his first love (the producer's daughter), going to A.A. with[redacted]



HOLLYWOOD

ner sneakers. His Tupac-loving friends dissed his Disney Channel debut, but now,
rbia, with this month's science-fiction blockbuster, *Transformers*, MICHAEL HOGAN
and snagging the ultimate action role, in the fourth installment of *Indiana Jones*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SELIGER ■ STYLED BY MICHAEL ROBERTS

The giant letters on the hills in *this* part of town don't spell HOLLYWOOD; they spell THINK BLUE, the slogan of the Los Angeles Dodgers. "I grew up running around these hills," says Shia LaBeouf, squinting from under the brim of his blue Dodgers cap in the stadium's parking lot. "There's a police academy, if you go over that one. You can watch them take rifle practice, which is badass." He turns toward the entrance to the field-level boxes. "Come on."

Inside, LaBeouf points in the direction of the left-field bleachers. "That's where my dad had season tickets," he says. "They cost $250 for the whole year." LaBeouf used to live about a mile from here. When he was a small boy, he and his parents would dress up like clowns and sell hot dogs in the park across the street from their apartment.

Now LaBeouf has season tickets behind home plate, three rows back from the owners' box. "I used to look at these seats from over there and go, 'That's crazy, bro.' It didn't seem realistic to go from there to here. These people looked like aliens." I ask if anybody recognizes him when he comes to the games now. "No, never," he says. "They just think I'm a character."

But as I follow LaBeouf into the Dugout Club, where elite ticket holders get to eat steak dinners and maybe even drink beer with the players after the game, I catch three or four people doing double takes. One attractive young brunette in a white hoodie is ...ing everything in her power to catch his ... She probably saw him in *Disturbia,* the ... ake on Alfred Hitchcock's *Rear Win-* ... ich spent three weeks in the No. 1 ... spot this spring. Or maybe it was on *Saturday Night Live,* which he hosted in April. Or the trailer to *Transformers,* or a promo for *Surf's Up,* the animated penguin movie. She may even have read that he's been cast in the fourth installment of Steven Spielberg's Indiana Jones franchise.

Before the game, a Dodgers representative seeks out LaBeouf and presents him with a signed jersey from his favorite player, 24-year-old catcher Russell Martin. It's an early birthday gift for LaBeouf, who will turn 21 on June 11 but says he won't celebrate with the customary booze-a-thon. "I won't have a sip until after *Indy,*" he vows. "People say, 'What are you doing for your 21st birthday, Shia?,' and I'm like, 'I'm making an Indiana Jones movie.' What's better than that?"

The girl in the hoodie keeps eyeing him, but LaBeouf isn't interested. He comes here to watch baseball and forget about movies for a night. "Down in front!" he shouts at two fans who are blocking his view of Martin, who is relatively unknown outside of L.A. despite leading the league's catchers in runs, hits, stolen bases, and runs batted in. "Look at that," LaBeouf says as the statistics flash on the screen. "This guy's a star."

So is LaBeouf, who soon finds himself signing autographs for three fans and having his picture taken with a fourth. When that one leaves, he slumps down in his seat. "It's changing, man," he says, "and it's fucking with my head."

Ever since *Disturbia* paid for itself with a $22 million opening weekend, there's been talk that Shia LaBeouf might just be the next big thing. (The name's pronounced SHY-a La-BUFF.) His charisma helped the movie survive the inevitable Hitchcock comparisons, which is how director D. J. Caruso planned it: "I basically said, 'I want John Cusack. Girls will like him because he's smart and witty and gets cuter the more you watch him, and also guys like him because he's cool and he can be dangerous.' Shia was perfect."

Caruso sent LaBeouf's audition tape to his friend Steven Spielberg, one of the film's executive producers. "Steven loved it," Caruso says, enough so that he had LaBeouf read for another DreamWorks picture: *Transformers,* the $145 million summer blockbuster from director Michael Bay. Again, he nailed the leading role—this time as Sam Witwicky, who teams up with an 18-wheeler named Optimus Prime to save the earth from invading Decepticons. "The girls in my office were like, 'He's not that cute. Don't hire him,'" says Bay. "They just want... hunk in the movie. And I said, 'Ladies, ... the audition tape.' They saw the tape ... instantly went, 'Oh my God, he's great. ... so funny.' And that's what it is. It's just cha... If *Transformers,* which opens this mo... performs as expected, it will be LaBe... second No. 1 movie this year.

After *Disturbia* and *Transformers,* S... berg was ready to add LaBeouf to his ... star team. Based on an idea by George ... cas and starring Harrison Ford, the Indi... Jones trilogy—beginning with 1981's *Ra... of the Lost Ark* and ending, or so it seem... with 1989's *Indiana Jones and the Last ... sade*—is one of Spielberg's signature ... ations, on a par with *Jaws* and *E.T.* ... winter, he finalized his plan for a new ... quel, featuring LaBeouf. "I think what ... ven really likes about Shia is his endea... quality," Caruso says. "He calls it a T... Hanks quality, where he's this great a... and you want to root for him."

LaBeouf shrugs this off, saying he ... compared to "any dark-haired actor ... wasn't an Adonis, basically: Tom Ha... John Cusack, Dustin Hoffman. It has n... ing to do with performance; it's just a vi... categorization." But Jon Voight, who ... acted with LaBeouf in the 2003 Disney ... *Holes* and in *Transformers,* thinks the a... ogy fits: "There's never *another* one of t... unique guys, but he's a unique guy tha... going to have a long career. Why do peo... say Tom Hanks? Because Tom is not a s... dard leading man, or doesn't seem to ... He has great charm, great humor, and h... a real actor. And all those things would ... scribe Shia as well."

O.K., but there are thousands of talen... actors in L.A., many of them a lot hands... er than LaBeouf. Why has DreamWo... made him, as Caruso puts it, "their Mick... Mouse"? The answer may lie in his unic... upbringing. "His dad basically was a g... er," Caruso says. "His mom is this re... cool hippie. This is a guy who from a v... young age was basically the father figur... his own life and took care of his moth... He was an old soul at age 19."

On the inside of his left wr... LaBeouf has a tattoo that rea... "1986–2004." Those are t... years of his childhood, until ... turned 18. "It's a reminder," ... says. "A lot of people who w... on shows when they were you... er say, 'Oh, man, I worked my whole life ... forgot my childhood.'"

He grew up in Echo Park, a mostly ...

THE GIRLS IN MY OFFICE
WERE LIKE, 'HE'S NOT THAT CUTE.'
AID, 'WATCH THE AUDITION TAPE.'
THEY SAW IT AND WENT,
)H MY GOD, HE'S GREAT.'"



TRANSFORMER MAN
LaBeouf drives a Jaguar XK120 across the desert landscape of El Mirage.



SPLASH
LaBeouf, who is frequently referred to as the next Tom Hanks, deals with his own personal mermaid.



tino neighborhood near downtown L.A., living with his parents and a rotating cast of lodgers in a first-floor apartment on Glendale Boulevard. His French Cajun father, Jeffrey LaBeouf, was a clown from San Francisco who had spent time in France studying commedia dell'arte. "This was before Cirque du Soleil came here," says Shia, "so there was still the pop clown—like the Britney Spears of clowns—and then there was the Mötley Crüe of clowns. My dad was that. He opened for the Doobie Brothers. He trained a chicken to jump through a hoop of fire. He was a stand-up comic for a while, and a rodeo clown."

He was also a drug trafficker, according to his son. "He had friends from the military who had helicopters, and they'd be in Hawaii cropping [marijuana] in areas that were uncharted," says LaBeouf. "And in L.A. he did the same thing, but he did it on the sides of freeways. He'd pull up in his Camaro, collect the weed, and put it in the trunk. That was a day with my dad."

Shia's mother, Shayna, was a former ballet dancer from New York who had studied with Martha Graham and once ran a head shop across the street from Tompkins Square Park. Her father—Shia's namesake—had escaped from the Nazis in Poland and moved to the Lower East Side, where he was a barber and did stand-up comedy on the side. "My mom is the backbone not just of my family but of many families," LaBeouf says. "She's extraordinarily spiritual. She's the woman in the tribe that people go to when shit's fucked up, because she's dealt with so many wild things in her life and been so stable." One of those things was her husband's spiraling drug habit. "It wasn't that he was a bad father, because he was a great father," LaBeouf says. "I couldn't have wished for a better father, especially for what I'm doing now. But at the time, the party never stopped for him."

FOR PHOTOS OF MORE UP-AND-COMING YOUNG MEN OF HOLLYWOOD, GO TO **VF.COM**.

LaBeouf continues, "He took a hotel cart—you know, what they put the soaps and stuff on—and he built a snow-cone machine, and he made this portable circus. It had snow cones and hot dogs and popcorn and cotton candy. He would dress up like a clown, and he'd CONTINUED ON PAGE 165

THE HISTORY BOYS

In the twilight of his presidency, George W. Bush and his inner circle have been feeding the press with historical parallels: he is Harry Truman—unpopular, besieged, yet ultimately to be vindicated—while Iraq under Saddam was Europe held by Hitler. To a serious student of the past, that's preposterous. Writing just before his untimely death, DAVID HALBERSTAM asserts that Bush's "history," like his war, is based on wishful thinking, arrogance, and a total disdain for the facts

We are a long way from the glory days of Mission Accomplished, when the Iraq war was over before it was over—indeed before it really began—and the president could dress up like a fighter pilot and land on an aircraft carrier, and the nation, led by a pliable media, would applaud. Now, late in this sad, terribly diminished presidency, mired in an unwinnable war of their own making, and increasingly on the defensive about events which, to their surprise, they do not control, the president and his men have turned, with some degree of desperation, to history. In their view Iraq under Saddam was like Europe dominated by Hitler, and the Democrats and critics in the media are likened to the appeasers of the 1930s. The Iraqi people, shorn of their immensely complicated history, become either the people of Europe eager to be liberated from the Germans, or a little nation that great powerful nations must protect. Most recently in this history rummage sale—and perhaps most surprisingly—Bush has become Harry Truman.

We have lately been getting so many history lessons from the White House that I have come to think of Bush, Cheney, Rice, and the late, unlamented Rumsfeld as the History Boys. They are people groping for rationales for their failed policy, and as the criticism becomes ever harsher, they cling to the idea that a true judgment will come only in the future, and history will save them.

Ironically, it is the president himself, a man notoriously careless about, indeed almost indifferent to, the intellectual underpinnings of his actions, who has come to trumpet loudest his close scrutiny of the lessons of the past. Though, before, he tended to boast about making critical decisions based on instinct and religious faith, he now talks more and more about historical mandates. Usually he does this in the broadest—and vaguest—sense: History teaches us. We know from history . . . History shows us. In one of his speaking appearances in March 2006, in Cleveland, I counted four references to history, and what it meant for today, as if he had had dinner the night before with Arnold Toynbee, or at the very least Barbara Tuchman, and then gone home for a few hours to read his Gibbon.

I am deeply suspicious of these presidential seminars. We have, after all, come to know George Bush fairly well by now, and many of us have come to feel—not only because of what he says, but also because of the sheer cockiness in how he says it—that he has a tendency to decide what he wants to do first, and only then leaves it to his staff to look for intellectual justification. Many of us have always sensed a deep and visceral anti-intellectual streak in the president, that there was

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD SOREL



GRAND DELUSION

Condoleezza Rice, Karl Rove, Richard Perle, Paul Wolfowitz, and Vice President Cheney attend the ailing Bush presidency.

great chip on his shoulder, and that the burden of the fancy schools he attended—Andover and Yale—and even simply being a member of the Bush family were too much for him. It was as if he needed not only to escape but also to put down those of his peers who had been more successful. From that mind-set, I think, came his rather unattractive habit of bestowing nicknames, most of them unflattering, on the people around him, to remind them that he was in charge, that despite their greater achievements they still worked for him.

He is infinitely more comfortable with the cowboy persona he has adopted, the Texas transplant who has learned to speak the down-home vernacular. "Country boy," as Johnny Cash once sang, "I wish I was you, and you were me." Bush's accent, not always there in public appearances when he was younger, tends to thicken these days, the final *g*'s consistently dropped so that doing becomes doin', going becomes goin', and making, makin'. In this lexicon al-Qaeda becomes "the folks" who did 9/11. Unfortunately, it is not just the speech that got dumbed down—so also were the ideas at play. The president's world, unlike the one we live in, is dangerously simple, full of traps, not just for him but, sadly, for us as well.

When David Frum, a presidential speechwriter, presented Bush with the phrase "axis of evil," to characterize North Korea, Iran, and Iraq, it was meant to recall the Axis powers of World War II. Frum was much praised, for it is a fine phrase, perfect for Madison Avenue. Of course, the problem is that it doesn't really track. This new Axis turned out to contain, apparently much to our surprise, two countries, Iraq and Iran, that were sworn enemies, and if you moved against Iraq, you ended up de-stabilizing it and involuntarily strengthening Iran, the far more dangerous country in the region. While "axis of evil" was intended to serve as a sort of historical banner, embodying the highest moral vision imaginable, it ended up only helping to weaken us.

Despite his recent conversion to history, the president probably still believes, deep down, as do many of his admirers, that the righteous, religious vision he brings to geopolitics is a source of strength—almost as if the less he knows about the issues the better and the truer his decision-making will be. Around any president, all the time, are men and women with different agendas, who compete for his time and attention with messy, conflicting versions of events and complicated facts that seem all too often to contradict one another. With their hard-won experience the people from the State Department and the C.I.A. and even, on occasion, the armed forces tend to be cautious and short on certitude. They are the kind of people whose advice his father often took, but who in the son's view use their knowledge and experience merely to limit a president's ability to act. How much easier and cleaner to make decisions in consultation with a higher authority.

Therefore, when I hear the president cite history so casually, an alarm goes off. Those who know history best tend to be tempered by it. They rarely refer to it so sweepingly and with such complete confidence. They know that it is the most mischievous of mistresses and that it touts sure things about as regularly as the tip sheets at the local track. Its most important lessons sometimes come cloaked in bitter irony. By no means does it march in a straight line toward the desired result, and the good guys do not always win. Occasionally it is like a sport with upsets, in which the weak and small defeat the great and mighty—take, for instance, the American revolutionaries vanquishing the British Army, or the Vietnamese Communists, with their limited hardware, stalemating the mighty American Army. It was, I thought, one member of the first President Bush's team who had a real sense of history, a man of intellectual superiority and enormous common sense. (Naturally, he did not make it onto the Bush Two team.) That was Brent Scowcroft, George H. W. Bush's national-security adviser. Scowcroft was so close to the senior Bush that they collaborated on Bush's 1998 presidential memoir, *A World Transformed*. Scowcroft struck me as a lineal descendant of Truman's secretary of state George Catlett Marshall, arguably the most extraordinary of the postwar architects of American foreign policy. Marshall was a formidable figure, much praised for his integrity, some sense of duty and not enough, I think, for his intellect. He lacked the self-evident brilliance of George Kennan (the author of Truman's Communist-containment policy), he had a remarkable ability to shed light on the present by extrapolating from the the past.

Like Marshall, I think, Scowcroft has a sense of history in his bones, even if his are smaller lessons, learned piece by piece over a longer period of time. His is perhaps a more pragmatic and less dazzling mind, but he saw all the dangers of the 2003 move into Iraq, argued against the invasion, and for his troubles was dismissed as chairman of the prestigious President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board.

I. The Truman Analogy

Recently, Harry Truman, for reasons that would surely puzzle him if he were still alive, has become the Republicans' favorite Democratic president. In fact, the men around Bush who attempt to frame the White House line to journalists have begun to talk about the current president as a latter-day Truman: Yes, goes the line, Truman's rise to an ever more elevated status in the presidential pantheon is all ex post facto, conferred by historians long after he left office a beleaguered man, his poll numbers hopelessly low. Thus Bush and the people around him predict that a similar Trumanization will ride to the rescue for them.

I've been living with Truman on and off for the last five years while I was writing a book on the Korean War, *The Coldest Winter* [to be published in September by Hyperion], and I've been thinking a lot about the differences between Truman and Bush and their respective wars, Korea and Iraq. Yes, like Bush, Truman was embattled, and, yes, his popularity had plummeted by the end of his presidency, and, yes, he governed during an increasingly unpopular war. But the similarities end there.

Even before Truman sent troops to Korea, in 1950, the national political mood was toxic. The Republicans had lost five presidential elections in a row, and Truman was under fierce partisan assault from the Republican far right, which felt marginalized even within its own party. It seized on the dubious issue of Communist subversion—especially with regard to China—as a way of getting even. (Knowing how ideological both Bush and Cheney are, it is easy to envision them as harsh critics of Truman at that moment.)

Truman had inherited General Douglas MacArthur, "an untouchable," in Dwight Eisenhower's shrewd estimate, a man who was by then as much myth and legend as he was flesh and blood. The mastermind of America's victory in the Pacific, MacArthur was unquestionably talented, but also vainglorious, highly political and partisan. Truman had twice invited him to come home from Japan, where, as Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers, he was supervising the reconstruction, to meet with him and address a joint session of Congress. Twice MacArthur turned him down, although a presidential invitation is really an order. MacArthur was saving his homecoming, it was clear, for a more dramatic moment, one that might just have been connected to a presidential run. He

y looked down on Truman personally, he never really accept- primacy of the president in the constitutional hierarchy. For dent trying to govern during an extremely difficult moment rnational politics, it was a monstrous political equation.

man had been forced into the Korean War in 1950 when inese authorized the North Koreans to cross the 38th par- id attack South Korea. But MacArthur did not accept the ent's vision of a limited war in Korea, and argued instead for r one with the Chinese. Truman wanted none of that. He have been the last American president who did not gradu- m college, but he was quite possibly our best-read modern ent. History was always with him. With MacArthur pushing vider war with China, Truman liked to quote Napoleon, writ- out his disastrous Russian adventure: "I beat them in every but it does not get me anywhere."

time, MacArthur made an all-out l challenge to Truman, criticizing o the press, almost daring the presi- o get rid of him. Knowing that the al had title to the flag and to the ons of the country, while he himself y had title to the Constitution, Tru- nonetheless fired him. It was a grave itutional crisis—nothing less than the ept of civilian control of the military t stake. If there was an irony to this, that MacArthur and his journalistic ers, such as *Time*-magazine owner y Luce, always saw Truman as the man and MacArthur as the big man. cArthur," wrote *Time* at the moment firing, "was the personification of the an, with the many admirers who look



most skilled of bureaucrats, seemingly the toughest tough guy of them all, but eventually revealed as a man who knew nothing of the country he wanted to invade and what that invasion might provoke.

II. The New Red-Baiting

If Bush takes his cues from anyone in the Truman era, it is not Truman but the Republican far right. This can be seen clearly from one of his history lessons, a speech the president gave on a visit to Riga, Latvia, in May 2005, when, in order to justify the Iraq intervention, he cited Yalta, the 1945 summit at which Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill met. Hailing Latvian freedom, Bush took a side shot at Roosevelt (and, whether he meant to or not, at Churchill, supposedly his great hero) and the Yalta accords, which effectively ceded Eastern Europe to the Soviets. Yalta, he said, "followed in the unjust tradition of Munich and the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact. Once again, when powerful governments negotiated, the freedom of small nations was somehow expendable. Yet this attempt to sacrifice freedom for the sake of stability left a continent divided and unstable. The captivity of millions in Central and Eastern Europe will be remembered as one of the greatest wrongs of history."

This is some statement. Yalta is connected first to the Munich Agreement of 1938 (in which the Western democracies, at their most vulnerable and well behind the curve of military preparedness, ceded Czechoslovakia to Hitler), then, in the same breath, Bush blends in seamlessly (and sleazily) the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact, the temporary and cynical agreement between the Soviets and Nazis allowing the Germans to invade Poland and the Soviets to move into the Baltic nations. And from Molotov-Ribbentrop we jump ahead to Yalta itself, where, Bush implies, the two great leaders of the West casually sat by and gave away vast parts of Europe to the Soviet Union.

President Bush lives in a world where effect it is always the summer of 1945, where other nations admire America or damned well ought to.

reat man for leadership. . . . Truman was almost a professionle man.") But it was Truman's decision to meet MacArthur's enge, even though he surely knew he would be the short-term that has elevated his presidential stock.

George W. Bush's relationship with his military commander was precisely the opposite. He dealt with the ever so malleable General Tommy Franks, a man, Presidential Medal of Freedom or no, who is still having a difficult time explaining to his peers in the military how Iraq happened, and how he agreed large a military undertaking with so small a force. It was the dent, not the military or the public, who wanted the Iraq war, Bush used the extra leverage granted him by 9/11 to get it. His le skillfully manipulated the intelligence in order to make the eem necessary, and they snookered the military on force levels he American public on the cost of it all. The key operative in is was clearly Vice President Cheney, supremely arrogant, the

After some 60 years Yalta has largely slipped from our political vocabulary, but for a time it was one of the great buzzwords in American politics, the first shot across the bow by the Republican right in their long, venomous, immensely destructive assault upon Roosevelt (albeit posthumously), Truman, and the Democratic Party as soft on Communism—just as today's White House attacks Democrats and other critics for being soft on terrorism, less patriotic, defeatists, underminers of the true strength of our country. Crucial to the right's exploitation of Yalta was the idea of a tired, sick, and left-leaning Roosevelt having given away too much and betraying the people of Eastern Europe, who, as a result, had to live under the brutal Soviet thumb—a distortion of history that resonated greatly with the many Eastern European CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

FREE WHEELDON

Dancer turned choreographer Christopher Wheeldon, photographed in Miami.



FOR MORE
OF
ISTOPHER
FLOON,
VF.COM.



CHRISTOPHER WHEELDON'S LEAP YEAR

American Ballet Theatre and the New York City Ballet so dominate classical dance in New York City they're tantamount to the two-party system in politics: the idea of a third company seems at best unsupportable and at worst a spoiler. That's why last January's announcement of a new ...upe, Morphoses/The Wheeldon Company, created such ...es. "Impossible," people said. "Unrealistic." But Christopher ...eeldon—N.Y.C.B.'s resident choreographer these past six ...rs and, at 34, the most in-demand classical choreographer ...e world—is charging full speed ahead. "I'm not able to make ...ough difference in my position at City Ballet," he explains. "I'd ...to focus on inviting a new public to contemporary ballet, by ...aking down some of the barriers and demystifying a little bit of our world. I'm probably going to tick off a few old-timers."

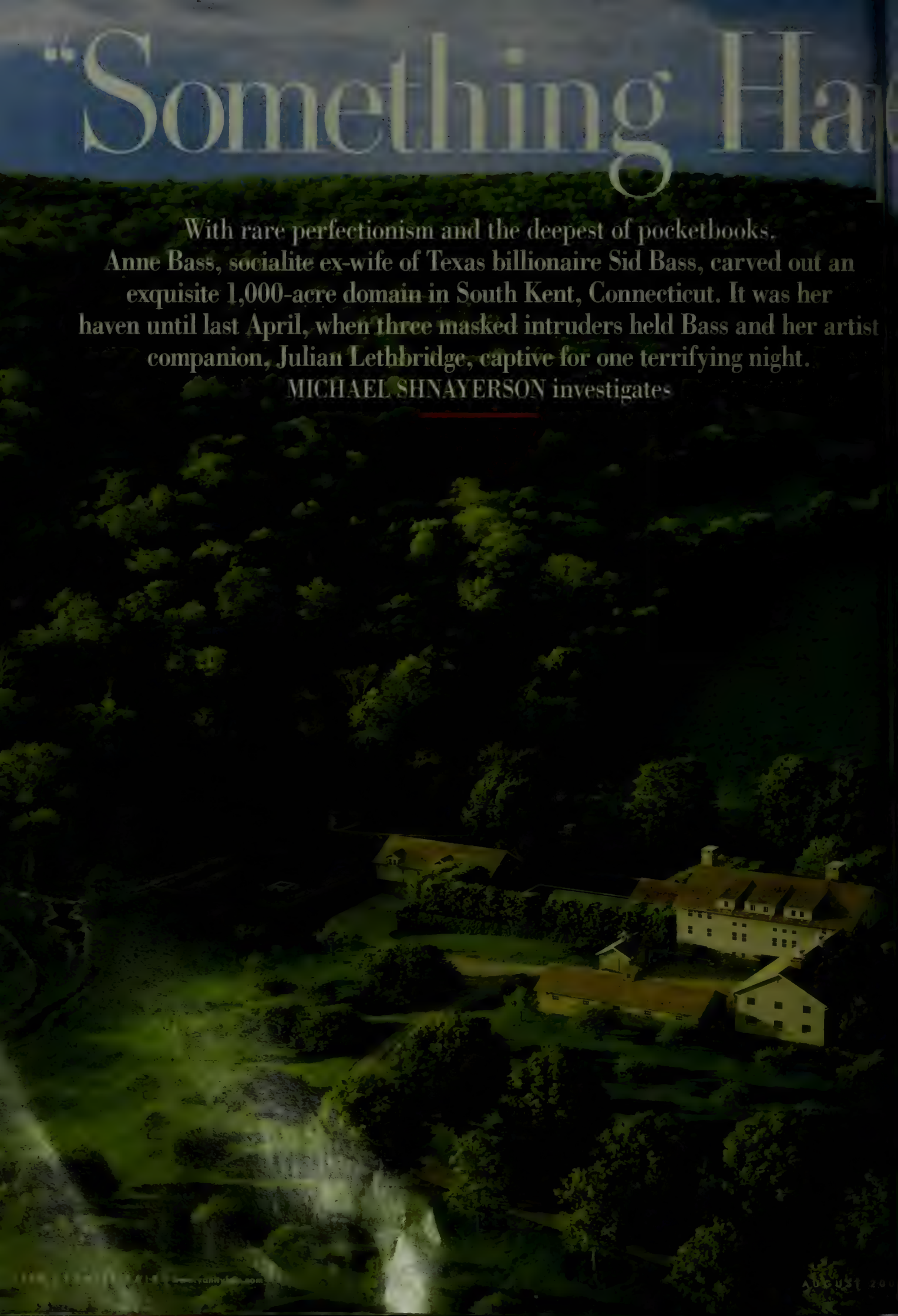
Planned as a small collaborative stressing accessibility and invention over tutus and tiaras, Morphoses already possesses three-year agreements with the New York City Center, London's Sadler's Wells Theatre, and the Vail International Dance Festival. It is in Vail that the unveiling takes place: on August 8 there's a preview that's half rehearsal, half performance, and on August 10, the big launch—a program of Wheeldon hits danced by stars such as Wendy Whelan and Maria Kowroski. Wheeldon's immediate target is the iPod generation. "That's the audience group that isn't coming [to ballet]," he says. "I just think if we could let them know it's young, a young art form ... The dancers are young, they're beautiful, they're sexy, they're smart. This is something transporting and poetic and exciting—even life-changing."

—LAURA JACOBS

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE WEBER

"Something Ha

With rare perfectionism and the deepest of pocketbooks, Anne Bass, socialite ex-wife of Texas billionaire Sid Bass, carved out an exquisite 1,000-acre domain in South Kent, Connecticut. It was her haven until last April, when three masked intruders held Bass and her artist companion, Julian Lethbridge, captive for one terrifying night. MICHAEL SHNAYERSON investigates



ened at Anne's!"



THE SIMPLE LIFE

Anne Bass's 1,000-acre estate, in South Kent, Connecticut. The main house consists of two renovated barns, one moved from Pennsylvania.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMERON DAVIDSON



HANDSOME COUPLE

Anne Bass with Julie Lethbridge at the Metropolitan Museum of Art Costume Institute Spring Gala, May 2. The two were introduced by *Vogue* editor in chief Anna Wintour. He is a protégé of celebrated American painter Jasper John

It was a perfect night for a invasion.

nine P.M. on Sunday, April 15, the sur- nor'easter of 2007 had brought high s and flooding to much of New En- . Fire and police departments in west- Connecticut struggled to respond to gencies from every direction: power ges, senior citizens stranded, cars stuck ng water. South Kent, a hamlet in Litch- County, two and a half hours north of hattan and 20 minutes from the near- olice force in the best of weather, lay ed and ignored amid the driving rain, lly and winding roads dark. A stranger ng through in the storm wouldn't have vn he was even in South Kent: the vil- 's only identifying marker is an old e farmhouse with black shutters that es as its post office, as plain as Kansas, e locals chat as they leaf through their . The next morning, the U.S. postmas- vould be one of the first to hear the s: "*Something happened at Anne's.*"

nne Bass, the trim, petite, 65-year-old ife of Texas billionaire Sid Richardson , listened to the rain pelt the roof and lows of her home on Peet Hill Road, a or so from the post office, and felt co- ensconced. Her residence—two beauti- renovated barns set at a right angle—watertight. Her longtime companion, ract artist Julian Lethbridge, 59, was her. And, had Bass thought about it, vould have assumed that her property's orate security system was active.

he security system, though, had been switched off.

utside, three figures advanced on foot eet Hill Road, perhaps let off by a con- rate with a car. They may have climbed the low stone walls that set off the prop- The walls, more artfully laid than any nial farmer's, zigzag up the hillsides of t locals have come to call Bass Valley: numerous farms and homesteads that has bought up in the last eight or so s to form a private fiefdom of more 1,000 acres. Or perhaps the trio sim- lipped through the wooden cattle gate at the foot of the driveway. Anyone could.

The attackers might have known that they could cross the mosaic stone courtyard in front of the two-barn residence with almost no chance of being seen. The ground floor of Bass's main barn is more a basement than residence. Guests come into a vestibule there, but immediately pass through, their footsteps clattering on smooth wide stones, and head upstairs to the second floor, where a great room beckons with big, comfortable sofas, a roaring fireplace in winter, or open French doors out to a terrace in summer.

After a late dinner prepared and served by her cook, Bass had taken a shower upstairs, then come down in a white bathrobe to see if Lethbridge was still in the television room off the main living room. The cook had gone home. As Bass crossed the stairway to the basement, she looked down to see three figures in black, wearing black hoods, carrying large aluminum cases, guns, and knives. As the figures advanced, she screamed, ran into the kitchen, and tried to hold the kitchen door shut against them. The attackers gave out a kind of commando war yell, then burst through the door.

For Bass, a sickening sense of déjà vu made the horrifying scene all the worse. One night in 1980, Anne and Sid Bass had returned to their Fort Worth, Texas, home after a country-club dinner to be met by armed thieves in ski masks, who jumped from the roof of the garage onto the hood of their car. The thieves had disconnected the alarm system. They forced the couple inside the house to the family safe. What they didn't know was that there was a fallback alarm system, triggered by motion sensors in certain parts of the house. The alarm was set off and the thieves fled, reportedly taking Sid Bass's wallet, pocket diary, and a $6,000 watch—only to be caught almost immediately in the dragnet of some 300 Bass security personnel.

Sid Bass, 65, eldest of the four billionaire sons of Texas wildcatter Sid Richardson, had become obsessive about security, reportedly building a network that linked his various homes—the Fort Worth main residence, the fishing lodge in Colorado, the ski house in Aspen, the Texas island family retreat, and the New York apartment—and those of family members with state-of-the-art technology and other security measures overseen by former law-enforcement agents. Despite the Basses' notoriously bitter 1989 divorce, the system reportedly still extended to Anne Bass's Manhattan home, on Fifth Avenue—and to the country house. But the attackers, who seemed to know the house, also appeared to know that the security system had been turned off. Unlike the Fort Worth thieves, they were in no hurry—no hurry at all.

Lethbridge, half asleep in front of the television, stumbled into the living room to see a woman in white on the floor with guns at her head. For a moment he thought it was the cook. Then he realized the figure was Bass. He had time to notice the big aluminum cases—the sort that photographers might use—and then heard "Get down!" He got down. One attacker put a gun to his head. Another prodded him with a very serious knife. His hands were tied behind his back—tightly and painfully. Lethbridge had the presence of mind to realize he shouldn't try to meet his attackers' eyes for fear they'd think he could recognize them later, and shoot him now. He kept his head down. But he could see the attackers' boots and pants. They didn't look scruffy, he thought. Both the boots and the stitching of the jeans looked expensive. From where he crouched, he heard Bass say, "Just tell me what you want."

"Shut the fuck up."

The attackers sounded American-born, not foreign. They sounded educated. They seemed more like U.S. Special Forces commandos, Lethbridge thought, than home invaders.

The attackers marched Bass and Lethbridge upstairs to Bass's bedroom. A half-stair beyond led to two dressing rooms and bathrooms. The attackers nudged their victims into Bass's dressing room. "This'll do," one said.

Bass and Lethbridge were blindfolded, and their mouths were taped. Hoods were put over their heads. Two of the attackers

As the figures advanced, Bass screamed, ran into the kitchen, and tried to hold the kitchen door shut against them.

went back downstairs and started banging closet doors and opening drawers. The one who remained to guard Bass and Lethbridge seemed less aggressive than the others. "Don't you think if we were going to kill you," he said, "that you'd be dead by now?"

Bass, for her part, was sure she would be killed, if not momentarily then later, when the attackers got whatever they were looking for. She felt less afraid about that than about what might happen to Jasper.

Bass's two-year-old grandson was in a bedroom down the hall. He was there because Hyatt, Bass's older daughter, was about to give birth to her second child, perhaps that night. Jasper had been slightly sick, and Hyatt's gynecologist wanted to avoid any chance that the two-year-old might infect his mother at this critical time. All Bass could think about was how Hyatt would feel after delivering her baby to hear that her son and mother had just been abducted or killed.

To the genteel farmers and weekenders of Litchfield County, the term "home invasion" might have suggested, before April 15, an invasion of ants or fruit flies, or, conceivably, mice. The Litchfield Hills in which they live—adjacent to the Berkshires of Massachusetts—are still topped for the most part by furrowed fields, as they have been since Colonial times, and a peaceable, agrarian life continues here. When the rare flash of violence does occur, it tends, as in most rural redoubts, to be a crime of passion. Not long ago, a local man's wife shot him to death; she served her eight years and now lives again among her neighbors. But wealth—quiet but extraordinary wealth—has come to Litchfield County, and with it new tensions and resentments.

For decades, the people of Litchfield County prided themselves on prominent new arrivals in their midst. Sculptor Alexander Calder lived in Roxbury, not far from photographer Edward Steichen, novelists William Styron and John Updike, playwright Arthur Miller, Broadway composer and lyricist Stephen Sondheim, and film director and writer Mike Nichols and his wife, television anchor Diane Sawyer. Writer Francine du Plessix Gray still lives unobtrusively in Kent, the charming crossroads town just up Route 130 from South Kent; so do French interior designer Robert Couturier and actress Patti Lupone.

Even when a number of movie types followed—actors Dustin Hoffman, Michael J. Fox, Kevin Bacon and Kyra Sedgwick, Mia Farrow, and Christine Baranski, along with director Tony Bill and his producer wife, Helen Hartlett, television producer Doug

Bass, for her part, was sure she would be killed.... She felt less afraid about that than about what might happen to her grandson Jasper.





LOCATION, LOCATION

Another view of Bass's South Kent estate. Her aim has been to return the entire surrounding valley to a pristine state.

Cramer, and writer Hugh Bush—the county remained rustic and relatively unaffected. One big reason was the sheer amount of land. In Litchfield County, as one broker observes, "you can have privacy without having $200 million. And because there's no waterfront—there's a lake, but it's not considered prime—there isn't quite the 'one road is better than the next' syndrome. It's like the countryside of England."

But along with the artists and writers, a very social New York crowd began colonizing the county some years back. They bought multiple homesteads and put them together, and hired teams of workmen to turn modest farmhouses into sleek designer showcases.

That circle, as most exclusive ones are, is small. Henry and Nancy Kissinger; designer Oscar de la Renta and his wife, Annette; Carolyn Roehm, ex-wife of investor Henry Kravis; entertainment mogul Barry Diller and his wife, the designer Diane von Furstenberg; society pianist Peter Duchin and his wife, Brooke Hayward, daughter of the producer Leland Hayward—and amid them, always beautifully coiffed and expensively garbed, her figure still perfect after a lifetime of ballet lessons, Anne Bass.

Even among these elegant neighbors, Anne Hendricks Bass stood out. She had more land, more servants and staff—and more attitude. No one accused her of being abusive to the people she hired—not if abusive meant raising her voice, or failing to pay her bills, or throwing a cell phone at her maids. Nor, if she had been, would such abuse have justified a criminal response of any kind, let alone a home invasion. But later, when investigators began sifting for clues, much of what they found pointed to an inside connection. And so the question of who might have nursed a grievance from working for Anne Bass seemed, for a while at least, highly relevant.

To manage her growing patchwork quilt of properties, Bass had a whole retinue of workers: from architects and plumbers and carpenters to backhoe operators, wall builders, and gardeners, not to mention domestic help. By one account, she would address the highest of these directly—the architect, say, or the contractor—but not communicate with the lower orders. "If Anne was talking on her patio to her estate manager," recalls one former neighbor, "and the foreman approached to say he'd finished a job, Anne would say to the estate manager between them, 'Please tell the foreman to do this now.'" One socially prominent neighbor in the Litchfield area was told by his town-car driver that Bass, who used the same car service, had issued a decree to the head of the service: no driver CONTINUED ON PAGE 171

A TRANSATLANTIC AFFAIR

Thanks to her role in *Stardust*, a swords-and-fairies fantasy due out this month, Claire Danes now embodies a second Hollywood trend. The first came in the late 1990s, when, like Jodie Foster before her and Natalie Portman after, Danes prioritized the Ivy League (Yale, specifically) over Ivy at the Shore (the Santa Monica celebrity hangout). The second places Danes, 28, alongside Renée Zellweger and Gwyneth Paltrow as proof positive that one needn't be British to play British. In *Stardust*, based on a novel by Neil Gaiman, Danes was cast by a quasi-descendant of King George VI, Matthew Vaughn, who directed the 2004 English thriller *Layer Cake*, and who produced Guy Ritchie's barmy gangster movies. Danes stars alongside two rather notable compatriots, Michelle Pfeiffer and Robert De Niro. "I already knew Bob a little bit," Danes says, pausing. "Bob—I *think* I can say that." Regardless, they were roundly outflanked by Brits, among them Sienna Miller, Ian McKellen, Peter O'Toole, Ricky Gervais, Rupert Everett, and Charlie Cox (who plays Danes's love interest, and promises his lass a falling star). "I was a nervous wreck around Ricky Gervais, because I'm insane about what he does," Danes says. And here she's referring to Gervais's masterwork, the original, British version of *The Office*. Mostly, though, England suited Danes. That's where her boyfriend, actor Hugh Dancy, is from. And, yes, he's British.

—NED ZEMAN

GREAT DANES

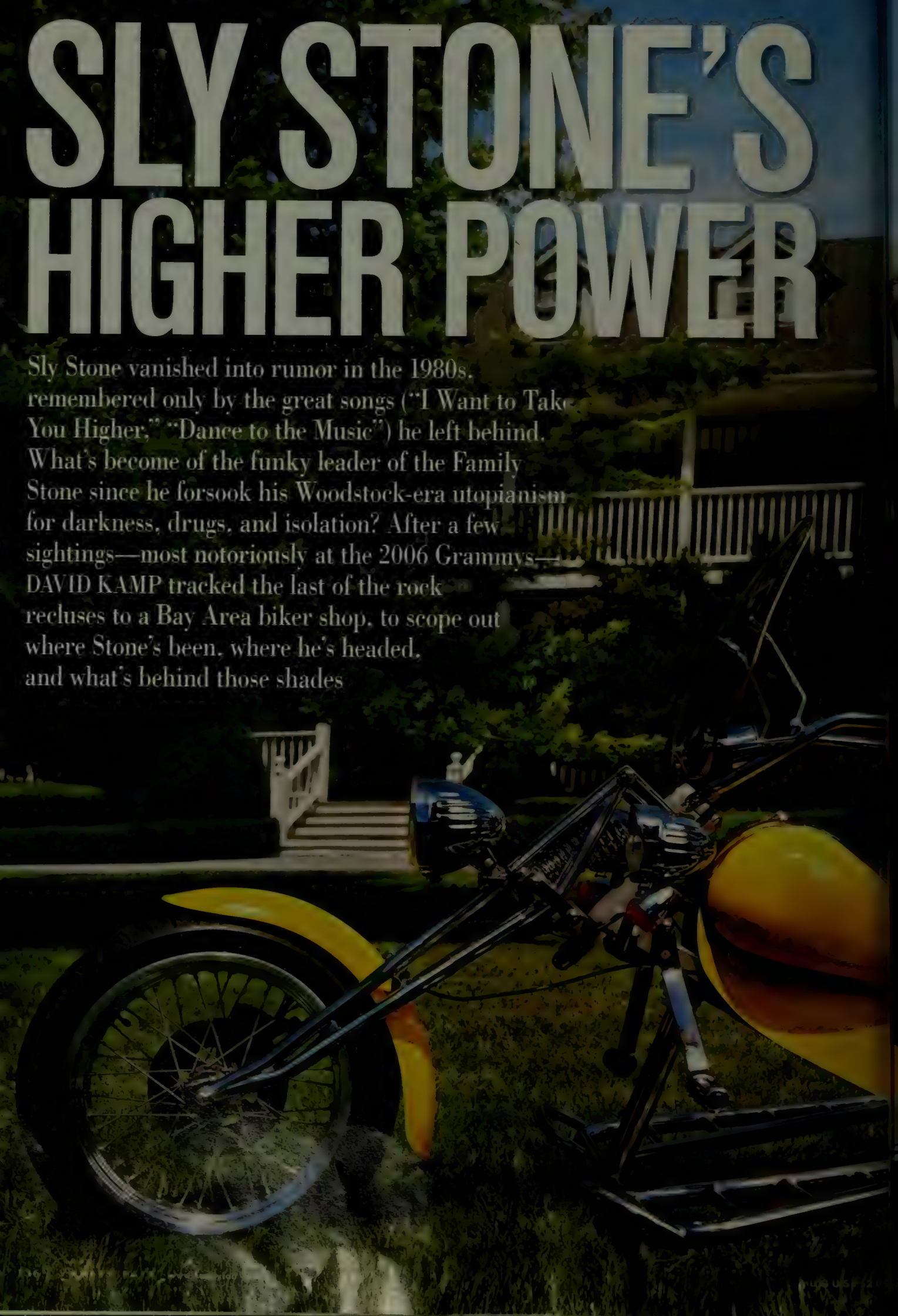
Claire Danes in the Windsor Suite of the Ritz Hotel in Paris.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ROBERTS



SLY STONE'S HIGHER POWER

Sly Stone vanished into rumor in the 1980s, remembered only by the great songs ("I Want to Take You Higher," "Dance to the Music") he left behind. What's become of the funky leader of the Family Stone since he forsook his Woodstock-era utopianism for darkness, drugs, and isolation? After a few sightings—most notoriously at the 2006 Grammys—DAVID KAMP tracked the last of the rock recluses to a Bay Area biker shop, to scope out where Stone's been, where he's headed, and what's behind those shades





HOT WHEELS

Sly Stone on his custom three-wheeled chopper, outside his home in Napa, California, on June 10, 2007.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER

VANITY FAIR

Will Sly show up?

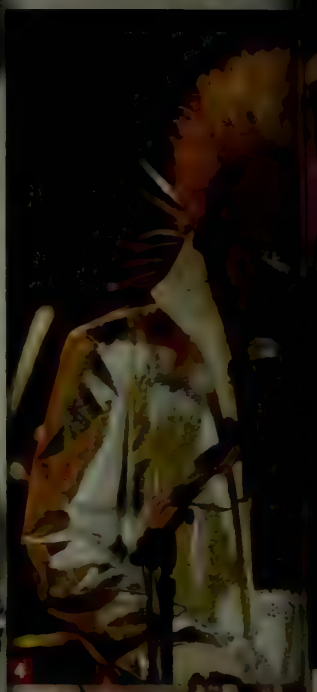
I sure hope so. I have an appointment with him. I've flown across the country and quadruple-checked to make sure that we're still on.

To cynics and music-industry veterans, this very premise is laughable: an appointment with Sly Stone. Yeah, right. For 20-odd years, Stone has been one of music's great recluses, likened in the press to J. D. Salinger and Howard Hughes. And in the years before he slipped away, he was notorious for not showing up even when he said he would. Missed concerts, rioting crowds, irritated promoters, drug problems, band tensions, burned bridges.

But in his prime, Stone was a fantastic musician, performer, bandleader, producer, and songwriter. Even today, his life-affirming hits from the late 60s and early 70s—among them "Stand!," "Everyday People," and "Family Affair"—continue to thrive on the radio, magically adaptable to any number of programming formats: pop, rock, soul, funk, lite. He was a black man and emphatically so, with the most luxuriant Afro and riveted leather jumpsuits known to Christendom, but he was also a pan-culturalist who moved easily among all races and knew no genre boundaries. There was probably no more Woodstockian moment at Woodstock than when he and the Family Stone, his multi-racial, four-man, two-woman band, took control of the festival in the wee hours of August 17, 1969, getting upwards of 400,000 people pulsing in unison to an extended version of "I Want to Take You Higher." For one early morning, at least, the idea of "getting higher" wasn't an empty pop-culture construct or a stoner joke, but a matter of transcendence. This man had power.









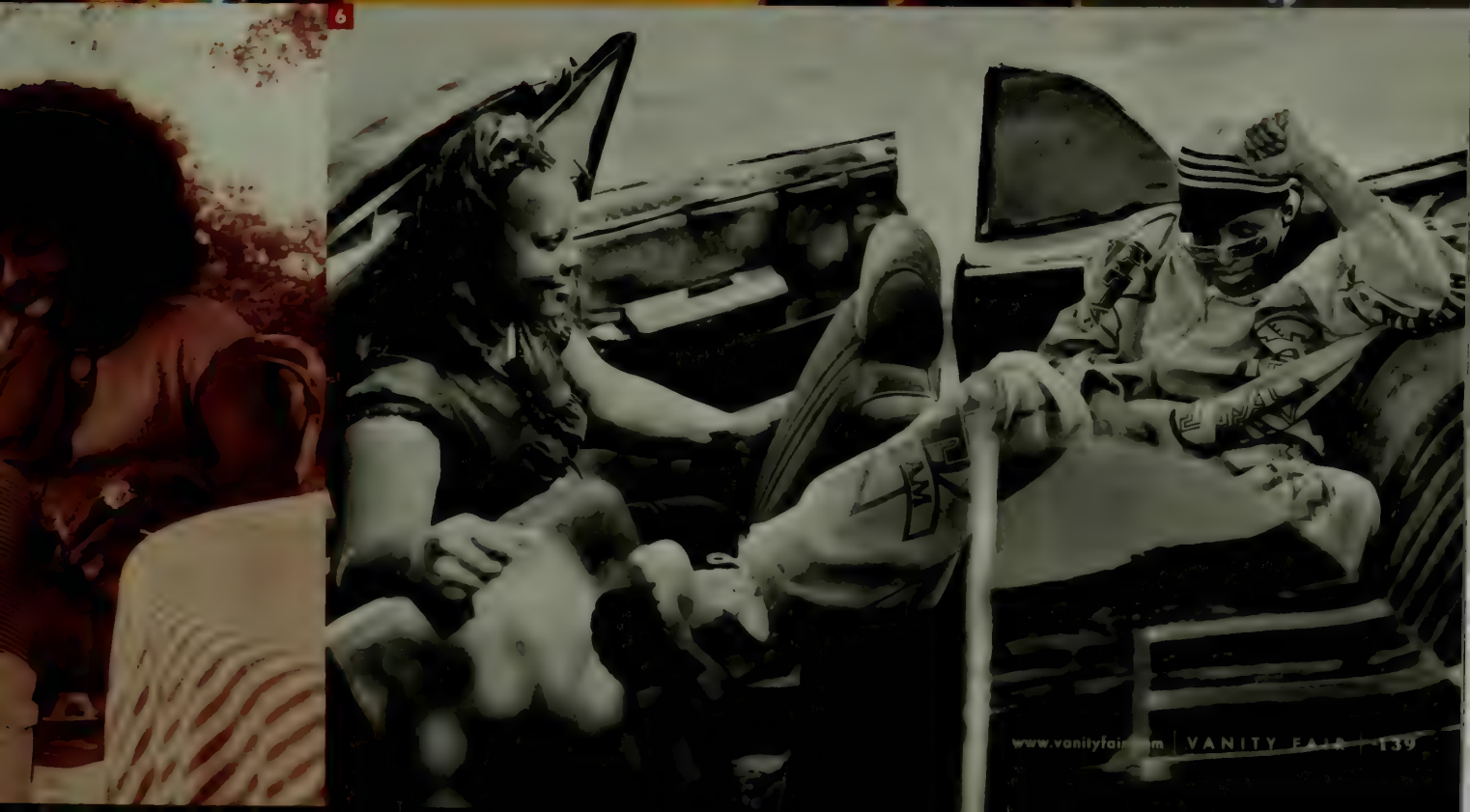
He also had a compelling penchant for folly. In the jivey, combustible early 1970s, when it was almost fashionable for public figures to unleash their ids and abandon all shame—whether it was Norman Mailer's baiting a roomful of feminists at New York's Town Hall or Burt Reynolds's posing nude on a bearskin for *Cosmopolitan*—Sly was out on the front lines, contributing some first-rate unhinged behavior of his own. Like marrying his 19-year-old girlfriend onstage in 1974 at CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

FOR MORE PHOTOS OF SLY STONE, GO TO VF.COM.

"I DO REGULAR THINGS A LOT. BUT IT'S PROBABLY MORE OF A SLY STONE LIFE. IT'S PROBABLY . . . IT'S PROBABLY NOT VERY NORMAL."

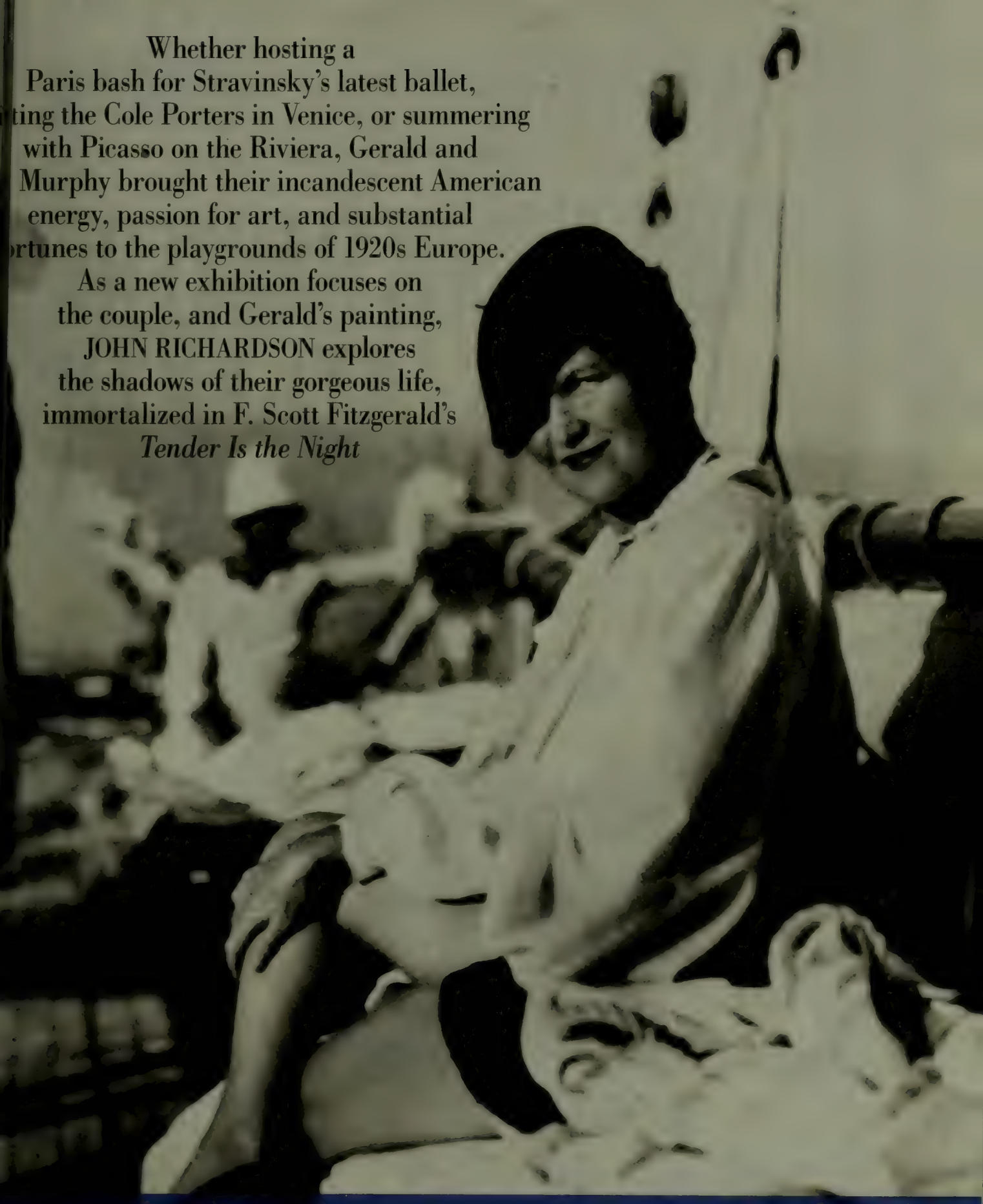
CAN YOU DIG IT?

(1) Sly Stone in 1975. (2) In London in 1971. (3) With large Afro. (4) Making his first major appearance in almost 13 years, during a tribute to Sly and the Family Stone, at the 48th annual Grammy Awards, Los Angeles, February 8, 2006. (5) With record executive Clive Davis. (6) Sprawling with sister Vet in an old Buick convertible in June.



Gerald going all the way for art at Villa America, the Murphys' house in Antibes, 1932. *Opposite*, Sara aboard *Weatherbird*, the Murphys' yacht, late 1920s.

Expats in



Whether hosting a Paris bash for Stravinsky's latest ballet, ting the Cole Porters in Venice, or summering with Picasso on the Riviera, Gerald and Murphy brought their incandescent American energy, passion for art, and substantial ortunes to the playgrounds of 1920s Europe. As a new exhibition focuses on the couple, and Gerald's painting, JOHN RICHARDSON explores the shadows of their gorgeous life, immortalized in F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*

Wonderland







AN AMERICAN IN PARIS

Right, Gerald's 1925 painting *Watch* (oil on canvas, 78½ in. by 78⅛ in.). *Above,* Gerald's lost work *Boatdeck,* installed at the Salon des Indépendants in the Grand Palais, Paris, 1924. *Top,* a scene from the American ballet *Within the Quota,* with backdrop and costumes by Gerald and music by Cole Porter, at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Paris, 1923.

The epitome of glam- expatriate life in Paris and on the Riv- the 1920s, Gerald and Sara Murphy been exceptionally fortunate in their iclers. Calvin Tomkins, who rescued from virtual oblivion in a 1962 break- gh profile in *The New Yorker,* which ne the 1971 book *Living Well Is the Revenge,* was followed in 1982 by their ter, Honoria Murphy Donnelly, with moir, *Sara & Gerald.* In 1998, Aman- ill published her extremely perceptive aphy, *Everybody Was So Young.* And we have a new exhibition with a fasci- g catalogue devoted to the Murphys, ized by Deborah Rothschild. It opens Williams College Museum of Art, in amstown, Massachusetts, on July 8. schild's lengthy preface dazzles, as do ther refreshingly readable essays.

oth Gerald and Sara came of upwardly le families and were heirs to consider- fortunes. Gerald's enterprising father realized that automobiles taking over from horse- n vehicles and switched making saddles to manu- ring luggage, briefcases, other luxury goods for Vuittonian store, Mark s. Gerald started out as ted amateur, but Paris formed him into one of rica's most significant ernist painters of the 20s. ra (née Wiborg) had a no elf-made father. The son Norwegian deckhand, arted life as a newsboy and worked way up from selling printer's ink to wning Ault and Wiborg, whose inks celebrated for their quality, as witness ouse-Lautrec's lithographic poster for ompany. Francis Wiborg married way e himself. Adeline Sherman was the endowed niece of the Civil War gen- William Tecumseh Sherman and Sena- ohn Sherman. She bore Wiborg three hters: Sara—the eldest and prettiest— ie, and Olga. Wiborg struck out on his Instead of an ornate summerhouse in Newport, he bought 600 acres in the as yet undiscovered village of East Hampton and built a mansion called the Dunes.

Like one of Edith Wharton's pushy matriarchs, Adeline took her daughters to London to be presented at King Edward VII's court. In subsequent seasons they were invited to innumerable balls so that they might meet "the right people" and maybe marry one of them. In 1911, Violet, Duchess of Rutland—an unconventional woman who painted and sculpted and had lovers—took the girls up and had them to stay at Belvoir, the family's castellated seat. The duchess's fondness for wearing ropes of pearls down her back made such an impression on Sara that she adopted the habit and later would wear pearls even to the beach, as drawings of her by Picasso confirm. In F. Scott Fitzgerald's description, "Her bathing suit was pulled off her shoulders, and her back, a ruddy, orange brown, set off by a string of creamy pearls, shone in the sun." The climax of the Wiborgs' 1913 season was Adeline's much-vaunted "Vegetable Ball" at the Ritz, where Olga and Prince Colonna, followed by a footman in blackface trundling a wheelbarrow around the ballroom, handed out vegetables as favors. The "ragtime potato race" was won by Violet Rutland's glamorous daughter, soon to win fame as Lady Diana Cooper.

The Wiborgs' return to New York was a hideous anticlimax. The ultra-respectable, socially prominent Adeline was caught bringing in $5,000 worth of undeclared frocks and jewelry, and the tabloids made the most of it. So mortifying was the scandal that she and the girls fled back to England and then to the Far East. Gerald, who had fallen in love with Sara, was not allowed to accompany them. Once they were back in New York, Sara, who had known Gerald since he was 16, came to realize that she was in love with him as well. They both wanted to be free spirits—ideally painters—although at that point neither had any inkling of modernism, to judge by their stuffy choice of William James Jr., the son of the great psychologist, to do Sara's portrait in 1921. Both sets of parents opposed their marriage, but the lovers stood firm and were wed on December 30, 1915. They adored each other and were perfect soulmates, sharing a fantasy that life could be lived as if it were a work of art.

To escape the commercialism and the restrictions imposed by their families, not to mention Prohibition (Gerald fancied himself a connoisseur of sherry and champagne), the Murphys, accompanied by their children and a nanny, left New York in June 1921. They planned to spend the summer in England and then move on to Paris for a few weeks, but could not tear themselves away from the French capital. They rented an apartment and stayed on and on.

Soon after arriving in Paris, Gerald had an epiphany that would change his life. His eye had been caught by a painting by Picasso in the window of Paul Rosenberg's gallery. Inside, he was overwhelmed by other Picassos and works of Georges Braque and Juan Gris, which he was seeing for the first time. "There was," he wrote later, "a shock of recognition which put me into an entirely new orbit." He was "astounded." He told Sara, "That's the kind of painting that *I* would like to do." She, too, saw the light, so off they went to study under Natalia Goncharova, a Russian modernist, who had designed the sets for *Le Coq d'Or,* performed by Serge Diaghilev's Ballets Russes. Goncharova and her lover, Mikhail Larionov, would not allow their students to paint anything representational—"no apple on a dish," Sara later remembered.

Impressed by Gerald's talent, Goncharova recommended him to Diaghilev, who needed the company's tour-battered backdrops restored. The Murphys were prepared to work for free, provided they could attend rehearsals and meet Diaghilev's stars, who included Léonide Massine and Lydia Sokolova. Scene painting was arduous. They had to spread the canvas flats on the floor and paint away with soft brushes at the ends of broom handles, then climb 30-foot ladders to judge the effect. The artists who had created

After a dazzling series of huge compositions—only seven survive—Gerald packed away his brushes and forgot he had been a painter.





THE BEST REVENGE

(1) Gerald, socialite Ginny Carpen
Cole Porter, and Sara, Venice,
1923. (2) A Man Ray photograph
Vladimir Orloff (Diaghilev's
assistant) and Gerald (with his dog
on the Murphys' sailboat *Picaflor*,
1925. (3) The Hôtel du Cap, Cap
d'Antibes, 1923. (4) A fan of Sara
(5) A 1934 watercolor of Sara by
Fernand Leger. (6) Gerald at Villa
America. (7) A Man Ray photogra
of Gerald on *Picaflor*, 1925.
(8) *Weatherbird*. (9) Gerald's *Raz*
1924 (oil on canvas, 32⅛ in. by 36
(10) Sara and Picasso at La Garo
(11) Jean Cocteau, Pablo Picasso,
Igor Stravinsky, and Olga Picasso
Antibes, 1926. (12) Villa Americ
(13) A postcard of Geneva from
Fernand Leger, with cutouts of hi
(14) *Cocktail*, by Gerald, 1927
(oil on canvas, 29⅞ in. by 29⅞ in.
(15) Cole Porter with Sara's pearl
and Gerald's cap, Venice, 1923.





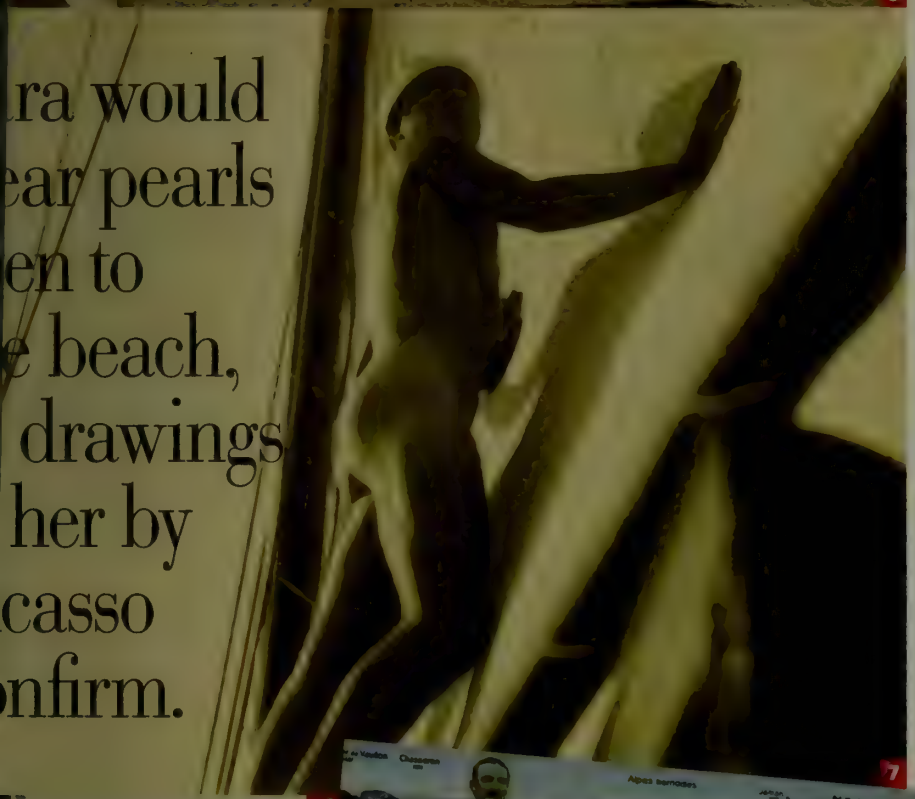
















ra would
ear pearls
en to
e beach,
drawings
her by
casso
nfirm.

the sets—Braque and André Derain as well as Picasso—would come and check up on them. On one of these occasions, Picasso's roving eye fell on Sara. As Calvin Tomkins writes, "Americans seemed to fascinate Picasso.... He invited the Murphys to his apartment, on the Rue de la Boëtie ... in every room [there] were pictures in various stages of completion." They would soon become close friends.

Sara's life in Paris was complicated by the presence of her painfully snobbish sister, Hoytie, the recipient of a lifetime tenancy of an attractive apartment for her ambulance work during World War I. Hoytie was a voracious "lipstick lesbian" and also an aggressive drunk. Raymond Radiguet would pillory her as Hester Wayne, the intellectually pretentious American heiress in *Count d'Orgel's Ball,* his *roman à clef* about Étienne de Beaumont, the waspish art patron who terrorized *les gens chic* by excluding a chosen few of them from his lavish costume balls. Dismayed to find her sister painting scenery in working-class Belleville, Hoytie accused her and Gerald of wasting their time. However, she would subsequently buy some superb Picassos. Years later, I went to dine with her, hoping to see the paintings, but they had all been sold. The food was excellent, but listening to a raucous, anti-Semitic rant from a bitter old alcoholic was too high a price to pay.

Besides putting the Murphys in touch with Picasso and Fernand Léger, Gerald's work for the theater enabled him, as it had Picasso, to visualize things monumentally: "I seemed to see in miniature detail, but in a giant scale." As a token of his new passion, Gerald kept a big industrial ball bearing on his piano: an abstract sculpture, people thought. Within a year, he had graduated from an unfocused dilettante (at Harvard he had studied landscape architecture) into an accomplished artist with an eye-catching, hard-edge style inspired by Amédée Ozenfant and, above all, Léger, whose machine aesthetic had become his guiding light. Gerald's still life of a razor the size of a mallet (1924) impressed Picasso and inspired Léger to hail him as "the only *American* painter in Paris." Five years later, however, after a dazzling series of huge compositions—only seven of which have survived—Gerald packed away his brushes, rolled up his canvases, and

forgot that he had ever been a painter. He felt that his work was second-rate and that "the world is filled with second-rate painting."

That was not the real reason. For all their precision and intricacy, most of the mechanisms in these great paintings contain a functional flaw. This stands for what Gerald regarded as *his* inherent "defect": the homosexuality that overshadowed his life. These paintings are thus symbolic portraits of the artist as a closet case. Rothschild's catalogue includes an intriguing essay by the art historian Kenneth E. Silver, entitled "The Murphy Closet and the Murphy Bed," in which he discusses Gerald's shame over his condition, for which he made self-lacerating *mea culpa*s to Sara. Silver ends by hailing him for his "gorgeous, agonized, brilliant, sad, and triumphant life." True, but Gerald had one unattractive failing: his polymorphous narcissism, which seems to have been a cover for his bitterness and guilt. Gerald's closet was chockablock with costumes—Mexican, cowboy, Apache, Tyrolean, safari, gondolier, and, it was rumored, drag. So obsessive was he about the cut of his suits that he refused to put anything in his pockets that might make a bulge. He kept his keys and wallet in a satchel made of striped Japanese fabric or a leather pouch. Scott Fitzgerald, who based Dick Diver, the hero of *Tender Is the Night,* on Gerald, mocked him: "You go to all that trouble with buckles and straps . . . because you're a masochist."



Fitzgerald, who enjoyed putting friends' sexual orientation to the test, mischievously introduced Gerald to a suitable young Chilean, Eduardo Velasquez, whose hopes that psychoanalysis might cure him of homosexuality had seemingly been dashed. Gerald later tried through Fitzgerald to return the love token—his mother's cross—that Velasquez had given him. Unbeknownst to Gerald, Velasquez had become involved in one of the few British scandals to have been hushed up. He had had an affair with a member of the royal family and had been secretly expelled from the country.

Deborah Rothschild has also identified a hitherto unknown buddy, Richard Cowan, an attractive, openly gay landscape gardener from Boston, whose diary has recently come to light. To her credit, Sara got on well with him. Until he committed suicide in 1939, for no apparent reason, Cowan was a frequent companion—not least on Gerald's yachts, where, as photographs by Man Ray reveal, the thong took precedence over the bathing suit. Gerald then fell for another handsome young man, Alan Jarvis, a Canadian art historian, who would become the director of the National Gallery of Canada. Jarvis was "the soul mate [Gerald] had been searching for . . . since he was fifteen." Like Gerald, he abhorred his orientation, and like Velasquez, had been at pains to find a cure for it. "No feathers" (a euphemism for flamboyant gayness), Sara once said approvingly of Jarvis. However, she came to resent him, possibly because he regarded Gerald as "the ideal father he had never had." The relationship was more insidious for being so parental.

In June 1923, the Murphys made a great splash in Paris with a social bloodbath of a party after the first night of Stravinsky's ballet *Les Noces.* Gerald had helped paint the sets and wanted to honor everyone involved, as well as old friends from America and the new friends they had made in Paris—the Picassos, the Beaumonts, the Légers, the José María Serts, Tristan Tzara, Raymond Radiguet, Jean Cocteau and his gang of young composers, the stars of the Ballets Russes, and many more.

Originally the Murphys wanted to hold the party at the Cirque Médrano,



LIFE INTO

Picasso's 1923 masterpiece *The Pipes* (oil on canvas, 80¾ in. by 68½ in. reference to a photo of Gerald with Pic La Garoupe that year (*inset*) and to G sexual ambiguity. *Below,* Gerald on the of Villa America, circ

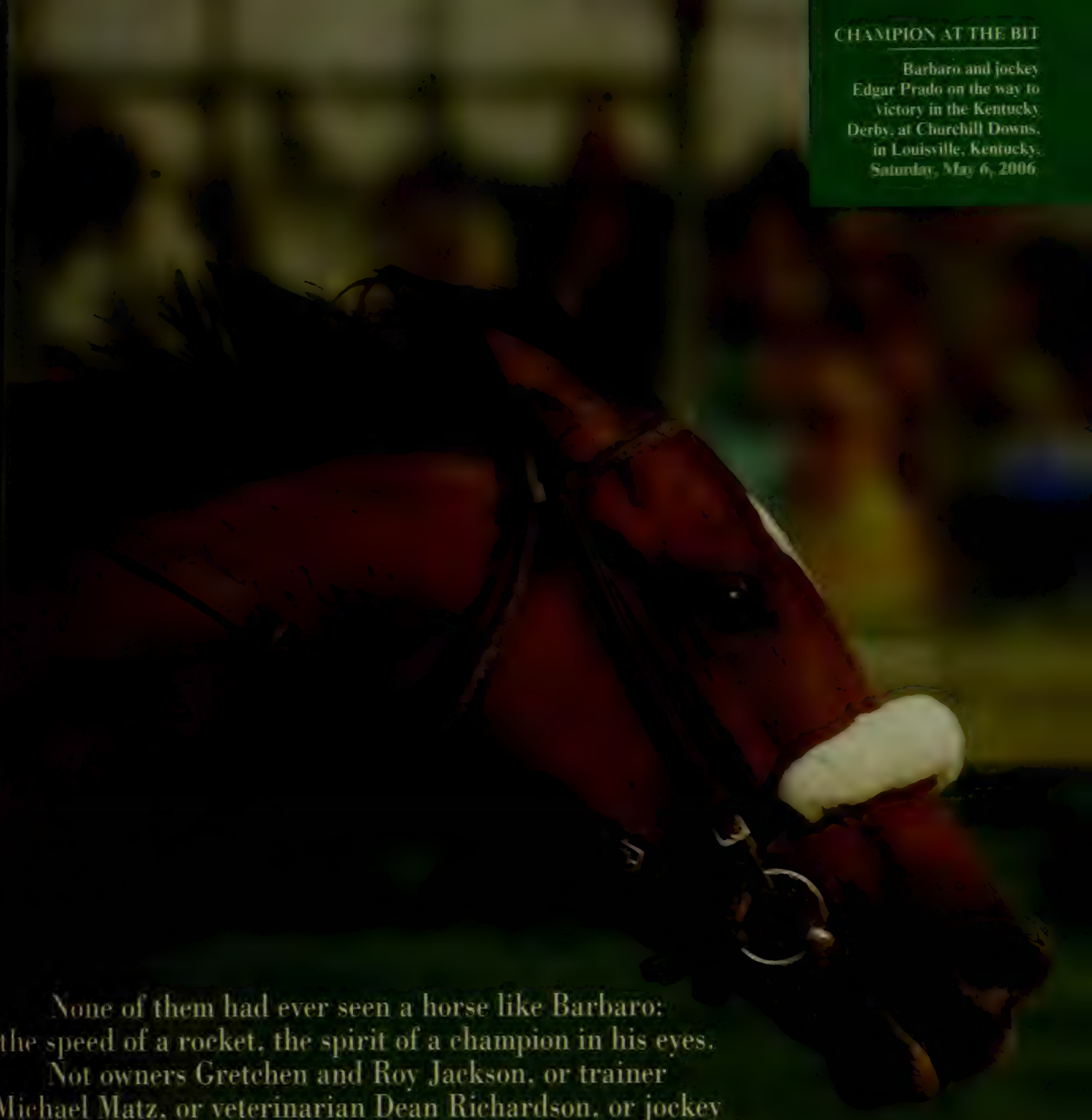
where the big draw was the Fratellini Br ers—a celebrated trio of clowns whom casso was rumored to be painting—but manager told Gerald that his circus " not yet an American colony." Instead, S settled on a large barge on the Seine. Si it was a Sunday, the florists were closed she decorated the banquet tables with amids of toys—fire engines, cars, anim dolls, clowns—that she had found i Montparnasse bazaar. Picasso was thri and re-arranged the toys into a tra pileup topped by a cow on a fireman's der. He may well have had them in m 30 years later when he conjured a m key's head out of his son's toy motorc

In the annals of social history, the M phys' party rates almost as high as Picass banquet for the primitive painter "Le Do nier" Rousseau in 1908. Stravinsky h fun switching the place cards, Gonchar read palms, the great pianist Marcelle M er played Scarlatti, and, as usual, Cocte tried to steal the show—refusing to go board for fear of seasickness, then rush around with a lantern, dressed up as t captain, proclaiming, "*On coule*" (We're si ing). As dawn broke, Boris Kochno (Diag lev's secretary) and Ernest Ansermet (the c ductor) took down CONTINUED ON PAGE


I suspect the real reason
Gerald was irritated with
Picasso was that he recognized
himself in *The Pipes of Pan.*



Gone Like



CHAMPION AT THE BIT

Barbaro and jockey Edgar Prado on the way to victory in the Kentucky Derby, at Churchill Downs, in Louisville, Kentucky, Saturday, May 6, 2006

None of them had ever seen a horse like Barbaro: the speed of a rocket, the spirit of a champion in his eyes. Not owners Gretchen and Roy Jackson, or trainer Michael Matz, or veterinarian Dean Richardson, or jockey ar Prado, who rode him to victory at the 2006 Kentucky Derby. After the horse's devastating injury at the Preakness, with the world watching, they would struggle to save him. BUZZ BISSINGER tells how Barbaro was betrayed by his own Thoroughbred body

the Wind

It was a cardinal rule of horse racing for any owner, and Gretchen Jackson, straightforward and no-nonsense, with a voice of silky gravel, knew it as well as anyone:

Never fall in love with a horse.

She and her husband, Roy, had been in the business since the late 1970s, so they had had ample time to learn the cardinal rule. It was a business, and they treated it as one. The horses they owned weren't pets. They were Thoroughbreds, as beautiful as they were fragile, and engineered for speed, the musculature of their bodies propelled by legs as thin as spindles.

They were susceptible to coughs and allergies and heaves and a highly contagious condition called strangles, in which pus discharges from the nostrils, and abscesses form in the lymph nodes under the jaw and sometimes burst. They were susceptible to viruses such as West Nile and equine herpes, to diseases spread by the larvae of flies that hide out in manure. They were susceptible to leg fractures that require them to be euthanized on the spot, and to the puzzling mystery of laminitis, a disease in which the hoof wall separates from the inner foot, causing such intolerable pain that it too could result in euthanasia.

Never fall in love with a horse.

They were taught to race when they were two, and they didn't all take to it. Some were just stubborn. Some, like juvenile delinquents, went out of their way to do the exact opposite of what you told them to do. Some were scared. Some were just bored. Some were just mean. Some were dumb as rocks. In 2005, 72,487 horses pulled out of the starting gate in races across North America. Their average earnings were $15,851. It wasn't enough to pay for the cost of maintaining them, and of those who ran, 26 percent earned less than $1,000.

Never fall in love with a horse.

But the problem for Gretchen Jackson was she did fall in love with a horse. She fell in love with him because when he was in his element on the racecourse there were moments he ran with such joy and abandon that he actually flew, all four feet off the ground. She fell in love with him because of the way he soldiered on after he was tragically hurt in the Preakness Stakes in May 2006, his sense of self so intact that he bit one veterinarian smack on the butt and ran a masseuse out of the stall. She fell in love with him because of the gleam in his eyes, still bright, during those dark days in July 2006 when both his rear lower limbs became a medical nightmare, and she wrote in the private journal she kept:

It's not good. Oh my God I am so concerned. Dear Lord we [illegible] not let the bright light fade, flicker, die. We must conquer. Where [illegible] you God in my suffering? Are you holding my hands showing me [illegible] moons and breezy nights? Yes Lord, they are magnificent but my [illegible] is looking at Barbaro. That is not the horse that won the derby.

She fell in love with him because of the way he was trying [illegible] communicate, *Don't give up on me yet.* She fell in love with [illegible] because of the way he rallied after that. And then she fell in [illegible] with him because of the way he died.

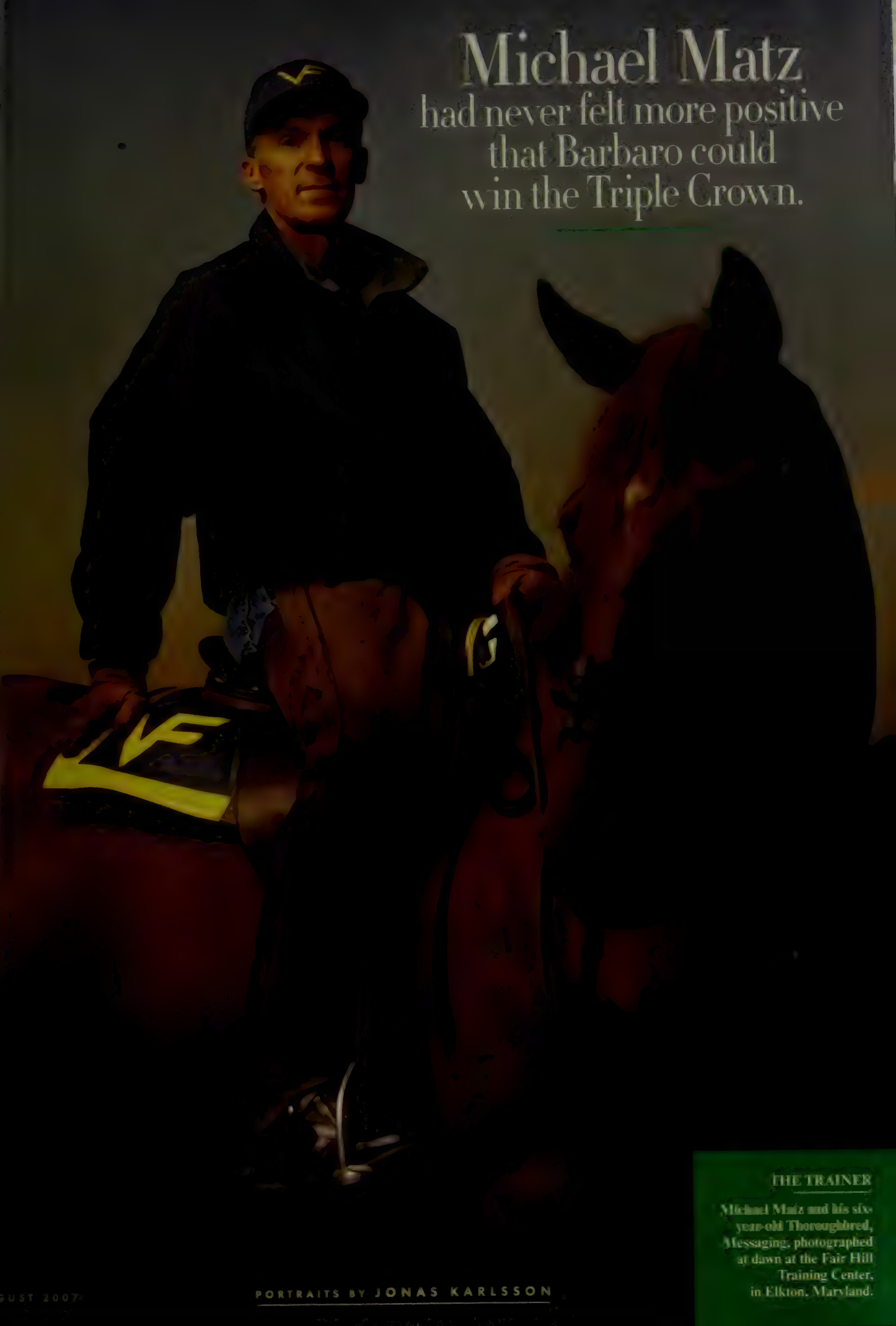
There was no inkling of brilliance the night Barb[illegible] was born, on April 29, 2003. He came out [illegible] when he was foaled at the Sanborn Chase farm [illegible] Nicholasville, Kentucky, so big that Bill Sanb[illegible] and the night watchman, Irvin White, each [illegible] to grab a foreleg and pull him out. He also [illegible] out leggy, and until he was moved to Florida in the fall of 20[illegible] he grew in big spurts that made him seem awkward at times, a[illegible] who was all elbows.

He had fine and upstanding parents. His mother, La [illegible] Rouge, whom the Jacksons owned, had become a breeding m[illegible] after a successful racing career in her own right, with earn[illegible] of $262,594. She was slightly small, and when a breeding adv[illegible] came up with a list of five recommended sires for her, Dyna[illegible] mer was chosen in the hopes of adding a little bit of heft to [illegible] foals. Dynaformer was already a stud among studs. (Throu[illegible] 2006 his offspring had been responsible for 1,792 wins and e[illegible] ings of $68,565,473.) In 2002, when he was brought in to do [illegible] job, his stud fee was still relatively cheap, around $50,000.

When the Jacksons saw Barbaro for the first time, six we[illegible] after he was born, they liked what they saw—a foal who not o[illegible] was going to be big but had a beautiful head like his mothe[illegible] with a distinctive white patch in the shape of a radish. But w[illegible] he left Kentucky to be broken at Stephens Thoroughbreds, n[illegible] Ocala, Florida, there still was no inkling; he had been just on[illegible] 36,901 Thoroughbred foals who had been officially registered [illegible] North America in 2003. He showed an athleticism and an in[illegible] ligence that put him ahead of his classmates during the time[illegible] was there, and that was all.

In the spring of 2005, he was moved to the Fair Hill Train[illegible] Center, in Elkton, Maryland, and was paired with 54-year-[illegible] trainer Michael Matz. It wasn't a match that sent shock wa[illegible] through the insular world of horse racing, or even tiny ripples. [illegible] unknown two-year-old under the stewardship of a trainer who h[illegible] little reputation outside the Middle Atlantic region. The Jacks[illegible] had originally chosen Matz to train some of their horses on [illegible] basis of convenience—he lived near them and the facility he u[illegible] was relatively close. He had a peerless reputation as a horseu[illegible] in his prior life. But what neither Matz nor Barbaro knew yet w[illegible] that their personalities were mirrors of each other: strong-will[illegible] single-minded, with an almost otherworldly survival instinct.

At four P.M. on July 19, 1989, Michael Matz [illegible] the prime of his life as a world-class equestri[illegible] survived the crash landing of a commercial j[illegible] after all of its hydraulic systems had failed o[illegible] the farmlands of Iowa with 296 people abo[illegible] He was 38 years old at the time, on his w[illegible] back to his home outside Philadelphia from Hawaii with his g[illegible] friend, D. D. Alexander. He did not know if he would die wi[illegible] the captain of United Flight 232, Al Haynes, made it clear to p[illegible]



Michael Matz
had never felt more positive that Barbaro could win the Triple Crown.

PORTRAITS BY JONAS KARLSSON

THE TRAINER

Michael Matz and his six-year-old Thoroughbred, Messaging, photographed at dawn at the Fair Hill Training Center, in Elkton, Maryland.



RACE TO THE END

(1) Barbaro and Prado cross the finish line at the Kentucky Derby. (2) Michael Matz and his son Alex make "The Walk" at Churchill Downs before the derby. (3) Barbaro in the paddock at Churchill Downs. (4) A radiograph taken after Barbaro's surgery shows the plate and 27 screws necessary to repair his injured leg. (5) Peter Brette, assistant trainer to Michael Matz, photographed at the Fair Hill Training Center. (6) Barbaro's lower hind right leg appears fractured as Prado struggles with him down the first stretch of the Preakness Stakes, at Pimlico Race Course, in Baltimore, Maryland, on May 20, 2006.





Barbaro's

njuries were catastrophic,
a lower limb that
had been pulverized.

sengers that the plane was having trouble flying, and flight attendants started readying the cabin for the emergency landing. But Matz prepared with focus. He reached into his briefcase, pulling out his passport and pictures of his two children from a previous marriage. He placed them in his back pocket so that if he did die when the plane tried to land at Sioux Gateway Airport, or was seriously hurt, at least there would be the possibility of identifying him. Then he turned to the passenger next to him and told him that if the plane was not completely destroyed on impact, their first obligation would be to save the three children surrounding them who were traveling unaccompanied to see their grandparents in Albany, New York.

Because of the loss of hydraulic systems, which occurred in the aftermath of the rear engine's blowing out, the pilots had to fly the McDonnell Douglas DC-10 without any normal flight controls. Instead a pilot got onto his knees in the cockpit and worked the throttles of the remaining two engines with his hands, steering the plane into turns until it could land. They tried to hit the runway as level as they could, but during the last 100 feet the nose dropped and the right wing dipped. And they were coming in too fast, almost 75 knots above average, because the plane was virtually impossible to handle. The wing hit the ground first, causing the plane to skid and cartwheel off the runway and break into pieces as if it had been a plastic toy. When the momentum finally ran out, people were upside down. Some struggled to unstrap their seat belts as smoke began to fill the cabin. Others hung lifeless, dripping blood. But Michael Matz had barely a scratch, and he did what he had said he would do, rescue the children who surrounded him. He got them outside and told them to run. He stayed behind and held back the cables that had fallen over an opening in the fuselage so other passengers could escape. Then he frantically searched for D.D. (they had gotten on the flight at the last minute and weren't seated together), seeing too many of the 111 people who had died. After about 45 minutes, he finally found D.D., with the three children, in a truck heading to the temporary rescue area.

If the plane crash revealed Michael Matz's character, it also revealed the arbitrary hand of fate. With the exception of two elderly passengers who died of asphyxia from smoke inhalation, every passenger in Rows 9 through 21 survived. In their last-ditch efforts to get on board United Flight 232 after missing their connection, Michael Matz had been given a seat in Row 15 and his future wife a seat in Row 9.

He called the children's grandparents, who were thankful to know they were safe, having heard reports that one of them had died, and for the next 18 hours, until their mother arrived, Michael Matz and D. D. Alexander adopted the children. And when one of the kids asked Matz what he did for a living, he replied only that he had something to do with horses. No mention of the Olympics he had participated in in 1976. No mention of the gold medals he had won at the Pan American Games. They all stayed with a family in the Sioux City area that night, and when one of them asked if Michael needed anything after what he had been through, he asked if they had any beer. They found two Coors, and he drank them. That was largely the extent of his emotional concession to what had happened. Two weeks later he was out in the Hamptons riding in the Hampton Classic Horse Show, where he won the Classic Grand Prix.

He won many more races after that as a show jumper. In the 1996 Olympics, he helped lead the United States to the silver medal in the team show-jumping equestrian event and carried the American flag



THE OWNERS

Roy and Gretchen Jackson and their 12-year-old Welsh-Thoroughbred cross, Tattle, at the Jacksons' 190-acre Lael Farm, in West Grove, Pennsylvania.



Gretchen Jackson
was a woman of deep
iritual faith, and she'd known
Barbaro was going to win.

during the closing ceremonies. During his roughly 25-year career, he earned $1.7 million, a record in the sport. But by the late 1990s he knew his heart wasn't in it anymore; he was no longer able to give the 110 percent he demanded from himself in whatever he did. He knew it was over when he failed to make the 2000 Olympic team.

He could have easily capitalized on his career by giving riding lessons, a lucrative pursuit, since the horse-show circuit was littered with the offspring of the *Über*-rich. His brother, an accountant, told him that was the thing to do. But Matz took up a new career in which he had no direct experience. He became a trainer of Thoroughbreds. Over eight years he had amassed several Grade 1 stakes-race victories, including the Arlington Million with Kicken Kris. He had built up a nice little stable. He had come a long way from his roots as the son of a Pennsylvania plumber who spent summers digging sewer ditches. His training stalls were immaculate. He knew horses in a way that few trainers did. But if you looked for his name among the 50 top trainers of 2005 as measured by the *Thoroughbred Times,* you wouldn't find it.

It was a moment of truth, and Peter Brette, a highly respected jockey both in England and in Dubai, where he worked for Godolphin, the famous stable owned by the emirate's ruling family, was about to find out if he and Michael Matz had a racehorse on their hands.

Brette was Matz's assistant trainer, and he served as the perfect complement, his at-ease presence an antidote to the constantly churning wheels in Matz's head. Matz could also be stubborn, and Brette could get inside that stubbornness in a way that no one else could. Brette had heard good reports about Barbaro. But it was only when you got in the saddle that you could instinctively feel

When Brette got on Barbaro in May

what might be there and what might not. And when Brette got on Barbaro in May of 2005, all he could do was whisper the word *Jesus!,* because he immediately felt the beautiful balance that all great athletes have whether they're equine or human. The horse had enormous natural ability. Matz and Brette knew that in a moment. His body was filling out to be perfect—leggy and big, the long shoulder at an angle, the thick hips, the exquisite musculature. But he needed to learn how to race and that was the tricky part: you could train him methodically, and they did, with great patience, but the only way to start sorting out all the questions was to get him out there.

Barbaro's first race took place at Delaware Park on October 4, 2005, the seventh race of the card, with a post time of 3:32 P.M. It was a nothing race at a track that featured two full floors of slot machines, with an unknown horse that the call announcer referred to as "Bar-*bear*-o," rather than "*Bar*-ber-o."

The distance was one mile, and it was open only to two-year-old maidens—horses who had never won before. The race was also run on turf rather than dirt, a calculated decision, given that Barbaro's sire, Dynaformer, had been a strong turf horse. Barbaro's running style, with a high knee action and a long stride, also lent itself better to turf. He went into the race ranked as the fourth favorite by bettors. He initially refused to get into the gate. He was as ornery as a hornet when he wanted to be. Gretchen Jackson was there and she wondered where *this* was coming from. So did Peter Brette, who thought maybe he had it all wrong. Here was Barbaro, the best Thoroughbred he had ever sat on, and you couldn't even get him in the gate.

But then he got loaded in. He stayed near the lead until the half-mile, and then he just *rocketed.* It was electric—not the beauty of because it really wasn't beautiful, but the pumping, pulsating br strength of it, leaving behind puffs of dust in the turf like trails hot-rod smoke. He won by eight and a half lengths. Matz was nature inward and careful, and his style as a trainer was the sam So when, for the second race of Barbaro's career, he entered him a race with a healthy $125,000 purse, a big step up, in a class w proven horses such as Wedding Singer and Rock Lobster, it sho an enormous faith that this horse could really do something.

Barbaro ran the Laurel Futurity on November 19, 2005, and it a carbon copy of the seventh race at Delaware Park, Barbaro to with the competition until roughly the half-mile, then *rocketing* aga the only difference being that he won by eight lengths this time inste of eight and a half. He took the Tropical Park Derby after that, on first of the year of 2006 at Calder Race Course, in Miami Garde Florida, winning by an easy three and three-quarters lengths for first graded-stakes victory. The word was now out on him. He w off at odds of less than even money, and after the Laurel Futurity hangdog clockers, who stand by the rail of every track in the e dawn with cups of coffee and stopwatches in their hands, measur workout times of racehorses, had begun telling tall and true tale him. The Jacksons were already getting significant offers from po tial buyers who wondered if they were interested in selling him.

But they weren't. It was getting clearer by the moment that th had on their hands a horse who not only could contend in the Ke tucky Derby but could potentially win the Triple Crown—the Der the Preakness, and the Belmont. Peter Brette, being a dutiful Engli man, thought Barbaro should pursue the English Derby, which is r on turf. Brette felt Barbaro had the ability to be perhaps one of t greatest turf horses *ever.* But as Michael Matz knew, there is only Kentucky Derby, and you had one shot at it, since it was open only three-year-olds, and it was run on dirt.

Matz chose the Holy Bull Stakes, at Gulfstream Park, in Flori on February 4 for Barbaro's inaugural run on dirt, but the track w a sloppy glop because of rain. Matz was inclined to scratch hi but he listened to Brette, who urged him to keep Barbaro in t race, his reasoning being that *We might as well find out sooner rat than later if he doesn't like the slop—what if it rains in the Kentuc Derby?* So Barbaro went off, and while it wasn't anywhere near h best performance, he won by three-quarters of a length, with t furious charge coming in the final furlong. And despite the clos ness of the victory, he was never seriously challenged.

Matz laid him off for nearly two months after that. He would n rush him. Plus, the next race up, the one-and-one-eighth-mile Flori Derby on April 1, was another big step in the carefully planned-o progression—Barbaro's first Grade 1 stakes race.

The challenge became immediately harder once they learned th post position for the race. Barbaro drew the No. 10 post positio meaning he would start from the outside, and no horse had won t Florida Derby from that post position since 1989. Peter Brette couldn help but think to himself that if Barbaro was ever going to lose a rac this was the one.

Barbaro was also anxious, highly attuned and sensitive to the slig est change in calibration. It was a hot day, so they had hosed him o Just at the moment Matz was taking a sponge and going over h

some horses came down the stretch of a race, and a few drops ter fell on Barbaro's leg. Barbaro let loose a kick. It hit Matz arm and sent him flying with such force that he traveled the ot length of the stall and hit his head on the back wall. His arm up like a balloon, and he thought it might be broken, but there race to be run, so he didn't get it X-rayed until the next day.

Horse racing was filled with omens, signals clear and murky of what a Thoroughbred might do on race day, because they were often moody bastards, ready to run and then not running at all when it counted. But Edgar Prado wasn't particularly worried, perhaps because of his upbringing in Peru, e he had sold fruits on the streets of Lima at the age of seven to make a living for his family. He had been Barbaro's jockey since rst of January, and he had won more than 5,500 races during his ars in the United States. He had been victorious in the third leg e Triple Crown, the Belmont Stakes, in 2002 and 2004. But his d in the other two legs, the Preakness and the Derby, had been nal, six failed tries in the Derby and eight in the Preakness. It was andard by which the truly great jockeys were measured. Just like body else intimately involved with Barbaro, he had something to e, and the Florida Derby would help prove it.

arp Humor took the lead on the rail. Barbaro dodged and wove had moved into second by the quarter-mile. Prado was content to arbaro just follow Sharp Humor, a neck behind at the half-mile. somewhere near the top of the stretch, Prado felt that Barbaro acting a little goofy, and Gretchen Jackson later thought he had en distracted by the lights of the photographers stationed under- h the rail. He needed to wake up, because Sharp Humor had no

be now is not the time to do something like this. So he walked over by himself, but then it hit him: *I may never ever get a chance like this.* This was the Derby, perhaps the greatest tradition in all of American sports, with those iconic twin spires rising out of the grandstand of Churchill Downs and the playing of "My Old Kentucky Home" as the horses paraded from the paddock to the track. So he called D.D., who was now his wife, and had Alex meet him, and together they walked out into the famed procession of the horses.

Matz was nervous. You never knew how a horse was going to do in front of nearly 160,000 people roaring their heads off, particularly a horse whose biggest crowd up until then had been about 12,000. The field was big, 20 horses, and Matz worried about that first turn; the traffic jam could end the race right there. If a horse couldn't get a clean trip at the beginning, it didn't matter how good he was.

Matz was also feeling enormous pressure, much as he tried to deflect it. Writer after writer had seized on the controversial training regimen that he had decided upon, in which Barbaro came to the Derby having raced only once in 13 weeks, 5 weeks earlier. They pulled out the record books, which showed that the last horse to win the Derby with the same amount of time off between races had been Needles, and that was 50 years ago. The implication was that Matz had stubbornly trained a horse who had not run enough, five races in his entire life and three of those on turf. But Matz kept to his plan. He wanted a horse that was fresh not just for the Derby but for the five-week-long Triple Crown stretch. But maybe he was wrong and maybe his horse had gotten stale.

A week before the Derby, Matz for the first and only time had put Barbaro through a "show me what you got" workout, a half-mile at Churchill Downs. Just as Peter Brette was getting him

005, all he could do was whisper the word *Jesus!*

tion of falling off. Prado applied the crop, because Barbaro had eally fight as they came into the thick of the stretch. Did he have *cojones* to win? Because that's what it amounted to for any horse true greatness within him. Was he still a boy, in an analogy that r Brette used, or would he become a man?

He gained a half-a-head lead with three furlongs to go, but rp Humor punched right back. Nose to nose. Head to head. ball to eyeball. Take that. Right back at you. *You* don't scare You don't scare *me.* And then it was over as they hit the wire. Barbaro by half a length.

The boy had become a man, and as Barbaro crossed the finish , the announcer who called the race said the inevitable: *On his way to Louisville!*

As Michael Matz left his box in the stands of Churchill Downs to prepare Barbaro for the 132nd running of the Kentucky Derby, on May 6 of 2006, his nine-year-old son, Alex, was hoping to accompany him to the barn. Alex loved Barbaro and took pride in the fact that this osy horse had chosen him as a compadre, accepted mints from hand. But this was Derby Day, and there was a lot to do in the ndling time before the start of the race, with reporters all over place, and Barbaro was never easy to saddle in the paddock. disliked it so much he hit his head against the wall of the stall.) tz's first reaction was to say to his son, *It's gonna be a mess. May-*

ready to go, a siren went off, signaling a loose horse on the track. So Brette had to stop until it was cleared. Many Thoroughbreds, given their operatic sense of melodrama, would not have responded well at having to stop and start all over again, would have gotten pissed off and poky at the indignity and stormed off to a slow finish and a bath. Barbaro responded by turning in a time of 46 seconds. A time so fast that the clockers, like teenage gossips, lit up the phone lines, saying they hadn't seen a horse work like that in years, and Brette said afterward to Matz, *This is the Kentucky Derby winner.*

Matz fared nicely this time for post position. He was able to choose eight, which is exactly what he and Prado had wanted. All he hoped his jockey would do was put Barbaro in a position to win, then let Barbaro do the rest. It's how it always worked in horse racing, and Matz, regardless of the media's need to make myths, knew the true calculation: a good horse makes a good rider and trainer.

Despite the post position, he was *still* nervous. Bettors worried about Barbaro, too, giving him odds of 6 to 1. But Gretchen Jackson, 68 years old at the time, and regal and handsome in a black hat and a gray linen suit with black lace trim, was having the time of her life, 30 years in the ups and downs of the racing life culminating in this perfect day. Up until 2006, the Jacksons had never won a Grade 1 stakes race. Now she and Roy had not just one undefeated horse in the Derby but two, Barbaro and Showing Up. She had grown



Dean Richardson wanted to be the one to try. This was the role of a lifetime.

THE SURGEON

Dean Richardson, photographed after performing arthroscopic surgery at the George D. Widener Hospital for Large Animals, in the same room where he operated on Barbaro.



up just outside of Philadelphia in the horsey set of Broad Axe, the daughter of a chemical engineer who worked for a steel company. She would much rather have mucked out a stall than study, but her father insisted she go to college. After a miserable time at Briarcliff, she transferred to the University of Pennsylvania.

Roy had been raised outside of Philadelphia, in Edgemont. His lineage was firmly blueblood; his grandfather was William G. Rockefeller, at one time the president of Standard Oil. His father's occupation was once described in *Time* magazine as "huntsman." Gretchen and Roy first met in the 11th grade, when Roy was at St. Paul's School and Gretchen at the exclusive Springside School in Philadelphia. Their romance blossomed at Penn in the mid-1950s, where Roy, a year older, was a good-looking three-sport athlete.

They were married in 1959, and Roy got into the sports business, eventually becoming a minor-league-baseball executive and then opening his own sports-agenting firm. Gretchen had received a master's degree in pastoral counseling and had gone on to work with children of alcoholics for roughly 10 years. She also served on the board of overseers of the University of Pennsylvania Veterinary School. Together they had four children.

Gretchen Jackson could be tough. Michael Matz knew that about her. But he also called her a good horsewoman, and that was not an appellation he handed out lightly. She was also a woman of deep spiritual faith, and she had known since January that Barbaro was going to win. She knew that because of what she later said was a terrible thing to do: she had asked God for a sign. And she was convinced he had answered her that January day with a gorgeous rainbow over Lael, the 190-acre farm she and Roy owned in West Grove, about an hour west of Philadelphia.

The starting gates opened at 6:15 P.M. Barbaro lost his footing a little bit, but he was strong and athletic enough to easily overcome it. Standing in a box on the third level with D.D. and four of their respective six children, Michael Matz watched to see if Prado would find the right pathway at the beginning, and Prado was doing that, keeping him in pace with the leaders around the first turn and into the backstretch. By the three-quarter-mile mark, Barbaro was still within easy striking distance. There were television monitors where Matz was standing with his family. He was getting antsy, waiting for Barbaro and Prado to make the move. And then as they rounded the far turn into the stretch, Tom Durkin, the call announcer for NBC, which was televising the race, said, *Here comes Barbaro!*

Matz distinctly heard those words, and never had the catapult been more tightly wound for trajectory—all without a single touch of the crop from Prado. Barbaro turned in a final quarter that was the fastest in the Derby since Secretariat, in 1973. Watching him run was like watching Secretariat, arguably the greatest Thoroughbred ever, with that same heat-seeking desire to destroy and humiliate the horses who deigned to line up with him. But Barbaro just continued to gallop out after he crossed the finish line, as if the one-and-a-quarter-mile distance of the Derby had been nothing at all to him.

FOR MORE PHOTOS OF BARBARO AND HIS TEAM, GO TO **VF.COM**.

He had won the race by six and a half lengths, the fifth-biggest margin in Derby history. But he was still Barbaro. He wasn't playful like Secretariat, who once stole a reporter's notebook. He rejected the roses that were given to him in the winner's circle as part of the grand tradition of the Derby, but

he did agree to stand still for the picture taken of him with his extended family in the background.

There were lots of people, and the photographer kept telling Gretchen Jackson to move back. She worried that she was going to trample the geraniums. And there was something odd about the photo session. There was a man in a red shirt with an overeager grin on his face flashing a No. 1 sign, and Michael Matz was behind him, talking to him and then kicking him. He claimed he was an employee of Churchill Downs. He had inserted himself into the winner's circle, and so apparently had another man. Later, when the Jacksons watched a DVD of the winner's-circle proceedings, they noticed something even more disturbing: the two men, without anyone's realizing it in the euphoria of victory, had stolen the saddlecloth that Barbaro had worn, which had his number on it. It was a strange coda to a perfect day.

Dean Richardson wasn't at the 131st running of the Preakness, in Baltimore, on the 20th of May in 2006 as Barbaro made his bid for the second leg of the Triple Crown. There was no reason for him to be there, and he was busy doing what he had done his entire professional life anyway, fixing a horse.

The son of a navy physician, he had lived all over the world on the tail of his father's military career, most of his high-school years spent in Japan before he entered Dartmouth, at the age of 16. He wanted to be an actor, but the problem was he wasn't a particularly good one. He took a riding course when he was there to fulfill the college's physical-education requirement, and the connection was instantaneous. He had found a new love: horses.

He graduated summa cum laude in 1979 from the veterinary school of Ohio State and then joined the School of Veterinary Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. The school operated the New Bolton Center, a vast complex that included the George D. Widener Hospital for Large Animals, perhaps the preeminent institution in the world for equine surgeries. Richardson was appointed the Charles W. Raker Professor of Equine Surgery, and when it came to orthopedics he was considered among the very best. The chief of large-animal surgery, he worked mostly on horses, but from time to time during his career he had operated on other animals—a giraffe, a gazelle, a couple of mountain lions, a polar bear who had broken his leg while playing with his brother.

He was a 52-year-old surgeon, and he did possess the confidence particular to the breed. The ambition of being an actor may have left him, but he still had the charisma of one, expressive and somber and funny and cutting and squinty-eyed, a mug of mannerisms that made him the virtual opposite of Michael Matz. His language was sea-salty—he was a navy brat, after all—and he had a short crop of brownish hair. He refused to wear clogs when he did surgery, because so many surgeons wore them and he thought they looked stupid.

Since the George D. Widener Hospital for Large Animals was also a teaching hospital, the residents and interns and students who went through the boot camp of learning from him during their rotations found out quickly that if you wanted mercy you should go to medical school and study humans.

"Get your ass in gear!"

"Bullshit—you should pick this up in a minute and a half!"

"Let me explain something to you: you get absolutely shit out of surgery if you're unprepared!"

Richardson was in Loxahatchee, Florida, when the Preakness went off at 6:19 P.M. He was just finishing up with a veterinary colleague named Byron Reid on a complicated urinary surgery, and when he went to watch the race on a six-inch television in Reid's office, he was wearing scrubs and was covered in blood and urine and water.

If Richardson wasn't physically present at the Preakness, he was there in spirit. He knew Michael Matz and had worked on his horses at various times. He knew the Jacksons. He had never seen Barbaro, but early on he had heard the legend of him, since the Jacksons' farm was 10 minutes away from the New Bolton Center, in Chester County horse country. He and his wife, also a veterinarian, owned horses. So he knew a good racing Thoroughbred when he saw one, and he knew that Barbaro's performance in the Kentucky Derby two weeks earlier had been one for the ages.

Gretchen Jackson did feel nervous this time. Until the Derby, Barbaro had been kept relatively under the radar, although the Jacksons had reportedly already been offered $5 million for him. Now the gospel of Barbaro was playing to a packed congregation. Andrew Beyer, who developed the highly respected Beyer speed rating to measure the performance of Thoroughbreds in racing, wrote in *The Washington Post* the Monday after the Kentucky Derby, "He is going to win the Triple Crown." The expectations for him had become enormous. There was also the nature of the Pimlico Race Course, which was much tighter than Churchill Downs and favored horses with sheer speed. The distance was slightly less than the Derby, one and three-sixteenth miles.

But if Gretchen Jackson was nervous, Michael Matz had never felt more positive that Barbaro had the ability to become the first Triple Crown winner since Affirmed in 1978. Barbaro didn't travel to Pimlico until the day before the race, since Fair Hill was only about 60 miles away. That was a major plus. And just as Matz had been condemned for his training strategy, now he was being described as a wizard for it.

The morning of the Preakness, Matz had Peter Brette run Barbaro a little bit on the track just to get him used to it. Afterward Brette told Matz that Barbaro felt wonderful. Before post time, he saddled far better than he had at the Derby.

But then, just before the start, Barbaro, the favorite among bettors, broke early. (Normally the horses are loaded into partitioned stalls that are mechanically kept closed until the start of the race, and once all the horses are loaded the official starter releases the gates and the race begins. But Barbaro, apparently hearing the sound of the gate locking in the last horse, Diabolical, became overly eager to start and pushed forward with enough weight to force his gate open.) Barbaro had never done that before, and never in his career could Pratt remember seeing a horse win after he had broken early. Of all the omens of horse racing, this was the worst. The chief veterinarian for the Maryland State Racing Commission, David Zipf, checked to make sure Barbaro was not injured, and found him sound. He was reloaded into his stall. Then the starter released all the gates, and the Preakness was finally on.

Barbaro broke relatively cleanly in the middle of the nine-horse field, but he was off a beat, letting other horses without his speed go by him. Then, within the first 100 yards, Edgar Prado heard a crack from the horse beneath him. Then came the words of call announcer Tom Durkin:

Barbaro, Barbaro! I believe he's been pulled up! Barbaro's been pulled up!

And then a thousand different images flickered before the gathered crowd and the millions watching on television: The sight of Barbaro for a brief second or two trying to run on that right hind leg that no longer worked, each step only furthering the damage. Barbaro skipping sideways with the lower portion of the leg dangling uselessly at an angle. Edgar Prado quickly pulling him up until he stopped, an act that may have saved Barbaro from death right then and there at the track because it prevented further damage, although Prado would later tell the Jacksons that it was Barbaro who had the immediate instinct to stop. Prado jumping off Barbaro with lightning quickness and then placing his hands over his eyes as tears began to fall.

Dean Richardson watched on the six-inch television screen in the office in Loxahatchee. It wasn't uncommon for horses to pull up at tracks. It happened thousands of times a year, and it happened with particular ferocity in the United States because of the desire here to build horses with speed, which only made them more susceptible to injury. Nor was it uncommon for an injured horse to be "put down" by drug-induced euthanasia. The rate of deaths per 1,000 starts in the U.S. is about 1.5, more

uble the rate in England and nearly e rate in Hong Kong. That comes out to 00 horses who die each year in North a, running on courses where the dirt is nes hard and packed tight because it for more speed, and also more danger. e watched, Richardson could tell that o's leg was unstable. He knew instantly a serious injury, but he also hoped to f that it was a fixable one. He thought aybe it was a metatarsal condylar frac- hich is something he had fixed on a reg- sis. Or even the break of his sesamoids, all bones in the back of the leg above lock joint, which could also be fixed. -ending, yes. But not life-threatening. ew something else as he watched: that o would be coming to New Bolton both e of its proximity to Baltimore and be- t was one of the few places in the coun- t specialized in the kind of equine or- lics that Barbaro would require and had cessary facilities. Which also meant that rdson was no longer merely a witness to ful spectacle that had just occurred, but out to become a participant—the most participant.

waited for radiographs of Barbaro's in- be e-mailed to him, and as he waited, images unfolded on the racetrack: Mi- Matz, long and lean in his dark-blue urning from his family and leaving the s as soon as Barbaro pulled up with that s leg. His wife, D.D., a fine show jumper orsewoman in her own right, covering outh in horror. Michael Matz out on the , touching Barbaro's mane like a father to soothe the fever of a sick child. Bar- gingerly putting his right leg down again if it might work, then lifting it up at that angle, then putting it down again and lift- up again and putting it down again and it up again with puzzled helplessness. r Prado crying into the arms of Peter e. Michael Matz on his cell phone with ame steadiness he had shown during lane crash 17 years earlier, calling Scott er, a highly regarded veterinarian who guest of his at the Preakness, to come nto the track and offer his expertise in ion to that of the two other veterinarians were already there in official capacities tending doctors for Pimlico. Barbaro, and pliant and aware, despite the I'm- -to-run-the-race adrenaline still pump- rough him, because he knew something vrong and was willing to trust others to If it could be fixed.

e was driven to a barn at the track. Around vas a scene of absolute chaos. There was ming and crying from spectators—those were shattered by the sight of Barbaro's ling right leg and those who were angry se they had bet a lot of money on him e had turned out to be a bum. Outside the a meeting was held among the Jacksons, Michael Matz, and Palmer. Somehow they found an oasis of quiet, and Palmer laid out the situation on the basis of the radiographs. The injuries were catastrophic, and while he had seen similar fractures before, he had never seen veterinarians attempt to fix them. Fractures in the cannon bone had happened before. So had fractures in the sesamoids. But the shattered long pastern bone was by far the most devastating and difficult to repair, and here you had all three fractures at once.

The Jacksons asked him if he recommended euthanasia. Palmer said no. He felt there was a chance, and part of that chance had to do with Barbaro himself. Inside the barn, Palmer had done something he didn't like to do because of the very danger of it. Throwing off his suit coat, he had knelt down and helped apply protective bandages and a splint on Barbaro's lower right leg in order to stabilize it. Palmer had been totally exposed, and if Barbaro hadn't liked what was being done and reflexively kicked, the force of it could have killed Palmer. But the horse had cooperated, which to Palmer meant that Barbaro, unlike many Thoroughbreds, would make a good patient. Palmer felt the only place to go was New Bolton and the only person to do the surgery was Dean Richardson.

Cynics would later say that the decision to try to save Barbaro was out of pure self-interest, that the Jacksons had an eye on his potential as a breeding sire if he could still breed. There was no doubt the potential was enormous. Smarty Jones, the 2004 winner of the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, whose racing career had lasted about nine months, had been syndicated for future stud use for $39 million. Fusaichi Pegasus, who won the 2000 Kentucky Derby and had a nine-race career, had gone for a reported $60 million. Barbaro had size, about 17 hands, and he also had strong bloodlines. He had excelled on turf and dirt in a way not seen since John Henry in the early 1980s. What would he be worth if he could still breed? To Scott Palmer, the decision the Jacksons made outside the barn to try to save him was driven only by the desire to see him live. It was a moment, he later said, of "total purity." Almost magical, considering the craziness of what was going on all around them.

As Richardson looked at the radiographs of Barbaro's injuries on his laptop, it was clear that his hope had been just that. If Barbaro had gotten any mercy at all, it was in the fact that, miraculously, none of the fractures had broken the skin. Had they done so, the onset of infection would have been inevitable, and euthanasia would have been a distinct possibility. But the injuries were nonetheless horrible, a lower limb that had basically been pulverized. To take all these pieces and somehow re-assemble them would be a vastly complex and difficult surgery. Richardson knew that. But he also thought to himself that it was absolutely worth trying. And in talking to Dean Richardson, one could also instantly tell that not only did he think it was absolutely worth trying but that he wanted to be the one to try. This was the role of a lifetime.

Barbaro was taken to the New Bolton Center Saturday night after the race in an equine ambulance borrowed from Pimlico, accompanied part of the way by escorts from the Baltimore police and the Maryland state police. Driving right behind were Michael Matz and Peter Brette in Brette's BMW sport-utility vehicle. They barely said a word to each other, both still in shock. Five hours earlier, they had had the best three-year-old in the country. Now they were just hoping he would live. They had been convinced that he hadn't even peaked yet and they had had grand plans for him as a four-year-old to conquer the great turf courses of Europe, like the legendary horse Nijinsky II. Never had they imagined this surreal drive up I-95, where even then, as they drove under overpasses in silence, people were holding up banners giving Barbaro their prayers.

Richardson arrived back in Philadelphia on Sunday and went straight to the New Bolton Center. He had waited a day to return because Barbaro needed 24 hours to calm down and hydrate, to rid his body of adrenaline. He needed time to adapt to the fact that, temporarily at least, he was now a three-legged animal. He needed time to adjust to a place that was new and unfamiliar. To do the surgery right away would have only heightened the risk. The calmer a horse was, the better the chances of success.

When Richardson saw Barbaro for the first time, he thought that he looked *pretty damn calm,* which didn't surprise him, because good horses act like that. Barbaro was on the equivalent of aspirin to handle the pain, and since he was in a splint, he could move if he had to. His eyes were bright, another indication of Barbaro's resilience. He was muzzled, because he was going to be given anesthesia and could not eat. Richardson met the Jacksons at Barbaro's stall in the intensive-care unit of the hospital. They too were calm, and they made their mandate clear: Do whatever is possible as long as Barbaro is never subjected to undue pain or suffering. Richardson explained the goal of the surgery in its simplest terms, which was to stabilize the lower right limb with a graft and a bone plate through a procedure known as internal fixation, and then place a cast on it. The Jacksons, common among Thoroughbred owners, carried insurance on Barbaro both for mortality and for possible infertility. But the medical costs would come out of their own pocket, and no one knew how much those costs would be, because no one could say with any certainty how long Barbaro would survive. Over the

eight months of his extended hospitalization, those costs must have amounted to several hundred thousand dollars.

Barbaro was tranquilized while still standing, then a sling was fitted around him. He was given anesthesia intravenously, then transported by a monorail device while still in the sling into the surgical prep room and placed on his side on an operating table with thick blue padding as cushion. He was maintained under general anesthesia with the drug isoflurane. The splint he was wearing on his lower right leg was removed and the affected area was clipped and scrubbed and sterilized. The table was then moved into the operating room for surgery.

There were three anesthesiologists and three residents in the operating room when the surgery began. Richardson was the only senior surgeon, and that was by design, given his belief that too many cooks spoil the broth.

Richardson made the incision in Barbaro's right leg using a No. 10 scalpel blade. The incision was long, about 14 inches, and as soon as it was opened shards of bone from his shattered long pastern simply fell out; it looked like crushed ice. So, basically, did the affected area of the leg. It was a crunchy, bloody mess, and Richardson had to somehow take what pieces were left and begin reconstruction, working in careful order from back to front. Using an instrument called a curette, which looked like a tiny ice-cream scoop, and an oscillating bone saw, he shaved off cartilage from key areas, because he needed to fuse joints and prevent motion. Using a 3.2-mm. drill bit on a $30,000 surgical air drill with instantaneous reverse, he made tiny holes in the area of one of the bones to get a fresh blood supply to the surface. In addition he used a six-mm. drill bit to remove more cartilage.

Richardson had known what he was getting into as soon as he'd looked at the radiographs. But there was one time he debated with himself, about how aggressive he should be in attaching the stainless-steel plate, with screws, to the short pastern bone. The difficulty was that it meant fusing two joints instead of just one. But there was so little of the long pastern bone left—it had fragmented into more than 20 pieces—that he really had no choice. The critical issue was determining to what degree the short pastern joint should be exposed during the surgery. If he decided to become more aggressive in fusing the short pastern, that also meant making the incision even bigger than it already was, which only increased the risk of infection and other problems. The upside was that the more aggressive he became, the greater the chance that Barbaro's right leg would be stable. But he chose the more conservative course—there was enough trauma in the injury already. And the immediate and difficult goal then was to essentially reconstruct enough of a column of bone to permit the attachment of a plate. Because the long pastern bone had been so horribly shattered, the work was painstaking. But Richardson also felt exhilarated—he had never dealt with anything quite like this.

The incision was closed with several layers of sutures. A tourniquet was placed above Barbaro's hock in what is called a regional limb perfusion, in which a blood vessel is injected with a high dosage of antibiotics that travel down the leg to ward off infection. A fiberglass cast was applied to facilitate Barbaro's ability to walk and move. The surgery took roughly five hours.

When it was over, Richardson felt fairly happy with the results. But there was also anxiety over the possibility of infection, the question of how long the leg would remain stable. When asked at a press conference after the surgery the chances of Barbaro's long-term survival, he said it was 50-50. It was in many ways a race against time: how long it would take for the fractures to heal versus how long the internal plate would hold the leg up. The plate was surprisingly light, and it was being asked to bear a significant part of the weight of an animal who was more than 1,200 pounds.

There was another risk, even more potentially fatal. The metal plate was designed to help Barbaro place weight on his lower right hind leg without pain. And it was crucial that he did. If Barbaro felt uncomfortable with it, his tendency would be to shift the weight to his other, healthy legs, in particular his left hind leg. And if the weight became excessive, there was the danger of laminitis, the mysterious and excruciatingly painful disease in horses in which the tissue of the hoof wall begins to peel off.

There were different degrees of laminitis, from mild to severe, as well as a host of causes besides the bearing of excessive weight. It made a horse's feet extremely vulnerable, more vulnerable in some cases than when the original injury occurred. And the problem with laminitis wasn't that it directly affected the vital organs. The problem was that the pain could become so terrible that a veterinarian had no humane option but to perform euthanasia.

There was also another potential complication: how Barbaro would react once the anesthesia wore off. When Barbaro had pulled up at the Preakness, those who followed horse racing could not help but think back to Ruffian, the great and beautiful filly who won her first 10 races, in 1974 and 1975, setting track or stakes records in each of the eight stakes races she ran in—until July 6, 1975, when the undefeated filly went up against Kentucky Derby winner Foolish Pleasure in a highly publicized match race at Belmont Park, in New York. Ruffian was slightly ahead when both jockeys heard a sound like the breaking of a stick. Ruffian's sesamoid bones had shattered. She was operated on that night, and after the anesthesia wore off she was confused and in such pain that attendants could not hold her down. She thrashed around, fractured the cast that had been put on, did even more damage, and had to be euthanized.

But one of the treasures of the hospital in New Bolton was its recovery pool, designed to prevent exactly what had happened to Ruffian. In the middle was a raft with holes for a horse's legs so they would be submerged in water when he woke up. Barbaro was transported by monorail, in the sling, to the side of the recovery pool. Then he was placed on the raft in an upright position and the raft was lowered into the water so he was basically floating. If there was thrashing upon the gaining of full consciousness, and there inevitably was, since it was the instinct of a horse to run, the recovery pool would handle it. And in Barbaro's case, it did.

He was then blindfolded and transported by monorail, still in the sling, to a recovery stall in the intensive-care unit. Lowered onto four legs into a standing position, he actually reared up, a sign to Richardson that he had handled the surgery in a way that was hoped for: a horse who was alive and kicking.

Never fall in love with a horse.

It was too late for that for Gretchen Jackson, but it wasn't until the horse became impatient that the love took full force. Up until then, as much as she loved him for his performance, she hadn't known him very well. And she was a smart enough horsewoman to respect the clear boundaries that he set, and to understand that *he could be a tough bird to be around.* He could bite. Matz noticed that he had an attitude problem with women.

But when he lay down in his stall in the intensive-care unit, as he frequently did because he instinctively knew it was good for him, he became a pushover. Gretchen Jackson usually visited him twice a day, bringing with her the fresh grass and clover from her farm that he liked so much. When he lay down, she could do anything to him, stroke him on the neck and head and ears and talk to him, as she often did, telling him, *Oh, you're gonna get out of here—don't give up.*

And he had absolutely no interest in giving up. He became thoroughly engaged in what was happening, interested in what people were doing and why they were doing it, even willing to try new things. He had a neighbor named Dancer for a period of time. The stall doors were open, and he could see what Dancer was eating—grapes—so he tried some. Then he began to eat oranges, and Gretchen Jackson had never seen a horse eat an orange.

When medical personnel put him in a sling to help keep weight off his feet, he learned how to sit in it almost like a dog would, to take even more weight off his front feet. When he wanted to get out of the sling in his stall, he would stand up and move to the front door. When he wanted to get into the sling in his stall, he would walk over to where it was

he was eventually taken out into one of ck fields to graze, he would look at the buses passing by, and when somebody "Barbaro," because the whole world who he was, he would look again.

tchen Jackson insisted on being posind for roughly the first six weeks after gery, until the beginning of July, there uch to be positive about. Barbaro was with a special glue-on horseshoe for his nd hoof to reduce the risk of laminitis. ne 13, he underwent general anesthesia e his cast changed for the first time, and rdson said afterward that the injured leg d excellent." Barbaro was able to mar with relative ease and able to walk. On 18, Richardson said of his famous pa- "He's a lively, bright, happy horse. If you me a month ago, I would have gladly ted where we are today."

t the delicate house of cards began to e, perhaps inevitably. On July 5, his cast eplaced because of discomfort. It was n the process of being removed from the ery pool, that he threw a fit, according to rdson. Once he was placed into his sling, were carefully attached to Barbaro's and tail to help maintain control when s lowered to the ground. But for the first nly time he reacted violently, hitting his h on a wall in the recovery room and ing at least one of his baby teeth. He also he long hairs in his tail when he bucked st the rope that was being held by medersonnel to try to keep him steady.

n July 8, he underwent surgery to treat fection in his right leg that Jackson said was told might have been due to the being broken. Another possible source fection was the plate and screws that had inserted during the original surgery. It also clear that the plate was not holding; ws that were being used to keep it in place bent, and the plate had to be replaced, as nany of the screws. The cast was replaced n, and two days later it was replaced yet n. It was the fifth cast that had been on his leg in less than seven weeks.

nen came the most devastating symptom . On July 13, Gretchen Jackson received l at home. Barbaro had developed severe nitis in his left foot because of the excesweight he had put on it, and 90 percent e hoof wall had to be removed. Richardwanted the Jacksons to come over right and said that it was not good. Outside aro's stall, a meeting was held among ardson and the Jacksons and Michael and . Matz to discuss what should be done. chen Jackson was inclined to end it right and there, unable to bear it if Barbaro was in. She was crying, and D. D. had her own tears, and Roy was the most choked up of Michael Matz's attitude was *We've come this we've got to give the horse a chance.* Richon agreed with Michael, said he believed there was still more he could do without subjecting Barbaro to suffering. He guaranteed the Jacksons what he had always guaranteed: if he saw Barbaro in undue pain, he would stop everything. He didn't paint a rosy picture, saying that it could be 6 to 12 months before Barbaro might leave the hospital, because of the need now to deal with both lower hind legs. But he also felt that the prognosis, grave as it was, had not yet become hopeless.

Had the conversation been held somewhere else, Barbaro might well have been euthanized then. It was the Jacksons who had the majority vote because they owned the horse, and it was Gretchen who had the majority vote among the Jacksons, and she could be dispassionate when she knew she had to be. But because the conversation was held in front of Barbaro's stall, the swing vote belonged to him. He watched them from his stall, his eyes bright. *How can we?* was the feeling of Michael Matz as he gestured toward the stall. Gretchen Jackson saw the same alertness. And it was clear to her that Barbaro was trying to communicate, *Hey, I get a vote here, and I'm not ready to go.*

For a while afterward, Barbaro seemed to be recovering again. By early August he was doing well enough to go outside for 15 to 20 minutes at a time. By the middle of the month, the left hind hoof required only a bandage. On September 26, Richardson said that the right hind leg had nearly healed and that the hoof on the left hind leg was beginning to grow back. He still expressed caution, but behind the caution was optimism. The University of Pennsylvania itself was having a field day, handling more than 500 interview requests and perhaps the most publicity the university had ever received. It was a welcome turnaround for the New Bolton Center, which in 2004 had been forced to close the large-animal hospital for roughly three months because of an embarrassing outbreak of salmonella.

In early November, the cast was removed from Barbaro's lower right hind leg, and there was confident talk that he might actually be able to leave the hospital and recuperate somewhere else. Michael Matz desperately wanted that, because, regardless of the cleanliness of his stall and the fine shavings that felt like the ultimate mattress when Barbaro lay down and the care of some wonderful nurses, a hospital was still a hospital. Although he had dozens upon dozens of well-wishers, and was sent more food than he possibly could have known what to do with—since he was already given a specially mixed feed—he was often the only horse in the I.C.U. Even when other horses were there, they could not mix together because they were ill. Once he found himself next to a sick llama.

Matz felt Barbaro needed a change in environment, but the question was where he could go that would be best for him. The possibility of Fair Hill was discussed, but the Jacksons had concerns about security. Kentucky was a possibility, but there were questions as to whether his left foot was stable enough to handle the trip. Matz was also running out of time. He was still a trainer, and he had a stable of horses, and clients who owned those horses, and he had an obligation to return to Florida to his winter stable headquarters, in Boynton Beach.

Gretchen Jackson was fearful about Matz's departure at the end of November. He had made it a point to come to New Bolton twice a day despite the fact that he was actively training at Fair Hill, and if he could not come because he was running a horse, then he sent someone else. He made sure that Barbaro was bandaged correctly, and if he wasn't, then Matz would do it himself. He made sure Barbaro got out to graze, and if he didn't, then Matz would take him out himself. He had become a vigilant advocate for Barbaro—*Gretchen, did you see this?* He was often after Dean—*Dean, did you see this?* If there was a significant change in Barbaro's behavior, he was sure to notice it. Gretchen Jackson greatly respected Dean Richardson. But it was Michael Matz she relied on, and the day after Thanksgiving, following dinner with Michael and D.D., she wrote this in her private journal:

> Great meal but sad as it is no doubt our last time together. I'm sad for Michael as I know he will never take care of Barbaro again. This makes me very sad, very sad. It was such a special year.

She also constantly second-guessed herself throughout the ordeal: What exactly were they saving Barbaro for? If his right leg did not heal correctly, would it mean a life of walking out of a stall on a lead shank and being hand-grazed twice a day? And so she asked herself the same question over and over: *Is that really going to be a happy life if that's all he's going to have?*

But she also knew that Barbaro wasn't just her and her husband's horse anymore. The legend of Barbaro had spread across the country, had taken hold not only in the United States but all over the world—thousands of letters sent to him, huge get-well cards from schoolchildren, pilgrimages to New Bolton from as far away as Panama City, Panama. Newspapers from Australia to Alaska followed his recovery.

The outpouring was gratifying to Gretchen Jackson; she marveled at the kindness of people she had never met and would never meet. Had she wanted to, she could have probably lined every inch of every wall of the house at Lael Farm with paintings of Barbaro that had been sent to her by complete strangers. The reaction to Barbaro had buoyed her already strong faith. But he also had given her something else. He stirred in her an activism over certain aspects of the Thoroughbred business that most owners simply ran from.

It began to gnaw at her terribly, the way in which so many Thoroughbreds, once they were used up on the racetrack, were simply abandoned. Increasingly, she began to believe

that owners had a responsibility to their horses that did not end when their racing careers ended. She felt the owners must find proper homes for them so they could have the freedom they were entitled to. It sickened her that thousands of unwanted horses ended up in three slaughterhouses in Illinois and Texas in 2006, where they were penned and caged, terrified, before they were rendered unconscious with a bolt gun that shot a metal rod into their brains. Their throats were then slit and their skins stripped so the meat could be sold to Europe and Japan, where it was considered a delicacy. And anyone following racing had also become aware of the alarming number of horses that had broken down at several tracks and been killed, 21 over the racing season of 2006 at Arlington Park, in suburban Chicago, and 7 at Del Mar, in California, during the first eight days of the summer season. They had died because of the brutal rigors of being a Thoroughbred. And they had died because, unlike Barbaro, they were considered expendable, the death cost of the business.

On December 19, 2006, after seven months in the hospital, Barbaro was seen by an outside veterinarian who specialized in equine podiatry, Scott Morrison, of the highly regarded Rood and Riddle Equine Hospital, in Lexington, Kentucky. He was brought in to consult on Barbaro's left foot, which still suffered from laminitis, five months after it had first become serious. Morrison did an evaluation, then returned on January 3 and placed a cast on the foot because it was still clearly unstable and not growing enough hoof wall on its inner side. The prognosis for the foot, Morrison ultimately told the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* was really no different from what it had been in the dark days of July. And as Richardson later second-guessed himself over certain decisions he had made, aware that he was going to be second-guessed anyway in a case as complex as this, one of the questions he would ask was whether he should have been more aggressive in his treatment of the left foot by placing it in a cast much earlier. But he also felt that he had been dancing on a knife's edge, and that as long as Barbaro was comfortable—and he had been so comfortable right after surgery—he should not make radical changes.

The Jacksons went to the Bahamas over Christmas and returned in early January. Gretchen Jackson went to see Barbaro and she knew that it was not going right. He was not the same horse he had been before Christmas, the difference almost like night and day. The left foot was not getting any better. He was placing such excessive weight on it that he was walking awkwardly. As a result the right leg had healed so that it angled underneath him. Still, the media continued to spin stories of false optimism that Barbaro might be moving to Kentucky soon and might at some point be able to breed.

On January 10, hospital officials announced that Barbaro had had a "significant setback," and Richardson had to remove more damaged tissue from the left foot because of the continuing laminitis.

On January 13, Michael Matz visited Barbaro for the last time. The horse had lost a lot of weight, and Matz knew he wasn't well. He was lying down when Matz went into the stall. Barbaro picked up his head when he saw Matz and tried to take a little nip at him, and then lay his head back down. Matz knew Barbaro well enough to know that it wasn't a sign of aggression but rather the act of someone who had finally had enough, between the surgeries and the cast changes and the times he had been placed under anesthesia. *How many times do you get punched in the face and still say hello to somebody?* was the way Matz gauged Barbaro's reaction. It was clear to him that Barbaro only wanted one thing: to be left alone.

But Richardson kept trying. On the day Matz visited, another section of the left hind hoof was removed. In addition, a cast was placed on his right leg to give him further support. Sometime around January 20, D. D. Matz visited, and she didn't think Barbaro looked well at all, his legs so tucked together and in such discomfort that it reminded her of the way circus elephants look when they get up on those little stools on all fours.

Gretchen Jackson privately wondered if the time had come to put him to sleep. But since she wasn't a surgeon, she had to rely on the man who was. And Richardson was still determined. On January 24, the cast on Barbaro's left hind leg was replaced. Three days later, highly risky surgery took place to relieve discomfort in his right foot because of a painful abscess that had developed. A custom-fabricated brace on his right lower limb was removed and replaced by what is known as an external skeletal fixation: two steel pins were placed through the now-healed cannon bone in Barbaro's lower right limb to prevent him from putting any weight on his right foot, and the pins were then connected to the outside of the leg by a brace-like structure. In a last gasp, Richardson was using it to try to give Barbaro some comfort. He also knew there was a risk that a horse would break its leg as a result of such a procedure, which was only multiplied in Barbaro's case because his other leg was not good. Richardson knew the probability of success was low and he had basically run out of options. It was hard not to wonder if the surgery should have been attempted. As Gretchen Jackson's journal reflected, enough was enough.

From January 27:

Took cast off. Put on brace. The days have been hard to write about Barbaro. He had one foot out the door on the seventh. By the e... Dean was worried about him so the plan... axed. There have been innumerable cast ch... since then.

From January 28:

Visit Barbaro and pray. He looks fo... His enthusiasm is gone. He's in a sling o... He stands in the same place. He awaits hop... relief. He stands and waits.

From the same day after visiting him ag...

I sit in the stall and pray for him. I ta... him and I listen to him. He does not mo... move and he glares at me. I need help ... ing the stall. I go home for an hour. I come ... with more grass. I give him love with each b... of grass. Hope never leaves. Love with each ... blink. Breathe. Stroke. We join together in... truth. He must leave me soon I fear. He was... born for this.

From January 29:

Early call from Dean. Dread words. No ... ger can we help him to stay here. We can o... help him by letting him go. My heart br... tears flood from my eyes. My throat scre... inside. My feet and legs wish to kick out aga... his ill fate in protest. I relax. I call Michael. I ... only utter a few words before my grief o... whelms me. We agree to give him peace. ... all cling to each other in our grieving.

It was quiet when Barbaro died that mo... ing in his stall. The laminitis had now spr... to his front feet as well. He was suffering, ... Gretchen Jackson knew that he just wan... out, the spark in his eye extinguished. He h... become a much different horse over the p... several days, anxious, flicking his head b... and forth, unable to lie down. Dean Richa... son had been up several times the night bef... fielding phone calls from a superb surgi... resident, Evita Busschers, about his increas... agitation. He got to New Bolton at about 5... that morning, and he knew, and because ... knew, he felt nauseous and hollow inside. ... spoke briefly to the Jacksons after they arri... midmorning. There was little to say.

Gretchen and Roy were near Barbaro ... front of his stall, and so was Dean Richards... Barbaro was in his sling and had been give... tranquilizer in preparation for his death. "W... just love you and love you and love you a... thank you and wish you peace and you'll ... ways be in our hearts," whispered Gretch... Jackson.

She looked over at Dean Richardson, a... she could see that he was in terrible pain. S... knew that, largely because of him, Barba... had had far more good days than bad on... over the past eight months. Like Gretche... Jackson, Richardson had fallen in love wi... a horse. But he felt that he had failed becau... he had not done what he had been so det... mined to do. He had not saved Barbaro's li... He cried as he said good-bye, stroking hi... and petting him. "I'm sorry," he whispere...

A solution of barbiturates was given ...

ro through his jugular vein. The solu- oursed painlessly into his heart and ltimately through the lungs and into ain. It took barely a minute before he ed in the sling.

hen Gretchen called Michael Matz early that morning to tell him that ro was going to die, she offered him portunity to fly up from Florida and esent. She was willing to put off the able for the time it would take for Mi- to get there because she felt he was that opportunity. She knew he had loved Barbaro, and she also knew it was Michael whom Barbaro had always loved most of all, trusted the most, relied on the most.

Michael Matz had survived a plane crash in the farmlands of Iowa and rescued three children because he thought it was his duty. He had carried the American flag at the closing ceremonies of the Olympics. He had trained a horse who had given far more to him than he ever felt he had given back. He said once that if this is what it took to train a Kentucky Derby winner, then it was really pretty damn easy. But there was one thing Michael Matz could not do. Part, maybe most of it, was not wanting to cause delay and prolong the agony. But he also could not do it because he could not bear it. He could not watch Barbaro die.

Which is probably why, afterward, he sometimes went into his office by himself and put in the DVD of the Kentucky Derby and listened to Tom Durkin's now famous call, "*Here comes Barbaro!*" Because here did come Barbaro that day, charging into eternity with all four legs off the ground, a magnificent athlete in the prime of his life who would die in the prime of his life, and it was a way for Michael Matz to always remember. □

---

ia LaBeouf



INUED FROM PAGE 121 have all of us s up as clowns, and we'd go into Echo and sell hot dogs."

that sounds a little like child abuse, o worse than what happened to Buster ton, whose vaudevillian parents used ss him around the stage by a suitcase lle attached to his back. "There's a lot ctors like that," LaBeouf says. "The best t come from the suburbs. The best come the street, the bottom of the barrel. At my favorites do. It's something you can on."

the family didn't sell the day's hot dogs, s what was for dinner. "I can't tell you many hot dogs I've eaten in my life," he "We had these inventive ways of mak- hem. It looked like Wolfgang Puck, but s two hot dogs."

When Shia was five, the family moved to Tujunga, in the Crescenta Valley, which escribes as "a biker town, a town you on your way to someplace else." His fa- checked into a veterans' hospital, where pent a year and a half kicking his addic- s. "He was drinking heavily and prob- doing other stuff," LaBeouf remembers. wouldn't do it around me back then. would smoke weed in the house, and my n would smoke weed, too, but people smoke weed never turn into monsters. when you start doing coke and heroin— ll change your personality." Around that , Jeffrey and Shayna split up.

On a teacher's recommendation, Shayna arranged to have Shia bused to the 32nd Street school, a magnet school for the performing arts near U.S.C. To gain the respect of his classmates, the half-Jewish, half-Cajun boy with the funny name used his wits. "I was the comedic guy, the dude who would talk constantly and rap and make fun of people," he says. "If you could rap, people were cool with you."

"There was one chair in our house," says LaBeouf's mother. "I would sit there, and Shia would perform for me, and he would see how happy he'd make me. And I'd say, 'You just wait, baby. One day you're going to meet Spielberg, and he is going to *love* you.'"

Shia didn't see much of his father in the years following his parents' breakup, but Jeffrey did help the 10-year-old hone a stand-up routine that he says he performed in comedy clubs, including the Ice House, in Pasadena, and the Baked Potato, in Studio City. "I had to be as disgusting and vulgar as possible, with a bowl cut and suspenders. That was the shtick," LaBeouf says. "Because you're going into a realm where they don't want to hear a *kid* tell jokes. Knock-knock is not going to work with this crowd, who's going to see Robin Williams in the next 30 minutes."

The idea of acting on TV came to LaBeouf after he and his mother were invited to a Fourth of July picnic in Malibu. There, he met a boy who had all the designer surfing gear *he* wanted. "I was 10, and my first question wasn't 'What do your parents do?' My first question was 'What do *you* do?'" he recalls. It turned out the boy was Shawn Toovey, an actor on the CBS series *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman.* When Toovey mentioned that he attended school only three hours a day, LaBeouf was hooked. "I'm going, 'Three hours a day? That's *it?* Oh my God, this is what *I* have to do,'" he says. "It wasn't about acting. It was about: I hated school and I wanted Filas."

LaBeouf's mother said fine, he could be an actor, but she wasn't going to "pimp" him. "If she was my manager *and* my parent, we'd have a weird relationship—half business, half family—and business always takes over every conversation. So she wouldn't help me with it," he says. "She wouldn't even make calls. I was furious, because this was the only thing I wanted to do."

LaBeouf decided to call agents himself. To get them to take him seriously, he pretended to be a middle-aged talent manager, from England. "I had this fake résumé and all this garbage material," he recalls. "It was such a ridiculous phone call, and they knew it was a kid. I hadn't gone through puberty. But they were interested in me because they'd never received a phone call like that."

A cousin drove him to the offices of the Beverly Hecht Agency, where LaBeouf claims he won over agent Teresa Dahlquist with an X-rated comedy routine. Actually, Dahlquist says, he read a scene from *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.* "Let me tell you about Shia," says Dahlquist, who signed him that day and still represents him. "I absolutely adore him, [but he] never let the truth get in the way of a good story."

In short order, LaBeouf got a part in a commercial for Kellogg's cereal, only to find out that he couldn't apply for a work permit, because his grades were too low. "So I started cheating," he says. "Before that I had never even *thought* about cheating, because I didn't *care* about school." He also signed up for a tap class at Cal State–Northridge, where he got cast as an extra in a student film. "Now I had work," he says. "Now I had a résumé. And then it all started happening. I started getting *ER* and *The X-Files,* and I had a work permit."

Spivey's Kid Brother was going to be a show about a kid who's a stand-up comic, and the casting director, Joey Paul Jensen, knew LaBeouf from a youth program called Standing Tall Comedy Kids. "When Disney asked me to do my first list, his was the first name on that list," Jensen says. To get him the role, however, Jensen had to test

Shia LaBeouf

2,600 other boys and put LaBeouf through eight auditions. By then, the title and the concept had shifted, and LaBeouf became Louis Stevens, the troublemaking youngest member of the *Even Stevens* clan. "All my friends thought I was a shithead, because 13-year-olds, at least where I came from, didn't watch the Disney Channel," he says. "You weren't listening to Tupac's album and then watching the Raven-Symoné show. So I was always a little bit ashamed of it. But it was my entrance, and it got me out of school, and my family didn't have to sell hot dogs."

Because he was a minor, LaBeouf had to have a parent on set, and Jeffrey took the job. "We stayed in a motel together," LaBeouf says. "That's where we became best friends. I went to A.A. meetings with him all the time." (The experience of paying his father to take care of him was bizarre enough that Shia later worked it into a treatment for a series called *Rent a Dad,* which is now in development at Disney.)

"We did the show for three years, and, again, at 12, 13, what do you want to be doing in life? Having food fights, throwing pies in people's faces, jumping in vats of chili. And I was getting to do it," says LaBeouf, who won a Daytime Emmy in 2003. "When the show ended, I was heartbroken. My parents weren't working, so there's pressure now. Now you're the workhorse. But I lucked out. My first movie wasn't *Cody Banks,* it was *Holes.*"

Based on the best-selling book by Louis Sachar, *Holes* stars LaBeouf as Stanley Yelnats (get it?), a congenitally unlucky adolescent who gets sent to a hellish camp for delinquents after being falsely convicted of stealing a pair of cleats. The camp's menacing overseer is played by Jon Voight, who started feeding LaBeouf useful books to read. "That's where the acting thing really started," says LaBeouf. "Before that, it was a profession, a career. After I met Jon it became an art. I was 14, and he just went, 'Let me tell you how this works, kid.' And it still is that way. He's my mentor."

It's tempting to conclude that LaBeouf was looking for a father figure and that Voight, who has long been estranged from daughter Angelina Jolie, was looking for someone to nurture. But Voight says that's not so: "First, I'm a good father. And Shia's not looking for a father. He *has* a father. He knows that he's being placed in the category of leading man, so he's looking to all the guys ahead of him to see what *they* do." Voight adds that, when they met, LaBeouf had already developed the improvisational style that makes him a director's dream and a screenwriter's nightmare. "He's an advanced performer," says Voight.

One of the attractions of *Transformers* for LaBeouf, who got paid a bit less than $500,000, was the opportunity to work again with Voight. Together with co-star John Turturro, they spent their downtime discussing everything from Method acting to the Middle East. "It was one of the coolest experiences of my life, because it was so contradictory," LaBeouf says. "One minute you'd be talking about Lee Strasberg, the next minute a car's exploding and Mike [Bay] is screaming at you. It was great."

After *Holes* came small roles in *Dumb and Dumberer: When Harry Met Lloyd* and *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle.* "I was going through puberty on that set—heavy," LaBeouf says of the latter. "I spent a lot of time in my trailer." He also got the lead in *The Battle of Shaker Heights,* the making of which was minutely documented on the HBO reality series *Project Greenlight.* Maybe it was the editing, but LaBeouf often came across to viewers as the only person on set who wasn't a total jerk. "That's what got Shia accepted by everyone in the industry," says his manager, John Crosby. "We knew that if he got that show and exposed this wonderful personality to the industry it would work."

What followed, however, was a pair of second-tier action films, *I, Robot* and *Constantine.* "The reason I did *I, Robot,*" says LaBeouf, "was completely for Will Smith," who co-produced the film and played the lead. "He called my cell phone, and you can't say no. But I was stuck on the set for eight months doing three scenes, and the character wasn't interesting to me." His role in *Constantine* wasn't much better. "It just felt very awkward, especially because it was so similar, and there wasn't much for me to do."

Then LaBeouf had a run-in with tabloid infamy. By February 2005, he and his mother had moved to an apartment complex in Studio City. That month, according to *The National Enquirer,* the young actor was arrested after ramming a neighbor's vehicle with a car and threatening him with a knife.

"I wasn't even in the car that day," LaBeouf tells me. He says his mother was pulling into their one-lane driveway when she dropped her cell phone on the floor. Honking impatiently in the car behind her was a neighbor who, LaBeouf says, "hit my mom's bumper. Then he pushed her and threatened [her]." (LaBeouf's mother does not remember being pushed and says her memory of the incident is "fuzzy.")

LaBeouf says the neighbor then saw him in the hallway and threatened *him.* "Knowing that he hit my mother, my mind just flipped out. So I grabbed a knife and went over to his house." For backup, he took friend and fellow actor Lorenzo Edua According to LaBeouf, the neighbor ope the door and punched him, then closed door again, presumably to call some frie who lived in the same complex; they c racing around the corner and knocked Beouf to the floor. "As they're kicking Lorenzo runs back to my house to call police, and when the police came I wa the floor getting jumped by six guys wi knife right next to me, and I just fessed He was arrested but never charged with crime. "It was all rage," LaBeouf says. ashamed of it. But, you know, if your m er's attacked . . . "

The Disney Channel goofball was gr ing up. On the set of his next mo he met his first serious girlfriend. "God starts going out with the producer's dau ter," says Bill Paxton, who directed *Greatest Game Ever Played.* "I'm like, 'B dy, you don't ride the working stock!' "

China Brezner was the daughter of L ry Brezner, and she spent two weeks on set before starting school in Massachuse "Everybody knew about it," LaBeouf mits. "Everyone, I thought, except La I was trying to hide it from him." One LaBeouf and Elias Koteas, who played dad, were eating lunch with the cast a crew and making sick jokes. "So La comes up and sees that we're talking ab having sex with cousins and how it's right—we're just joking around—and says, 'You know, there's two people can't have sex with in this world.' And h saying this *loud.* He says, 'You can't h sex with cousins and you can't have with producers' daughters.' And the wh crew is laughing. But he was cool about and we just fell in love."

Eventually, China transferred to Loy Marymount University, in Los Angeles. " were inseparable," LaBeouf says. "She w my best friend and my love. And then tim just started going crazy, and all the explosio started happening, and my focus beca so work-related that I couldn't devote a time to a relationship. It was unfair to he The films were coming fast: Dito Montie *A Guide to Recognizing Your Saints;* Emi Estevez's *Bobby; Disturbia; Surf's Up; Tra formers; Indiana Jones.* This past spring, af three years together, LaBeouf and Brezn split up.

LaBeouf has been cast opposite some riously beautiful women—from Amy Sma who gave him his first big-screen kiss wh he was 16, to Megan Fox, his co-st in *Transformers,* who calls LaBeouf "a ph nomenal actor" and "the funniest pers I've ever known." But he says he's nev hooked up with any of them. "It's really ea to fall for somebody on set, but in the e

know it's a representative and it's not y them."

e prefers to meet girls through his ds. "There have been real innocent s," he says. "They haven't been, like, ne to my house and I'll make you some and we'll caress and put on some ngelo.' I'm not that smooth." He's also here near being over his breakup with ner. "She was my first everything," he "We're both trying to rebuild. It's like ilding after a tornado comes through rips your whole shit apart."

oes being the son of divorced parents t his interactions with women? "That's od question," he says. "I think I'm prone ot being a good guy in relationships. just selfish. I *have* to be for what I do."

With the windfall from his acting career, LaBeouf has set his parents up for enabling them to shine on like the crazy nonds they are. "It's satisfying to me that don't have to change," he says. "I love my dad could have lived anywhere he ts and he decided to go buy some land Montana and build a tepee." LaBeouf's her lives in Tujunga, where she makes nd manages her son's corporation.

aBeouf himself lives the life of a subur- middle manager, with his black Nissan xima, his two-bedroom house in Glen-, and his English bulldog, Brando. "I 't like going to clubs," he says. "If I'm na party, I'll do it at my house. And to that I've never had a drink or smoked d—coming from my family—is insane. also, I know what it does if you get out ontrol. I know how hard it was to get my to where it is. There's so much riding t those small little joys of the high are interesting to me."

For now, LaBeouf is pouring all his en- y into *Indiana Jones.* When the call came m Spielberg, he had no idea what it was ut. "It was just 'Steven wants to meet you is office at 4:30 on Thursday.' So you got hole week to think, Oh, fuck, what did o now?" A half-hour into the meeting, elberg got to the point. "When he men- ned *Indiana Jones,* I was about to have a rt attack. I couldn't breathe. And then he d me not to tell anyone. It's like winning Super Bowl but you can't tell anyone you n the Super Bowl for three months!"

LaBeouf spends hours each day work- with Ford and Spielberg. "Harrison is nan's man, flying in on his helicopter," says. "I remember saying, 'I'm the least ely person to be here,' and Steven said, u and me both. I never wanted to make other one of these. We ended the series fectly.' That scares me, as a fan and as actor who's doing it. But Steven said wouldn't have made this movie if the ipt wasn't right."

Details of that script are about as accessible as the Ark of the Covenant. But according to Internet rumors, LaBeouf will play the hero's son in the film, said to be called *Indiana Jones and the City of the Gods,* and Cate Blanchett will play the villain.

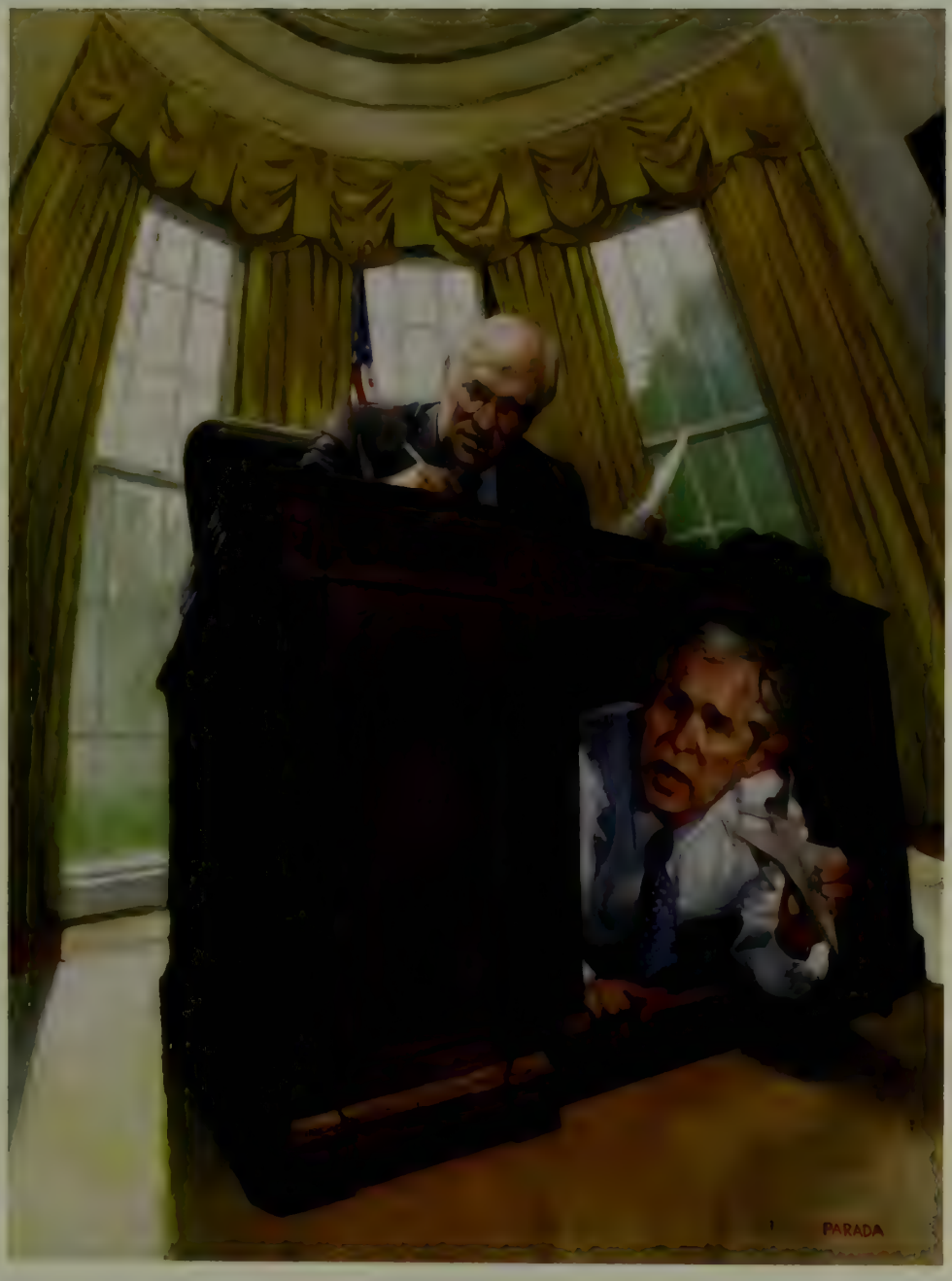
The reaction to LaBeouf's involvement was decidedly mixed on the Internet. "Even Dakota Fanning looks more manly and tough than this kid," one commenter wrote on Ain't It Cool News. That hurt, but LaBeouf says the skepticism could work to his advantage. "The reason *Disturbia* did so well is that nobody expected anything," he says. "I think it's even better when they expect so little, or are so energetic in their belief that you're shit. It's great, because now you're starting off at a place where you can't really get worse than they believe. The only thing you can do is get better. It fuels you."

Driving back from the Dodgers game, LaBeouf restlessly changes the CDs on his Maxima's sound system and talks about his plans for the future. He wants to study theater at CalArts, in Valencia, and he wants to make a movie about his friend Cage Kennylz, a white rapper whose tortured past included time spent as a test subject for Prozac.

"I want to do something really dark after *Indy,* and that seems dark enough, like a *Raging Bull* of hip-hop," he says. "You can't get bigger than *Indy*—it's impossible. So the only thing you can do is a character piece after that."

But first he needs to come through for Spielberg, who is said to be developing another project for him already. It's a lot of pressure, LaBeouf says, "but that's the way I want it, man. I prayed for this pressure. This is willed." □

SKETCHBOOK BY ROBERTO PARADA



History Boys



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125 ethnic groups in America, whose people, blue-collar workers, most of them, had voted solidly Democratic.

The right got away with it, because, of all the fronts in the Second World War, the one least known in this country—our interest tends to disappear for those battles in which we did not participate—is ironically the most important: the Eastern Front, where the battle between the Germans and Russians took place and where, essentially, the outcome of the war was decided. It began with a classic act of hubris—Hitler's invasion of Russia, in June 1941, three years before we landed our troops in Normandy. Some three million German troops were involved in the attack, and in the early months the penetrations were quick and decisive. Minsk was quickly taken, the Germans crossed the Dnieper by July 10, and Smolensk fell shortly after. Some 700,000 men of the Red Army, its leadership already devastated by the madness of Stalin's purges, were captured by mid-September 1941. The Russian troops fell back and moved as much of their industry back east as they could. Then, slowly, the Russian lines stiffened, and the Germans, their supply lines too far extended, faltered as winter came on. The turning point was the Battle of Stalingrad, which began in late August 1942. It proved to be the most brutal battle of the war, with as many as two million combatants on both sides killed and wounded, but in the end the Russians held the city and captured what remained of the German Army there.

In early 1943, the Red Army was on the offensive, the Germans in full retreat. By the middle of 1944, the Russians had 120 divisions driving west, some 2.3 million troops against an increasingly exhausted German Army of 800,000. By mid-July 1944, as the Allies were still trying to break out of the Normandy hedgerows, the Red Army was at the old Polish-Russian border. By the time of Yalta, they were closing in on Berlin. A month earlier, in January 1945, Churchill had acknowledged the inability of the West to limit the Soviet reach into much of Eastern and Central Europe. "Make no mistake, all the Balkans, except Greece, are going to be Bolshevized, and there is nothing I can do to prevent it. There is nothing I can do for Poland either."

Yalta reflected not a sellout but a *fait accompli*.

President Bush lives in a world where in effect it is always the summer of 1945, the Allies have just defeated the Axis, and a world filled with darkness for some six years has been rescued by a new and optimistic democracy, on its way to becoming a superpower. His is a world where other nations admire America or damned well ought to, and America is always right, always on the side of good, in a world of evil, and it's just a matter of getting the rest of the world to understand this. One of Bush's favorite conceits, used repeatedly in his speeches, is that democracies are peaceful and don't go to war against one another. Most citizens of the West tend to accept this view without question, but that is not how most of Africa, Asia, South America, and the Middle East, having felt the burden of the white man's colonial rule for much of the past two centuries, see it. The non-Western world does not think of the West as a citadel of pacifism and generosity, and many people in the U.S. State Department and the different intelligence agencies (and even the military) understand the resentments and suspicions of our intentions that exist in those regions. We are, you might say, fighting the forces of history in Iraq—religious, cultural, social, and inevitably political—created over centuries of conflict and oppressive rule.

The president tends to drop off in his history lessons after World War II, especially when we get to Vietnam and things get a bit murkier. Had he made any serious study of our involvement there, he might have learned that the sheer ferocity of our firepower created enemies of people who were until then on the sidelines, thereby doing our enemies' recruiting for them. And still, today, our inability to concentrate such "shock and awe" on precisely whom we would like—causing what is now called collateral killing—creates a growing resentment among civilians, who may decide that whatever values we bring are not in the end worth it, because we have also brought too much killing and destruction to their country. The French fought in Vietnam before us, and when a French patrol went through a village, the Vietminh would on occasion kill a single French soldier, knowing that the French in a fury would retaliate by wiping out half the village—in effect, the Vietminh were baiting the trap for collateral killing.

III. The Perils of Empire

You don't hear other members of the current administration citing the lessons of Vietnam much, either, especially Cheney and Karl Rove, both of them gifted at working the bureaucracy for short-range political efits, both highly partisan and manipula both unspeakably narrow and largely u terested in understanding and learning ab the larger world. As Joan Didion pointed in her brilliant essay on Cheney in *The York Review of Books*, it was Rumsfeld Cheney who explained to Henry Kissin not usually slow on the draw when it ca to the political impact of foreign policy, Vietnam was likely to create a vast po cal backlash against the liberal McGov forces. The two, relatively junior operat back then, were interested less in what gone wrong in Vietnam than in getting so political benefit out of it. Cheney still spe of Vietnam as a noble rather than a tra endeavor, not that he felt at the time—w his five military deferments—that he nee to be part of that nobility.

Still, it is hard for me to believe that a one who knew anything about Vietnam for that matter the Algerian war, which rectly followed Indochina for the Fren couldn't see that going into Iraq was effect, punching our fist into the larg hornet's nest in the world. As in Vietna our military superiority is neutralized by litical vulnerabilities. The borders are w open. We operate quite predictably on ri ginal military intelligence. The advers knows exactly where we are at all times we do not know where he is. Their weapo fits an asymmetrical war, and they have capacity to blend into the daily flow of li life, as we cannot. Our allies—the good Ir people the president likes to talk about—pear to be more and more ambivalent ab the idea of a Christian, Caucasian liberati and they do not seem to share many of geopolitical goals.

The book that brought me to history so 53 years ago, when I was a junior in c lege, was Cecil Woodham-Smith's wondro *The Reason Why*, the story of why the Lig Brigade marched into the Valley of Dea to be senselessly slaughtered, in the Crime War. It is a tale of such folly and inco petence in leadership (then, in the Brit military, a man could buy the command of regiment) that it is not just the story of a b tle but an indictment of the entire British E pire. It is a story from the past we read aga and again, that the most dangerous time any nation may be that moment in its histo when things are going unusually well, b cause its leaders become carried away wi hubris and a sense of entitlement cloaked rectitude. The arrogance of power, Senat William Fulbright called it during the Vi nam years.

I have my own sense that this is wh went wrong in the current administratio not just in the immediate miscalculatio of Iraq but in the larger sense of misrea

e historical moment we now live in. at the president and the men around most particularly the vice president—y misunderstood what the collapse Soviet empire meant for America in nal-security terms. Rumsfeld and ey are genuine triumphalists. Steeped e culture of the Cold War and the its it always presented to their side in stic political terms, they genuinely be- that we were infinitely more powerful nation throughout the world once the t empire collapsed. Which we both and very much were not. Certainly, the obsessive struggle with the threat of a arable superpower was removed, but hreat had probably been in decline in erms for well more than 30 years, after igh-water mark of the Cuban missile . in 1962. During the 80s, as advanced uter technology became increasingly rtant in defense apparatuses, and as ailures in the Russian economy had greater impact on that country's military capacity, the gap between us and the Soviets dramatically and continuously widened. The Soviets had become, at the end, as West German chancellor Helmut Schmidt liked to say, Upper Volta with missiles.

At the time of the collapse of Communism, I thought there was far too much talk in America about how we had won the Cold War, rather than about how the Soviet Union, whose economy never worked, simply had imploded. I was never that comfortable with the idea that we as a nation had won, or that it was a personal victory for Ronald Reagan. To the degree that there was credit to be handed out, I thought it should go to those people in the satellite nations who had never lost faith in the cause of freedom and had endured year after year in difficult times under the Soviet thumb. If any Americans deserved credit, I thought it should be Truman and his advisers—Marshall, Kennan, Dean Acheson, and Chip Bohlen—all of them harshly attacked at one time or another by the Republican right for being soft on Communism. (The right tried particularly hard to block Eisenhower's nomination of Bohlen as ambassador to Moscow, in 1953, because he had been at Yalta.)

After the Soviet Union fell, we were at once more powerful and, curiously, less so, because our military might was less applicable against the new, very different kind of threat that now existed in the world. Yet we stayed with the norms of the Cold War long after any genuine threat from it had receded, in no small part because our domestic politics were still keyed to it. At the same time, the checks and balances imposed on us by the Cold War were gone, the restraints fewer, and the temptations to misuse our power greater. What we neglected to consider was a warning from those who had gone before us—that there was, at moments like this, a historic temptation for nations to overreach. □

---

rald and Sara Murphy



TINUED FROM PAGE 146 Sara's gigan-aurel wreath, inscribed LES NOCES—IMAGES, and held it like a hoop for vinsky to jump through. Picasso found exhilaration generated by the Americans eat relief after the protocol, intrigue, and -century formality that were de rigueur eaumont's balls.

fter the *Les Noces* party, everyone left for summer. The previous year, the Murphys spent two weeks at Antibes with the Porters, who had rented the Château de aroupe, next to the Hôtel du Cap, with n Roc at the tip of Cap d'Antibes. This they persuaded Antoine Sella, the protor of the hotel, who had always closed place from May to September, to keep a rooms open. The Murphys asked Picasso in them, and to their delight he accepted brought along his Russian wife, Olga, and -year-old son, Paulo. They were amazed nd that they had launched a fashion that ld revolutionize the world's concept not of the French Riviera but also of the literranean, as the planet's most popuplayground. As Picasso later remarked, looking over the throng of sunbathers on the beach at La Garoupe—which Gerald had been the first to clear of seaweed—he and the Murphys had a lot to answer for.

The only other people at the hotel were a Chinese diplomat and his family. However, a friend of Picasso's was staying next door, the renowned Scottish artist J. D. Fergusson, whose wife—a teacher of modern dance—had talked Sella into lending her three empty cottages for her pupils in return for their giving dance recitals on the terrace outside the hotel. This troupe of some 20 dancers inspired Picasso's drawings of girls on the beach. "All of them swam divinely," Picasso told a friend, "but couldn't dance at all."

Picasso had also arranged for his elderly mother, Doña Maria, to join them. This shy, uneducated Andalusian widow, who did not give a damn for appearances, endeared herself to the Murphys and their friends rather more than Picasso's ballerina wife did. To facilitate conversation, Doña Maria tried to teach the Murphys Spanish—to no avail.

In the course of the summer, Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas joined them at the Hôtel du Cap. Their visit had been preceded by a letter from Gertrude, which Picasso brought down to the beach in fits of laughter to show the Murphys. Gertrude coveted a painting she had seen at Rosenberg's gallery and proposed exchanging Picasso's famous portrait of her for it. Would he mind? The Murphys were scandalized. "Yes," Picasso said, "but I love her so much." "[Gertrude] and Picasso were phenomenal together," Gerald said. "Each stimulated the other to such an extent that everyone felt recharged witnessing it."

Picnics on the beach, boat trips to the islands, even a spoof beauty pageant in bathing suits, organized by the Beaumonts, enlivened this historic summer. The relaxed atmosphere that the Murphys generated is best caught in a series of photographs that the Beaumonts commissioned to commemorate a fancy-dress party that they and the Murphys organized on the beach at La Garoupe. Étienne, in an exotic headdress, towers over the group; Olga, in a tutu and turban, poses on her points; Picasso, wearing a fedora, stands over his mother, who is all in black; Sara's pearls dangle down her back.

Early in August, the Murphys went to Venice for a two-week stay with the Cole Porters, who had taken the magnificent Palazzo Barbaro on the Grand Canal for the summer. Gerald had work to do. Rolf de Maré, the impresario of the avant-garde Swedish Ballet, had commissioned him to do the scenario and décor for an American ballet. To provide the music, Gerald suggested Porter, who was an old friend of his from the Yale Glee Club. Porter's alimony-rich wife, Linda, was opposed to the idea. She wanted Cole to become a serious composer, and had even tried to hire Stravinsky to effect this transformation. No way. Porter was determined to be a success on Broadway, and he accepted de Maré's commission. The theme of the ballet, called *Within the Quota,* was the impact of America—jazz, the Wild West, Hollywood—on a Swedish immigrant who ends up a movie star. Porter's score would parody the music played in silent-movie theaters. Gerald's backdrop—an eye-catching collage of screaming headlines such as

Gerald and Sara Murphy

UNKNOWN BANKER BUYS ATLANTIC—would impress Picasso when he and Olga accompanied the Murphys to the opening night.

In Venice, Linda Porter's addiction to what Gerald called "*sheer* society" imposed a considerable strain on her guests, as did her well-founded fear that Gerald, like so many of their friends, might be as gay as her husband. Furthermore, Linda did not take to Sara, who returned alone to Antibes after two weeks of incessant partying, happy to be back with her daughter and two young sons. It is at this juncture, while Gerald was away, that Picasso is said by William Rubin, the former director of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art, to have fallen passionately in love with Sara and to have had "a kind of pagan 'Mystic Marriage'" with her, "a harbinger of fecundity and child-rearing." Sara supposedly succumbed and then drew back. The supposedly heartbroken Picasso then proceeded to paint over a huge, classical composition allegorizing Sara, which he had supposedly lugged down from Paris, and replace it with his masterpiece *The Pipes of Pan.*

At first I thought Rubin had a point, but investigation proved him wrong. For one thing, the painting never left Paris. None of Picasso's friends turned out to have suggested such a romance, because he was known to be averse to affairs with women who had given birth. He preferred playing Adam to unencumbered Eves. Also, since his wife was maniacally jealous, he would have been especially wary of an involvement with someone who had become a close friend of them both. Lastly, Sara adored her adoring, albeit homosexual, husband and was famously faithful to him. The irony is that when Picasso repainted *The Pipes of Pan* back in Paris he had Gerald in mind, not Sara. The artist, who was at the height of his classical period, wanted to play off new-world confusion, as personified by Gerald, against the sacred fire of the ancient world, as personified by the Dionysiac pipes player. Picasso also wanted to hint at sexual ambiguity. And where better than at Antipolis, as the Greeks once called Antibes?

In the summer of 1924, the Murphy and Picasso families traveled south together by rail. When they got off the train at Marseille to stretch their legs, Picasso said, "Let's stay here." In her memoir, the Murphys' daughter says the Picassos spent the summer there. In fact, after a night or two they traveled on to the Hôtel du Cap.

Since by then virtually all the Riviera's hotels stayed open in the summer, the younger set was abandoning such northern resorts as Deauville and Le Touquet for Antibes and Juan-les-Pins. Among the friends who had followed the Murphys' example were the Stravinskys. They had taken a house at Nice, but since all four of their children had diphtheria, the Murphys and Picassos stayed away from them. The Beaumonts, who had promised to join them at the Hôtel du Cap, had chosen Cannes instead, but they came over for beach parties. Diaghilev, his boyfriends, and his ballet company were at Monte Carlo. Cocteau was to be avoided—he had taken a villa at a neighboring naval base, where he played host to sailors and druggy friends.

Once again, the Murphys made the Hôtel du Cap their headquarters, while they set about rebuilding the small, tumbledown "chalet" near La Garoupe that they had acquired the year before. Meanwhile, Picasso, who had been too distracted to work the previous summer, had taken an imposing villa with a large garage, which he used as a studio. Many American friends from previous summers had returned. Picasso was particularly happy to see the writers John Dos Passos, Archibald MacLeish, and Gilbert Seldes and their wives, as well as Donald Ogden Stewart. Future guests would include the Ernest Hemingways, the Philip Barrys, the Robert Benchleys, and Dorothy Parker. (Benchley and Parker were both writers for *Vanity Fair.*) Brilliant company, but, as Picasso later told me, he began to tire of them en masse—too rowdy, no common language, too many cocktails. If he continued to frequent the Murphys, it was because Sara was so unlike his own wife, in her serenity, warmth, and easygoing American charm and humor, and because Gerald was such an anomaly.

The Scott Fitzgeralds were a recurrent problem. They had rented a villa, but spent much of their time at the Hôtel du Cap. Zelda was in a bad way. An affair with a young pilot at a local air base was the cause. Alcohol fed the flames. To sober up, Zelda would go to Eden Roc, slip out of her evening dress, and dive 35 feet into the darkness of the sea from the rocks above. *Bella figura* obliged Scott to follow suit, but he hated it. One night Zelda overdosed on sleeping pills. As Sara administered an olive-oil emetic, Zelda recoiled, saying, "Don't make me drink that, please. If you drink too much oil you'll turn into a Jew."

Meanwhile, Fitzgerald had become fascinated by Sara and did his best to draw her out. She would be appalled 10 years later, when *Tender Is the Night* came out, to discover the motive for his interrogations. Fitzgerald had cast the Murphys in his and Zelda's image. To be perceived as spoiled expatriates at the nadir of the Depression would be a source of sorrow for Sara—retribution, perhaps, for having lived too well. "You can't hide from a hurricane under a beach umbrella" was the *Daily Worker*'s take on this great novel.

In the course of 1924 and 1925, Ge[rald] would enhance the grounds and enl[arge] and remodel the chalet, which had outb[uild]ings (including a donkey stable, which came a studio), a small farm, and an id[yllic] terraced garden, which the former owne[r]—a colonial official—had planted with e[x]otic trees and shrubs. They would call it the V[illa] America.

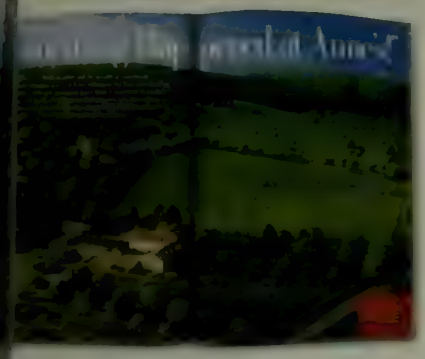
By the summer of 1925, Sara and Ge[rald] had finished the job and were ready to [welcome] a constant flood of guests. The de[cor] was 1920s minimal: black tiled floors, w[hite] walls, black satin sofas, stainless-steel fu[rni]ture, as well as café chairs and tables t[hat] had been silvered. Picasso was too immer[sed] in his work to see much of the Murphys, b[ut] he shared Gerald's taste for ragtime a[nd] would frequently borrow his records—J[elly] Roll Morton and Louis Armstrong—t[o] watch Zelda do a solitary, self-absorb[ed] dance to them. Gerald was supposedly i[rri]tated because some of the records were n[ot] returned, but I suspect the real reason w[as] more painful: he had recognized himself [in] *The Pipes of Pan.*

There was a large staff at the Villa Am[er]ica: a cook, a maid or two, a nanny, a cha[uf]feur, a farmer (the Murphys had their o[wn] cows and chickens), and a young cousin [of] Diaghilev's who served variously as a stu[dio] assistant, tutor, court jester, chef, and skip[per] of Gerald's boats. There were guest cottag[es], one of which, La Ferme des Orangers, w[as] renamed "La Ferme Dérangée" by Rob[ert] Benchley. John Dos Passos complained th[at] the Villa America was too much. "Fond [as] I was of [the Murphys]," he wrote, "I co[uld] stand it for about four days. It was like tryi[ng] to live in heaven. I had to get back down t[o] earth."

By 1930 the phrase "Living well is the be[st] revenge" would cease to apply to the Mu[r]phys' existence. Losses on the stock mark[et] curtailed their lifestyle. They put the Vil[la] America up for rent and spent more tim[e] in the States. Gerald had to take over Ma[ck] Cross, the family business. Then tragedy struck: their adored sons both died in the[ir] teens—Baoth in 1935 and Patrick in 1937. A[l]though the Murphys increasingly withdrew from social life, they continued to suppo[rt] liberal causes and kept up with old friend[s]. After retiring to a pre-Revolutionary hou[se] in Snedens Landing, on the banks of th[e] Hudson, they ended up in a small cottage [in] East Hampton, on what was left of Franc[es] Wiborg's formerly vast domain. There Gera[ld] died in 1964, and Sara in 1975—60 years a[f]ter their marriage.

On the occasion of Patrick's death, Fitzger[a]ld had evoked Henry James in his letter of condolence: "The golden bowl is broken indeed, but it *was* golden." If the bowl had indeed been golden, it would surely not have broken. □

ne Bass



INUED FROM PAGE 134 should ever look the eye when addressing her. Common ers, according to a neighbor up the hill, n't allowed to address Bass at all. "Anne beginning complained endlessly about hard it was to find staff in Connecticut ng] to wear a uniform," says one friend. look, at most people's houses in the try, the staff is not all dressed up."

the workers she did address, Bass was painstakingly polite or cold and imperi- depending on how the worker decided to her demeanor. "I've stayed with plenty of le just as rich as Anne who have lovely fa- l relationships with staff," the friend con- s. "Anne does not have that. I've never anything other than 'Thank you' or 'No, k you.'" But, adds the friend, "I think peo- who find her cold and brittle don't know Underneath she's warm, with a good sense mor. But Anne definitely takes a while to me friends. She's naturally reticent."

ot all of her employees grumble. Jeff Lynch, Bass's land manager for two and lf years, says he's had only pleasant deal- with his employer. "She has incredible , knows her plants very well, and is very lligent." And Sharon Monahan, Bass's al secretary, observes that her boss has several longtime employees, including nahan herself. Both Bass and Lethbridge, says, attended her recent wedding, "which the most intimate moment of my life." eant "a great deal" that they came, she s.

erhaps Bass's reputation as an ice queen mply due to the reticence one friend cites. n her critics—the entrenched camp around Bass and his current wife, Mercedes—ac- wledge that Anne is reserved, with a ng sense of propriety. If she alienates e people that way, she also shortchanges elf of acclaim for good deeds done. In a d where philanthropists like to see their es in large letters on the museum rooms pera-house restaurants they've funded, e Bass is usually the quiet contributor. more than two decades of support for nhattan's School of American Ballet is wn because she often served as a fund- ng chairperson. "She's one of the greatest supporters ever of the school," says Suzanne Davidson, the school's former president and now an associate dean at New York University law school. Adds board member Duane Hampton, "She never just wrote the checks, though those were sizable. She was immersed in the school—and in the whole world of dance."

Less known is the extent of her support for Cambodian culture. "She's amazing there," says novelist Amitav Ghosh (*The Hungry Tide*), whose own interest in helping Cambodia has led to an unlikely friendship with the New York socialite. "She basically funds the Center for Khmer Studies. She also gives money for hospitals and schools.... She worked through institutions and NGOs, but also funded individual families. I've known people who give away money; with her it's different. There's a deep level of personal concern and commitment."

Ghosh isn't the only literary type of modest means whom Bass has taken up. At her invitation, Scott Rothkopf, a young senior editor at *Artforum,* has used Bass Valley as a writing retreat on numerous occasions. "She's been incredibly generous about providing that space for me to write and think," he says. Rothkopf notes Bass's "commitment to scholarship in a variety of domains, from ballet and architecture to visual arts." As Manhattan social leader Louise Grunwald puts it, "The unsung things Anne has done for people are legion."

But if Bass's friends came to treasure her private passion for good causes, it seems fair to say that not many of her staffers in Bass Valley had that opportunity. That, and the fierceness of the attack, seemed to suggest that some disgruntled ex-employee had just taken his ultimate revenge. Later, the police would all but discount that scenario. The attackers did seem to know who Bass and Lethbridge were. But if revenge was the motive, why not just burn down one of Bass's barns? Why stage such a complex, high-risk operation?

Bass and Lethbridge could hear the attackers opening and shutting compartments in their aluminum cases. They seemed to be setting things up. Bass became convinced they were wiring the house to blow it up.

After perhaps an hour of banging around, the other two attackers returned to the dressing room where Lethbridge and Bass were bound and hooded. The more volatile of the two seemed to be the leader. When Bass asked for water, he filled a glass and then flung the water at her chest. "Where are the safes?" he demanded.

Bass told him the safe was right there in the dressing room.

"What's in it?"

"A couple hundred dollars, some jewelry, and chocolate."

"What do you keep chocolate in your safe for?"

Bass told the volatile one that she liked chocolate and kept it in the safe so she wouldn't eat it too quickly. She relayed the combination of the safe, and the volatile attacker opened it. It held exactly what she'd said it did.

"Where's the other safe?" the attacker said.

"There isn't one."

Conversations were punctuated by periods of quiet, when the other two attackers went back downstairs. Lethbridge would let himself think perhaps all three had left. Then he'd hear their guard shift his position, and his heart would sink again.

At one point the volatile one asked Bass who else was in the house. Jasper was still sleeping, but there seemed no doubt that the attackers had seen him in his bedroom. It seemed better to tell the truth. "Just the two-year-old."

Bass went on to say that Jasper was sick and his mother would be going into labor at any time. If she gave birth and called, and got no answer, she would call the police right away. Listening to her, Lethbridge was filled with admiration. Bass was calm. Her soothing tone was keeping the volatile one from losing his temper. She was also saying the one thing that might persuade them to leave.

Unfortunately it had no effect.

One of the attackers pulled off Bass's hood and blindfold so she could see what he did next: tear off part of Lethbridge's shirt and administer a large injection of bluish liquid. Lethbridge was kept blindfolded and hooded while Bass was given a similar injection.

"So here's the thing," one of the attackers explained. Bass and Lethbridge had just been injected with a lethal virus. Its symptoms would start to appear between 20 and 24 hours later. If they weren't given an antidote within 24 hours, the virus would kill them. In return for the antidote, the attackers wanted $8.5 million. "Where's your bank?" one asked.

Bass stayed calm. "I don't know," she said.

The attackers were incredulous. "Come on, lady, don't give me that jive."

"You don't understand," Lethbridge said. "Her situation isn't the same as yours or mine. You or I, if we get some money, we put it in the bank ourselves. Anne probably hasn't been inside a bank for 20 years."

"That's right," Bass said.

"How do you pay your bills?" the leader demanded.

"I send them to my accountant in Texas."

There was a pause. "What's his name?"

Whether the attackers had really thought Bass had $8.5 million in her home—or if they had thought the demand for $8.5 million might produce some smaller but still sizable sum from a wall safe—they were clearly improvising now, and not happy about it. Each time they suggested a way Bass might get them the money, Lethbridge would calmly explain, with his elegant English accent, why

it wouldn't work. Finally, one asked Lethbridge, "How much money do you have in *your* bank?"

Lethbridge thought he had about $50,000.

"You're broke!" the attacker scoffed.

One attacker kept pushing the idea that Anne call her accountant in the morning and say she'd bought a property for $8 million and needed the money wired right away. Lethbridge explained that real estate wasn't bought that way—and that if it was, the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration would be all over the deal in a minute, sure the cash was drug money. They would have to find another way.

"Well, it's not my problem, it's yours," snarled one of the attackers, "and you have 19 hours to figure it out."

The attackers would go off, stomp around, setting things up—exactly what was never clear—then come back. Each time, they were more vexed that Bass couldn't come up with a plan to get them $8.5 million by morning.

"Actually we're all in the same boat," Lethbridge said. "Anne wants you to have your $8 million so that you leave us alone. But if you do it in some way that doesn't work, it's a mess for all of us. Anne and I may be killed by you, but there'll be a lot of your blood on the floor, too."

"Yes," Bass said, "and he's really smart. If he can't figure it out, no one can."

Finally, Lethbridge proposed that Bass call her accountant in the morning and ask that $250,000 be wired to his own Greenwich Village bank account. That amount of money probably wouldn't raise eyebrows. Lethbridge could drive down to Manhattan while the attackers kept Bass and Jasper hostage, get the $250,000 as well as his own $50,000, and be back with it in Connecticut before the lethal virus's symptoms appeared. Privately, Lethbridge was somewhat dubious about the lethal-virus story, but he didn't want to upset the attackers by questioning it.

Lethbridge was marched at gunpoint into the bedroom so he could change from his paint-splattered studio smock and jeans into clothes he would wear into his bank. As he was changing, he saw that one of the guards had put his gun down on a table and wasn't standing too near it. Lethbridge's heart raced. Could he seize it? Maybe, he thought, if he were Indiana Jones. He put the thought out of his head: he wasn't Indiana Jones.

Later, when one friend heard that Lethbridge had negotiated coolly with the attackers during the nearly 12-hour ordeal, they were impressed—and a bit surprised. Pale and rather pedantic, the painter would not have seemed a candidate for courage under fire. But along with his English accent, he turned out to have his share of English grit.

That may not have been obvious when Lethbridge began showing up on Bass's arm, in the mid-1990s. He wasn't rich, like Sid Bass, and he wasn't particularly dashing, like New York art-gallery owner Richard Feigen, who dated Bass awhile, or New York City Ballet director Peter Martins, the handsome Nordic blond ex-dancer to whom she had been linked by her multi-million-dollar patronage of his company, in the 80s and early 90s. But Lethbridge did have a quick mind to go along with his English education—Winchester College and then Cambridge University. He'd also made a modest name for himself in a downtown art scene that Bass seemed to welcome as a change from the starchy dinner parties on upper Fifth Avenue. It was Lethbridge, in fact, who nudged Bass into trying South Kent in the first place. And it was he who helped her buy the properties that would come to constitute Bass Valley.

Lethbridge had thought he was destined for a career in finance when he first came to New York, in the early 1970s, as a 21-year-old bank-management trainee. Drawn to the art world, he embarked on a romance with painter Jennifer Bartlett, nine years his senior, and soon found himself hanging out with a heady group: choreographer Merce Cunningham and composer John Cage, and, most exciting for a young banker who nursed dreams of becoming an artist, Jasper Johns. "He thought, What a fabulous life Jasper Johns has, working in a former Bowery bank building downtown and making all that money," recalls Bob Colacello, Warhol biographer and *Vanity Fair* special correspondent. "So he decided to become an artist, too."

Johns became a kind of mentor to Lethbridge, but Lethbridge found a style quite distinct from Johns's, filling his canvas with busy brushstrokes. One phase featured multicolored crescents, packed together like Cubist cashews. His most recent paintings reminded *New York Times* critic Bridget L. Goodbody of "strewn about pickup sticks" or "sea grass floating underwater"—descriptions rendered with respect. But Lethbridge remained so closely linked to Johns that many assumed he was the older artist's lover. That was not the case: after having his heart broken by Bartlett, Lethbridge went on to a series of relationships with notably strong women, among them photographer Mary Ellen Mark, feminist Germaine Greer, and French novelist Katherine Pancol.

Today, Lethbridge and Johns share ownership of a garage and adjoining building on Jane Street in Manhattan's Greenwich Village that looks nondescript from the street but contains cavernous, beautifully designed studio spaces. Johns's influence on Bass and her daughters, Hyatt, 38, and Samantha, 35, has come to seem no less profound: Hyatt did, after all, name her [illegible] born child Jasper. (One friend says nam[illegible] the baby Jasper was a coincidence.)

By the time *Vogue* editor in chief A[illegible] Wintour and her then husband, David S[illegible] fer, introduced Lethbridge and Bass at a [illegible] ner party, both Hyatt and Samantha w[illegible] grown and living on their own, helped a[illegible] by Bass-family trust funds said to be—a[illegible] some years ago—$280 million each. So [illegible] new couple had Bass's lovely Fifth Ave[illegible] apartment to themselves, not counting [illegible] servants and the ghosts of artists whose pa[illegible] ings have reportedly graced the walls: De[illegible] Matisse, Picasso, Monet, and Balthus, [illegible] well as abstractionists Ellsworth Kelly, M[illegible] ris Louis, Mark Rothko, and Frank Ste[illegible] As a refuge from the New York charity [illegible] cuit, Bass also spent time in a rented ho[illegible] in Cap-Ferrat, in the South of France. [illegible] Lethbridge felt bored and restless there. [illegible] Bass began looking for a summer rental n[illegible] enough to New York that Lethbridge co[illegible] commute to his downtown studio.

Bass found a house—on Peet Hill Ro[illegible] She liked its setting, halfway up a wide, s[illegible] drenched valley, but made Lethbridge pr[illegible] ise that he wouldn't let her buy it. By summ[illegible] end, the promise was broken.

Bass loved her new home—after both ba[illegible] and various aspects of the grounds h[illegible] been done and re-done and done again to [illegible] exacting standards: the stone courtyard [illegible] placed, the apple trees uprooted and plan[illegible] in straighter lines, the pool recast after B[illegible] found a hairline crack. But the compou[illegible] lacked the sort of privacy she wanted, a[illegible] the valley was less than pristine. Bass had [illegible] aesthetic vision: she would return the val[illegible] to a simpler time, before pre-fab houses a[illegible] aluminum siding. But to realize that visi[illegible] at least some of the neighbors would have [illegible] go, both on Peet Hill Road and up where P[illegible] Hill met Ore Hill Road in a T. "That's po[illegible] er," says a former Peet Hill Road neighb[illegible] Lindsey Gruson, an ex–*New York Times* [illegible] porter whose late father, Sydney, was a *Tim*[illegible] vice-chairman. "The pure power of money [illegible] shape even geography."

Later, some would accuse Bass of mou[illegible] ing a systematic campaign to buy the wh[illegible] valley. Hiram Williams, New York investme[illegible] banker and weekend neighbor, says there's a[illegible] other side to the story. "I'm not aware of a[illegible] neighbor . . . who didn't approach her first," he says. "They sometimes came on their own, sometimes with a broker, sometimes with [illegible] threat of developing land. So it's a little b[illegible] chicken and egg, but those neighbors were more than happy to sell to her."

Perhaps it was fair to say that, as in mo[illegible] real-estate dealings, there was some bac[illegible] and forth. Vilma Kurzer, an Austrian-bor[illegible] widow in her mid-90s who had fled Europ[illegible] after Hitler's invasion and ended up desig[illegible]

e Eloise doll, lived alone in a farmhouse
d on some 300 acres. She says Bass set
woo her. "I found roses at my door,
rudel," Kurzer recalls. "But she didn't
o give me what I deserved. Then came
er from someone who did. So then she
l her offer." Bass bought the property
he provision that Kurzer be allowed
out her life in the house—a deal that
ited Kurzer until she heard that Bass
ought a nearby parcel of seven acres
e same money she'd paid for Kurzer's
cres. Now she regrets the deal. "I never
d have sold it," she says sadly. "Even my
doesn't feel like mine anymore. I treat
it's not mine—because it isn't."

her properties followed until Bass need-
ed just one more: Lindsey Gruson's 27
. Though the old farmstead was centrally
ed—the hole in the doughnut—Bass told
riend she saw no need to acquire it. But
on and his wife, former television talk-
host Jane Whitney, apparently came to
And so began a long, increasingly bitter
s of negotiations, in which two hand-
e deals fell through.

erhaps Gruson did begin to take a per-
pleasure in his position. "Every nego-
n Julian started began at one price and
d much higher," he recalls with amuse-
t. Gruson not only kept raising his price,
rew up plans to subdivide his property. By
Gruson found Lethbridge a "thorny and
cult" fellow. "At first he did a good job of
noring Anne," Gruson says, "but when
re that isolated by money, everything
s the ground—even the anchor." Bass and
bridge felt Gruson misled them.

One day, with tensions keen, Lethbridge,
he way up Peet Hill Road to the little red
h he had set up as his studio, drove his
k BMW a bit too quickly past Gruson
a neighbor's dog Gruson was walking.
son confronted him angrily at the studio
r. "You're just like George W. Bush. You
e up on third base and you think you hit
ple," he declared. "You haven't. You mar-
[*sic*] a rich woman, and you're a mediocre
ter."

After a short talk," Gruson recalls, "we
ned down, and he invited me into his
lio for tea. While he was heating water, I
, 'Can I look at your paintings?' He said,
.' I said, 'Let's forget it.' As I walked out,
teapot was whistling."

Finally, Gruson and Whitney did sell—for
more than their property would have
hed from any other buyer, enough to get
n a sizable farm a couple of valleys away.
y left Bass Valley with some grudging ad-
ation for its namesake. "The valley is in-
ely nicer than it was for decades because
hat she did," Gruson allows. "Her vision
aking it back to the early 19th century
remarkable, and she's really stuck to it."

By this time, Bass had quietly also made generous contributions to preserve other swaths of farmland in the area, too—not for herself, but as a board member of the Weantinoge Heritage Land Trust, in one instance joining with a fellow board member to save a 150-acre property from developers who wanted to put 50 houses on it. She also helped found the Planned Development Alliance, dedicated to helping local zoning and regulatory bodies anticipate and plan for the growing pressures of development, rather than waiting until it was too late. But if Gruson and Whitney appreciated Bass's efforts, they were also relieved to be gone.

Now when Bass looked out from her third-floor bedroom window, all she saw was her land, up and down and across the valley. A new quiet descended: the silence of absolute privacy, with all her immediate neighbors gone.

Somehow, after more talk among the attackers out of earshot, the Lethbridge bank plan was dropped. "We want eight million," one of the attackers repeated. But he seemed to realize now that he wasn't going to get it.

Lethbridge had been asking for water from time to time. He'd never felt so parched in his life. The attacker who was standing guard—the friendly one—would either slip a cup of water up and inside Lethbridge's hood or whisper "Not now" when one of the others was nearby. Now, though, the guard slipped Lethbridge a cup of some extremely foul-tasting liquid. "Drink it, it's good for you," the attacker demanded.

Lethbridge did his best. But he could hear Bass gagging on the dose the guard gave her. He guessed that she was having an anaphylactic reaction.

"You'd better get her an EpiPen," Lethbridge said. "She's having an allergic reaction."

The attackers were startled. One went off to look for an EpiPen where Lethbridge directed him. He couldn't find it. The attackers started panicking.

"Let me find it," Lethbridge said.

The attackers were rattled enough to untie Lethbridge and let him find the EpiPen. By the time he returned with it, though, Bass's gagging had subsided. Lethbridge suggested they wait a minute. When she grew calm, the EpiPen was put aside.

The attackers picked up Bass by the arms and dragged her out of the dressing room. For the first time in their hours-long ordeal, she and Lethbridge were separated. Lethbridge had no idea if she was being taken away as a hostage, about to be killed, or just put in another room. In fact, Bass was just dragged to her bedroom and put on her bed. She realized that whatever she'd been forced to drink was making her sleepy. The last thing she heard, before she drifted off, was the sound of a broom sweeping the floor somewhere near her. "Be careful," she heard one of the attackers say, "don't spoil the carpet." Lethbridge lost consciousness on the floor of the dressing room.

Bass was the first of the two to wake up. Her hands were still tied behind her, her eyes blindfolded. Outside, a dull gray day had dawned, still stormy. For a while she stayed still, listening for sounds of the attackers. The old barn creaked with the wind and rain, but she heard no boots, no sounds of compartments clicking open and shut, no voices. Finally she rolled onto the floor, bruising herself badly as she did, and worked herself over to a desk that held scissors. Lithe and limber from her decades of ballet lessons, she was able to manipulate the scissors into place behind her back and cut herself free.

Lethbridge looked up groggily to see Bass standing before him, pale, terrified—but alive. A surge of exhilaration passed through him. They had survived. Bass didn't feel that yet. She was focused on Jasper. She couldn't bring herself to go down the hall to check his bedroom: she couldn't bear the prospect of looking at his empty crib.

Instead, she cut Lethbridge loose and asked him to do it. He came back a moment later with the boy in his arms. Miraculously, Jasper had slept through the night. He was just now waking and wondering what his grandmother would give him for breakfast.

Mid-morning, an emergency call was received at Troop L in Litchfield, the state-police unit that covers South Kent, reporting a home invasion. Within minutes, a response team arrived. In shock, Bass and Lethbridge met them outside and described the incident, telling the police what the attackers had said about the injections. If the bluish liquid *was* lethal, they might soon die unless it was identified and an antidote administered. Bass, Lethbridge, and Jasper were bundled into an ambulance and driven at high speeds to New Milford Hospital. Despite her trauma, Bass's main concern was still Jasper. She worried that the ambulance ride might be so upsetting to a two-year-old that it would have a lasting emotional effect. So she told him she had a friend who'd offered them the ambulance for fun, and she had the ambulance attendants make a game of demonstrating the medical machines in back. Bass would later learn that her 2006 black Jeep Cherokee was missing from the driveway. Apparently, the attackers had used it as a getaway vehicle.

The troopers may have seemed skeptical that Bass and Lethbridge had been injected with a slow-acting poison—until one of the troopers became suddenly sick to his stomach after entering the house. At that, the commander in charge ordered the rest of his men outside and called for a mobile decontamination unit to be set up immediately. The troopers had to strip off their

Anne Bass

uniforms, bag and seal them, shower, and put on new uniforms. At the hospital's emergency room, Bass, Lethbridge, and Jasper were treated and released. Neither they nor the police had been poisoned, it turned out. The sick trooper had simply experienced symptoms of an unrelated illness.

Initially, Bass remained calm, almost preternaturally so. When she learned that the *New York Post* was preparing a "Page Six" item on the invasion, she sent an e-mail to family members and several trusted friends, describing the incident in brief and assuring them she was fine. Lethbridge was so impressed by the controlled, poignant tone of her e-mail that he sent it on to a dozen more friends.

Within days, the police did get two breaks of possibly great significance. The Jeep Cherokee was recovered somewhere in New York City—according to the New York *Daily News,* the police refused to say where. Also in New York, in the Rockaways, in Queens, a sharp-eyed woman named Jean Johnson took note of an odd object that apparently had washed up from the canal near her home: an accordion case. When she opened it, the *Daily News* reported, she found that it contained syringes, aluminum tubes, a knife, and a gun. It also had a laminated piece of paper with phone numbers on both sides. When local authorities showed little interest in the find, Johnson went online and traced the phone numbers to Anne Bass. A quick Google search disclosed details of the home invasion in Connecticut newspapers. This time, the police called Troop L, and the accordion case was soon on its way to Litchfield.

At first, some of Bass's farther-flung neighbors worried that the horrifying incident might be the start of a crime spree. Almost immediately, those fears subsided. "The sense is that it's not a neighborhood problem," says Bob Lenz, retired chairman and executive creative director of the advertising agency Backer Spielvogel Bates, who lives down Ore Hill Road. "I hope I'm right on that."

"My initial [reaction] was: Oh, no, our whole way of life up here is threatened!" muses another neighbor. "But I think the truth is, sadly, that it's her way of life that's threatened, not ours."

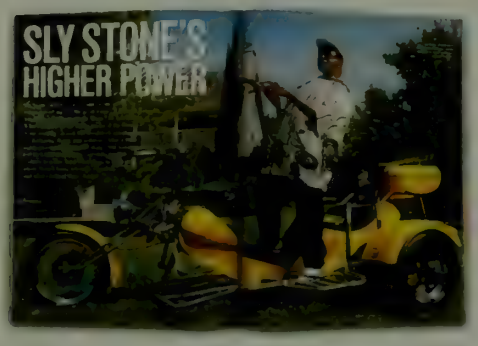
"Oscar and Annette [de la Renta] are just 20 minutes away—they live just as grandly," counters another neighbor. "Barry [Diller] and Diane [von Furstenberg] are four miles away." They live rather well, too. "A lot of people think it was someone who was treated badly. But, my God, I don't know that Anne treats people *so* badly. I think you have to be dealing with someone who's already a nut job.

"What I keep coming back to," suggests this neighbor, "is that it's not easy to buy hypodermic syringes. So we may find out that it was someone who has some connection to a nurse or care facility. Because also, injecting someone isn't easy. It's kind of a scary th… to do. And you know the risks of an air b… ble. Also, giving someone something to m… them sleep? How do you know not to … them too much? Unless you know eno… about medicine?"

As soon as the police gave them per… sion to go back to their home on Peet… Road, Bass and Lethbridge spent a day th… Eventually, they worked up to a first overn… stay, bringing close friends for a dinne… dispel the horrifying memories. Art pat… ess Agnes Gund and her husband, Da… Shapiro, a lawyer, close friends and neigh… of Bass's, drove over. So did Gabriella De … rari, a noted art patron herself, with her ho… guests, Amitav Ghosh and his wife. Bass … Lethbridge did their best to seem calm. "… it was very clear they were deeply shake… says Ghosh. "And in a way, as the days h… gone by … your mind absorbs something … this very slowly. Seeing them more recent… think it becomes harder and harder for th… to cope with the memory."

If the perpetrators are caught, that m… help. It may also make very little differen… Bass's privacy has been violated in a way t… neither she nor any of her friends could e… have imagined. The psychic scars may … too deep. One source reports that Bass m… be buying property on the Caribbean isla… of Nevis: a new fiefdom, perhaps, in a n… world far from Litchfield County. □

Sly Stone



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138 Madison Square Garden before a ticket-buying audience of 21,000, with *Soul Train* host Don Cornelius presiding as M.C. Or appearing on Dick Cavett's late-night ABC talk show while conspicuously, if charmingly, high. "You're great," Stone told his flummoxed host in 1971, in the second of two notorious visits to Cavett's soundstage. "You are *great.* You are *great.* You know what I mean? [Pounds fist on heart.] *Booom!* Right on! Sure thing. No, for real. For *real,* Dick. Hey, Dick. Dick. Dick. You're great."

Cavett, grasping for some sense of conversational traction, smirked and replied, "Well, you're not so bad yourself."

"Well," said Sly, eyes rolling up in contemplation, "I am *kinda* bad . . . "

Sly Stone is my favorite of the rock-era recluses, and, really, the only big one left. Syd Barrett, the architect of Pink Floyd's entrancingly loopy early sound, passed away last summer at the age of 60, having resisted all entreaties to explain himself or sing again. Brian Wilson, the fragile visionary behind the Beach Boys, has been gently coaxed out of his shell by his friends and acolytes, and now performs and schmoozes regularly. He doesn't count as a recluse anymore.

But Sly has remained elusive—still with us, yet seemingly content to do without us. I have been pursuing him for a dozen years, on and off, wondering if there would ever come a time when he'd release new material, or at the very least sit down and talk about his old songs. I've loved his music for as long as I've been a sentient human being—he started making records with the Family Stone when I was a toddler. And over time, as the silence has lengthened, his disappearance from public life has become a fascinating subject in and of itself. How could it have happened? How could a man with such an extensive and impressive body of work just shut down and cut out?

"I often tell people that I have more de… rock stars on tape than anyone, and they'll … 'You mean Janis, Hendrix, and Sly?'" says … vett today. "A lot of people think he's *gon*… Even if you're aware that Sly lives, you have … wonder what kind of shape he's in, project… that beautiful but reckless man of 1971 in… 2007, the year he turned 64. What of the da… rumors that he's done so much coke that h… brain is zapped, and that he now exists in … pathetic, vegetative state? What of the mo… hopeful rumors that he's still writing and no… dling with his keyboards, biding his time un… he feels ready to attempt a comeback?

I had long dreamed of the latter scenari… Syd Barrett excepted, they *do* all come bac… Brian Wilson did. The Stooges did. T… New York Dolls did. Even Roky Erickso… the psychedelic pioneer from the 13th Flo… Elevators, long presumed to be fried beyon… rehabilitation by electroshock treatments h… received in the early 1970s, has staged a r… bust return to the live circuit.

My hopes for a Sly comeback were high… est in 2003. That year, in the back room of … music store in Vallejo, California, where S… grew up, I sat in on a rehearsal of a re-unite… Family Stone led by Freddie Stone, Sly's gu… tarist brother. Freddie was intent on record…

album of entirely new material that he ritten with his sister Rose, who played and shared lead vocals in the old group. ster's doing very well, by the way," Fredd me, using his brother's given name. Errico, the band's drummer, who was on the reunion, explained that, while eren't counting on Sly to join them, they t a place for him just in case, like Seder ipants awaiting Elijah. "We profess that yboard is on the stage, the [Hammond] unning, and the seat is warm for him," said.

t that reunion quickly fizzled out. After hat, my Sly search lay dormant; I pretty gave up. He hadn't shown his face in c since 1993, when he and the Family were inducted into the Rock and Roll f Fame. Characteristically, Sly slipped in ut of the ceremony without saying much, acknowledging his siblings and bands. So why would he ever want to perform much less meet up with a stranger?

hen, out of nowhere, there began a series ef, intriguing resurfacings. In August of he was sighted in L.A. on a chopper rcycle, giving his sister Vaetta, who goes e nickname Vet, a ride to Hollywood's ing Factory club, where she was performset with her band, the Phunk Phamily r. The following February came Stone's matic appearance at the 2006 Grammy rds, in which he loped onto the stage gold lamé trench coat and plumy blond awk, performed a snippet of "I Want to You Higher" with some guest musicians g him tribute, and loped off again before ong was over. And in January of this year, e put in a surprise cameo at Vet's band's at the House of Blues in Anaheim, Calia, adding vocals and keyboards to their ormances of "Higher" and "Thank You ettinme Be Mice Elf Agin)."

What to make of this? Was Sly's newfound si-visibility a sign that, at last, his return nigh? Early this year, I managed to get in h with Vet Stone, who confirmed that her her was indeed planning a return: a show an Jose on July 7 with her band (which, Sly's blessing, has been renamed the ily Stone), and then some summer dates stivals in Europe. After several telephone ersations in early spring and one meeting me in person, Vet called one day with ews: Sly would speak. We would meet up May 9 in Vallejo, his hometown, 25 miles h of Oakland.

Are You Ready?

n the designated day, Vet and I arrive early at the designated meeting place: pper Guys Biker Products Inc., a Vallejo ness that manufactures parts and frames ustom motorcycles. Sly, who lived in L.A. nd off for 36 years but recently relocated to Napa Valley, gets his bikes serviced here. As Vet and I kill time chatting, we eventually notice that it's about 10 minutes past the appointed start time of our meeting. Nothing worrying, but a long enough period to have faint thoughts of *Hmm, maybe this won't work out.* Vet tells me how many doubters she's had to deal with in booking those summer European dates, "people who wouldn't take my call, people who hung up on me, people who think I'm a delusional woman." She has been the catalyst of Sly's tentative re-emergence, the one who pulled him out of L.A. and found him a home up north, who persuaded him to play with her band and get back out on the road again. It's exhausted her, and she's openly daunted by the logistics of planning for her brother, never the smoothest of travelers, to fly to Europe and then zip from Umbria to Montreux to Ghent.

But she's gotten this far, which fuels her faith. "All I can say," she says, and it's something she says a lot, "is that I'm his little sister, and he's never lied to me." Nevertheless, even Vet is starting to get a little nervous about the interview, checking her cell phone, stepping outside the front door of Chopper Guys with me to see if anyone's coming.

And then, like John Wayne emerging from 'cross the prairie in *The Searchers*... a strange form advances through the wavy air in the distance: some sort of vehicle, low to the ground, rumbling mightily as it turns off the highway and into the parking lot. As it comes closer, the shapes become clearer: a flamboyantly customized banana-yellow chopper trike, the front tire jutting four feet out in front of the driver. He sits on a platform no higher than 18 inches off the ground, legs extended in front of him, his body clad in a loose, tan shirt-and-pants ensemble somewhere between Carhartt work clothes and pajamas. His feet are shod in black leather sneakers with green-yellow-red African tricolor trim. Behind him, on an elevated, throne-like seat built between the two fat back tires, sits an attractive, 30-ish woman in full biker leathers. He always was good at entrances.

Sly Stone and his lady companion, who I learn is named Shay, disembark from the chopper and walk toward the shop. He applies pink baby lotion to his hands, which I notice are huge, with elongated, tapering fingers. He's still very slim—there was never a Fat Sly period—and he does not appear frail, as several recent reports have described him. In fact, he moves rather well, especially for a 64-year-old man who's just spent time scrunched into a custom-chopper cockpit. But he has the same hunched posture he had at the '06 Grammys—a bit like Silvio Dante's in *The Sopranos*—and he wears a neck brace.

We shake hands and say hello. I've heard he owns an old Studebaker, so I tell him I, too, own an old Studebaker. "Really, what year?" he says, looking up at me with a smile. He pulls two chairs together for our chat, a metal stool and an old barber's chair. As all these mundane things are transpiring, I realize I'm recording them in my mind like a doctor observing a patient recovering from brain trauma. *He is aware of his surroundings. He is capable of participating in linear conversational exchanges. He is able to move chairs.*

The only strange part: he is still wearing his helmet and shades when we sit down to talk. *Good lord,* I'm thinking, *is he going to wear the helmet the whole time?* Fortunately, without my prompting, Vet says, "Why don't you take your helmet off?," and Sly obliges, revealing a backward San Francisco Giants cap.

"Still sporting the blond Mohawk under there?" I ask.

"Naw, not now, it's very short," he says. Then, deadpan: "Most of it growing *under* the skin."

I start the interview in earnest with the most obvious question: "Why have you chosen to come back now?"

At this, he grins. "'Cause it's kind of boring at home sometimes."

"But it's bigger than just being bored at home, isn't it?"

"Yeah, I got a lot of songs I want to record and put out, so I'm gonna try 'em out on the road," he says. "That's the way it's always worked the best: Let's try it out and see how the people feel."

Stone tells me he has a huge backlog of new material, "a *library,* like, a hundred and some songs, or maybe 200." This subject, I come to understand, animates him like no other. With the old songs, he seems uninterested in analysis. When I ask him if he was consciously trying to do something different with his December 1969 single "Thank You (Falettinme Be Mice Elf Agin)," which, with its chanted unison vocals and slap bass, effectively invented 1970s funk—without it, no Parliament-Funkadelic, no Ohio Players, no Earth, Wind & Fire—he replies simply, "Well, the title was spelled phonetically. That was one thing different."

Likewise, on more personal matters, such as what else he was up to in his AWOL years, he's evasive: "Just traveling—going around, jumping in and out, and up and down." He doesn't flinch when I broach the subject of his hunched posture and neck brace, but it's clear he doesn't want to break out the M.R.I.'s, either. "I fell off a cliff," he says. "I was walking in my yard in Beverly Hills, missed my footing, and started doing flips. But you know what? I had a plate of food in my hand. And when I landed, I *still* had a plate of food in my hand. That's the God-lovin' truth. I did not drop a *bean.*"

But when I ask Stone to describe the new songs, he straightens up, rocks forward in his seat, and starts rhyming in an insistent

cadence somewhere between a preacher's and a rapper's, the rasp suddenly gone from his otherwise low, throaty speaking voice. "There's one that says, 'Ever get a chance to put your *thanks* on? / Somebody you know you can *bank* on? / Even sometimes you might embarrass them by pulling *rank* on? / Now, whatcha gonna do when you run out of them? . . . Another holiday, you're drunk and *curb*ing it / You can't face a noun, so you're straight ad*verb*ing it / You had an argument at home, and you had to have the last *word* in it / Now whatcha gonna do when you run out of them?'

"There's one that's called 'We're Sick Like That,'" he continues. "It says, 'Give a boy a flag and teach him to salute / Give the same boy a gun and teach him how to shoot / And then one night, the boy in the bushes, he starts to cry / 'Cause nobody ever really taught him how to die.'"

The obvious allusion to the current war jars me, and I soon realize why: Stone has been absent from the scene for such a duration that it's hard to imagine that he was with us all along, experiencing all the things we experienced over the years—the fall of the Berlin Wall, the collapse of the Soviet Union, Nelson Mandela's release from prison, the rise of the World Wide Web, the attacks on 9/11, the invasion of Iraq. It's almost as if he went into a decades-long deep freeze, like Austin Powers or the astronauts in *Planet of the Apes*. Except he didn't. "Did you do normal-person things?" I ask about the missing years. "Did you watch *Cheers* in the 80s and *Seinfeld* in the 90s? Do you watch *American Idol* now? Do you have a normal life or more of a Sly Stone life?"

"I've done all that," he says. "I do regular things a lot. But it's probably more of a Sly Stone life. It's probably . . . it's probably not very normal."

The Sly Stone life started getting abnormal shortly after his band's euphoric Woodstock performance. Joel Selvin, the veteran music critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, published a thoroughgoing, book-length oral history of the group in 1998 (simply called *Sly and the Family Stone: An Oral History*) that is as disturbing and chilling a version as you'll ever find of the "dashed 60s dream" narrative: idealism giving way to disillusionment, soft drugs giving way to hard, ferment to rot.

It's agreed upon by everyone Selvin interviewed—which is pretty much everyone in Stone's family, band, and circle of hangers-on, apart from Sly himself—that the bad craziness began when he forsook the Bay Area for Southern California, in 1970. Exit the music of hope and the gorgeous mosaic; enter firearms, coke, PCP, goons, paranoia, isolation, and a mean-spirited pet pit bull named Gun.

"There is a cloud flying over Sly from the time he moved down to Los Angeles," the Family Stone's original saxophonist, Jerry Martini, told Selvin. "Things really changed when he moved down there. . . . It was havoc. It was very gangsterish, dangerous. The vibes were very dark at that point."

Before that, though, there was the Bay Area Sly of the 1960s, a different character altogether: a personable, outgoing, uncommonly talented young man who cut quite a swath through the region's music scene. He was born Sylvester Stewart into a loving, tight-knit family presided over by a father, K.C., and a mother, Alpha, whose marriage would last 69 years. K.C. ran a janitorial business in Vallejo and was a deacon in the local Pentecostal church. From an early age, Sylvester was performing with his siblings in a gospel group called the Stewart Four. Loretta, the eldest of the five Stewart children, provided piano accompaniment, while the four Stewarts of the billing—in birth order, Sylvester, Rose, Freddie, and Vet—harmonized on vocals. "We traveled around from church to church, all over California, performing concerts," says Vet. "We thought we were just like any other family. We had no idea."

The greatest prodigy of all the young Stewarts, Sylvester was also the most driven. He was barely into his 20s when he insinuated himself into the inner circle of San Francisco's biggest music *macher*, the disc jockey and impresario Tom "Big Daddy" Donahue. In 1964, Sylvester collaborated with Donahue on the song "C'mon and Swim," a Top 10 hit for the local soul star Bobby Freeman. Shortly thereafter, he became the house producer at Donahue's label, Autumn Records, working with, among others, the Great Society and the Warlocks, the precursor bands to, respectively, Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead. In the same period, under his new stage name, Sly Stone, Sylvester became a regional radio celebrity, hosting a soul show on the station KSOL from seven P.M. to midnight.

You Can Make It if You Try

It was all in place, the eclectic mishmash of sensibilities and influences that would inform Sly and the Family Stone: soul, gospel, pop, Haight hippiedom, sparkly showmanship. (In his D.J. days, Stone drove a Jaguar XKE he'd had custom-painted bright purple.) So when Sly decided to start up a band of his own, he knew exactly what he wanted. "It was very deliberate: men and women, different races, dressing different," says Larry Graham, the group's bassist. Martini, the saxophonist and one of the band's two white members (along with Errico, the drummer), recalls Stone playing an almost curatorial role in shaping the band's presentation. Pointing to an old publicity photo that shows him ridiculously attired in a piebald poncho, Martini says, "That was a *rug!* Sly saw a cow on the floor, got a rug cutter, cut a hole i and said 'Here, Jerry, this is gonna be outfit.'"

Everyone had a signature look. Er wore a leopard-print vest-and-trousers g almost as absurd as Martini's bovine fant Graham wore robes and capes. Freddy S art, re-christened Freddie Stone, wore pliquéd overalls. Rose Stewart/Stone wo variety of Ikette wigs and go-go dresses. C thia Robinson, the trumpet player, favo psychedelic-patterned smocks and let straightened hair grow out into a Black Po Afro. Sly himself cultivated a neon pimp l with flashy vests (often worn without a sl goggle shades, heavy jewelry, tight trous and muttonchop sideburns.

"I remember having lunch with Sly in dining room, right at the beginning," s Clive Davis, who was in his first year as p dent of CBS Records in 1967, when its E subsidiary signed the group. "I told him, concerned that the serious radio stations t might be willing to play you'—by whic meant the underground FM radio station 'will be put off by the costuming, the h styles.' It was almost Las Vegas–like in its sentation. Sly said, 'Look, that's part of w I'm doing. I know people could take it wrong way, but that's who I am.' And he right. I learned an important lesson from h When you're dealing with a pathfinder, allow that genius to unfold."

Musically, too, Stone orchestrated a th retically unwieldy but ultimately in nious fusion of styles. "It's one of the thing really admire about Sly—we were all allow to use our creativity, to have freedom of pression in how we played," says Graha whose percussive "thumpin' and pluckin bass style became practically a new musi genre unto itself. The band's first and m conventionally soul-like album, *A Whole N Thing*, was a flop, but the exhortative title so of album two, "Dance to the Music," becam their first Top 10 hit, in 1968, and remains party standard to this day.

The album *Stand!* (1969) represented t apotheosis of both the band's signature "p chedelic soul" sound and their status positivity-preaching messengers from t Utopian, multicultural future. Five of the bum's eight songs—"Stand!," "I Want to Ta You Higher," "Sing a Simple Song," "Ever day People," and "You Can Make It if Y Try"—ended up on the *Greatest Hits* albu that came out the following year.

Stand!, tellingly, was the album that the ba was touring behind at the time of Woodstoc Graham recalls the festival as a moment wh the group's members "tapped into a new zone achieving a musical power they hadn't realiz they were capable of. "It's like when an athle like Michael Jordan realizes the extent of h

and goes, 'Oh, I can do *that,*'" he says. t rather than return to the studio to alize on this momentum, Stone bunched elf up into a shag-carpeted cocoon. The 1970 came and went with no new al- and, worse, a new penchant for missing s—26 out of 80, to be precise. Stone's ion to move to Los Angeles didn't do for band harmony, either. In 1971, Er- quit, fed up with being summoned to from his Bay Area home for sessions on ext Family Stone album, only to be kept ng indefinitely for Stone to use him.

hat same year, Stone started renting the Air mansion owned by the debauched e king John Phillips, of the Mamas and apas, which had been previously owned anette MacDonald, squeaky-clean star rny 1930s MGM operettas. The L.A. c mogul Lou Adler, Phillips's best friend, ls that the house across the street (which used for exterior shots in *The Beverly illies*) was owned by a wealthy hotelier ed Arnold Kirkeby. "The Kirkebys were y conservative family," Adler says, "and hated the flowing robes that John and his . Michelle, wore, the caftans and Nehru rs. They were very pleased that a 'Mr. ester Stewart' was moving in. They liked ound of that."

Needless to say, Stone and his new entou- left even John Phillips appalled. "There lots of guns, rifles, machine guns, and dogs" on his property, he later lamented. At some point, I started getting con- ed about stories I heard about Sly's per- al habits," says Clive Davis, who was also ried that his star artist might never deliver w album. "But every time I met with him, was on top of his game. I was somewhat cent of the lifestyle going on around me, ther it was him or Janis Joplin."

Spaced Cowboy

ven though he had the Bel Air house and real studios at his disposal, Stone spent ch of his time working on the new album, *re's a Riot Goin' On,* in a Winnebago mo- home rigged up with recording equipment. here *was* a riot in that motor home," Stone s with a smile, not elaborating further.) remaining Family Stone members played the album, but no longer did so as a band, ead overdubbing their parts individually. y also had company, in the form of guest sicians Stone had brought aboard, among m the keyboardist Billy Preston and the tarist Bobby Womack.

"We used to ride around in his motor home, ing high and writing songs and making sic," Womack told the British rock jour- ist Barney Hoskyns. But what started as rk for the soul and R&B singer-guitarist ame a nightmare. "I became paranoid verything," Womack said. "I was always nking I was gonna get killed and that the feds were gonna bust in on Sly. Everybody had pistols. It got to the point where I said, 'I gotta get away from here.' Sly be talkin' to you, but he ain't *there.*"

Somehow, the album that emerged from this chaos, which was finally released in November 1971, turned out brilliantly, if darkly. *There's a Riot Goin' On* is great "this is your brain on drugs" music. It sounds nothing like the chirpy albums that preceded it. Because Stone kept re-recording and overdubbing on the same master tape, wearing it out in the process, the overall sound is muffled and washed out—a bit of technical malfeasance that serendipitously suited the album's spacey, mid-tempo songs.

On many tracks, the air of dislocation is enhanced by the cold, metronomic gallop of the primitive drum machine that substituted for the departed Errico. And Stone's vocals are plain spooky—like a supine junkie's before he lapses into a coma. This is true even on the album's catchy, chart-topping single, "Family Affair." Listen to his ghoulish, meandering delivery of the line "Newly wehhhhdd a year ago / But you're still checkin' each other out / Yeahhh." It's like hearing a heat-warped 45 played at 33 r.p.m.

There's a Riot Goin' On has been as picked over and decrypted by rock critics as anything in Bob Dylan's catalogue. The opening line of the opening song, "Luv N' Haight"—"Feels so good inside myself / Don't wanna move"—is often interpreted as Stone's statement of retreat into solipsism, a repudiation of his flower-power "Everyday People" ethos of the 1960s. The late Timothy White, the *Billboard* editor and former *Rolling Stone* writer, called the album "a brooding, militant, savage indictment of all the decayed determinism of the '60s."

But Stone himself seems oblivious to the very fact of all this tea-leaf reading. "People say *Riot* is about Sly Stone's disillusionment with the 60s dream," I tell him.

"Oh, really?" he says, genuinely surprised.

"Yes, what do you make of that?"

"That may be true," he says.

"*May* be?" I say. "It's you! Is it true or isn't it?"

"I mean, I've never thought about it like that," he says. "I don't really feel like I'm disillusioned. Maybe I am. I don't think so, though."

I ask if his writing was impacted by any of the period's ugliness—the Kent State killings, the Attica prison riots, the M.L.K. and R.F.K. assassinations.

"Um, I paid attention to it," he says, "but I didn't *count* on it. I wasn't going on any other program or agenda or philosophy. It was just what I observed, where I was at."

Still, Stone doesn't totally dismiss those who ascribe loftier meanings to the album. When I ask him if he regards *There's a Riot Goin' On* in any way as a political statement, he says, "Well, yeah, probably. But I didn't mean it to be."

Runnin' Away

The success of *There's a Riot Goin' On,* which debuted at No. 1 on the *Billboard* album chart, obscured the fact that the band was further disintegrating and that Stone's unreliability was increasingly a problem to concert promoters. The no-show subject remains a sore one with Stone, who says he wasn't as bad as he was made out to be. "I got tired of going to concerts where I'd have to pay a bond, pay money in case I didn't show up," he says. Stone claims that some of his missed dates weren't his fault but acts of collusion between promoters and transportation people, who cynically exploited his reputation for flaking out. "I later found out that they had a deal going between the promoter and the guy that was taking me to the gig," he says. "So I would put up the $25,000 or the $50,000. The guy with me would help me be late, and I didn't realize that was what was going on until later. Then they'd split the money. That kind of stuff can play on your attitude a little bit. I wasn't so focused after a while."

Larry Graham bolted from the band in the tumultuous period after *Riot*'s release, having grown estranged from Stone. If the witnesses in Selvin's oral history are to be believed, each man had developed an entourage of gun-wielding flunkies, and Graham feared for his life. Graham, now a devout and unrelentingly upbeat Jehovah's Witness, is reluctant to get into the details, except to say, "Maybe things were exaggerated in the past. During those periods of time, there were a number of elements I couldn't control. I wasn't the leader. Whereas Sly was the leader: he chose to have certain people around him. Sly and I were, and still are, a family. At some point, a member of a family needs to leave home."

With a new bassist, Rusty Allen, Stone managed to put out one more great album, *Fresh* (1973), and one more pretty good one, *Small Talk* (1974). But the fragmentation of the "classic" lineup was the beginning of the end, and a prelude to Stone's reclusive, unproductive years. From the mid- to late 1970s, his output was low in inspiration and didn't sell well, notwithstanding the desperate hopefulness of the titles he gave his albums: *High on You* (not on drugs; on *You!*); *Heard Ya Missed Me, Well I'm Back;* and *Back on the Right Track.*

By the 80s, the situation was just dire—too sad to qualify as gonzo Keith Richards druggy bravado or *This Is Spinal Tap* muso-comedy. Stone was arrested several times for cocaine possession. He missed several court dates. In 1984 he shortsightedly sold his publishing rights to Michael Jackson's publishing company, Mijac Music. And creatively he'd dried up. The last new music he recorded for commercial release came out in 1986: a duet with

Sly Stone

Jesse Johnson, of the Minneapolis group the Time, on Johnson's solo single "Crazay"—an acceptable but undistinguished slice of period shoulder-pad funk. "I don't even know what that song was about, to this day," Stone says. "I just happened to go in the studio."

His drug use is another one of those subjects that Stone won't delve into too deeply. But he reckons that he got serious about getting sober around 15 years ago. "I'm pretty cool," he says. "I drink now and then, a little bit—beer. And I smoke butts sometimes." When I probe about how he managed to "clean up," he responds with a shrewd bit of verbal cryptology that sounds like one of his lyrics: "I just looked around one day, and it *was* cleaned up. Just hardly was nothing there. Just . . . certain people were not around."

I get the sense that Sly relishes this sort of opaqueness—letting people in just enough to intrigue and confound them. Some weeks later, Vet calls to tell me that Sly wants to send me a statement "about the war," by fax. It turns out to be a free-associative *pensée* that touches on our populace's divisions of opinion, the 9/11 attacks, and my own long pursuit of an interview with him. "Our demonstrative ways representing our opinions do us more harm than we are ready to admit," the fax reads in part. "I'd hate to start a fight, but I could get into fighting back. I know what you mean about being tired of callin' me. I was looking at this report having to do with reporters deserving free travel. In utter words, you are deserving of great patience and persistence and you got it. Although both of us know you must be patient before you are one. . . . Just say the truth and hope he doesn't get pissed off at you. You don't need that. I'm invincible . . . no Sly, you're washable and rinse able."

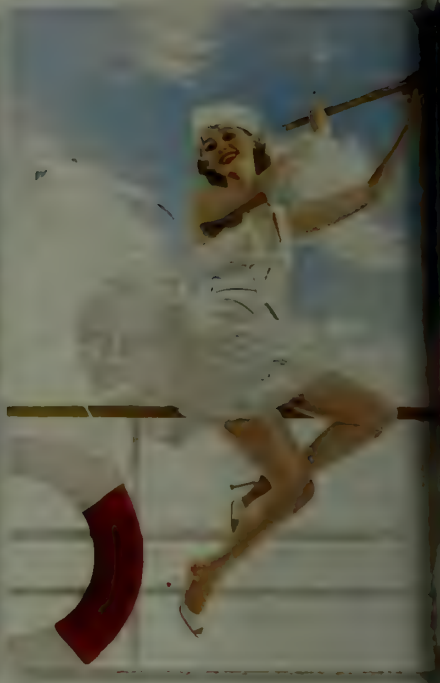
Family Affair

The Chopper Guys get-together was the first time I actually met Stone, but it was the second time this year I'd seen him in the flesh. On March 31, he played his first-ever scheduled concert with Vet's version of the Family Stone—which features only Robinson, the trumpeter, among the original members—at the Flamingo Hotel, in Las Vegas. By "scheduled concert," I mean that Stone was promised to the promoter and the ticket buyers as part of the show; he wasn't merely making an unbilled cameo, as he'd done in Anaheim in January.

It was a curious booking: a concert attached to the stand-up act of George Wallace, a veteran black comedian who routinely works Saturday nights in the Flamingo Showroom, a smallish theater with lounge-style banquettes and tables. The unconventional, low-wattage setup was an indicator of the

CREDITS





FASHION

COVER: **SHIA LABEOUF'S DOLCE & GABBANA** space suit, suit, and shirt from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques, or go to dolcegabbana.it; **MICHAEL TAPIA** tie from Jeffrey New York, N.Y.C.; helmet by **GLOBAL EFFECTS.** PAGE 61: For **GEMMA WARD'S DIOR COUTURE BY JOHN GALLIANO** dress, by special order, call 011-33-1-40-73-54-27. PAGE 76: **MARIUS MORARIU** and **TRACIE MARTYN** styled by Ryan Hastings. Morariu's **ALEXANDER McQUEEN** shirt and shoes from Alexander McQueen, N.Y.C., or call 212-645-1797; **KRIS VAN ASSCHE** pants from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. Martyn's **ALBERTA FERRETTI** top from Janet Brown, Port Washington, N.Y., or call 516-883-2670; skirt by Alberta Ferretti, from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; for **MANOLO BLAHNIK** shoes, call 212-582-3007; **FARAONE MENNELLA** ring from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., or go to faraonemennella.com. PAGE 86: Danielle Decker for artmixbeauty.com. PAGES 116–17: For Shia La Beouf's fashion details, see credits for cover. All Dolce & Gabbana space suits from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques, or call 877-70-DGUSA. **ALEJANDRO INGELMO** sneakers from neimanmarcus.com; **JIL SANDER** sneakers from Jil Sander, N.Y.C.; all other shoes by Dolce & Gabbana from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. **NEIL BARRETT** gloves from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; for **RAF SIMONS** gloves, by special order, call 011-22-1-49-23-79-70. PAGES 118–19: For Shia LaBeouf's **HERMÈS** suit, go to hermes.com, or call 800-441-4488; **MICHAEL KORS** shirt from select Scoop stores; **MARNI** tie from Marni, N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to marni.com. PAGES 120–21: Shia LaBeouf's **TIMOTHY HAMILTON** T-shirt from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; **TOMMY HILFIGER** pants from Tommy Hilfiger, N.Y.C., or call 917-237-0983. PAGE 135: **CLAIRE DANES'S DIOR BY JOHN GALLIANO** dress from Dior, Aspen, or call 970-544-5222; **CAROLINA AMATO** gloves from carolinaamato.com; for **HARRY WINSTON** jewelry, go to harrywinston.com, or call 800-988-4110. PAGES 154–57: Allan Kennedy for Katy Barker.

BEAUTY

COVER: **SHIA LABEOUF'S** hair styled with **KÉRASTASE** Nutritive Nacre Nutri-Sculpt; on his face, **MD SKINCARE** Hydra-Pure Oil-Free Moisture; Kim Verbeck for Exclusive Artists. PAGE 50: Michael Hogan's grooming by Diane de Silva for artistsbytimothypriano.com. John Ortved's grooming by Nikki Wang. PAGE 61: **GEMMA WARD'S** hair styled with **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI** Coiff Fini Sheer Hold Hairspray; Didier Malige for Frédéric Fekkai. On her face, **MAC** Studio Fix Foundation in NC25; on her eyes, **SHISEIDO** Silky Eye Shadow Quad in Flora and Fauna, and Extra Length Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, **ESTÉE LAUDER** Tender Blush in Deep Spice; on her lips, Electric Intense LipCreme in Neon. PAGE 67: **THIERRY MUGLER** perfume from Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. PAGE 76: **MARIUS MORARIU'S** and **TRACIE MARTYN'S** hair by Carmel Bianco for Charles Worthington at raybrownpro.com; makeup by Christina Reyna for Dior/raybrownpro.com. Top center, **TRACIE MARTYN** products from Bergdorf Goodman, Barneys, and traciemartyn.com. Bottom left, **MOLTON BROWN** products from moltonbrown.com. Bottom right, from left to right: **CALVIN KLEIN** IN2U from fine department stores and specialty stores nationwide; **YVES SAINT LAURENT** Nail Touch Brush Pen from Nordstrom stores nationwide; **HERMÈS** Kelly Calech from Hermès stores nationwide; **CLARINS** Bright Pl HP Protective Brightening Day Lotion S.P.F. 20 fro clarins.com; **MILLER HARRIS** Geranium Bourbon Fragrance Balm from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **LAURA MERCIER** Lip Stain from lauramercier.com; **L'ORÉAL PARIS** Skin Genesis from loreal.com. PAGE 92: Doug Stumpf's grooming by Sc McMahan for artistsbytimothypriano.com. PAGE 107: **JESS WEIXLER'S** hair styled with **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI** C Fini Sheer Hold Hairspray; Michel Aleman for Frédé Fekkai. Makeup products by **NARS;** on her face, Makeup Primer with S.P.F., Balanced Foundation in Mont Blanc, Concealer in Honey, and Loose Powder Flesh; on her eyes, Duo Eyeshadow in All About Eve Single Eyeshadow in Voyage, and Liquid Eyeliner in Angel Heart; on her cheeks, Highlighting Blush Pow in Albatross, and Blush in Desire and Orgasm; on he lips, Velvet Matte Lip Pencil in Dragon Girl; Ayako Nars. Ana-Maria for artistsbytimothypriano.com. PAGE 114: **MICHAEL DOUGLAS'S** grooming by Scott McMahan for artistsbytimothypriano.com. PAGES 116–19: For Shia LaBeouf's hair and grooming details, see credits for cover. PAGES 120–21: For Shia LaBeouf's hair and grooming details, see credits for cover. Mermaid's hair styled with **RENE FURTERER** Fioravanti Anti-Frizz Straightening Gel, and Anti-Frizz Silkenin Conditioner, and **MATRIX** Amplify Volumizing Syste Root Lifter; Craig Gangi for the Argyle Salon/avantgroupe.com. On her face, **NARS** Makeup Primer with S.P.F., **GIORGIO ARMANI** Designer Shaping Cream Foundation in S.P.F. 20 in Natural Beige, and Skin Retouch in 2; on her eyes, **CHANEL** Inimitable Waterproof Multi-Dimensionnel Mascara in Noir; on her cheeks, Nars Blush in Desire; on her lips, Lip Lacquer in Chelsea Girls; Sabrina Bedrani for avantgroupe.com. PAGE 135: **CLAIRE DANES'S** hair by Sebastien Richard for Jed Root. Makeup products by **DIOR;** on her face, Diorskin Pure Light Foundation in Peach, and Diorskin Poudre Libre in Transparent Light; on her eyes, Diorshow Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Diorblush in Peach Veil; on her lips, Addict Rouge à Lèvre in Digital Brown; Phophie Mattias for Marie-France Thavonekham. Typhaine Kersual fo airportagency.com. PAGES 151–52: Sarah Potempa for







ll Group. PAGES 154–57: Birgitte Philippides for /Vernon Jolly. PAGE 185: **HELEN GURLEY BROWN'S** yled with **L'ORÉAL PROFESSIONNEL** Tecni.art e and Extra, and Textureline Texture Spray Firm; zar for Ford Artists, N.Y.C. Makeup products **BI BROWN;** on her eyes, Everything Mascara in on her cheeks, Blush in Currant; on her lips, lor in Burgundy; Jessica Liebeskind for Ford , N.Y.C.

E TO FIND BEAUTY PRODUCTS

IO ARMANI, Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C., and Saks Avenue stores nationwide. **BOBBI BROWN,** rown.com. **CHANEL,** Chanel boutiques and rs nationwide, or go to chanel.com or sephora **DIOR,** Dior boutiques and major department nationwide. **ESTÉE LAUDER,** major department nationwide. **FRÉDÉRIC FEKKAI,** Frédéric Fekkai , N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to sephora.com. **TASE,** go to kerastase-usa.com. **L'ORÉAL SSIONNEL,** drugstores nationwide, or go to loreal **MAC,** MAC stores and department stores wide, or go to maccosmetics.com. **MATRIX,** go to .com, or call 800-6-MATRIX. **MD SKINCARE,** ncare.com. **NARS,** Barneys New York stores and department stores nationwide. **RENE FURTERER,** go efurterer-usa.com. **SHISEIDO,** go to macys.com.

TOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

Produced on location by Ruth Levy; Thomas auer for supercube.net. PAGE 20: From EPA/Corbis. . By Steve Allen/Getty Images (Tibet), courtesy of aco (logo), by Chris Pittman/Splash News on). PAGE 68: © 2007 Charley Harper/Courtesy of books.com (Harper illustration), by Richard Pare/ esy of Monacelli Press (radio tower), TM and © DC s (Wonder Woman). PAGE 72: Top, both courtesy of it Suites by Lungarno Hotels; bottom, clockwise op left, courtesy of *Time Out* guides, courtesy of *ist's* guides, courtesy of *Luxe City Guides,* courtesy Andrew Harper Collection. PAGE 74: By Evan ni/Getty Images (Liu), courtesy of Ankasa (shop), rk Davis/Getty Images (Hayek, Kutcher), by Steve z/wireimage.com (Cruz, Moore), courtesy of l Goldwyn Films/Red Envelope Entertainment *s in Paris*). PAGE 78: Clockwise from top left: by Peter r/Getty Images, Rich Pilling/M.L.B. Photos/Getty s, Frazer Harrison/Getty Images, Bryan Bedder/ Images, Pierre Vauthey/Corbis Sygma, by Stuart lin/Bongarts/Getty Images, from After Maurice in de la Tour/Getty Images, by Alex Wong/Getty s for *Meet the Press,* Lester Cohen/wireimage.com, w H. Walker/Getty Images, Vince Bucci/Getty s, Alexander Tamargo/Getty Images. PAGE 84: From Time & Life Pictures/Getty Images. PAGE 86: Inset from Retna Ltd. PAGE 88: Courtesy of Ray Cavaleri/A.P. Images. PAGE 90: From EPA/Corbis. PAGES 94–104: From Fox/Photofest. PAGE 107: Kevin Hertzog for Ford Artists, N.Y.C. PAGE 111: By Steve Granitz/wireimage.com. PAGE 114: Top right, clockwise from top left: from Bettmann Corbis, from Bettmann Corbis, from Sygma Corbis, by J. A. Giordano/Saba Corbis, Kim Morris/Zuma Press, Christopher Witkin, Lawrence Manning/Corbis, Jason Moore/Zuma Press, Peter Frank/Veer/Corbis, Mark Savage/Corbis, Susanne Hanover/Universal/Zuma Press, Christian Schroth/Zuma Press, from Everett Collection, from Image Source/Corbis, by John Nordell/Image Works/Getty Images, from Corbis Collection/Alamy, by Evan Agostini/Getty Images, Lawrence Manning/Corbis, from A.P. Images. PAGES 116–21: Produced on location by Ruth Levy; Thomas Thurnauer for supercube.net; models from M Model Management. PAGES 126–27: Produced on location by Stacey Hug. PAGE 130: From Rabbani and Solimene Photography/wireimage.com. PAGES 138–39: From Reuters/Corbis (4), from Michael Ochs Archives/Getty Images (3, 5), from London Features International (2). PAGES 140–41: From the Gerald and Sara Murphy Papers, Yale Collection of American Literature, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library/© Estate of Honoria Murphy Donnelly/licensed by VAGA, New York, N.Y. PAGES 142–43: Top, from the Gerald and Sara Murphy Papers, Yale Collection of American Literature, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library/© Estate of Honoria Murphy Donnelly/licensed by VAGA, New York, N.Y.; bottom left, © Estate of Honoria Murphy Donnelly/ licensed by VAGA, New York, N.Y.; bottom right, from the Dallas Museum of Art, Foundation for the Arts Collection, gift of the artist (1963.75.FA)/© Estate of Honoria Murphy Donnelly/licensed by VAGA, New York, N.Y. PAGES 144–45: From the Cole Porter Collection/The American Musical Theatre Collection/Yale University Music Library (1); from the Dallas Museum of Art/ Foundation for the Arts Collection, gift of the artist (1963.74.FA)/© Estate of Honoria Murphy Donnelly/ licensed by VAGA, New York, N.Y. (9); from the Gerald and Sara Murphy Papers, Yale Collection of American Literature, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library/© Estate of Honoria Murphy Donnelly/licensed by VAGA, New York, N.Y. (3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15); from the Honoria Murphy Donnelly Collection/© 2007 Artists Rights Society (A.R.S.), New York/ADAGP, Paris. Used with the permission of Estate of Honoria Murphy Donnelly/licensed by VAGA, New York, N.Y. (5, 13); © Lebrecht Music & Arts/The Image Works (11); © 2007 Man Ray Trust/A.R.S., New York/ADAGP, Paris. CNAC/MNAM/Réunion des Musées Nationaux/Art Resource/Musée National d'Art Moderne, Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris. (2, 7); Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, purchased with funds from Evelyn and Leonard A. Lauder, Thomas H. Lee, and the Modern Painting and Sculpture Committee (95.188)/ © Estate of Honoria Murphy Donnelly/licensed by VAGA, New York, N.Y. (14). PAGE 146: Both from Gerald and Sara Murphy Papers, Yale Collection of American Literature, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library/© Estate of Honoria Murphy Donnelly/licensed by VAGA, New York, N.Y. PAGE 147: Photograph of painting by J. G. Berizzi © Réunion des Musées Nationaux/Musée Picasso, Paris/Art Resource/© 2007 Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York/ADAGP, Paris. PAGES 152–53: © by Eliot J. Schechter/EPA/Corbis (1); from Barbara Livingston (2, 3); by Joseph Kaczmarek/A.P. Images (4); Michael Bryant/MCT/Landov (6).



ON THE COVER

Shia LaBeouf shows off the right stuff with a space suit, suit, and shirt by Dolce & Gabbana; tie by Michael Tapia; helmet by Global Effects. Hair products by Kérastase. Grooming products by MD Skincare. Hair and grooming by Kim Verbeck. Set design by Thomas Thurnauer. Styled by Michael Roberts. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Mark Seliger in El Mirage Dry Lake Bed, California.

industry's persistent wariness of Stone. Whereas Brian Wilson's comeback concerts at the turn of the decade were elaborately stage-managed affairs in posh venues, with an orchestra behind him and adoring fans in front of him, Stone finds himself in the position of having to earn back the public's trust. "Somebody had to take a chance," Wallace told EURweb.com, a black-entertainment news service, "so it's me."

As word leaked out about the Flamingo engagement, the skeptics raised their voices. "There are some doubters who bet Sly will be a no-show for his show," said an item in the *New York Post*'s "Page Six" column, the day before the concert. "Our bookmaker says the odds are about even."

When I got to Vegas, I realized how jerry-rigged the Sly comeback machinery was. There were posters up in McCarran Airport and throughout the city advertising SLY & THE FAMILY STONE at the Flamingo, but the photo displayed was a poor-quality screen grab of Stone, with his Mohawk, from the Grammy telecast—evidently the best the promoters could do in terms of getting a current publicity shot.

The morning of the show, I sat down with Vet Stone, Cynthia Robinson, and some other members of their traveling troupe. With the exception of myself and Skyler Jett, a young musician who sings Sly's leads in the prodigal leader's absence, everyone in the room was a woman. Among them were Lisa Stone, the pretty daughter of Rose, who sings her mother's old parts, and Novena, Sly's daughter, a petite, poised young woman of 25, who, when I asked, said, "My last name's not important." (Sly also has a daughter in her 30s, Phunn, with Robinson, and a son, Sylvester junior, also in his 30s, with Kathy Silva, the woman he married onstage at Madison Square Garden in '74 and divorced five months later.)

The matriarchal new configuration of the Family Stone makes sense—a bosomy, embracing, welcoming change of pace from the phallic tough-guy posturing of the old days. It's a forgiving group, too. It couldn't have been easy for Robinson in the 1970s, carrying and raising Sly's child while he was becoming an epic rock casualty, but here she was, telling me that Sly's tardiness to concerts was often the result of noble behavior. "Many times Sly was late because he came back and got the ones who were *really* late," she said. "You know, the first trip we ever made to New York, I missed the flight—and had never been on a plane before. And Sly stayed back, so I'd have somebody to ride with. I didn't ask him to, but he knew I'd never flown."

Vet Stone was never an official member of the original Family Stone, but she contributed backing vocals to their albums from the beginning and had some brief chart success in the early 70s with her own, Sly-produced group, aptly called Little Sister. As down to earth as her brother is interplanetary, she is the one who will go down in the annals as the hero in this happy coda to Sly's life, provided everything stays on track. "I was persistent. I prayed a lot," she told me of her effort to cajole her brother out of retirement.

Her campaign to reclaim Sly started in earnest with their parents' deaths, which occurred within 18 months of each other—K.C.'s in 2001, Alpha's in 2003. "They both died in my arms," Vet said, "and they both told me, 'Go get your brother.' Independent of each other—not knowing. That kind of stuck with me. And it was more than just physically 'go get him.' It was '*Support* him.' So I started going to Los Angeles, maybe sometimes twice a week, to see him. I went and told him what our parents said. He said, 'Find me a house.' And I did."

Sly's new compound, which I get to see a couple of months later, is in a bucolic, isolated spot in Napa Valley. The setting is more Francis Coppola than *MTV Cribs*, with grape arbors and topiary, but it's been Slyed up. In the driveways and garage sits an eccentric array of vehicles: the yellow chopper; a second, still bigger chopper with lightning-bolt detailing; the Studebaker, a burnt-orange Gran Turismo; a London taxi in disrepair; a Hummer that's been haphazardly spray-painted silver; and an old Buick convertible that's been spray-painted black, its front grille replaced with a rectangular length of chicken wire.

Back on the Right Track

The night of the Vegas show, after George Wallace had concluded his routine, which included some choice jokes in the "Yo mama" genre (e.g., "Yo mama's so fat, she got a *real* horse on her Ralph Lauren shirt!"), I watched the Family Stone take the stage, minus Sly. They played a proficient revue-style set, effectively a long medley of Sly and the Family Stone's greatest hits. But the audience was growing palpably restless; the fellow next to me was rather belligerently shouting, "Where's SLYYYYY! We want SLYYYYY!"

Then, sometime around midnight—the stroke of April Fools' Day—a man who looked like an extra from a blaxploitation version of *Buck Rogers* sauntered onto the stage. He was wearing a black knit cap, wraparound white sunglasses, outrageous black platform boots with sneaker-style laces, spangly black trousers cut like newsboy knickers, a matching spangly black jacket, and a red spangly shirt. He sat down at the Korg synthesizer parked center stage and pumped his fist.

"I don't think it's him," said a woman near me, the companion of the impatient shouter. And she had a point. The figure before us was so swaddled, layered, shaded, hatted, bescarved, and neck-braced, it really *could* have been anyone. But then he went into "If You Want Me to Stay," one of his later hits, from 1973, and everyone recognized that, *Oh, Sly made the gig.* The place erupted in appreciative cheers, and Stone, tentative and seemingly nervous at first, grew more confident. On "I Want to Take You Higher," he got up from behind his keyboard and boogied down the center-stage catwalk, slapping hands with members of the audience.

It was not a tightly scripted show. Stone wandered the stage between songs, seemingly taking it all in, as if re-acclimating to performing life. He brought out his daughters for their own brief turns in the spotlight. Phunn performed a rap. Novena sat at a piano and played, incongruously but with great skill, "Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum," a fast, heavily arpeggiated piece by Claude Debussy. Their father loitered behind them as they did their bits, shifting from platform boot to platform boot, beaming like a dad at a school assembly.

Stone's own segment lasted a little more than half an hour. Over the course of it, he proved that he is still a limber vocalist, ad-libbing some euphoric, gospelized melismas on "Thank You (Falettinme Be Mice Elf Agin)" and re-creating the scary croak of "Family Affair." But there was one mesmerizing moment that seemed lost on the liquored-up, good-timey Vegas crowd. "Stand!" began not with the rousing drumroll you hear on the record but with Stone singing a cappella in a soft, deliberately fragile voice. ("I just felt like doing it like that—so everybody could really hear properly," he later told me.) Some of the crowd chattered through it, but to hear him almost whisper these words—

Stand
In the end you'll still be you
One that's done all the things you set out to do

Stand
There's a cross for you to bear
Things to go through if you're going anywhere

—and to know the things he went through, the things he set out to do, the things he achieved and the things he threw away; and then, to see him there, hunched and older but still standing, onstage, surrounded by family . . . well, it got to me. I misted up.

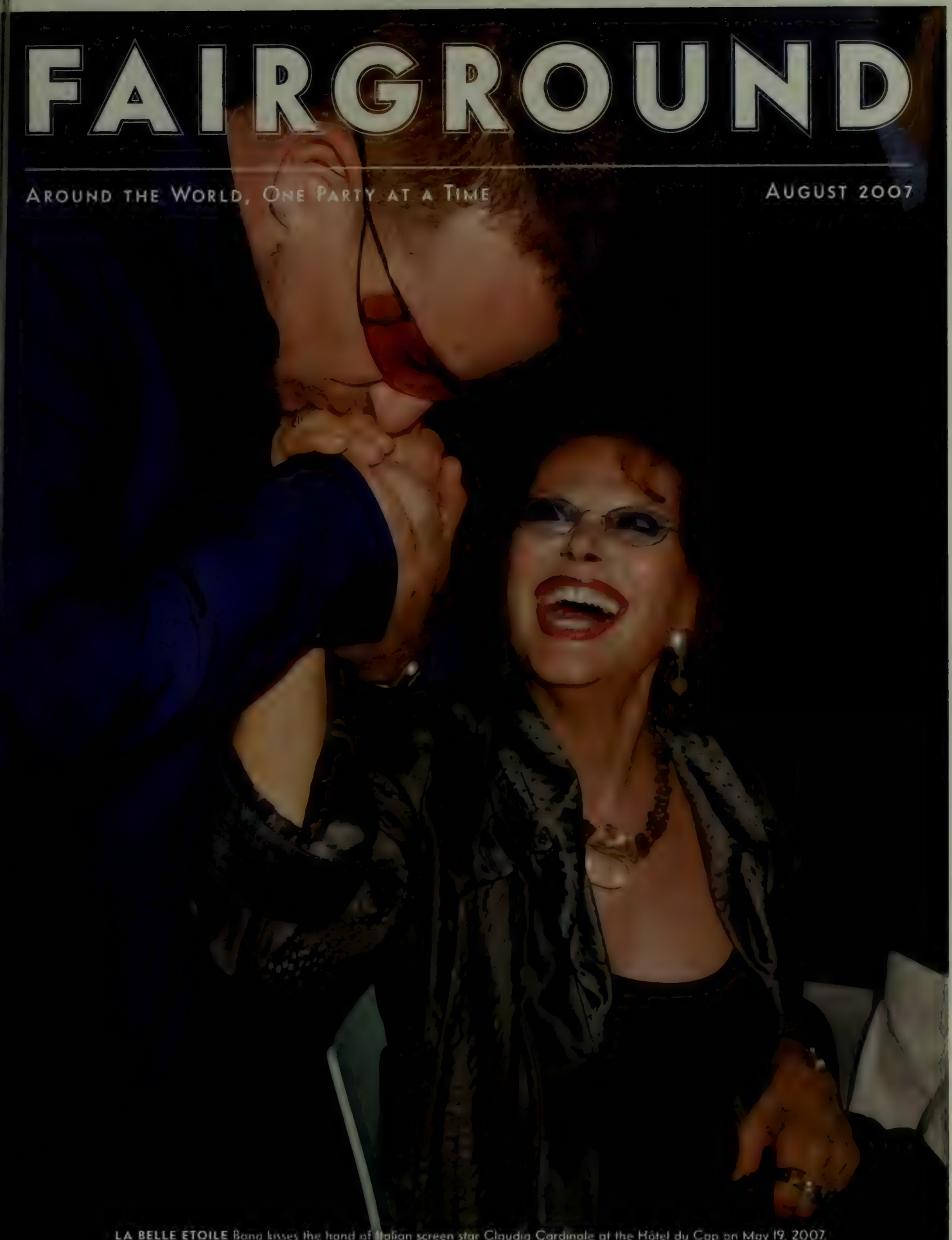
Stone is intent on getting to work on the new album in the fall, when the European tour is over. He says it will be a Sly and the Family Stone album, not the solo album. Vet's version of the Family Stone will play on it, as will his siblings Rose, who lives in Los Angeles, and Freddie, who is now the pastor of the Evangelist Temple Fellowship Center, in Vallejo.

Which is all well and good, but still: it is a tenet of rock CONTINUED ON PAGE

FAIRGROUND

AROUND THE WORLD, ONE PARTY AT A TIME

AUGUST 2007



LA BELLE ETOILE Bono kisses the hand of Italian screen star Claudia Cardinale at the Hôtel du Cap on May 19, 2007.

CANNES CLASSIC, PAGE 182
Glamorous guests gather for a magical evening under the stars.

ROOFTOP RENDEZVOUS, PAGE 183
The Studio 54 crowd re-unites for dinner, dancing, and birthday cake.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD YOUNG


FAIRGROUND
Driver and
nnie Driver
Barry Diller, Diane von Furstenberg, and Hamilton South
Nat Rothschild and Liel Denir
Bernard-Henri Lévy and Francesco Vezzoli
VANITY FAIR
pool at gi
Dining alfresco.
Faye Dunaway and Claudia Cardinale
Marie-Chantal and Prince Pavlos of Greece with Valentino Garavani
Leonardo DiCaprio
U2 with Daniel Lan
Vivi Nevo, Harvey Weinstein, and Ziyi Zhang
James Blunt and Kimber Barton
Daniele Thompson and Albert Koski
Barry Diller and Arielle Dombasle
Stephen Frears and Jemima Khan
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JONATHAN BECKER, LARRY FINK, AND RICHARD YOUNG
[CANNES]
AT PLAY ON THE RIVIERA
WHAT
Vanity Fair celebrates the 60th anniversary of the Cannes Film Festival at the Hôtel du Cap
WHEN
May 19, 2007
WHO
Paul Allen, Arki Busson, Roberto Cavalli, Charles Finch, Gael Garcia Bernal, Zac Goldsmith, Jean Pigozzi, Maurice Saatchi and Josephine Hart, and others
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER, LARRY FINK, AND RICHARD YOUNG

[NEW YORK]

I LOVE THE NIGHTLIFE

WHAT

Friends and family gather for Bob Colacello's 60th-birthday party, hosted by Samantha and Aby Rosen, Ian Schrager, and the late Claudia Cohen at the Gramercy Park Hotel.

WHEN

May 9, 2007

WHO

Ross Bleckner, Mica Ertegun, Lourdes and Pepe Fanjul, Larry Gagosian, Agnes Gund, Calvin Klein, Kelly Klein, Brice Marden, David Mortimer and Shelley Wanger, Marjorie Gubelmann Raein, Billy and Kathy Raynor, and Ingrid Sischy, among others.





Fernanda Niven, Samantha Rosen, and Lance Armstrong



Tables designed by Bronson Van Wyck.



Doris Ammann, Francesca Clemente, and Robert Wilson



Fran Lebowitz and Alba Clemente



Paul Wilmot and Ambassador William McCormick Blair Jr. with wife Deeda Blair.

Birthday boy Bob Colacello's table. To his right, Betsy Bloomingdale; to his left, Patty Cisneros.



Clockwise from bottom left: Andrea Casiraghi, Alejandro Santo Domingo, Julio Mario Santo Domingo, Tatiana Santo Domingo, Lauren Davis, and Andres Santo Domingo.



Daphne Guinness and André Balazs

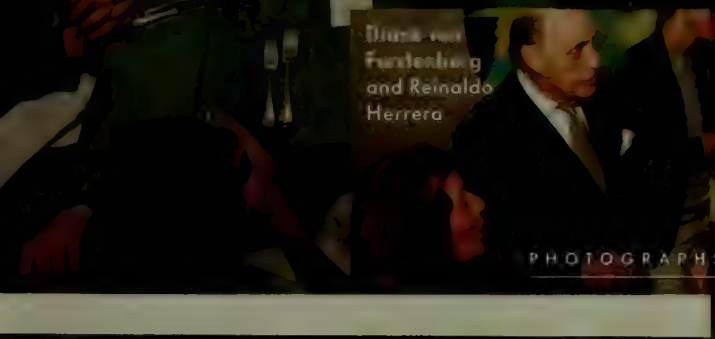




Joy and Regis Philbin, Peggy Siegal, and Liz Smith

Samantha Rosen and Tom Quick

Princess Firyal of Jordan



Diane von Furstenberg and Reinaldo Herrera

David Deckelbaum and Lynn Wyatt



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JUSTIN BISHOP

Eli Broad, Kadee Robbins, and Ian Schrager

Sly Stone

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 180 snobbery that the founding lineup of a group must be held sacrosanct. Jerry Martini, the Family Stone's original saxophonist, joked to me a few years ago about the sadness of "reunions" that lack crucial band members. "Think of Creedence Clearwater . . . *Revisited*," he said, relishing the ellipsis. "Where are they playing? Anywhere you see a Ferris wheel!" (That said, Martini has done time in outfits called the Family Stone Experience and the Original Family Stone.)

So I put it to the main man: Is there any chance that the whole lineup from the old days will gather to play on the new album?

"I'm sure that's gonna happen, yeah," Sly says.

It almost happened last year, at the Grammys. For the first time since 1993, the year of the Hall of Fame induction, the seven original members were in the same place, and, what's more, they were poised to play together for the first time since 1971. This time, though, while Sly and his Mohawk made it to the stage, Graham fell ill and dropped out at the last minute. (His successor, Rusty Allen, filled in.)

As it turned out, Graham fared the best of anyone that night. In a bizarre miscalculation, and an affront to anyone with an appreciation of soul and rock history, the awards show's producers barely acknowledged the original group's presence. As the musicians plowed through a medley of the old hits, the cameras stayed fixed on a series of guest vocalists, who ranged from the mildly credible (John Legend, Joss Stone [no relation], Steven Tyler of Aerosmith) to the verily D-list (Fantasia, Devin Lima).

"We just kept playing, because there was really no order," says Cynthia Robinson. "There was a stage band standing in front of us, so hardly anybody knew we were there." To make matters worse, Stone had flipped his motorcycle a few days before the broadcast, damaging tendons in his right hand and making him even more uneasy with the situation than he would have been on his best day. When I ask him why the whole performance seemed so discombobulated, he says, "That wasn't my gig. Really, that wasn't my gig. I was trying to, like, cooperate with someone else that . . . " He pauses to find the right words: " . . . had their turn."

The "someone else" he's most likely alluding to, though he won't comment on him any further, is a mysterious man named Jerry Goldstein. In the deep-freeze years when no one saw Sly Stone in public—roughly from the Hall of Fame ceremony until last year—Goldstein was the man you needed to go through to get to Sly Stone: a nebulously defined manager-gatekeeper-protector. He is listed as a co–executive producer of *Different Strokes by Different Folks*, the obvious promotional tie-in to the Grammy appearance: a turgid remix CD of old Sly Stone tracks that features such artists as Legend, Tyler, Lima, Joss Stone, and Maroon 5. It was initially sold exclusively at Starbucks.

In Goldstein's defense, he is also listed as a co–executive producer of Sony Legacy's long-overdue series of Sly and the Family Stone album reissues, spanning the 1967–74 period from *A Whole New Thing* to *Small Talk*. These are terrific, with thoughtful liner notes, crisply remastered sound, and great bonus songs. The only problem is, Stone claims the reissues were prepared and released without his knowledge.

For all I know, Goldstein, who runs a Los Angeles–based company called Even St. Productions, was a positive influence on Stone and helped him get on the path to where he is now. But the thing is, Goldstein is even more elusive a figure than Stone. I know. On several occasions over the course of my Sly search, dating back to the 1990s, I tried to reach him, to see if Stone might be available for an interview. He never responded to any of my calls or e-mail messages.

I tried every tactic I could imagine to persuade him to talk to me, including contacting his old 1960s songwriting partners, Bob Feldman and Richard Gotteher. The three of them scored big in 1963 with "My Boyfriend's Back," a No. 1 for the girl group the Angels. Two years later, they had a hit of their own with the original version of "I Want Candy," which they performed under the alias the Strangeloves.

But neither Feldman nor Gotteher was able to help. (Goldstein, after the trio's split, went into management and production, with the funk band War his most famous client.) Finally, four years ago, I made a bit of headway when Lou Adler, who far out-ranks Goldstein in the L.A.-music-biz hierarchy, agreed to call Goldstein on my behalf. Goldstein took Adler's call, but even Adler came up empty, telling me, "Jerry says there's nothing he say, and there's no way Sly will talk."

Goldstein didn't return a phone me this time around, either. And, evidently mysterious services are no longer requ Stone has a new booking agent, Steve G and plans on releasing the new album o own label, Phatta Datta. Green is the person who will betray the slightest indic of the role Goldstein played in Stone's "Goldstein called me and told me him Sly are connected at the hip," he says. "I said, 'Sly's not capable of playing.'"

When I ask Vet Stone what the deal is Goldstein, she says, "As far as I'm concer there is no deal with him." Greg Yates, St attorney, gave me this carefully dictated s ment when I called him on the matter: " been retained by Sly Stone to represent regarding issues surrounding contracts other third parties for his publishing ri There are some significant questions a certain matters that we are investigating want to make certain that these things a order, so that Sly is prepared for his ret We are concerned about certain matters he was kept in the dark about."

So much has transpired over the last years that there's bound to be some t diness and skepticism—especially in the m business, and especially in the Sly Stone b ness. But then, there's also delighted disbe that Stone has come even this far. "For m says Green, who also represents the vol Jerry Lee Lewis, "it's a gamble that se less and less like a gamble."

"Certainly, I have great regrets that taken Sly all these years to return," says C Davis, "but the fact that there might be a h py ending to all this is a great feeling."

At the end of my face-to-face chat w Stone, I can't help but address someth that's been nagging at me the whole ti At the Grammy Awards, he wore shades Vegas, he wore shades. Now, here in the fr room of Chopper Guys, he's wearing shad I'm feeling a twinge of doubt, like what t woman in Vegas felt.

"Can I see your eyes, Sly?"

"Yeah," he says, pulling down his sungla es, revealing healthily white whites and a markably unlined face—the same face fr Woodstock, *Cavett*, and the cover of *Fresh* really is Sly Stone. □

VANITY FAIR IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC.
COPYRIGHT ©2007 CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

VOLUME 49, NO. 8. VANITY FAIR (ISSN 0733-8899) is published monthly by Condé Nast Publications, which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE: The Condé Nast Building, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. S. I. Newhouse, Jr., Chairman; Charles H. Townsend, President CEO; John W. Bellando, Executive Vice President COO; Debi Chirichella Sabino, Senior Vice President CFO; Jill Bright, Executive Vice President Human Resources. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. 123242885-RT0001. Canada post: return undeliverable Canadian addresses to P.O. Box 874, Station Main, Markham, ON L3P 8L4.
POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO VANITY FAIR, P.O. Box 37714, Boone, IA 50037-0714. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, ADJUSTMENTS, OR BACK-ISSUE INQUIRIES: Please write to VANITY FAIR, P.O. Box 37714, Boone, IA 50037-0714, call 800-365-0635, or e-mail subscriptions@vf.com. Please give both new and old addresses as printed on most recent label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Send all editorial, business, and production correspondence electronically to vfmail@vf.com. For permissions requests please call 212-630-5656 or fax the request to 212-630-5883. For reprints of articles please contact Scoop ReprintSource at 800-767-3263 or via e-mail at sales@scoopreprintsource.com. Visit us online at www.vf.com. To subscribe to other Condé Nast magazines on the World Wide Web, visit www.condenet.com. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services that we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at P.O. Box 37714, Boone, IA 50037-0714 or call 800-365-0635.

VANITY FAIR IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RETURN OR LOSS OF, OR FOR DAMAGE OR ANY OTHER INJURY TO, UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS, UNSOLICITED ART WORK (INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO, DRAWINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND TRANSPARENCIES), OR ANY OTHER UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. THOSE SUBMITTING MANUSCRIPTS, PHOTOGRAPHS, ART WORK, OR OTHER MATERIALS FOR CONSIDERATION SHOULD NOT SEND ORIGINALS, UNLESS SPECIFICALLY REQUESTED TO DO SO BY VANITY FAIR IN WRITING. MANUSCRIPTS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND OTHER MATERIALS SUBMITTED MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE.

PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE



HELEN GURLEY BROWN

a small-town girl from Green Forest, Arkansas, n Gurley Brown became editor of *Cosmopolitan* l liberated women's magazines with her spunk sexual brashness. Proof that good girls may go to heaven but bad girls go everywhere, she reflects on hair color, Cleopatra, and pussycats

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
There is no such thing as perfect happiness. We know there are good times and bad times, sometimes predicated on what's happening in nature. We have no control over that as human beings, so I think we have to ignore the idea of perfect happiness.

What is your greatest fear?
That I won't be able to handle aging better than I am now. At 85, I am technically old and, while being intellectually grateful I made it this far, I don't like being old and dread being older.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Cleopatra. She was a good boss and had a good love life.

Which living person do you most admire?
President Bill Clinton.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Sorry, I can't let myself think of one! I've tried to fix anything fixable.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Not doing what they say they will when I need them to do it. Not returning phone calls is another.

What do you most value in your friends?
They are supportive in times of trouble, happy for you in times of achievement, and good to spend an evening or day with.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
I address everybody as "pussycat," but nobody minds, and it's a nice term of endearment.

What is your favorite journey?
La Samanna, on St. Martin, in the Caribbean. Yes, Paris, London, and Florence are good journeys, but La Samanna is for collapsing, snoozing, and indulging in piña coladas.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
My husband's overtipping. He carries only $20 bills in his pocket.

On what occasion do you lie?
Telling people they look great in a new outfit when they don't. Saying I loved the party when I didn't.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
My fat tummy.

What is your greatest regret?
That I never sat down with my mother and asked her to talk to me about her life. It was a terrible life—two husbands died on her, daughter in a wheelchair from poliomyelitis before the Salk vaccine. I should have persuaded her to talk as I do my girlfriends. She had nobody else to do that with.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My husband, David Brown.

When and where were you happiest?
I'd say right now. I'm married to a pussycat and still have a good job with the Hearst Corporation. There are now 59 editions of *Cosmopolitan* all over the world.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
I'd get my tummy to be flat again.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Editing *Cosmopolitan* successfully so Hearst didn't have to close it down in 1965, when it was losing tons of money.

What is your most treasured possession?
My husband, if the possession can be a person.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Worrying yourself crazy over somebody you love.

Where would you like to live?
Exactly where I am living—the Beresford Apartments, on Central Park West and 81st Street. We have the top four floors of a tower apartment. I'm slightly prejudiced, but I think it's the best apartment in New York.

What is your most marked characteristic?
I'm a workaholic.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Hair color. It costs $136 to color, shampoo, and set, but I'm too old to be running around with white hair. Chanel suits are another indulgence.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
He should think I am attractive and like to be with me.

Who are your favorite writers?
William Shakespeare, Nora Ephron, and Joan Didion.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Scarlett O'Hara.

Who are your heroes in real life?
My husband and Art Buchwald as he faced death.

What is your motto?
"Get up and do it if it needs to be done, even if you hate it!"

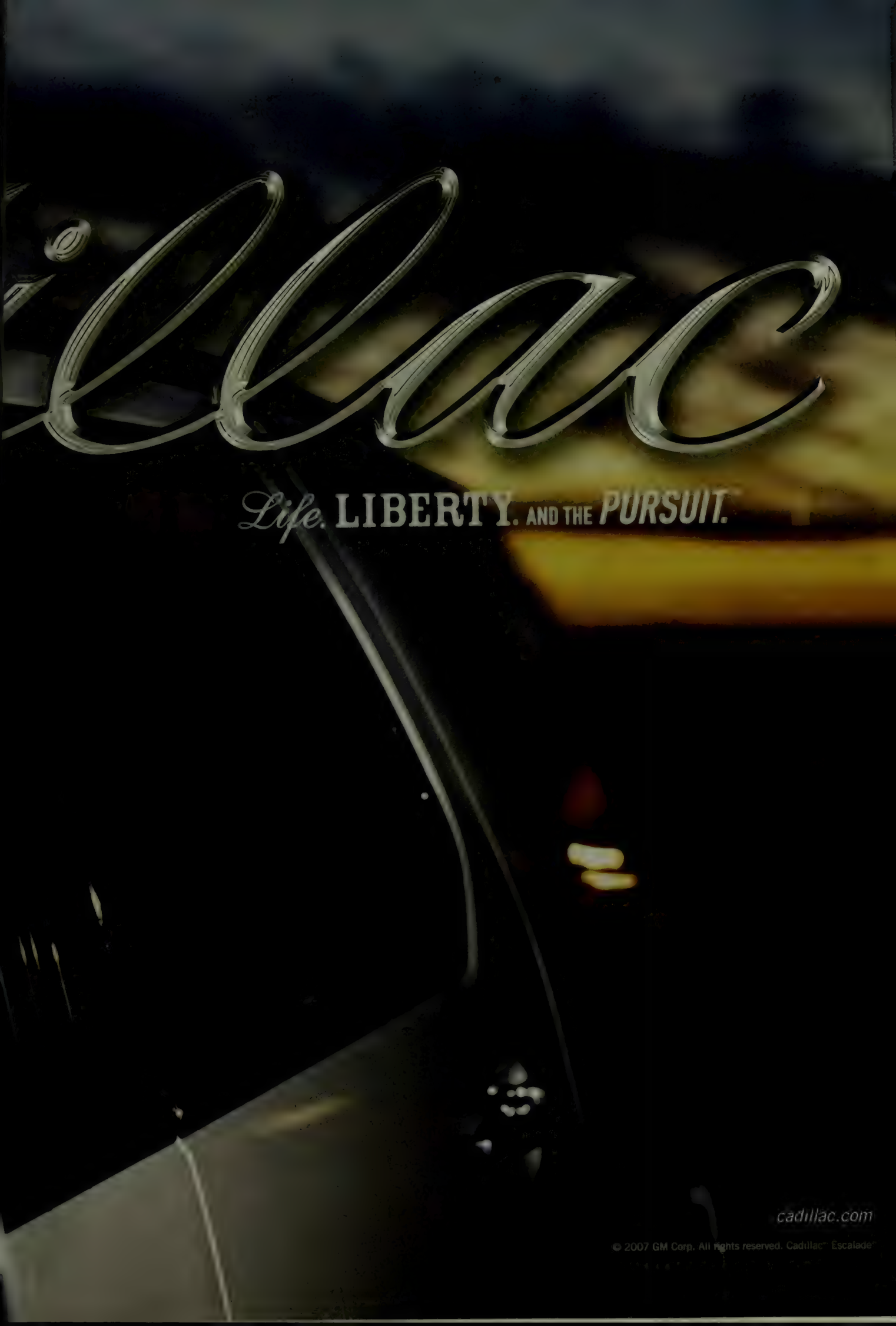
PHOTOGRAPH BY MELANIE DUNEA



2007 CADILLAC ESCALADE

"It's important, when going after a goal, to never lose sight of the integrity of the journey."
–Andy Garcia, Actor/Director

Hear Andy's story at mycadillacstory.com


illac
Life. LIBERTY. AND THE PURSUIT.
cadillac.com
© 2007 GM Corp. All rights reserved. Cadillac Escalade


Dior
0361